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The Catholic Record. LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 28, 1905.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Professor Coe of the North Western University, Ill., has championed more than once the cause of religious education. He is, and has been, uncompromising in his views on this subject. Speaking at a recent convention of educators he said that a school that ignores religion, though the purpose be simply that of being neutral, cultivates a divided self in the pupil. A school that develops a purely secular consciousness violates the whole principle kept on preparing herself for the role of continuity in education; it repreis not, and there cannot be, a school neutral with respect to religion.

Other educators agree with him doubtless, but temperament or a disinclination to wound the susceptibilities of those who burn incense before the barbaric cruelty to the climate. They idol of the godless school, has a chastendefenders, however, of the system are while friends belabor it with the the dreams of statesmen. bludgeon of hostile facts.

Dr. Schaff tells us, too, that absolute indifference of the school to morals and religion is impossible. Religion enters into the teaching of history, mental and moral philosophy, and other branches of learning. An education which ignores religion altogether would raise a heartless and infidel generation of intellectual animals and prove accurse rather than a blessing.

THOROUGH TRAINING.

he is free to maintain that recognizing eternity as the ever beckening goal of him who was made in the image of intellectual education which produces culture. It is the co ordination of the two that develops the thoroughly trained mind. Having fortified his position with citations from eminent authorities he went on to say : -

**Conceding, then, that so iar as professing Christians are concerned, let us consider what we are doing today for its promotion among the young. New, are we doing anything? Does Yes there is a some one answer: Tes there is a fine religious atmosphere pervading our Canadian homes: Mr. Morse rejoins: some one answer: Pine atmosphere is an apt term to ap ply to our domestic religion because as rule it is so fine you cannot see it. prive ourselves of that unity which is In our modern homes instead of week-day prayers we have Sunday afternoon ligious atmosphere is father's clock has a larger claim upon the up to date matrons' solicitude than 'Grandfather's Bible ' with its latent

message for her children.
"Then, perhaps, I shall be told that
the churches and Sunday schools are our proper and convenient media for inculcation of religious truths. With reference to the churches, are we sure that the greater part of our schoolchildren attend them regularly at the present day? As to the Sunday-schools, while I may be disposed to admit that, for the present, at least, moral training as a system must be rel egated to them, yet observation and some experience lead me to regard them as being much in the same position as the Indian's gun, only requiring a new lock, stock, and barrel to make them wonderfully effective. Far be it from me to disparage the work of the little head of conventented men and little band of earnest-souled men and women who are now doing their cest to keep the Sunday schools from tumbling into decay. But I say fearlessly that until at least two radical reforms are achieved, namely, the attendance, either voluntary or under the compulsion of at hand. parents or guardians, of all children under sixteen year of age, and the ac quisition of teachers thoroughly skilled in religious knowledge and able to com-bat the moral and sociological fallacies sown broadcast through the young com munity to day, our Sunday schools will

"And then when we consider the public schools in this connection we may well exclaim with Hamlet, 'Ay, there's the rub!' Now let me say at the outset of my remarks upon this head that it is not reasonable. head, that it is not my purpose to make this paper a brief against the Pro-vincial Education Department, or against the rolession of Public school teachers. The former, by ignoring in its public school course any provision its public school course any provision for systematic religious instruction as authorized by the statute law of the province, is simply yielding to the well understood wishes of the Protestant On the other hand, the teachers are a body of intelligent and upright women will not appear superflows when it is beart. It invades the political, the

striving to do their duty to our children with small emolument, and, I fear, still less encouragement. Then let us not pusillanimously try to shield ourselves behind either the Education Department or the teachers. That there is no systematic religious teaching in the public schools of Ontario lies at the door of the Protestant electorate and nowhere else.'

A WORLD POWER.

Japan has earned the right to a seat in the council of nations. For some years she has been forging to the front, and, despite the prophecies that her vigor would not last, and her enthusiasm succumb to Oriental lethargy, has of a world power. And the prepurasents in aggravated form the isolation tion has been thorough. She has borof the school from life, and from other rowed of the West, but that her debt educational agencies. In a word, there in that respect is so great as has been suspected may well be doubted. From that in its influence upon its pupils is all accounts her army in Manchuria could give lessons to Western combatants. We have heard nothing of the " water cure " being resorted to, nor have we seen any articles attributing have treated the vanquished with maging influence in their remarks. The nanimity and the wounded with tender care. In a word, her conduct in battle not so boastful as heretofore. Its and in the hospital, her strategy and varnish is wearing away; the wreaths valor, the magnitude of her resources of rhetoric that adorn it are faded; in war inventions, and the loyalty and and, worse than all, some of its erst- devotion of her people, must trouble

AN INTERESTING PHENOMENON.

Now, to those who regard material prosperity as a sign of truth and Divine favor, pagan Japan must be an interesting phenomenon. If England's wealth came from the Reformation, how shall we account for that of Japan?

> THE STANDARD OF THE CRESCENT.

It is well to remember that Japan is not the first nation that has startled Nearer home we have Mr. Morse, of the world by the rapidity of its progress. the Canada Law Journal, declaring that Time was when the Mahometan banner was planted in Southern Europe. It subdued Christian Spain and for years dogged the steps of Christianity. The God, moral education which produces standard of the Crescent seemed descharacter is of higher concern than tined at one time to evershadow the world. To-day, however, its followers brood over the past, and look out upon the world which bears no future for them. They are going down the way of decay, by which pass sooner or later all nations which oppose the religion established by Christ.

A PRODUCER OF DISUNITY.

It seems a pity that we should divide ourselves into so many associations. We weaken our influence thereby: merge ourselves into cliques : and denecessary to success.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

at Paris to protest against the insult to Joan of Arc by Professor Thala mas. Eloquent tributes, needless to say, were paid to the memory of the Maid of Domremy, and her work in regenerating the French monarchy, and in refashioning a weary and worn and disunited and impoverished people was dwelt upon with enthusiasm. M. Francois Coppee was the principal speaker. He was glad that the youth patriotism of the students, and their efforts to protect from defilement the glories of France, rendered the present more bearable and made him front the women who are now doing their best to future with hope and confidence. He saw that public indignation against Combes and his henchmen slept only, but was not dead. The day of revolt is

A BIGOTED HISTORY.

The Historian's History of the World is on the market. The much-lauded author of The Simple Life says that it fail to meet the obligations east upon will help all nations to love one another and to clear away the jealousies and misunderstandings that have caused such terrible misery. M. Conde Pollen, however, is not so sure of this, as may be seen from the following criticism:

"The Historians' History of the World is a new venture in the literary market. It is easy to arrive at a verdict with regard to its character. On page 306, Vol. x., in speaking of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain, Choiseul did not the writer says : scruple even to circulate forged letters in the name of their general and chiefs, electors of Ontario, who seem to have in the name of their general and caters, belong is just across the river, where and to propagate reports of the most men heartlessly struggle with one another, and each day's lottery brings than the moral behoof of their children, odious and criminal nature against the other, and each day's lottery brings

considered that Spain was the country that gave rise to the institution.'
The murality and the logic of this sen-'e sceare on a par. 'The decrees of the Council of Trent,' we are told, 'were decrees written in blood.' 'The riches of the Church were locked up in silver images and golden lamps which, it judic iously brought into commerce, might have rendered many thousands opulent and happy'—a sentiment exactly like that of Judas I cariot. "Equally large were the encroachment which superstition made on the time of the inhabi-tants, the greater part of which were withdrawn from useful labor by religious festivals, masses, processions and pur-chase of purdons." Phrases like these teem in this single volume. Catholics well know what answer to give to the publishers who offer such books for sale.

ST. VINCENT [DE PAUL SOCIAL.

A GREAT CELEBRATION IN BROOKLYN. the morning the members of forty eight branches attended a Solemn Pontifical Mass at St. James' Pro-Cathedral, of

the sacred edifice. His theme was charity. He spoke as follows:

" Nearly two thousand years ago two of poverty and crowned with thorns. To this Man Pilate, the governor, said:
'Who art Thou?' And Jesus answered: 'I came to give testimony to the truth.' 'I came to give testimony to the truth.' Pilate, not even deign ing to wait for an answer, retorted scornfully, 'What is truth?' Pilate no doubt reported the interview to his Theatre in the evening was sparkling Theatre in the evening was sparkling Theatre in the evening was sparkling to the control of the co imperial master, and Jesus went forth

truth, but also the operation of charity, whereas Pilate knew not truth, and cared only for self. Throughout the ages these two systems have fought—one ever changing because error ever changes, and 'self' uses oftimes a cloak to conceal its intrinsic meanness—the to conceal its intrinsic meanness—the other changeless because truth is changeless—and charity fears not to live where the light is. And though condemned by the world, it still will be

condemned by the world, it still will be foste ed by the spirit of Christ.

But the system of selfishness—in pagan Rome a religion, and in all the ages reproduced as the outcome of depraved nature and hatred towards the

A short time ago a meeting was held led a Mr. Darwin to formulate certain theories, which soon began popular, and gradually found acceptance with many so-called learned men. Tyndail lectured them. Huxley harangued the multi periods. Spencer put tude in frenzied them together and applied them to the entire field of thought and human acentire held of thought and human activity. Soon the universities, eager for novelty, accepted the new theory; then the colleges; then the High schools, and then scientists and sciolists and the newspapers and the clubs; est numbers of the common people. of France had protested against the is the only feasible theory, the only ignoble words of Thalamas. The permissible explanation, the only possible one that can commend itself to thinking minds.

DARWIN'S THEORY AS ADOPTED BY SCIENTISTS AND COLLEGES.

"What, then, does this popular philosophy teach? That man is a non; that we do not know for a certainty whence he originally came or where he will finally go, though verything points to Mother Earth as the beginning and the end of him; that his life here is a struggle, first against the forces of pature, against his fellow man; that his struggle is to survive, and his survival depends largely on the death of others. This is not a very agreeable teach

g, but its teachers claim they cannot elp that. In this system all training should make for the fitting of the indi vidual so that in the struggle of life he will succeed. Physical mecessary. Hence the Stadium must be built. Intellect, too, is necessary. It must be trained so to make laws that they will be helpful to the maker, or so o break them that the breaking may still be regarded as intellectual. Intellects must be fitted for the wars of finance and the tricks of trade; so equipped that every speculation shall

be profitable to them.
So runs the system of the world today. You can hear the rumble of the
distant battle. One of its saddest exhi bitions is just across the river, where

commercial, the social world, and is now even found working hard to gain admittance to that last citadel of Chris-tian life, the home. For if the sanctity of the home is a superstition, and the divorce court will teach these deluded people that in the battle of life a heart is only a plaything of an idle hour, and a woman's name or her future furnishes only a small asset when the strong man finds it an impediment to the achieve ment of his own destiny. Ask, what place charity has in this system, and its votaries would answer that charity is little less than a crime.

ANOTHER SYSTEM. "But there is another system, set over against this, which will not bow to its commands nor accept its conclusions nor follow its methods. I see again the Teacher. He is thorn-crowned, and on His back is the burden of the world's sins. He will face Pilate and go forth from the Casar's halis a man of sor-rows, condemned to die. I see Him treading the wine press alone, and be-The St. Vincent de Paul Society, of hold rising there not the wine grapes The St. Vincent de Paul Society, of Brooklyn, celebrated on the 9th of Janury the golden jubilee of its establishment in the Diocese of Brooklyn. In the morning the members of forty eight the morning the members of forty eight shed, sick at heart from the insults He Mass at St. James' Pro-Cathedral, of which Auxillary Bishop Cusack, of New York, was celebrant.

The sermon, which was preached by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, was listened to with profound attention. The Western prelate was in fine voice, his every word ringing clear and true throughout the sacred edifice. His theme was and strife, when philosophers paraded their knowledge and proud priests prehas borne, but strong in the divine their knowledge and proud priests pretended piety, when the human heart was well nigh hopeless and human life sentative of a system—and short as was the conference, it outlined for all time henceforth the two forces autagonistic. One of these men occupied the reat of judgment, and he was clad with the One of these men occupied the seat of judgment, and he was clad with the majesty of imperial Rome; and the divine goal of man, to bring us back to lift us up. to unite us. And He accomplished this purpose not only by the words He spoke, but by His actions. The words He spoke were indeed a property and crowned with thorns. gospel of hope, but the deeds He did were a gospel of activity altogether

BOURKE COCKRAN'S LETTER. While the meeting in the Pro Catheand brilliantly interesting. The treatre was packed with people. Even "The two systems stand to day fac-ing one another. Truth and untruth; charity and selfishness. For Christ represented not alone the teaching of He sent a letter in which he said :

"I do not believe there is any form

of Caurch work open to laymen nore of Cauren work open to lay a labor important than that which the Society of St. Viceant de Paul has made peculiarly its own. Neither the Church nor the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has ever sought to discourage efforts by the poor for the improvement of their condition. On the contrary, the chief object of Catholic effort has always been to uplift the masses. But the Church has steadily insisted that the poverty of some is not to be improved by attacking the possessions of others, but by increasing their own productive —has changed so that it now is more than a religion. It has now become a philosophy as well. In all philosophy's vagaries, it remained for our own day to translate the doctrine of self into a system of philosophy, and boldly teach it as the product of a civilization most advanced and intellect most profound.

"Some sixty years ago the study of nature, of human life and its origin, led a Mr. Darwin to formulate certain theories, which soon began popular and the content of the proper spirit there is no doubt that in the last degree important that the class they do not make the product of a civilization most advanced and intellect most profound.

"Some sixty years ago the study of nature, of human life and its origin, led a Mr. Darwin to formulate certain theories, which soon began popular and theories which soon began popular and the origin, led a Mr. Darwin to formulate certain the origin, led a Mr. Darwin to formulate certain the origin, led a Mr. Darwin to formulate certain the origin, led a Mr. Darwin to formulate certain the origin, led a Mr. Darwin to formulate certain that the proper spirit there is no doubt that it will produce much good fruit.

The cardinal virtues so called because they are the principle ones and the distressed is not merely keener than that of the simple and we feel confident the result will prove quite surprising. If made in the proper spirit there is no doubt that it will produce much good fruit.

The cardinal virtues so called because they are the principle ones and the distressed is not merely keener than that of the Socialist, out that the methods of relieving poverty and misery which she advocates are vastly more effective. EVERY CASE OF SUFFERING A MATTER

OF GENERAL CONCERN. "The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, organized on a belief that all men and women are members of one tamily, nolds every case of suffering or want a matter of general concern. bers are continuously seeking out dis-tress to relieve its misery, with more zeal and eagerness than others seek prosperity to bask in its splendor.
And the relief which it gives so widely the society aims to bestow under the conditions as will prevent it from working demoralization among the ficiaries. If a record of what has been accomplished by the society in the city of Brooklyn during the last fifty years could be generally circulated, surprise would be universal, admira boundless, support cordial and

" I venture to express the hope that this celebration will have for one of its fruits a wider appreciation of the work which the society is performing every day. That, in my judgment will be sufficient to assure ample resources for all its enterprises of charity, of benevolence, of humanity and of patriotism.'

BISHOP SPALDING STRICKEN.

CONSIDERABLE IMPROVEMENT NOTED IN HIS PARALYZED CONDITION.

Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, on Friday af-ternoon of last week suffered a severe stroke of paralysis at the episcopal residence in that city.

Late information tells of consider-

able improvement in the condition of the distinguished patient. The entire eft side of the body was seriously affected by the stroke, as was the sketch of the prelate. The latter, however, has been regained, as has the use of his

left arm. The physicians in attendance speak in a hopeful tone and are watching their patient very closely for any ad-

THE INCHICORE CRIB. After the 12 o'clock Mass on Christ-

mas day the celebrated crib at the Oslate church, Inchicore, was thrown open to visitors and crowds of open to visitors and crowds of people journeyed thither on that day and during the week to see the magnif cent spectable. The crib will be opened each day until the 2nd of Feb. from 8 A. M. to P. M. It is fully forty years since the first Crib was opened at Inchicore. For many years it was on a small scale. About sixteen or twenty colleges endowed at different seventeen years ago Monsieur Peche, a celebrated French artist erected in the Church of Montmartre, Paris a handsome crib in which there were no less than thirteen beautiful life-size wax figures. After a time they were secur-ed by the Oblate Fathers for the Church of Mary Immaculate, Inchicore. Mons. Peche himself came to Dublin in order to arrange the figures in the crib and he instructed Brother Maione in the art. For many years afterwards the art. For many years afterwards Brother Malone, who proved an apt pupil of the artist, arranged the Inchicore crib at Christmastide in a manner that won the admiration of visitors from the different parts of Ireland and from abroad. The old chapel which was used for the celebration of Mass until the erection of the present beautiful stone structure, has been devoted to the crib for a number of years. It is a beautiful and most impressive representation of the Nativity. The figures show the Divine Infant laid in His manger cradle His Virgin Mother and St. Joseph bowed in mute adoration, the shepherds and the Wise Men who came from afar to lay their offerings at the feet of their Infant King, and the servants who accompanied them. The costumes have been arranged with wonderful effect, the humble garments of the Shepherds, being in marked con-trast with the rich robes of the royal worshippers. An idea of the character of the costumes may be gathered from the fact that the robes of one of the Kings took third prize at the Paris Exhibition.
Paintings and pictures of scenes associated with the lives of the Holy Family are shown. The church in which the Crib is erected is 90 feet long and ths representation is so arranged as to make both the representation of the Nativity and the approaches to the orib and its surroundings very life-like.—Irish Catholic, Dublin.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

One of the most forcible admonitions of the happily reining Holy Father came in the words," Preach the Catechism." It was a wise and timely Catechism." It was a wise and timely warning. In our day too many as sume to be masters of the fundamental doctrines therein contained. We say assume, for there are many unable to give correct and intelligent explanation of them. The cares of commercialism, failure ta review the lessons of the Catechism and indifference to the

Tabulate the answers. Then ask for definitions of each. The test is quite

rately. Before doing so however, a few preliminary words may be of advantage.

To every man God has given the natural power of distinguishing that which is good from that which is evil. In the soul He has set a reigning power which inclines man to do good and avoid evit. This power is virtue. But to make it true virtue it must have God for its principle. Otherwise it would be natural in its purpose and only result in a good to human society.

Consequently the power of true virtue comes through God's grace. For hav comes through God's grace. For having endowed us with a free will it is His grace which inclines us to virtue and our own perverse will which in clines us to evil.—Church Progress.

THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE. The first meeting of the New Year

was held on Jan. 10th. Ten new volumes of Irish literature of which Justin McCarthy is the editor inchief have lately been placed on the library shelves. They stand for the library shelves. They stand very best in their special line.

An autograph copy has been received from Katharine Conway of her latest addition to "The Sitting Room Series." "The Christian Gentlewoman" is the name of the little volume. The "gentle" woman is naturally opposed

the so called "new" woman.
As a New Year's card, Wm. Wilfred Campbell sent his latest poem, "The Discoverers." It will be read at the next meeting.

next meeting.

Twenty six volumes, a complete set, by Christian Reid, are new, and are being very much read. Christian Reid belongs to what might be called a slightly old-fashioned type, but she is healthy, sweet, refined, and morally strong. We cannot have too much of such literature. She is a direct contrast to writers like Marie Corelli, but in literature, as in life, "time reveals

truth."

So many new discoveries are being made in the scientific world that those who have been some years out of the class room have real need of studying the subject. The science notes in The lic Church is collected.

Dolphin and The Messenger are always reliable, and, as both these magazines come to the library, they should circu-late widely. The Cross, with which late widely. The Cross, with which Professor Stockley is associated, is also

well worth reading.

The Oxford study was continued.
Oxford University is so different from
the universities in this country that it requires some time to get a proper idea of it. Some notes on its libraries and twenty colleges endowed at different times. The names and his ories of some of these will be an interesting

study for the next meeting.

The fall of Port Arthur was mentioned. "The Light of Asia" was continued the part read dealing with the awakening curiosity of Buddha about the world outside his palace garden walls and his first visit to the neighboring city, also the plan taken by his father to prepare the city for his son's coming and the success of the plan.

D. Dowdall.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith disbursed \$1,276,048 during the year 1903.

Mr. Thomas O'Connor, a millionaire of Joplin, Mo., has gived \$20,000 to St. Mary's parish, Tiffin, O., for a new church.

The Pope on Jan. 5, received in private audience W. S. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, and the latters wife and daughter, Miss Zillah Fielding.

In order to study labor and social conditions, Archbishop Quigley is visiting the mining towns in Illinois The Archbishop will go to Essex, Coal City and Braidwood. Mr. John Dunfee of Syracuse, N. Y.,

died recently. By his will half of his estate, which amounts to a million or more, goes to various charities maintained by the religious Orders. The Rev. Francis Vincent Reade,

grand nephew of Charles Reade, the novelist, and lately curate of St. Clem-ent's, Cambridge, has been received into the Catholic Church at the Oratory, Edgbaston.

The consecration of the Rev. D. J. Scollard of North Bay, Ontario, who was a short time ago chosen Bishop of the newly-erected see of Sault Ste. Marie, will take place early in Febru-The widow of Montalembert, the

great French Catholic, died recently at the chateau of Ophen, Belgium. The countess was born August 20, 1818, and had lived many years with her son in-law, the Count de Grunne. Her death was as edifying as her life. According to the Catholic Citizen,

Milwankee, Archbishop Messmer, received his pallium directly from Rome through the mails by special delivery, Pope Pius X. deviating from the custom Should our statement seem over-drawn verify it for yourself. Ask the first ten persons you meet how many and what are the cardinal virtues? Tabulate the answers. Then ask for definitions of cool.

An interesting piece of Catholic news has come from Baltimore during the past week. A representative of J. Pierpont Morgan has held several con-ferences with His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, with a view to coming to some agreement about untangling the finances of the Catholic University.

Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, who was stricken with paraly-sis last Friday night, has rallied from the attack. Dr. L. Spalding, a brother, who is attending the Bishop, said that none of relatives of the sufferer had been summoned, it being the opinion of friends that his condition is not sufficiently serious to warrant such ac

It is stated that among recent converts in Germany are the princess dowager of Hesse, aunt of the Emperor William II.; Wilhelmine von Hillern, the novelist, who has been living for years at Oberammergan; the dramatic poet, Martin Unterweger, and his wife, the well-known authoress, Rosa Stolle; and Dr. Ludwig Seidel, formerly a Protestant preacher, and until a ahort time ago Professor in the Gymnasium of

In taking stock of their position at Christmas time the Catholic commun-ity of Great Britain find that for the time since the Reformation the Catholic churches, chapels and stations in Great Britain exceed 2,000 in number. The exact total is 2,008. The number of priests at present officiating in Great Britain is 3,794, as compared with 3,741 at Christmas last year. London Express. We learn from the St. John, New

Bronswick, Monitor that Right Rev. J. Cameron, who is dean of the Canadian hierarchy, celebrated pontifical Mass in his cathedral, Antigonish, N. S., at 5 o'clock on Christmas morning, and im mediately after celebrated two low Masses. His Lordship will soon com-plete his seventy eighth year. Despite his advanced years, Bishop Cameron is in excellent health, and intends to make his ad limina visit to Rome next April. -Catholic Union and Times.

It is announced that Archbishop in several counties of Illinois to make personal inquiry into their condition and life. Extended plans for the education of children in the mining districts, for the exertion of religious influence among the miners, and for the founding of charitable institutions among them will be carried out by the institutions Archbishop. Parochial schools, churches and kindergartens for the small children will be built wherever a sufficient number of miners belonging to the Catho-

JONETH BUNNALL STH. 1905 OULEE. Man. JAN. 5TH. 1905 and nr. well pleased with it. Machine and 18 records, RUDOLF MECKLING. any further information yo write us and we will gladl not fill out the coupon and the coupon are stated by the coupon are

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BRING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPETE FORM OF THE EHRLY LIFE AND ABVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN M'ODSELL RNOWN AS SPANISH JOHN," WHEN AS SPANISH JOHN," WHEN IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES F THE REGIMENT HELANDIA, IN THE ERAVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN OFERATING IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM M'LENNAN. 1740.

How Angus McDonald of Clanranald How Angus McDonia of Giarranda and I set out for the Scots College in Rome; how we fell in with Mr. O'Rourke and Monuel the Jew, and with the latter saw strange company in Lephorn; how we were presented to Captain Creach, "of the Regiment Irlandio," at the Inn of quapendente, and what befet there-after.

" Hoot!" snorted my Uncle Scottos with much contempt, "make a lad like that into a priest! Look at the stuff there is in him for a soldier!"
Without waiting for a reply, he reared: "Here, magh Radhan dub!!
(my little black darling), shew your lather how you can say your Pater.

father how you can say your Pater-noster with a single stick!" At which he caught up a stout rod for himself, and, throwing me a lighter one, we saluted, and at it we went hammer and

1 suppose my uncle was a bit discomposed with his argument, for he was one ill to bear contradiction, even in thought, and so forget I was but a lad, for he pushed me hard, making me fairwince under his shrewd cuts, and me me with his half angry shouts of Mind your guard !" each time he got in at me, until before long the punish ment was so severe I was out of breath, my wrist half broken, and I was forced to cry "Pax!" Indeed, I was so ruffied I made but a poor shewing, and my father laughed heartily at my dis

Mure. Well, well, Donald," he said, in reply to my Uncle's argument, ast promise you his schooling will not be any harder than that you would put

him at."
"Perhaps not," answered my Uncle,
" Perhaps not," host mine is still in some little heat, " but mine is is at least the schooling of a gentleman! However, thank God, they cannot take that out of him in Rome, whatever else they may stuff into him. Man! man! he broke out again, after a moment's pause, "but you're wasting the making of a pretty soldier!"

he looked so gallant as he stood there before the big fireplace, full of soorn for the ignoble fate he dreaded might be in store for me, that my heart swelled with a great pity for myself, and for my father too, who should be so bent on sending me to Rome, so far away from my Uncle, who knew so many pretty turns with the sword I might from no other, and so many songs

I might never sing now.

For I worshipped my Uncle, Donald
McDonell of Scottos, but always known McDonell of Scottos, our all stom; he as "Scottos," as is our custom; he was called The Younger, not to belittle him, but because my Grandfather, old Scottos, was still alive. He and been in France and Spain and Italy, Arst as a cadet and afterwards as ensign in Colonel Walter Burke's regiments of the Irish Brigade serving night have I been kept awake with his stories of their engagements at Cremona, Alicant, Barcelona, and other mona, Alicant, Barcelona, and other places—how they beat, and sometimes how they were beaten—till I knew the different Dillons and Batlers and Mc-Donells and O'Rourkes, and other gentlemen of the regiment, not only by name, but as though I had mon with name, but as though I had met with them face to face. He had no great leve for the Church, for he hated the sight of a priest, and was continually railing against my being sent to Rome lest they should make a "Black Petti-

That 'a McDonell must be either a soldier or a priest may be a very good saying in its way," he went on to my lather, for there was not interruption in their talk, "but mark you which comes first! If all our forewhich comes first! If all our fore-bears had bred but little shavelings, and no soldiers, where would the Mc-Donell family be now, think you? 'Tis not in reason you should give up your one son for the sake of an old saw, like enough made by some priest himself of mine chooses to take to it, he will not not be missed out of the flock but depend upon it, brother, God never gave you this one to waste in this way. Let me train him until he is ready to go abroad into the service, and I'll anto stand him in better stead than all the fingle fangle whimseys they'll teach him in Rome!"

But my father only smiled in his quiet way, and said in his low, soft

ee, so different from my Uncle's:
Donald, Donald, you witch the
You have my word that when the time comes he shall be free in his shoice; but, priest or soldier, he'll be no worse the gentleman for a little of the book-looking you make so light of. Now, say good bye to your Uncle, lad, and we'll be off.

As we rode homewards, I on the saddle before him, my father talked all the way of what my going to Rome would really mean. He told me of the Scots College there, what it looked like, where his room was—" and there, if they have not whitewashed the wall, Shonaidh, which may well be the case, you'll find written near the head of my

"' Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,

The fifty fathous deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
With the Scots lords at his feet."

That I wrote one afternoon at th siesta when my heart was big and I was wearying for home, as you may do, and I thought I heard my mother singing, and wrote down the old words for my comfort. Perhaps you'll find them there still," he added, slowly, as if he ere back in the old days rather than

And, Shonaidh," he went on, after "And, Shonaidh," he went on, after a little, "just when your heart fails yon is the time to play the soldier as truly as if you had a broad-sword in your hand. Homesick you'll be—I'd be sorry for you if you were not—but remember, I went through it all before you and though I have done nothing

lege was the best gift my father ever gave me. If God wills it, you will be a priest, but neither I nor yet the Rector will force you. You are going under the care of one of the best of men, a nobleman and one whose slight est word you should be proud to treas ure; and, remember, the first duty of gentleman who would some day command is to learn to obey."

And so on we rode; he told me much, much more than I had ev r known, of all he had done and all he had hoped to do as a boy, but he had given up his own plans that his brother Scottos might go to serve under the Duke of Berwick in Spain; how, though he had borne himself therein as a brave and gallant gentleman, the fighting abroad had brought nothing to those at home, and, after the disap; pointment of 1715, how he had no longer heart for foreign service, for he was committed to the Royal Cause be yond everything, and so remained at home in spite of danger, hoping for the day when the King would come again.

He warned me that I must not make too much of my Uncle's railings against the Church, for he had seen many things in Spain that were in a measure hard to see, and, whatever were his words, he was a good son of the Church, and in his heart did not believe h own sayings-which made me wonder, I ber, why my father should so ounish me for lying -- and so on until we reached Crowlin, as our house was

It was in the month of August when I left home, I being just twelve years of age, and Angus McDonald of Clanran ald, who was to be my corrade, fourteen. He was a much bigger lad than I, and at home could handle me readily ough, but from being so much with my Uncle Scottos, who was never done talking of what he had seen in foreign parts, I was in a measure travelled, and no sooner were we out of the country than Angus gave the lead to me, which in all the years we were together.

My Grandfather, Eneas of Scottos, any Grandiather, meas of scottes, gave me his blessing and a bright new guinea and much good advice; my father kissed me fondly, and, with many a direction for the road, gave me a letter to Father Urbani, the Rector in Rome; my sister Margaret hung about my neck and refused to be comforted; but at last, with a cousin of Clanranald's and a party of their people, we started for Edinburgh.

My Uncle Scottos rode with us as far as Inchlaggan, and when we said good-bye he commanded me, sternly, "Don't let them make a little priest of you. Shonaidh, or I'll baste you with a wooden sword when you come home!" Then he swore somewhat in Spanish and kissed me on both cheeks, and rode off with his head down, waving his hand at the top of the hill, though he never

Our stay in Edinburgh with Bishop Hay, and our journey to Bonlonge, and thence to Father Innes, of the Scots College in Paris, with whom we lodged for three weeks, produced nothing of interest; indeed, we did not fall in with much I can now recall until we drove into Marseilles and were there odged in the house of the Benedictines

oldiers in uniforms, sailors in petti coats, galley-slaves in chains, Jews in gabardines, and others dressed in such outlandish habits we could not help staring at them, though had we worn our own Highland clothes I do not be lieve any would have remarked on us gnage on earth save the Gaelic, which but little spread beyond the High-

A more lively people than the Mar-seillais would be hard to meet. On the quay one evening we marked a fellow carrying something like a long, narrow drum, which he tapped with his fingers as he strolled. Presently he stopped at a clear space, and, d awing a little pipe from under his arm, began to play both instruments at once cleverly enough. Hardly had he begun before the crowd gathered round, and on some lusty fellow setting up a shout and leaping into the middle of the space and holding forth his hand, it was caught by one, who in turn invited another, and then another, while from the tavern opposite rushed men and women fairly tumbling over one another in their haste, laughing and shouting as they came, till all were at it, footing it merrily as they swung in and out and twisted and turned in a long tail. Round the posts, jumping over the ropes that held the vessels fast, then across the street and into the tavern by one door and out at another into the street again, with such mad laughing and singing and holding forth of hands that Angus and I could stand it no longer, and so caught hold; and, though we could speak no word of their language, we could laugh as hard in English and give as wild skreighs in Gaelic and foot it as lightly as any of them. It was a grand ploy, and only ended when we were all out of breath.

Provided with money sufficient to

carry us to Rome, we took passage for Legborn, or Livorno, as they call it, in a fair-sized barque, but the dirt and the evil smells on board disgusted us beyond measure, and we almost longed for the bone-breaking coaches again. However, we were not long aboard before we fell in with a tall, decent man, a Mr. O'Rourke by name, who was an Irishman, on his way to finish his studies as a priest at the Propaganda in Rome, but the merriest and best natured man I had ever seen. He was bigger and broader and had a greater hand and foot than any one e on board.

He laughed at our touchiness at what he called "a few smells." "A few smells, sir?" said I—" it seems to me they are fairly crowding one another so close there's but little room for any more."
"Oh, isn't there? It strikes me you

have never put your nose inside a Roman esteria on a wet day in July! Until then, my lad, you are not quali-fied to speak of smells in the plural. you, and, though I have done nothing fied to speak of smells in the plural. for it, my time in the old Scots Col. And let me tell both of you," he went

on, after he had finished laughing, "you on, after ne mad unused laughing. "you had best get your noses into training at once, for if they are going to cook up at every stink that comes under them you'll be blowing them over the backs of your heads before long, unless you do like the elephant and carry them in like the elephant and carry them in your trunk." Which we took to be an excellent jest, the more so as we found by evening he had two hammocks swung for us on deck near the round The weather was so mild and the cabins so unbearable that most passengers followed our example even in the bow was one s old man, who now and then had to put up with a douse of salt water when the barque dipped deeper than ordin-

The next day we made a closer ac quaintance with our fellow passengers, most of whom were but fearful sailors with but little stomach for anything o an even keel. In the cabin with us and Mr. O'Rourke were an Italian Count and his lady, some priests, and a Spaniard named Don Diego, with whom we soon made friends, though he was ignorant of both English and French, nd had no Gaelic; but we could get in a Latin word or two, and we laughed much and made signs for the rest. Mr. O'Rourke we found to be of the same family as the gallant Major O'Rourke family as the gallant Major O Rourke who was killed at Alcoy, in Spain under the Count O Mahony, which I knew of through my Uncle Scottos, who was an ensign there at the time; this made us fast friends, and I told him much of the Regiment Irlandia and the Irish Brigade of which he was igorant.

But we came near to falling out at the very beginning of our friendship, which happened in this way. Being that day with Angus up in the bow of that day with Angus up in the bow of the barque to mark the play of the waves, I was trying some little French on the old man, who was still crouched there miserable enough, when up comes Mr. O'Rourke and, without preface or apology, breaks in upon us, taking no more notice of the poor old man than if had been a dog.
"Do you know who you are talking

to?" says he, in a loud, hectoring style of voice, and raps out before I can answer; "This man's a Jew! A Jew!" he says, and spits on the deck as if he had a bad smell by him. I don't care if he's a camel !" says

much nettled at his tone. "No more would I," says he, " for then he'd be where he deserves, wandering about in the Desert."

"Mr. O'Rourke, when I get to Rome I'll be under a master, but until then I am answerable to no one save myself, and I'll thank you to leave me in peace o such company as I may choose, returned, making a mighty strong in-flection on my words. He moved away

aughing.
I was only a foolish boy, so his laugh ing hurt me more than his anger, and had he taken no notice I dare say I would have thought little more of the Jew than of any other on board; but now, part from curiosity—perhaps, too part from mulishness of which I had my share when a boy—but afterwards from a personal feeling, I was kept nearer e old man than would otherwise have nappened.

True, my Uncle Scottos had no grea softness for the Jews while in Spain— no more had he for the priests, for that matter-but this was the first I had ever fallen in with, and the old man was so uncomplaining and gentle I felt was taking his side, and that ended it. His name was Manuel, and he was a Portugal by nation, but lived in Legabout which he told me much As to his business, I cared but littleas he could not be a gentleman in th nature of things, his occupation was a matter of indifference to me. pite of the laughter of many, and Mr. Rourke's gibes about my visits to the Ghetto." as he called the bow of the never missed a day without a visit to him, and learned much that was useful

We now met with some heavy weather and were so knocked about on the third day that, as these coasters are not very venturesome, our captain thought i prudent to put back into Toulon, where we anchored in the midst of the fleet of the King of France there lying.

The next day we were eager to get on shore, though it was blowing hard, but were dissuaded by Mr. O'Rourke. However, the Jew and a Cordelier friar resolved to risk it with a crew of six sailors, who ballasted the ship's boat with some spare guns; but hardly had they got up sail before the boat was overset and all were throwa into the

water. The first to lay hold of the boat was the Cordelier, who scrambled up on the keel, followed by the sailors, who pulled their fellows up one after another. All this time I was in an agony of fear for the Jew, who, though he laid hold of the boat, was so old and feeble he could not draw himself up, and no one so much as stretched out a hand to his aid. Worse than this, the ship's company and crew screamed with laughter at each new struggle he made, as if it were the merriest game in the world Meantime the unfortunate one was fast d ifting into the offing, and would in tallibly have been borne out to sea had not a Spanish zebec made sail and succeeded in overhauling and picking

them up. Then, though I was shaking with right, I turned to and thrashed Angus McDonald for his laughing with the others until he cried mercy.

'A pretty Christian you are to b going to Rome and laughing at a man as old as my grandfather!" I admon

"Pough!" snorted he, still angry 'Mr. O'Rourke says Jews have souls!

"Indeed?" said I, "Mr. O'Rourke had better be looking after his own, and make certain of it, before he is so sure about other people." And off I stalked, mighty indignant and mighty hot against Mr. O Rourke, who but aughed merrily at my saying.

However, the next day we made it all up again on his asking me and Angus to accompany him and Don Diego on shore at his expense; and the Jew now being out of sight, I could not hold my anger

pride by telling me I had surprised him in the handsome outcome of my attack on Angus. Of course Angus and needed no making up whatever, for he could generally thrash me twice to my

once. So, with Mr. O'Rourke and Don Diego, we went on shore and rambled about merrily enough. In the afternoon ve were strolling about in the Place we were strolling about in the Place d'Armes waiting for Mr. O'Rourke and Don Diego, off on some affairs of their own, when a gentleman passed having on the greatest wig imaginable, most generously powdered. He carried his hat under his arm and minced in his walk like any madam holding his long walk like any madam, holding his long

walk like any madam, nothing into long cane as gingerly as a dancing master. Without a word, Angus pulled a handful of nuts from his pocket and flung them with all his might at the great wig, which gave out a burst of powder like a gun going off. Round the country and was after us heeled its owner and was after u with a roar; but we separated and ran in different ways, making for the lime trees along the edge of the Parade.

We dodged round the trees, and the ne of us pursued him as he made after one of us pursued him as no made after the other; but he would not be dis-suaded by this, and kept after me until, at last, I began to lose my wind, and shouted to Angus for help, who, however, could do nothing against an angry man armed with a great cane; and I began to grow anxious in my mind, when who should come up but our Spaniard, who, seizing the situation, at once turned the tables completely by a flank attack, and our Frenchman was soon left lamenting, with his wig up a tree, his cane broken, and more Sp oaths ringing in his ears than I dare say he had ever heard before. It was like my Uncle Scottos swearing. Off we went post haste to the port, where, on entering a tavern, being

mindful of my obligations as a gentle man, I ordered and paid for a bottle of wine for our rescuer, at which he wa greatly pleased, though, like most of his countrymen, he was modest of his countrymen, he was modest enough in the use he made of it. little he did take, however, was sufficient to warm him up, when, for-getting we did not know a word of what he was saying, he poured out long rigmarole to us in Spanish, which ne wound up by whipping out a stiletto -a long, thin dirk much used in those countries—and gave us to understand he would have killed the Freuchman

with much pleasure. Not content with this show of friendship, he pulled out a purse, very comfortably filled, and offered me a part; but I refused with my best manner, and with the help of Latin made him know I was suffic iently supplied.
In the midst of all this friendship

and wild talk who should discover us but Mr. O'Rourke, who, on hearing of our adventure, broke out, "'Pon my soul, but this is a pretty jerrymahoo you two young barbarians have started up! You're likely to have the peace officers down on you before you can say Peter Donovan's prayer; and' tis prouyour people will be of you, no doubt, to have you beginning your education have you beginning your education under the whip in a French prison, instead of under the holy fathers in Rome!" And with that he hurried us off in all speed to a boat, in a white fear of the officers, making us lie down in the bottom until we reached the ship's side, when we lost no time in scrambling on board.

We found we were the last passeng ers ashore, and on Mr. O'Ro lating to the captain our adventure, and the possibility of our being followed, he had up the anchor even before the moon rose, and we were on our way to ards Leghorn again.

The rest of our time on board went

fast enough, for we had nearly as many friends as there were passengers. Finding I had begun my education in fencing, Don Diego gave me lessons in the Spanish method, of which I was not entirely ignorant, and in turn I showed him something of the single-stick, wherein he was altogether lacking. To our surprise, Mr. O'Rourke turned cut to have no small skill with both singlestick and the smarl-sword — a great waste of education, as my Uncle Scottos would have said, for a priest.

Mr. O Rourke now left me to my own devices with Manual the Jew, for whom I was more full of pity than ever, as he, poor man! had not got over the effect of his fright and long exposure in the Not a soul on board, save mysel and Angus, ever gave him a word, less when a sailor might curse at him for being in the way.

I was much exercised in my mind that

he never seemed to eat anything-he certainly never went to a meal with the other passengers—and the only reason I could conceive being poverty, I proposed to Angus we should help him out of our store, to which he at once agreed, provided I would do the talk ing. So one day, when we were quite alone, after a hard fight with my shame facedness, I lugged out my purse and offered him what I thought needed by his occasions.

"Put up your purse, my dear child! Put up your purse! You must never shew your money to people like that. he said, anxiously; and then seeing, I suppose, my disappointment, he added, speaking very slowly, that I might understand: "My child, do not be offended that I do not take your gold; your gift to me is already made without that, and in my heart I repeat the words of the Moabitees and ask. 'Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing I am a stranger?" As he said this his voice became so broken I looked at him in surprise, and to my great dis tress saw the old man was crying. Why, I did not clearly understand, he added to my discomposure by catching up my hand, kissing it, and pressing it to his bosom, repeating something in the Jews' tongue, and saying much I did net deserve, in French.

So we continued friends, and every day Angus and I sat with him under the shade of the foresail and listened to his stories of foreign countries, for he had travelled far and took a pleasure in

telling of the wonders he had seen.
At last we sighted the port of Leg horn (we were not in reality so many days on board as I may have led you to days on board as I may have suppose in my telling, but the impression left on me is of a long time)—we long, while Mr. O'Rourke mended my sighted Leghorn, I say, with marvellous

fine quays filled with much shipping, one of the galleys of the Grand Duke, with its crew of horrid wretches of slaves pulling the long oars with an and the first craft that pa even sweep, like one great machine, under the eye and whip of their cap tain. Sorry enough were we to put foot on shore, for we realized every day was bringing us nearer to Ro the end of the pleasant life we had been leading.

In company with Mr. O'Rourke we found a respectable lodging near the Place where the statue of the Grand Duke with the four Turks stands, and here everything was surprisingly fresh and clean after the ship. Indeed, the whole town is wonderfully clean and bright, and in that part called "Little Vertee", we have the control of t Venice" we loved to stroll, admiring the barges and the canals, which are there in the middle of the streets, and the loading and unloading of the great pales of goods.

On the second day after our arrival, while in that street which serves as an Exchange for the merchants, to our great surprise we saw our friend Manuel the Jew. But how changed from the sickly, poor old man we had known on board the barque He was decently dressed in sober black, with a long cloak and a wellcared-for periwig, and spake to one who looked like a person of standing, as a man speaking to his equal,

On seeing us he came forward, and, after shaking hands with me and Angus, e saluted Mr. O'Roarke, who returned his bow, but not overwarmly. After few words he excused himself and spake for a little with a gentleman of appearance, indicating us the while.

Evidently at his invitation, the gentleman came up to us addressed Mr. O'Rourke: "Sir, I am Signor Antonio Arnaldi, one of the merchants of this place, and not ill-connected. My friend Manuel tells me he is under some obligation to your young gentlemen for kindness received, and begs your permission to allow their attendance at some festivity among his people to night. The son of the Grand Duke, I am told, intends to honor it with his presence, so you may judge it is an occasion of unusual importance. He assures me he will take every care of the young gentlemen, and asks my word for his trustworthiness, which I can give from the bottom of my heart, as can any honorable merchant in Livorno." So saying he bowed most graciously, and, after some further words and compliments, Mr. O'Rourke as handsomely gave his full consent, when there was more bowing and compliments on all sides, and the merchant betook himself to his affairs. Though were in no way bound to Mr O'Rourke's consent to our comings and goings, we did not hold it necessary protest when others took it for granted he stood in this relation towards us.

Manuel then led us through the Ex change, and though Mr. O Rourke was somewhat stiff at first, this soon work off when he saw what people saluted our guide and their manner of so doing Manuel knew every one; he pointed out to us the most considerable mer chants, showed us the harbor and the Duke's galleys, making plain much we would not have understood, and left us at the dinner-hour, promising to call for us at our lodging in the evening. That afternoon we went to the great

baths, which were managed afte manner of Turkey, as Manuel had ex plained to us, and though somewhat alarmed at first by so much steam and heat and water, and the slappings and punchings and rubbings of the naked Turks who waited on us, we soon got used to it and came out some honry feeling like different persons, cleaner I suppose than we had ever been in our lives before. We then walked on the Mole and admired the fine ladies taking the first thing that met our eyes was our finery of the night before, which men all well liveried and appointed.

Towards evening Manuel came for us O'Rourke to make one of us, he pretexted another engagement.
"You see," he explained to us, when

we withdrew to made our preparation, "you have no character at all, and can consort with the Grand Turk, if you choose, but I am respectable and can-not afford to take liberties with my-"Indeed, Mr. O'Rourke," said I,

' we have a great deal of character. "So I have perceived; but it more to the quality I am referring,"

"Well, and did you ever hear any-thing against my family?" I asked, somewhat heated. " Nothing but what filled me with

terror, being a peaceful man in my quiet hours," he said with a laugh. But now I began to suspect him of rallying me, and said I believed he was jealous that he would not share the

good things with us.
"Not I, faith!" he answered; "I'd be too much afraid of finding a Christian child done up in a ragout, or their trapanning me to turn me into a little ; and 'tis hard lines it would be for me if I couldn't have a taste of bacon with my potato!" At which we all laughed heartily, none the worse for his

So Angus and I left in company with Manuel and took our way towards the Jew's quarter.

Unlike Avignon and Marseilles, we did not and the Ghetto locked and barred; indeed, we saw no great difference be-tween the Jews and Christians here, nor in their quarter either, except that it is not so clean and there are more people than in other parts of the town; and, I confess, we met many of those smells by which Mr. O'Rourke says one may always tell a Jew; but, for that matter, I have met as bad in the Sacred City of Rome itself.

Every one knew Manuel, and he was greeted with respect even by the children in the street. We stopped at the door of a high building, and, after climbing some flights of stairs, all open ing on a great court, he unlocked a door and we entered his rooms. Here everthing was very clean, but too bare, as I thought, for a man held in such esteem. On a table was spread a collation of fruits and sweetmeats, of which we all three partook in great merriment

by the light of a tall silver lamp. When our hunger was satisfied, our host led us into another room, where from a high press he took down two

rick cloaks, and, telling us we were going to a wedding, where we must not shame our host, he put them over our plain clothes, and bade us see ourselves in a mirror. I never was so fine before; and bade us see ourselves for not only was the cloak of the finest camlet, of a rich blue color, but was lined with a cherry colored silk and had good lace about the neck, while that of Angus was quite as handsome, only more of a mulberry.

For himself, he kept to his black, but

his doublet was of velvet, as was the cloak which he now took down, to which he added a heavy gold chain, which so became his gentle face and venerable beard that in my eyes he looked as if he should be always dressed in the fashion. And in the midst of it all I remembered that this to whom I had offered money for a meal, and I was overcome with shame. I suppose he perceived my thought, for he engaged us in talk at once about the festa until

sion passed off. It seemed mighty strange to us, who had seen Jews so contemned in other places, and heard such stories of their wickedness and cruelty, to listen to one whom we had lately seen so despised and put upon talking as if a festa were his every day affair, and our appearance the particular concern he had on hand.

At length everything was adjusted to his satisfaction, and forth we went in our bravery to win the envy and out spoken admiration of the people as we ade our way through the crowded streets towards the house where the festa was held. The stairways up which we went were laid with carpets and the bareness of the walls hidden under rich stuffs, and when once in-doors we were dazzled with the lights in hanging silver lamps and massive candlelabra on every hand.

There seemed to be hundreds of people in the rooms, which were hung with the finest of damask ; and, more wonderful still, the very floor on which we trod was covered in silver tiles—the father of the bride having removed those of earthen ware and replaced them by silver, to do honor to his daughter and to the Grand Duke, a great patron of the Jews, whose eldest son was to be a guest. As we went bowing our way through the crowd we were dumb with amazement at the beautiful dressess the pearls, and precious stones and jewels worn by both men and women.

The bride was simply covered with them seemed to me a poor enough little creature in spite of her finery, and we were surprised to find she was little more than a child. To her every one made his compliment in Italian or Portuguese or in the Jews' tongue, but not knowing any of the three, I ventured on the best wish I knew in good Gaelic

"Soughal fada slainte's sonas pailt do Bhean na Bainnse!"—which means, in Eoglish, "May the bride have do Bhean na in English. long life and abundant health and happi ness"; at which the wee thing laughed very merrily, though she could not have known a word; from which I gathered a higher opinion of her intelligence than her l

On tables and buffets were confections and fruits, wines and sweet drinks in vessels of every form and color and of inconceivable richness. To music unceasing the dancers advanced and retired, bowed and turned until we could see but a changing maze of silks and velvets, of flashing gold and jewels under the lights that seemed to wave when, at last, the hour came to leave, the music kept ringing and the lights flashing about us through the still, dark streets until we dropped asleep in

our lodging.
On our awakening the next morning in our excitement, we had forgotten to return to Manuel, and on his appear ance later, to our surprise, he not hear of such a thing, though we

pressed him hard. When you offered me money to fill an empty stomach, was I ungrateful? he asked; and part for this, and part that he should not think that we scorned to accept from a Jew, we desisted and made such return as we

Mr. O'Rourke now came for us with an invitation to breakfast with two Scottish gentlemen making the Grand Tour, who had sent their servant to our lodging with their compliments and the message. But I cannot recall anything further than one was a Mr. Ramsay, over whose lap Mr. O'Rourke upset a dish of tea, and great was the outcry and many the apologies thereat.

We joined our friend Manuel again, who had undertaken to engage for us reliable interpreter with whom to journey to Rome, for much to our dis e found the little French we been at such pains to acquire during our stay at Paris was as useless as our English in these parts, and we were now to lose Mr. O'Rourke, though he gave us a hope of joining us at some point before we reached our journey's

After consulting with Angus, I took the precaution to buy two good French folding knives, one for each, which would serve both for the table and de-

fence, if need be.

In order to avoid the dangers of a bad road across an unsettled country, where many lowless characters abounded, it was decided we should go to Pisa by way of the Canal, and thence hire a caléche and take the main high way to Rome by way of Bolsena and

TO BE CONTINUED.

It is the stern duty of every Catholic man and woman to be interested and instrumental in saving souls.



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pair like at year It's chart moo how the confirmation of the confi

tai bi an an I se ta

A FORLORN HOPE.

"There be the place, miss." Si

cherry colored silk and had

olf, he kept to his black, but

was of velvet, as was the

he now took down, to which

heavy gold chain, which so gentle face and venerable

in my eyes he looked as if he always dressed in the

nd in the midst of it all red that this was the man

I had offered money

and I was overcome with

suppose he perceived my

or he engaged us in talk at t the festa until my confu-d off. It seemed mighty

in other places, and heard of their wickedness and

listen to one whom we had

so despised and put upon

if a festa were his every day our appearance the most

th everything was adjusted to action, and forth we went in

ry to win the envy and out-

miration of the people as we way through the crowded wards the house where the

eld. The stairways up which ere laid with carpets and the f the walls hidden under rich

when once in-doors we were tith the lights in hanging

ips and massive candlelabra

seemed to be hundreds of

the rooms, which were hung

finest of damask : and, more

as covered in silver tiles—the

the bride having removed arthen ware and replaced them

to do honor to his daughter Grand Duke, a great patron

As we went bowing our way the crowd we were dumb with

t at the beautiful dressess,

s, and precious stones and rn by both men and women. ide was simply covered with

ned to me a poor enough little in spite of her finery, and we

prised to find she was little

n a child. To her every one compliment in Italian or Por-or in the Jews' tongue, but not

hal fada slainte's sonas pailt na Bainnse!"—which means, sh, "May the bride have and abundant health and happi-t which the wee thing laughed

rrily, though she could not

own a word; from which I

a higher opinion of her ine than her looks.

d fruits, wines and sweet n vessels of every form and

of inconceivable richness. To

ceasing the dancers advanced ed, bowed and turned until we

but a changing maze of silks ets, of flashing gold and jewels

e lights that seemed to wave

last, the hour came to leave,

c kept ringing and the lights about us through the still,

ets until we dropped asleep in

r awakening the next morning

thing that met our eyes was y of the night before, which,

citement, we had forgotten to Manuel, and on his appear-

er, to our surprise, he would

of such a thing, though we him hard.

num hard, in you offered me money to fill y stomach, was I ungrateful?' I; and part for this, and part should not think that we

to accept from a Jew, we de-

nd made such return as we

Rourke now came for us with

tation to breakfast with two gentlemen making the Grand ho had sent their servant to our

with their compliments and the

. But I cannot recall anything than one was a Mr. Ramsay, ose lap Mr. O'Rourke upset a

tea, and great was the outcry

ined our friend Manuel again,

undertaken to engage for us a

to Rome, for, much to our dis-

e found the little French we had

such pains to acquire during

at Paris was as useless as our

in these parts, and we were lose Mr. O'Rourke, though he s a hope of joining us at some efore we reached our journey's

consulting with Angus, I took

caution to buy two good French knives, one for each, which

knives, one for each, which erve both for the table and de-

f need be.

d across an unsettled country, many lowless characters

by way of the Canal, and thence caléche and take the main high

Rome by way of Bolsena and

the stern duty of every Catholic

TO BE CONTINUED.

whom to

interpreter with

any of the three, I st wish I knew in good Gaelic

still, the very floo

concern he had on hand.

bout the neck, while that quite as handsome, only

alberry.

Dann, who ran the one wagonette that comprised the "livery" of Duncan-ville, slackened rein as he reached the ANUARY 28, 1905. turn in the mountain-road and pointed turn in the mountain-road and pointed to an old stone house, rising grim and gray beneath overshadowing oaks, while range after range of forest-crowned heights stretched above and of a tall silver lamp. hunger was satisfied, our into another room, where h press he took down two "There be Cameron Place, around it. "There be Cameron Place, as you ask for, miss—but ez for getting board thar, I don't think you've any and, telling us we were redding, where we must not ost, he put them over our and bade us see ourselves I never was so fine before; was the cloak of the finest rich blue color, but was

chance at all.

It will do no harm to try," said the little lady, who was Si's only passenger

this June morning.

She was a dainty little creature, with her wind-blown hair and dancing eyes. Gowned with exquisite simplicity, there was an air about her from her pretty straw hat to the tip of her little French boot, that made her seem a strange and delicate blossom for these rugged wilds.

No harm, maybe," said honest Si, abtfully. "Only rough talk ain't doubtfully. "Only rough talk ain't pleasant to hear, and though old Squire Cameron never was soft-tongued, he's got harder and rougher since his got harder and rougher since his word and honor. I will be no more word and honor. I will be no more word and honor. I will be no more that the strength of you will trouble last year with young Don—"
"Young Don ?" queried the little

beny mare a loese rein for the climb. "They hadn't but one, and elimb. "They hadn't but one, and was monstrous sot on him. And no wonder—he was suthin' to brag on—six foot four in his stocking feet tail and strong and straight as a mountain pine. The old folk gave him everything first class, college eddication, tower in Europe—everything he ask. Didn't class, college eddication, tower in Europe—everything he ask. Didn't class of the successful of the class, college eddication, tower in Europe—everything he ask. Didn't spoil him none, neither—all the folk on the mountain side agreed to that. He was that pleasant and triendly and nice that everybody tuk to him. He ould have gone anywhar this county vote could sent him—if 'twas to the White House itself, when the bust-up came and spiled all. Now he has quit these parts forever."

orever?" echoed the girl in a low voice.

Lord, yes. Don Cameron ain't the sort to knuckle down. You see, he met some girl off yonder and lost his heart to her. That warn't much hurt, if he hadn't lost his head, too-clean lorgot all the bad blood that has been biling in the Camerons for hundreds of years, and turned Romanist with his sweet

heart."
"Romanist! Ob, you mean Catholic, I suppose," said the little lady.
"It's all one, I guess," continued
Si, flecking a bluebottle from the
mare's ear. "Anyhow, it spilt things

mare's ear. "Anyhow, it split things to flinders up here. They said the old man almost went off in an appleplexy said the sort of rough things a young man can't forgive or forget. Told Don to go and never come back, and Don said he never would until his father called him. Which ain't ever going to be is the mountain side knows old Angus Cameron. He is grit straight through if it kills him and everybody I heern that he won't ever have Don's name spoken before him. And himself up with the old woman in that big house nussing his grief and bitterness and prideand spite. eats me entirely."

It is a forlorn hope, I know," con tinued Miss Elsie Vane, as she opened the garden gate boldly, "but I am a soldier's daughter with the fighting blood of three generations in my veins. And I have managed just as big men before," she added to herself with a little tremalous laugh as she advanced to the porch, where Squire Angus Cameron, grim and gaunt and gloomy as the granite walls of his home, sat

smoking his morning pipe.

It took all the pluck of a soldier's daughter to charge such a sentinel, but strong men had gone down under the battery of Miss Elsie's bright eyes so

boarders in echoed the Squire in brusque reply to her request. "Take boarders here? No, we don't. Never did and never will. Don't want either their money or their company." And the speaker's tone and look were enough to rout the most readless in enough to rout the most reckless in-

But Miss Elsie held her ground ac-cording to the most approved feminine tactics, charmingly unconscious of the Squire's beetling frown and uncivil

speech.
"Oh, I am so sorry," she said
plaintively.
"It is such a lovely, plaintively. "It is such a lovely, lovely place. I never saw such beautiful oaks. And your view!" Here fal oaks. And your view!' Here the pretty figure aureoled by the sunwords quite failed Miss Elsie. " May set, he thought of the little maid under

And she sank in a pretty girlish way on the stone step at the Squire's feet. The shaggy brows relaxed somewhat. The pretty invader had touched a weak

Ay, the view is fine. I've heard painter folks say they never saw aught like it. And though I've been looking at it summer and winter this forty year, I never found it twice the same. It's mist and cloud, storm and rainbow, changing ever."

changing ever."
"Wonderful," said the girl softly.
"I have never been in the heart of the mountains before. I can understand how their children love and long for them. I have not been very well," she continued, turning the bright battery of here are month the old man's face. of her eyes upon the old man's face.
"The doctor ordered quiet and mountain air. But it seems a difficult com-bination to find. All the hotels are filled with gay, noisy crowds, dancing and frolicking day and night. I thought I would search these levely heights and see if some kind, good people would take me in."

Again the bright, hewitching eyes Rashed upon the Squire, and again the lines gave way as a tender memory twitched at his knotted heartstrings. Twenty years ago be had laid a little maid to rest under the lindens—and maid to rest under the lindens—and—
and—the old wound burt yet. Some
thing in the bright, unlifted glangers.

gaily. "Ay, but there will be sweethearting

trouble than a white kitten if you will lady softly.
"His son," explained Si, giving his take me in." And the winsome glance that went with the words settled

matters.

"There's the dimity chamber,
Mahala. No one is likely to be asking

suddenly paused.

"Ay, ay, so ye be willing, man, I an," said the old lady, tremulously.

An hour later, Miss E'sie, sitting by a rose-wreathed window, penned a brief

epistle.

Dearest:—Have crossed the firing line. Hold possession of the dimity chamber. First redoubt won."

Miss Vane was as good as her word. Miss vane was as good as ner word. No white kitten could have been less trouble; at the same time no fairy princess disguised in feline furs could have wielded so instant and powerful a charn. In ten days all Cameron Place was under her spell. Even the portrait of the grim Covenanter ancestor in the great hall seemed to relax its frown as the sunlight streamed through wide open windows. The quaint old China vases brim ned with freshly plucked roses. The somber silence was broken with girlish laughter and songs. Light and warmth and color followed the newcomer at Cameron Place even as they follow the

Her Mexican hammock, heaped with gay cushions, lit the dull piazza. Her silken-lined workbasket filled with bright crewels, touched the gloomy ball into light. She could ride; the pride of the stable, broken by the young master three years before, yielded sub-missively to her rein. She could shoot; her little silver-mounted rifle brought down with unerring aim the hawk that had been a very among the downy innocents in the bara-yard. Most wonderful of all, she could cook, by strange, new, dainty methods that made good Mrs. Cameron open her

eyes in wonder.

It was this last accomplishment that conquered the oli Squire's grim re-serve. Elsie had filled his pipe in a woman in that big divide and spite."
grief and bitterness and pride and spite."
"Oh, stop, please—here is the gate.
What a lovely, lovely place! Oh! I
what a lovely, lovely place! Oh! I
must go in and see if they will take me,
must go in and see if they will take me,
must go in and see if they will take me,
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must go in and see if they will take me,
must go in and see if they will take me,
must go in and see if they will take me,
where they are the factor of the factor of they will tak leveliness to the old man's gathering twilight. But it was not until she merrily bore in a smoking dish of "haggis" and placed it before him on the dinner table that the Squire gave

way openly and entirely.

"Eh, the Lord guide us, lass, what witch or warlock taught ye this witch or warlock taught ye this?"
And Elsie had laughed a rippling laugh of triumph, and felt that the course of "national dishes" at her cooking school had not been all in

But soften as the old folks' did to their fair young guest, no word of the dark sorrow that sat at their board and often that she had the courage of the conqueror.

"Boarders!" echoed the Squire in ignorance of the tragedy that had darkened their lives that made Elsie's boarders here? No. we don't. Never

bor's gossipping sympathy.

The spell of the "haggis" was still strong upon the Squire in the summer evening as he sat in the deepening evening as he sat in the deepening twilight smoking the pipe Elsie had filled for him, and listening to her as she sang to the accompaniment of her mandolin. The western gorge was still aglow with the sunset, though the mountain tops were dim and shadowy, and a few faint stars heralded the coming night. As the old man looked at the pretty figure aureoled by the sunwords quite failed Miss Elsie. "May set, he thought of the little maid under those mountains?"

And she sank in a protty girlish way. a softening pang in his rough Scotch

heart. Elsie's song had ceased, and with her hands clasped idly over her mandolin she was looking into the gathering shadows. The keen old eyes bent upon her became suddenly aware of a wistful sadness in the sweet young face, usually so bright and glad.

"It's a bit dull for you with only

two old folk. Maybe, as the old woman was saying, I have been over woman was saying, I have been over hard in my bargaining with you, lass. You are too young to be shut out from all junketing and sweethearting. I would na have tue place give up to a pack of godless rattlebrains, but if there's any one ye'd like to see here in quiet and peace, let him come."

"There is—one," answered the girl, and there was a new light in the eyes uplitted to the old man's face.

"A sweetheart, I'm thinking?"
The stern tone was softened wonderfully.

fully.

fully.

ili 'Yes; the dearest, truest, best of sweethearts,' continued the sweet voice tremulously. 'But he can not come—I must not let him. Ah, is a sad story! I have neither father nor mother—I had no one until he came and taught me how sweet it is to love and be loved. But his people do not

thing in the bright, uplifted glance re-called the little lass of long ago.

"I dunno," he said, reluctantly.

"There ain't a place round here fitting for folks that want quiet and rest. And if you're not well—Mahala," as a thin, sad-faced old woman stepped to the door behind him, "here's a young woman that the doctor has ordered to the mountains. She has come looking here for board."

"Oh, not 'beard'!" The pretty appeal of the eyes went straight now to the old mother's heart. "Of course, I can get board anywhere. But I am looking for a home for a few weeks—a sweet, quiet, peaceful home, where for nest and grow strong."

"You'd not be wanting jigging and junketing like they have at the Mountain House?" asked the old Squire, suspiciously.

"Not a jig or junket," answered Miss Elsie, shaking her head.
"Nor a crowd of young fools blathering around night and morning?"

"No young fools shall come within gunshot of me," laughed the girl gaily.
"Ay, but there will be sweethearting."

"Ay, but there will be sweethearting."

"Ay, but there will be sweethearting."

"The feckless fools! Eh, the feckless fools! An' I'd let the people go to the de'il with their wants if I were yer the de'il with their wants if I were yer man."

"Oh, no, no—for he loves them, he loves father and mother and home more than I can tell. And it would hurt me so to stand between them, to break their hearts! It's their heads that should be broken with a blackthorn stick, and I'd like the work!" blazed forth the old man worth! blazed forth the old man worth!" blazed forth the old man worth! blazed forth the old man worth! or all a girle ye my ain."

"Would you?" She was on her kaeses beside him now, the sweet face radiant. "Then, father—Donald's if a there—take me for your daughter—for—that is the name and place f ask in your home—in your heart. Forgive me that I bave tried to win it by a two mon's strutegy. Donald said if you know me you would love me—and so I stole here under my mother's name—"stole here under my mother's name—"stole here under my mother's name stole here under my mother's name—
She paused trembling, as the old man's
brow blackened and his eyes blazzd.

"Ah, do not look at me like that,"
she pleaded. "You know what you

said just nov-that you would give half you were worth-"
Ay, and I hold to it, lass, I hold to

it," burst forth the old Squire impetu-ously, while hrow and eyes suddenly cleared and flashed int. light even as

"I told her last night. And Donald," the fair arms wreathed themselves around the old man's neck. "Donald is not very far away, and you said—you know you said—"The brown eyes saryled roomishly."

sparkled roguishly.
"That I'd take a blackthorn stick to them that stood betwixt ye," and old Angus Cameron burst into a laugh that so will be the State.

To maintain the sacred character of To maintain the sacred character of the wept away the gloom of years.

"Ah, ye kelpie! ye have me meshed neck and heel. But Angus Cameron

never went back on his word yet. Bid the lad come home." And so the old Covenanter yielded, and the faith came to Cameron Hall with the triumph's of Elsie's "forlorn hope."—Mary T. Waggaman in Ben-

ziger's Magazine. IMITATION OF CHRIST.

HOW A DESOLATE PERSON OUGHT TO OFFER HIMSELF INTO THE HANDS OF

Thou knowest what is expedient for my progress, and how serviceable tribulation is to rub away the rust of sin. Do with me according to thy desired good pleasure; and despise not my sinful life, to no one better or more clearly known than to thyself alone.
Grant, O Lord, that I may know what I ought to know; that I may love what I ought to love; that I may

praise that which is most pleasing to thee; that I may esteem that which is valuable in thy sight; that I may despise what is despicable in thine the sight of the outward eye, nor to give sentence according to the hearing of the ears of men who know not what of the ears of men who know not what they are about; but to determine both visible and spiritual matters with true

visible and spiritual matters with offer judgment, and above all things ever to seek thy good will and pleasure.

The sentiments of men are often wrong in their judgments, and the lovers of this world are deceived in

loving visible things alone.

What is a man the better for being reputed greater by man?

One deceitful man deceiveth another; One deceived man deceived a modner; the vain deceive the vain, the blind the blind, the weak the weak, whilst they extol them; and in truth one doth rather confound another, whilst he vainly praiseth him. "For how much each one is in thine

eyes; so much he is and no more, saith the humble St. Francis.

SACRAMENT OF MATRIMONY.

presence so cheering to the old pair, who proudly shrank from their neighbor's gossloping sympathy.

Measured by the results it brings to the individual, to society and to the State, there is no problem to-day which affects each more than marriage. From the general conviction expressed every quarter existing conditions de mand immediate correction. To this end much has been attempted, but

end much has been attempted, but practically nothing accomplished. These conditions warranted the as-sertion that marriage to day, outside of the Catholic Church, is a frivolous, mercenary and meaningless relation. It has entirely lost the sacred char-It has entirely lost the possess It acter which it ought to possess It acter which it ought to possess It is entered into lightly. and with no higher motive than personal profit. Individuals put it on and off with loss consideration than they give their garments. Its history as presented by the divorce courts of the country prove it to be a convenient cloak for temporarily legalizing

lust.
With such condit one continuing and augmenting it is no surprise to see the plane of society sinking and vice reigning in the body politic. There are the necessary and inevitable con-sequences. Civic virtue is impossible if there be no sacredness in the marital relation. The same is true of society

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and 14 days time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scien ific and chemical restarch.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, porifying. Yet it is an absolutely certain germicide. The reason is that germs are vegetables;

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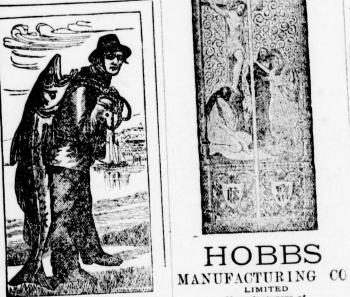
the marital state and thus preserve the purity of the family, the Catholic Church alone has ad success against the destructive stream of divorce. She the destructive stream of divorce. She alone stands for the indissoluability of the marriage tie. Against its severance she has firmly and steadfastly set her divine authority. Upon those who violate her law she visits the severest penalties. Therefore, around the in dividual, the home, society and the State she has thrown the strongest sategrads. Therein she is fulfilling sateguards. Therein she is fulfilling her God-ordained mission and showerirg her benefits and blessing upon

sells for 25 cents.

Some persons are more susceptible to colds than others contracting derangements of the nulmonary organs from the slightest causes. These should anys have at hand a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the present day sovereign ren dy for cour, hs. catarrh and infiammation of the lungs. It will effect a cure no matter how severe the cold may be. You cannot afford to be without a remedy like Bickle's, for it is the best, According to her traching, marriage is more tran a natural contract. It is a sacrament. That is, a visible sign of an investible grace, instituted by our Lord, for our sanctification, by means, of which grace is conveyed to our conlections. souls. As such its purpose is to fill the Church and complete the number of the elect in heaven. Moreover, it is a great sacr ment in as much as the uand which is affects represents the espousal of Christ with His

By the acceptance and practice of this dectrine only can there be hope for change in the conditions from

Consider from time to time what prestons are most predominant in your soul, and having discovered them adopt such a method of thinking, speaking and acting as may counteract them.



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Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indi-rect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

is inevitable.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

AETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.
OHAWA, CARBIG, MARCH 716. 1970.
She Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
London. Ont:
Dear Sir: For some time pash I have read your estimable paper. The CATHOLIC RECORD.
and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.
Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.
Therefore with pleasure, I can recommend is to the festival.
Bleave me to remain.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ.

* D FALCONIO. Arch. of Larissa.
Apost. Delog.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 28, 1905.

FOOLISH INVESTMENTS.

Judging from the number of letters anent the advisability of investing in this and that, there must be, in the opinions of the senders thereof, a good many of the unsophisticated in Canada. These circulars breathe but kindness and a readiness as touching as it is rare to help us to much gold. That such interest should be manifested towards us by the gentleman across the border ought to be regarded as something out of the ordinary and entitled to dispassionate scrutiny. The citizens appealed to ought to think twice before risking their movey on oil or wheat. They ought to pause before yielding to the alluring promises of the manipulators of the ticker. But despite the warnings and experiences of others. they still persist in attaching credence to golden fairy tales, to the glee of their fashioners, who believe, and not without reason, that "the get somesomething for little or nothing" people are always alive, and can be " worked " as easily in this enlightened century as in the days before the bunco steerer engaged in the stock business. The best place for all such letters is the waste paper basket.

CHEERFUL POVERTY.

It is easy for an individual with an assured income to be optimistic and stont hearted or to simulate it at all events. Before a bright are, surrounded by books and pictures, one may read any song of the road with pleasure, and give wondrous counsel as to the necessity of keeping up a brave front. however the wind may blow. But in the bomes of poverty the outlook is not so sheering. The dwellers therein see ranght but the toil that breaks the body; the competition that forces them aside when age begins to touch them : and they hear instead of the merry song of the road the stern orders of boss or foreman who is bent on getting all the work he can out of them. Still, for courage and love give us the poor. The dweller in the tenement will share his last bushel of coal with his neighbor, and give him assistance from out his seanty larder. His sympathy is real and not sham, and his human brotherhood is born neither of whim par of expediency. He wears poor alothing, but he is oftimes more of a gentleman than they who are attired in fine linen and broadeloth. He is ready to give of his means to any obpet mentioned by his spiritual chiefs. Many a time-and we have had some experience as a collector-we have been edified by his courtesy, and by the pleasure he ovinced at being able to goatribute his mite. No long parley was necessary there as elsewhere the money waited for us because they were obedient. According to human standards their lives may be bare, but they who are close to them know that in their hearts is ever the song of the road that leads to the Eternal gates.

THE " REFORMATION'S" WORK.

May we remind a near-by contempormy that not all Protestants are in accord as to the glories of the Reforma- yarns. tion in Scotland. Speaking on this subject in his History of Scotland, Mr. Apdrew Ling says:

* This is not a topic in which it is easy to be impartial. Protestant historians have seldom handled it with impartiality; and their suppressions, glosses and want of historical balance trivialities.

naturally turn into opposition the judgment of a modern reader. How it was effected need not be set down here. Suffice it to say that John Wesley saw nothing to commend in the work of John Knox, who used fire and sword and desolation, to sweep from Scotland shrine, altar, image and the massy piles that harbored them. In fact he reprobated it as the work of the devil.'

We must say also that we cannot wax glad over the history of Calvanism in Scotland, and we are not alone in this. Dr. Johnson, it will be remembered, alluded to the "maligned influence of Calvinism," and a writer of our times, Fiona Macleod, asserts that it is difficult for any one who has not lived intimately in the Highlands to realize the extent to which the blight of Calvinism has fallen upon the people, clouding the spirit, stultifying the mind.

That the Presbyterian creed has had divines not unknown to fame is admitted on all sides. We pay tribute gladly to the scholarly attainments, the broad-mindedness and tolerant spirit of many of their descendants. But dilating on all this we submit that harking back to the assembly of 1643, and recounting the history of its deliberation, will not resuscitate the Westminster Confession. In some quarters it is, so far as its Calvinistic characteristics go. dead, and in others doctrinally inoperative. That we are not prejudiced in saying this is evident from the declara tions of Presbyterian clergymen. Last December Rev. Dr. Carter said before the Presbytery of Nassau county, N.Y.

"That there is no such God as the It is all rash, exaggerated and bitterly The Presbyterian Church has had for long a creed that she has been ecretly ashamed of."

And yet Dr. Carter was requested to continue his connection with the Pres byterian communion. This certainly should furnish our contemporary with matter for reflection.

DOOLEY ON " LIFE".

We see that the sapient and witty Mr. Dooley is again at Archey Road We hope that Mr. Danne will continue to prompt him, for we venture to say that Mr. Dooley's preachments and punc turing of our fads and follies are read and appreciated more than Mr. Dunne's editorials. In his latest talks, published by McLure, Philips & Co., the genial philosopher handles various subjects and always deftly. Life, he tells his friend Hennessy, is like a Pullman dining car, a fine bill of fare and noth ing to eat. "Ye go in fresh an' hurgey, tuck jee

napkin in' ye'er collar, an' square away at th' list iv groceries that th' black man hands ye. What'll ye have first? Ye think ye'd like to be famous an' ye ordher a dish iv fame an' bid th' waither make it good an' hot. He's gone an age an' whin he comes back ye'er appytite is departed. Ye taste th' ordher an an' whin no consistence and is departed. Ye taste th' ordner and is departed. Ye taste th' ordner and is says ye: 'Why, it's cold an' full iv says ye: 'That's th' way we although any is again.' Says the ways sarve fame on this car,' says the 'Don't ye think ye'd like money coon. 'Don't f'r th' sicond Misther Rocky f'r th' sicond coorse? Misther Rocky fellar over thare has had forty-two help in's,' says he. 'It don't seem to agree with him,' says ye, 'but ye may bring me some,' ye say. Away he goes an' stays till ye'er bald an' ye'er teeth fall out an' ye set dhrumming on th' table lookin' out at By an' by he comes back with ye'er ordher, but jus' as he's goin' to hand it to ve Rockyfellar s 'What kind iv a car is this? says ye.
'Don't I got annything to cat? Can't
ye give me a little happiness?' I
wudden't ricommend th' happiness,'
says the waither. 'It's canned, an' it
kilt th' las' man that tried it.' 'Well, What kind iv a car is this?' gracious, says ye, 'I've got to have something. Give me a little good health an' I'll thry to make a meal out iv that.' 'Sorry, sir,' says the black health au ' ' ' Sorry, sir,' says the black iv that.' ' Sorry, sir,' says the black man, ' but we're all out iv good health. ' Besides,' he says, takin' ye mintly by th' arm, ' we're coming into make the control of t gintly by th' arm, 'we're coming into the deepo an' ye'll have to get out,' he

WHAT TO READ.

Why do the writers of worthless fiction find a way to the haven of recognition, while the makers of genuine literature wander in the desert of unpopularity One reason is that the average novel can be read without any undue expenditure of attention: another reason is that dabbling in all kinds of printed stuff deprives one of true standards. Tolstoi says, in "The Peasant," that "if a young person should be given access to all the extant books and papers and left to his own efforts, it is highly probable that for ten years he would read nothing but trivial and immoral things," to the perversion of his understanding and taste. Then, again, children are not safeguarded as they should be from the peril of pernicious reading. During school days they are regaled oftimes in scraps and bits from world authors, and in consequence they are graduated without any real understanding of what literature means and fall an easy prey to the spinners of

Hence we never get tired of the eternal guffaw." We refuse to be serious, or mayhap we cultivate a serious poise. But because we allow mannikin s to deluge us with inanities we bar ourselves from writers who do not deal in

SLAUGHTER CASE.

In the Christian Science case which came before the coroner a few days ago, and of which we gave an account in our columns last week, a verdict of manslaughter was brought in by the jury. The verdict was returned on the 17th inst., and was to the effect " That Walter Goodfellow came to his death on January 4th from typhoid fever, and that the jury find culpable negligence on the part of Mrs. Sarah Goodfellow, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Lee, and Mr. W. Brundrett in connection with his death, and are, as we believe, guilty of man slaughter. We further believe that deceased would have recovered if the proper measures and medical treatment had been given, the percentage of mor tality from the disease being very small. We further recommend that if the law does not reach Christian Scientists, it should be made to cover such. We also think that the medical men should be more careful in the issuing of death certificates, as many cases are not investigated which should be.'

It will be remembered that Walter Goodfellow was committed to the care of the Christian Scientists named in the verdict by his mother, Mrs. Goodfellow, to be healed divinely by them, the serices of the physician being refused It is to be hoped that the fatal termination of this sad case will put an end to the evil and scandal of Christian Science experiments over those who are serious ly ill. The number of deaths already ecorded as rising from this cause has already been very large, and it is probable that not more than a moiety of them have become known to the public.

PRAYERS AND MASSES FOR THE DEAD.

" The Gospel Trumpet " is the name of one of the Protestant and anti-Catholic sheets which are largely circulated among Protestants in various parts of the United States and even in Canada and from which many Protestants derive their belief in special doctrines which they believe constitute Protest antism, and it will be seen that it is enough that the editor of such a sheet expresses his opinion that a certain doctrine is "papistical," and the readers of the sheet think this an allsufficient reason for its rejection. Bo

The Gospel Trumpet is published in Moundsville, West Virginia, but we are assured that it is largely circulated in the rural electoral districts along the Ottawa in Ontario and Quebec.

In the issue of this paper of date 29th Dec., 1904, a question is asked by a correspondent regarding the meaning of the passage of Holy Scripture (St. Matt. xii. 32.) "And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man. it shall be forgiven him, but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come." In his answer to this request the editor lays it down that "upon this fragment the Papists have built their soul-destroying, deceiving doctrine of praying for the dead, Masses, etc., saying that the above is proof that some sins are forgiven after death in the orld to come. In the above text it is

will be forgiven in the world to come. nor in an imaginary millenium." These words of an isolated upstart Biblical commentator of no weight on Scripture, are taken by the ordinary readers of this little paper as proof positive that the whole teaching of the Catholic Church is wrong in regard to the existence of a Pargatory, the efficacy of prayers for the dead, and Masses offered for the souls in Puratory as a neans of shortening the term of their

neither taught nor implied that sins

suffering. The Catholic doctrine on these points is not founded merely upon this isolated text, though the text constitutes part of the proof on which Catholics are accustomed to rely, as forming the basis

of their belief. The position of the Jews in regard to God's selection of them as His chosen people must be borne in mind when the force of this passage is investigated. To the Jewish people, God's revelation had been originally made, and what was revealed truth with them continues to be the revealed truth to this day.

Now it is a certain fact that the Jew in the time of Christ believed that some souls suffer for a time in the next world before being admitted into heaven. This was deemed as being the consequence of their having committed certain lesser sins which did not separate them from the love of God, but which were an obstacle to their admission to heaven, into which nothing defiled can enter, as we are told in the Apocalypse (Revelation) of the Apostle St. John xxi-27: "there shall not enter into it anything defiled, or any one that work eth abomination."

But under the Jewish dispensation equally with the Christian, it was the belief that those who for less grievous sins, sins which did not destroy the

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MAN- love of God in the soul, were detained in the place of purgation, would be admitted into heaven after they had sufficiently atoned for these sins.

> In fact, to this day the Jews retain the practice of prayers for the dead, and on the anniversary of the death of their parents, Jewish children are always expected to visit the synagogue to offer up a solemn traditionary prayer for their parents deceased. This prayer is held by them to have been handed down from time immemorial, and is known among the Jews as " The Kadish " or "the Holy." Concerning this prayer The Jewish Times said some time ago :

"It is a singular prayer, and transmitted from generation to generation, from century to century, in the lanforming an essential part of the daily religious ser vice. Its origin is shrouded in mys dies, the remaining children, daily morning and evening, are to recite it during the entire year of mourning and at every returning anniversary of the day of death, or as it is called in the language of the Gasse, at every "Lazeri" for a very peculiar Jazreit," for a very peculiar power lies in it. . . . It stops directly before the throne of God, and entreats there for the eterna peace of the deceased for mercy and compassion. Surely, if there is a link g and indissoluble to join heaver and earth together, it is this prayer It unites the living, and forms a bridge into the mysterious dominion of death

. . . When thou diest
there are left persons who know that
thou hast died, who, wherever on earth,

whether in the garments of poverty or in fashionable clothing of wealth, send after thee this prayer. We may use the same language with

egard to the fervent prayers which Catholics also recite for the dead after their departure to another life.

In 2 Machabees xii. we are told that the valiant leader of the Jews, Judas Maccabeus, ordered that prayers should be offered for those Jews who were slain in battle fighting in the cause of God, and twelve thousand drachmas of silver were sent to Jerusalem for 'sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection. For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead. . . . It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their

The books of the Machabees are not found in the English Protestant Bible in general use, but they are admitted by Continental European Pro testants as part of the Bible. But apart from their caronical value as part of Holy Writ. they must be re garded as an incontestable historical testimony to the Jewish practice of praying for the dead "that they may be loosed from their sins."

When Christ told His Jewish hearer that a certain sin should not be forgiven either in this world or in the world to come, He was aware of their practice, and as He took every occasion to correct the errors into which they had fallen, if this practice were " souldestroying and deceiving," as asserted in the "Gospel Trumpet," He would not have approved of it by a favorable eference, such as His words certainly were, for He refers to their belief that some sins are forgiven in the world to come, without denouncing it as criminal or deceitful. His reference thereto is, therefore, a solid proof that some souls do suffer in the other life for sins which are not mortal, but which are washed away by suffering, and by the prayers of the faithful on earth.

It will be noted also that part of the Jewish usage concerns sacrifice. They offered sacrifice for the dead that their sins might be blotted out.

Catholics do the same, offering up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the living and the dead, just as Judas Maccabeus had sacrifice offered for the same purpose in the temple of Jerusalem.

Divine Truth remains always the same, and as prayers for the dead and sacrifices were useful to the dead under the ancient law, the same truth holds good at the present day.

There are, of course, other irrefragable proofs of the lawfulness of the Catholic practice of praying for the dead, but we cannot adduce them in the present article, which is written to elucidate the text which the Gospel Trumpet attempts to befog.

To offer prayers and Masses for the dead is an act of sublime charity.

With the Millennium referred to by the Gospel Trumpet we have nothing to do, though it isamoot question among Protestant sects.

The following skit is from the latelypublished letters of the Anglican Bishop Stubbs. "I have made a hymn or Froude and Kingsley:"

Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons do not care for truth,
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
History is a pack of lies.
What cause for judgments so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery—
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for His
tory."

THE VETO IN PAPAL ELECTIONS.

An interesting piece of intelligence from Rome is to the effect that the Holy Father, Pope Pius X., has completed a Bull the precise contents of which will not be made public until his death, but which will be read as part of the constitution under which the next conclave will elect a successor to the Holy Father. It is known, however, that this important document has reference to the rights which have been claimed at times by the rulers of Austria, France and Spain to veto the election of any special Cardinal to the Papacy. The exact nature of the document

has not been communicated even to all the Cardinals, the usage of the Church, and the prerogatives of the Pope, permitting that the Holy Father should exercise his judgment in regard to the extent of publicity which should be given to documents of high importance which relate to the government of the Church. For prudential reasons, the present Bull, it is said, has been shown only to those Cardinals to whom it could be personally communicated, that is to those who live in Rome, or or have visited the Eternal City since the Bull has been prepared, and in its preparation only those Cardinals who were within easy call to Rome were consulted.

Most of our readers will remember that on August 2, 1903, while the Conclave of Cardinals was in session for the election of a successor to the late Pope Leo XIII., Cardinal Puzyvna, Bishop of Cracow in Austrian Poland, arose in the Conclave after the first ballot was taken, and announced that he was authorized by Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, to veto the election of Cardinal Rampolla to the Papacy.

It is impossible to say whether or not this announcement influenced in any way the ballots which were afterward cast. But immediately the other Cardinals protested against this interference of a temporal ruler with the freedom of the Conclave, and it was unanimously maintained that no monarch or temporal ruler has any right of veto against the election of a Pope. Indeed, the announcement of the Emperor of Austria's veto was followed by a larger vote given to Cardinal Rampolla than before, from which we might infer that the Emperor's veto had no influence. On the other hand, considering the hostile attitude of France and Italy to the Church, it is quite possible that many of the Cardinals felt that it would not be advisable in the face of so direct an expression of the desire of a power which is friendly to religion, to elect as Pope a Cardinal who was disagreeable to that power.

The French Cardinals were specially indignant at the interference of Francis Joseph, and their greater indignation was supposed to have been aroused by the belief which was current that the triple alliance had agreed upon the veto against Cardinal Rampolla, who was considered to be in a great degree responsible for the continuous firmness of Pope Leo XIII. in maintaining the independence of the Church against all assailants.

The right of veto, in fact, was never authority, though when nearly all Europe was under the dominion of one Emperor who was willing to protect the Church, and aid in her work everywhere, the Emperor was allowed a powerful voice in the selection of a

So far back as the sixth century the Byzantine Emperors endeavored to impose upon the Church Popes of their choice, but this usurpation was steadily resisted until for the sake of peace and to avert the persecution of faithful Catholics, from the year 654 to 731. the Popes submitted to apply to the emperors for confirmation of their elec-

Charlemagne was the protector of the Church, but he did not claim any right to interfere with the freedom of election of the Pope. His Son, Louis the Mild, asked and obtained the favor that on the election of a Pope, legates should be sent to him to announce who had been chosen; but neither he nor his son, Lothaire, claimed any right to interfere with the liberty of Papal elections. This claim was put forth, however, by some of the successors of these monarchs, though it was resisted by success ive Popes. The result was that the Emperors, or those monarchs who claimed imperial authority which they did not possess, set up anti-popes in opposition to the succession of true popes. These anti-popes were willing to accept appointment by their imperial masters, but as a final assertion of the liberty of the Church, the Lateran Council in 1180 decreed that the election of a Pope by two thirds of the Cardinals should be held as valid without the consent, and in spite of the opposition of any temporal authority. This law is binding at the present day. Notwithstanding this law, the sover-

eigns of Spain, France and Austria, Miller and M. Doumer.

endeavored to exclude certain Cardinals from being elected, but they usually did this by endeavoring to influence the votes of the Cardinals of their respective nations. At a later period, these nations became bolder and insisted upon vetoing such possible candidates as they deemed proper. The Cardinals resisted these encroachments, yet so persistently were they pressed that while protesting against the right of these governments to veto any member of the Sacred College, they tacitly agreed to act upon the veto of one candidate only by each of the powers mentioned.

Austria pressed its claim to exercice the veto power more persistently than either Spain or France.

In 1846 Austria sent a prelate with its veto against Cardinal Mastai Feretti, who was elected as Pius IX. The prelate arrived in Rome five days too late, and the Pope elect was duly crowned and acknowledged as Pope by the whole world notwithstanding the veto. On the death of Pope Pius IX. the next conclave was held so promptly that Leo XIII. was elected and crowned before the vetoing powers made up their minds what they should do. At the conclave of 1903, however, Austria was on the alert, and the veto arrived in time, with the result which we have stated already. But the last veto of a temporal sovereign has been witnessed, for it is positively stated that the Bull which the Holy Father Pius X. has issued forbids any future presentation of a veto to the Conclave under penalty that the Cardinal who presents it shall be excluded from that august assemblage, and shall lose his vote. It has even been stated that any Cardinal who shall present the veto of a temporal severeign shall be excommunicated ipso facto, that is, by the fact itself. On this point, however,

we cannot speak positively. It will be of interest to our readers to know why the Emperor of Austria sent his veto against the election of Cardinal Rampolla. It is stated on excellent authority that it was a mere matter of spleen. Some years ago Mgr. Agliardi was the Pope's nuncio at Vienna; but as he incurred the displeasure of the Emperor, the latter demanded his recall, a demand with which Cardinal Rampolla refused to comply.

We cannot imagine a more paltry reason for so grave an act as an interference with the freedom of election of the Head of the Universal Church.

It is very justly held by the Pope and the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, that whatever excuse the Catholic monarchs of Europe may have had for interefering with the Pape's election when the latter was a temporal sovereign protected by them in his patrimony, there is no reason in their claim when the Pope's dominions were wrested from him without a single one of these haughty rulers lifting a hand in his defence.

From the beginning the veto pewer in papal elections was a usurpation, and no friend of religion will regret its passing away.

AN IMPORTANT CASE DECIDED.

The case of Mary Archer vs. the Order of the Sacred Heart, which was tried at the Assize Court in London about a year ago, has been decided by the Court of Appeal, to which Court it was sent by the defendants, in favor of the Convent on every point, the plain tiff having to pay the costs. As this is a very important case, we hope to be able to give the judgment of the learned judges in a future issue. The case for the defendants was prepared by Mr. T. J. Murphy, barrister, a member of the well known legal firm of McKillop & Murphy. Mr. Murphy and the legal gentlemen associated with him deserve every credit for the painstaking and able manner in which they arranged the case for the defendants. We congratulate the ladies of the Sacred Heart on the result of this important spit.

COMBES OUT.

PERSECUTING PREMIER GIVES UP THE STRUGGLE IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN

Paris, January 18—The Combes Ministry presented its resignation to President Loubet this morning, and the President accepted it, but asked the Ministers to carry on their func-tions until a new Cabinet is formed.

M. Loubet conferred with the president of the Senate, M. Fallieres, and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, Paul Doumet, and then announced that he would also consult the leaders of the majority groups. This will postof a new premier pone the selection of a new for several days it is thought. conferences will determine who M. Loubet will invite to form a Ministry.

M. Rouvier continues to be con sidered the most likely candidate for Premier, but his chances are less certain than at first, owing to the belief that a Rouvier Cabinet would not last long on account of the internal divisions of the Parliamentary groups. Other names prominently mentioned by men familiar with Parlimentary

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BY SIGNS AND CEREMONIES.

SYMBOLISM AS PRACTISED IN THE CATH

There are ceremonies of our religion which we constantly repeat without pausing to inquire the meaning of our action. We bless ourselves, take holy water, genufiect, assist at Mass until makes the performance of such least half so, from the want of attention they receive as we perfunctorily go through them. Starting from home theo, as you set out for church let us pass quickly over a part of the road which you traverse every Sunday.

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

Coming to greet your Heavenly King, of sourse you are decked out in your ost presentable apparel. You are wearing the best clothes your wardrobe beasts because you are to present yourself to the Lord Who has given what you possess and Who expects you to show Him the courtesy which honorable ones are tendered. To appear in His presence attired with unbecoming dress would be a mark of disrespect to the Lord you should honor. To reserve fine adornments for worldly use and to think of satisfying religious duty with second-ary wear is on indication that the love of God is not your strongest affection. God asks the outward marks of respect which require His servants to come to

service in the most decorous manner.
Being well-bred people of the world and used to the niceties of social requirements you are in time for service, and do not, therefore, disturb the worshipers with a tardy entry. There is the question of sin if the delay is considerable and through your own fault. But we suppose that you are punctual and without lingering outside you prepare to enter God's house as soon as you reach the temple.

HOLY WATER AND THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

The holy water font confronts you in the vestibule of the church. You dip your finger in the water, signing your self with the cross as you bring the self with the cross as you bring the sanctifying drops towards your person. Apart from the inherent virtue which the water possesses—the power, that is, to cleanse from venial sin—the ceremony at the door of the Church is a re-minder of the purity of soul which one should enjoy before asking admittance te the house of the Saviour. In the early days of the faith Christians were chiiged to pour water over their hands and face, praying with Peter that God would meantime cleanse their hearts.

And as we apply the water to hand and head we should beg God to make us worthy to appear before Him. As we use the water we make the sign of cross, that is the gesture which throws open the door of God's house, for by the cross were we returned to o the kinship of God after Adam's sin had made us strangers. which is in that simple act of signing queself proceeds from the faith of which s a symbol. One who approache God must believe in Him, says Paul— and by the sign of the cross we profess our belief not only in the existence of God, but in the Trinity—the Father, Sen and the Holy Ghost. As we touch the forehead we confess that it was the Infinite Mind that evolved the plan of creation. As the hand descends we de clare that the Infinite One came down to the world to raise creation from the depths into which sin had hurled it. We bind the Father and Son in the embrace of infinite love as our hand crosses over the heart. From that embrace the Holy Ghost proceeds and casation is united with the three Persens on the cross which Christ left us as the emblem of salvation.

GEUFLECTIONS. With dignified measure we walk up the sisle-not with unseeming haste nor gazing about with curious glaces but, conscious of the sacredness of the we seek to conform our bearing to the hallowed surroundings. Before entering the pew we must honor with obelsance the hidden Lord Who though usseen, is nevertheless watching. In courts subjects bend the knee to their King, and we, ought surely do So we genuflect—slowly bowing and touching the right knee to the floor in teken of our entire submission to Christ Whose throne is the altar.

REFORE SERVICE BEGINS.

Before the service begins we may perchance have a moment to wait.
We sit facing the tabernacled Lord,
Who may speak a message to our heart.
Or perhaps the stillness may cause a religious quiet to steal over our trouble-tossed soul, or the organ may whisper a soothing note and we may be stirred to wonder why the Church uses music in worship. It is but another voice to speak to the soul of God. For religion must make use of whatever has force to raise men up towards heaven Not to one sense or one faculty does religion appeal, but her message is addressed to every power in the soul that may be employed in leading man on to salvation. As music speaks to the soul within, the Church cloaks her doctrine with maddria garb, that her words with melody's garb, that her words may exert a pleasing and yet saving influence. The grandeur of an organ burst, the sublimity of harmonious chant impress the hearer with a religious awe of the mysteries of which the

services are a commemoration. SYMBOLISM OF ALTAR.

Or perhaps the altar catches your glance and you notice the strange formation which makes one think of those old fashioned tombstones. In fact, the altar has always been shaped after the fashion of tombs - though the upper part is intended to serve as a table. This regulation is to recall the first celebration of the Eucharistic sacrifice, when Jesus Christ blessed bread, changing the substance into His body, which He placed on the supper table for the Apostles to eat ere He per mitted the Jews to force Him into the sepulchre. You remark the white cloths on the altar table and you re-

Lights has ever been thought to be a child of heaven as darkness is supposed to invest the realms of torments. In our minds light is inseparably associated with Godliness, with virtue and with meritorious conduct. Light is attributed of God as when it is said of Christ not entirely meaningless, at that He is the light that illumineth every man coming into the world. After conversion we are called "children of light." When we sin we are said "to light." When we sin we are said " to hate the light." So that light and God are so intimately related that men understand easily what John means when he wrote that God "dwells in inaccessible light." Now we know that God is on our altar. In consideration for us He has stripped Himself of His luminous glory lest the sight of its splendor might strike us dead—as was said: "No man can gaze upon God and live." In gratitude to God for this condescension we seek, though with feeble effort, to create with the artifl cial means at our command an abode of light to serve Our God as a dwelling. We surround the tabernacle with candles and tapers whose tongues of flame whisper to God and ask Him to disre gard the imperfections in the design, but only to consider the faith which at tempts to give some outward expression to the thought that the Godhead should be invested with the brightest glory This is the central idea of adorning the ltar with candles. But the pres of these lights may bear many another interpretation. In the language of symbol light is faith, and hope, and love; faith, which sheds a brightness over the mysteries of life and leads man towards the goal of his destiny; hope, which

> SIGNIFY FAITH AND HOPE AND CHARITY. So the lights on our altar are symbols or signs of the belief, the trust, the charity which are centred in the Lord about Whom the candles encirale. The heat which the flame emits is the ar dent personal affection that burns in our soul for Christ, the loving Saviour The substance of the candles, the wax, the distilled beauty of the flower, is the offering of self, made to God by our honor, our greatness, our distinction; if not wax, the whightened form tells of the virgin purity which we shall en-deavor to keep unsullied for a clean oblation to our heavenly Bridegroom. As the candles weep down waxen tears we are murmuring to God acts of sorrow for the sins we have committed. When the candle is at last consumed, we are begging the Saviour to be near us at the end when death blows out the light of the present life and ushers the soul into the shadowy land of the eternal future.

springs eternal in the human

vice of a beloved one.

reviving flame, in spite of all

quenching breezes; love, which is con-sumed, like the candle's wax in the ser-

breast,

FLORAL ORNAMENTS.
We adorn the altar with flowers. Now every one knows the language of flowers, and by placing the beauteous offspring of earth in the presence of the Lord we intend each blossom to speak the word—love, gratitude, purity, heroism, sorrow of which we make them the symbol. In some way, too, these flowers betoken the generosity which leads us to sacrifice all things to the lead of the symbol. We call the most love of our Saviour. beautiful creatures in existence about the shrine of God to let Him know that there is nothing in life we are not will ing to relinquish when we hear His ing to relinquish when we hear His voice commanding. Now flowers are the most assuring evidences of the goodness of God. Everything else in the universe seems to have a necessary nse. But man could easily continue to exist without the floral world. Flowers do not sustain the body, neither are our Creator. We on our side wish to imitate His generosity by surrounding His dwelling place with these bright treasures of the field. This that God may know that we are willing to give not only the service that He demands, but even at the sacrifice of pleasure we will not refuse to relinquish enjoyment vation.

PAINTINGS IN THE CHURCH. The church is God's house where His living friends may come, but where departed ones are not forgotten. For just as your homes retain remembrances of friends and relatives who have died in the form of portraits and photographs of the departed, so God's house gives place to the statues and pictures of the saints who are our relatives in religion. God does not wish us to forget those who have gone beyond the dividing line 'twixt the present, and the hereafter. He wishes us to remember how many they were forced to combat against the self same foes that we are called upon to encounter. The temptations that set our path, the discouragements that roughen our way, the ills and woe that strew the road with sadness were incidents in their career as they are occurrences in our experience. Lord desires that we should know that we may overcome the obstacles and win the glory they now possess by imitating their example. So the Caurch keeps their memory fresh in our minds by displaying their representations in places of worship. If it is right to imitate the virtues of these holy souls, if it is helpful to entertain towards them a warm affection, then must we preserve memory of their deeds and create this affection in our hearts by the same means that serve to keep other friends alive in thought, though they be dead in vision. As pictures, photographs, statues, souvenirs bring departed relatives near, even after the lapse of years, so the statues, images, relics of the saints recall them to our presence after the passing of ages.

you why the Church bathes the altar in brightness.

THE LIGHTS.

Lights has ever been thought to be a companied wood we address our words, as some of our non-Catholic friends falsely imagine. If I kiss the paper on which my mother's face is drawn, my affection is not lavished on the rags that make up the paper's substance. The portrait returns her to my mind and I seek to pour out my love to her. So when the nage brings back the saint, we spe t) him, knowing he can hear, and ask him to help us from on high in the struggle from which He came forth a victor. On this account, therefore, we and our churches tenanting statues and pictures—the sensible representatives of former men and women who as saints now in heaven can listen to our prayers when we are led by these visible sym bols to address them .- Edward Flan

THE EMIGRATION AGENT AID-ING IN THE DEPOPULATION OF IRELAND.

nery in the Catholic Transcript.

The executive of the Gaelie League n freland adopted, the other day, the

following resolution:—
"That we request all our fellowcountrymen to refuse to accept emigration agencies, and to resign such gencies if they happen to hold them, and that we also request the public bodies not to keep officials who hold such agencies.'

is not universally known," says the United Irishman, apropos of this resolution, "that the emigration agent resolution, "that the emigration agent in Ireland is paid by results, and that he is, therefore, in the position of a tout for the transatlantic steamers. He is paid no regular salary, but he receives six shillings for every person whom he induces to emigrate. It is obviously his interest, therefore, to expatriate our countrymen and country women, and, until quite recently, no body in Ireland seemed to think that his calling was not a legitimate one

MIRACLES - TRUE AND FALSE.

So much has been written of spiritism that even reasonable Catholics have asked themselves if it is possible that God permits miracles to be wrought in favor of false religious. That the achievements accredited to spiritism are marvelous can hardly be doubted unless we wish to deny all reliability to human testimony on prudent investigation; but at the same time it is not a difficult matter to discern the cures worked by spiritism, however striking they may be, from the works of which God alone is capable and which He perpetrates only to the

glory of the one true Caurch.

To begin with it may be ascertained upon careful study, that the wonders wrought by spiritism are purely in the natural order; that is, they require no power beyond that of nature, as we know it, to bring them into operation. For example, most of the so-called cures attributed to spiritism may be ound to be those of essent ally nervous diseases wherein by preducing certain effects upon the nerves the disorder is expelled or at least made to be forgotten either by imagination or by the substitution of some other stimulant to distr ct the mind into other charnels. Indeed, so many people suffer form what are commonly called imaginary sicknesses that as rule a cure is not difficult if only some influencing factor can be brought to bear to make the invalid imagine that the sickness has Such a factor is belief-a strong gone. Such a factor is belief a strong vivid faith, a faith that will blindly attach itself to the object of belief, a faith that will remain unshaken against the do not sustain the body, neither are they required by the mind. So it seems as if God, having created the world and having placed thereon what was necessary to our existence, said:

"I will give man something more than what is actually required," and He threw in flowers, the most beautiful gift of all, as a testimony of how good and get that he has a headache if he get that he has a headache if he creation which includes see all the cities of the world, and the has the humanity of Jesus Christ. In the has the humanity of Jesus Christ. In the huma most convincing evidence. suffered from headachs for many years; he remembers his illness only when he

adverts to it; he feels no pain as long as he can keep his mind occupied with something else. But no amount of spiritism can make a blind man forget that he has been blind from his birth and restore to him his sight, or make a dead man forget that he is dead and bring him back to life again.
It will be well, therefore, to under

It will be well, therefore, to understand just what is meant by a miracle and what is accepted by the Church as such In the first place a miracle must be a work above the power of all the visible nature. More than that it must be a work performed by no created being. This, however, refers more to fact than to power; it may be possible that the good or evil spirits are able to do the work; but in the case of a miracle it must be evident that the work has been done by God alone. We may know that God Himself bas per-formed the miracle when in confirmation of some doctrine or in testimony of the holiness of some person a visible sign is given that is evidently above the power of the material creation otherwise God would be leading us into direct and invincible error. Miracles are commonly divided into three classes according to their nature.

In the first class are those works which are in direct opposition to the laws of nature. For instance it is the nature of every material substance to exclude all other bodies from the same space which it occupies. When, however, two bodies are made to occupy the same space this law of impenetrability suspended-a work above the power o We have an example of a miracle of this class when our Lord appeared in the midst of His apostles coming through the barred doors and windows and standing in the room with them.

In the second class of miracles we have those works which are wrought when nature itself is powerless to act, although the action is not in opposition to nature as in the first class. Such a member the winding sheets in which the body of Christ was enfelded. While you watch, the server begins to light the candles with which the altar is adorned and the dancing flame seems to leap in questioning springs — asking

above the power of the visible uni-

In the third class of miracles are reckoned those which may indeed be performed even by man but not in the manner in which they are performed. deed is the Sacrifice of Holy Mass. The man recorded in the scripture who had been lying sick on his bed for thirty eight years might, perhaps, have been cured by human means; but not in-staneously as when our Lord bade him take up his bed and walk. The same may be said of many of the miracles of

In these three classes we have examples of work that are clearly above the power of any human being. It is only such works that the Church recognizes as miracle, and only after it has been made evident that all the other conditions for knowing that they have been wrought by God alone have been fulfilled. We have yet to hear of any person or any religious body outside the Church who can lay claim to such testimonies of the divine approba-The powers of spiritism may, in deed, work wonders, so as to deceive even the e'ect; but they cannot restore e dead to life, or put sight into orbs which nature has despoiled of their integrity.-Providence Visitor.

THE WORLD AT LARGE AND THE Friday. SACRIFICE OF THE HOLY

REV. CHARLES COPPENS, S. J., IN TRUE VOICE TELLS HOW CHRIST PRAYS FOR THE WORLD.

The world at large may forget the sacrifice of the Holy Mass, but Christ offering Himself day after day on our altars does not forget the world. True He does not pray for the world in its res, its porsuit of earthly pleasures, its pomd and show, all that is meant by the term "world" as opposed to God; in this sense St. John writes in his first Epistle: "We know that in his first Epistle: "We know that we are of God, and the whole world is seated in wickedness." In this same sense the Blessed Saviour in His discourse to the Apostles after the Last Supper said: "I pray not for the world.'

But in various other senses Christ at Holy Mass offers Himself a sweet obation to His Father for the entire world. It will console our hearts, elevate our thoughts and inflame our love for Him if we pause a while to consider various senses in which Christ on our altars prays for the world.

And first He makes His grand Sacrifice the supreme act of adoration by which the entire world acknowledges the sovereign majesty of God. Thy universe was created to give glory to God. "The Lord hath made all things for Himself," says the Book of Proverbs. Reason teaches the same. For it is the part of wisdom to work for proper ends or purposes; hence the infinitely wise God could not act except for a purpose worthy of Himself, and nothing is worthy of God except Himself. Therefore God has made the world for Himself. But he could not have made it for His use or benefit; or the Infinite needs nothing, having all good in His nature. Therefore He could only have made the world that creatures might recognize His supreme excellenc. They could add nothing to excellenc. They could add nothing to His intrinsic being, since this is in finite, containing all good; they could only render Him extrinsic glory. And this they ought to do. For glory is the recognition of exalted excellence and as God's excellence is infinite, the recognition of it on the the part of creatures should be as great as possible Now the highest homage possible is that of the Mass: therefore that is the proper homage to be paid to God on

harmony up to the throne of God; the Lamb that was slain, and that is offered as slain at Holy Mass, leads this uni versal choir of the creation. This is not a fancy of mine, for St. John in the Apocalypse describes the scene, as fol-lows: "And I beheld, and lo a Lamb stood upon Mount Zion, and with His a hundred forty thousand having Him name and the name of His Father written on their foreheads. And I neard a voice from Heaven, as the noise of many waters, and as the voice of great thunder; and the voice which I heard was as the voice of harpers

harping on their harps. Christ makes His perpetual Sacri-fice, begun on Calvary and perpetuated daily on our altars, the voice of thanks giving of the world to its God for the abundant benefits received from His bountiful hand. God is not only good beyond all comprehension, but He is supreme goodness itself. Now it is the nature of goodness to wish to pour out happiness on others. While God does so freely, and while He does so in infinite measure—since no creature has capacity to receive infinite good—still the good-ness exercised by the Lord is bayond all conception of created mind. One proof will suffice: "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son

* * * * that the world may be

saved by Him." Gratitude for favors received is the universal dictate of the human heart. It is perhaps the most common lesson that parents teach their children. Even in familes which have scarcely any refinement of manners, children are taught to say "thanks" for the slightest benefit received. An ingrate is a moral What then shall be the gratitude of the entire world to its supreme benefactor? "What shali I render to the Lord for all the things that He has rendered to me?" asks the Psalmist; and the spirit of God inspires his lips to answer: "I will take the Chalice of Salvation and I will call upon the name of the Lord." Is not the Chalice of Salvation the Sacrifice of the Holy Mass? Therefore, too, the Blessed Sacrament consecrated at Mass is called "the Eucharist," or sacrament of

scending upon all regions of the earth, it was fit that the sacrifice of thanks should be a daily offering, arising from all portions of mankind up to the throne And such inlatest of the ancient Prophets had fore told it should be so. For St. Malachy proclaimed, four hundred years before it came to pass: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is Sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean

oblation: for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts
It has been boastfully said of t British Empire that the beat of its drum at reveille does not cease in one camp before it begins is another, and is thus continuous around the earth; with much more truth may it be said that the tinkling of the bell heard at the consecration of Holy Mass at early morning in some eastern church is not yet hushed before the Angel of the Sacrifice hears it begun in another church or chapel, and traveling west ward with the dawn of day, the mystic sound continues its unceasing strain throughout the twenty four hours of day as d night, and through the circling year, not interrupted except during the universal morning tide of Good

Wherever we are at any time, we can join our hearts, in adoration and praise, with the Elevation of the Sacred Host performed at that very moment at one or many altars upon earth. It is consoling to reflect that the many thousands of Masses offered by priests of the ninety millions of Russian and Greek schismatics, thickly scattered over extensive regions of the East, are gennine sacrifices of the Sacred Body and Blood of Christ, offered by truly consecrated ministers of the Most High. For Divine Providence has mercifully so disposed that the Eastern sects, while under the guidance of ambitious men, withdrawing from the authority of the See of Peter, have nevertheless maintained the Sacred Orders unimpaired, and the bulk of their people appear to be in good faith, full of reverence for Divine things, sanctified by the indwelling Spirit of God and by the aid of genuine Sacraments. On the other hand, the same wise Providence has allowed all the Protestant sects t lose valid ordination to the Sacred Ministry, and thus their negligence and contemptuous treatment of they call the Lord's Supper has been o profanation of the Holy Eucharist. Christ makes Himself at Holy Mass the Victim of atonement for the sins of the whole world. From all portions of the earth there continually rises to Heaven the loud voice of sin, as of many waters lashed to fury by storms of human passions. This earthly pandemonium calls for Divine vengeance, were it not that a louder voice of atonement goes up incessantly from the Sacrifice of the Hoiy Mass. It is Calvary to-day and every day, with

the voice of Jesus heard above the voices of the voices of the multitude: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do !" I may borrow here a happy illustration from Father Faber's charmin One of these stories is styled "The Weeping Angel:" it is applicable to Jesus at Mass and in the Tabernacle. The Angel speaks: "Our great and good God has something which He loves exceedingly, and which He calls His glory. Now, all the world over, men are continually robbing Him o His glory, and doing wrong to Him. So I stand on this mountain top all the men might give Him, but will not give Him. This is why I weep. And I weep always, because always somewhere on the earth, wrong things are Household 'then; and I'll have some being are done. And God loves my tears."

vast crowds of impious and cowardly people spread far and wide around, and

It is thus that Jesus in the Holy Mass and the Blessed Tabernacle is ever atoning to His Father for the insults of His creatures. While repairsuits of His creatures. While repairing the glory of God, He also satisfies for the sins of men, removing their debt to Divine justice by paying the penalty in the merits of His Sacred Blood. He atones for the living and the dead, the souls in Purgatory, and

thus Jesus prays for all the world.

The fourth way in which He prays for all the world is by asking for us all manner of blessings, for body and soul, for this life and the next, and preservation from all evil. His prayer is most powerful; in fact, it is in finite in its efficacy. Still, for its actual results, Divine Providence requires our co-operation. For instance if I ask for improvement in any vir-tue, I shall obtain it through the Sacrifice of the Mass, but on condition of my compliance with the actual graces procured. The impetratory power of the Sacrifice works ex opere operato that is, it flows from the sacrificial act performed, as do all other fruits of the Mass; and yet my actually pro-fiting by the fruit will depend upon my complying with certain conditions, such as the exercise of faith, hope and ove, of fervor, eager desire and earnest supplication.

Therefore, while Christ at Mass prays for all the world, the fruit of the

Holy Mass is applied differently to dif-ferent classes of people. The most special fruit comes to the priest himspecial fruit comes to the priest nim-self who says or sings the Mass; a special fruit goes to those who min-ister at the Sacrifice, and even to all who are present; a peculiarly special fruit is for those for whom the priest offers the Sacrifice. Probably when a Mass is offered for many persons, each thanksgiving.

As the benefits of God are daily deoffered for him alone; still this is

loubtful, for, though the efficacy of the Mass in itself infinite, yet its applica-tion to men depends on the free will of God, which is not revealed to us. Finally, the general fruit of the Sacri-fice beneats all the members of the Church for in it Christ offers Himself an oblation for the entire body of which He is the Head. Yet in a wider sense He prays and offers the Sacrifice for all the world; for He wills all to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth, and whatever He desires, He asks it from His Heavenly Father, through the merits of His Sacrifice.

As far as the sun exceeds in splender all the planets, so far does Mary surpass in suffering all the other martyrs. -St. Basil.

If we had one foot in heaven and were to give up mortifying ourselves, we should fall from grace.—Cardinal

Flourfax Fables

The Young Wife and the Honest Grocer.

A young wife decided to go to house eeping and do her own marketing. " Now I want to save all the money I can," she told the grocer.

" I am going to buy just as economieally as I can, and I am going to do my own cooking and bake my own bread.

She saw some eggs. " How much are eggs?"

"Well we have them at various prices. The best are thirty cents a dozen."

" My, how expensive! Haven't vou some for twenty ?" "Yes ma'am, but I can't recommend

" But we are trying to save money." " True, but you can't afford to save noney on eggs, butter and flour.

"Those are three things you want good.

You can save in lots of ways but don't do it on the necessities.

"What is your best flour?"

" Royal Household." "How much does it cost?" He told her.

" Have you cheaper flour." "Yes, cheaper in price but really not as cheap in the end. You see in Royal Household Flour you get the largest amount of flower value for your

"What do you mean by 'flour

value'?"
"The largest amount of wheat nutri-

"The cheaper the flour the less nutriment it has in it and the more bran. "The bran is in all flour till its taken out. "It's all taken out of Royal House-

hold Flour, and that means the best machinery and the best milling. " And another thing, madam, per-

hans you haven't heard of the new ess used in making Royal Household It is purified by Electricity and that

seems to make all the difference in the world in flour. " Everybody wants " Royal House

hold " now-they seem to think it is healthier, and I guess it is." Suddenly she looked suspicious at the earnestness of his argument.

"Don't you make more money on

Royal Household Flour?

"No ma'am—not as much as we make on cheaper priced flour." "Then why do you recommend it?"

" Bacanio when a customer the great huge earth, and add my love of God to it; and I weep over what is of God to it; and I weep over what is wrong in it, and try to make up to God by my tears for all the glory which men might give Him, but will not give Co. Limited, Montreal, they will send

of those 30c. eggs too.' FLOURFAX.

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Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHO. LIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCCXXXVI.

As I have said, I propose from time to time bringing up arrears of the Rev. Isaac J. Lansing's book, "Romanism and the Republic." I have dicussed the most of it, but there are matters still left in it worthy of attention, although they will be found rather disjointed. It is humiliating that so futile an affair should call for so much notice.

jointed. It is humiliating that so futile an affair should call for so much notice, but in our democratic society it is precisely such books that do the most harm. On page 24, speaking of the Roman Catholic Church, the author says: "Its headship is at Rome; the ruler whom it regards as infallible, who presides over and directs it with absolute authority, is an Italian by residence. a Roman, and s an Italian by residence, a Roman, and

Here we have the insinuation which perpetually recurs in the writings of this class of men, that it is disloyal in the Christians of any country to obey any ecclesiastical authority outside the

bounds of that country.

Of course this principle is wholly inconsistent with Christianity. The Gospel is ecumenical, not national. It invites all men and women throughout the wites all men and women throughout the world to be fused, by baptism, into a holy brotherhood. The affairs of this brotherhood, as St. Paul says, do not concern its members as Jews, Greeks, Scythians, Spaniards, Americans or Eaglishmen. They concern them only as Christians. Therefore the deliberations of such a brotherhood, touching doctrine, life, polity, discipline, admindoctrine, life, polity, discipline, admin-istration, missionary extension, or its general acts and ministries for carrying general acts and ministres in these aims, are wholly independent of civil boundaries, or civil authorities. Whoever says otherwise is not a Chris-

True, the provincial deliberations of the Church usually, and naturally, fall within national bounds. This is an obvious convenience, but it is not an obligation of principle. Christians who gation of principle. Christians who meet each other continually in the affairs of ordinary life, of course gain a greater facility in discussing together the affairs of the spiritual life, not to speak of the barriers interposed between nations by difference of language.

Christianity, from the beginning, has accommodated itself to this principle, not as being bound to it. but as

ple, not as being bound to it, but as finding everything to say for it, and little or nothing against it. As the provincial authorities met in the metropolis of each province, so did the bishops, and the metropolitan bishop metropolis became the president of the naturally became the president of the provincial synod. In like manner, wider political regions, giving to their governors higher political rank, gave to the bishops of the greater capitals higher ecclesiastical rank and authority. The metropolitans of Constantinople or Antioch or Alexandria thus became

As urban life was much less pro-ounced in the West, the Church has never found it so easy as in the East to accommodate ecclesiastical to civil rank. Thus London was kept subordinate to the small town of Canterbury; Edin burgh to St. Andrews. Paris did not become an archbishopric until 1625, and even then long ranked below Lyons.
Madrid is not even now an arehbishepric, and has not very long been a
bishopric. In Italy Salerno is a higher
see than great Naples. The Hungarian
primacy is rested in the petty town of
Gran, while Bada Pest has not even a
bishop. Vat having due regard to hisbishop. Yet, having due regard to his-torical right, the Church endeavors, sooner or later, to give higher episcopal

One thing is true: bishoprics, and indeed archiepiscopal provinces, are al most always kept within the bounds of the same nation. It is a rare exception to same nation. It is a rare exception to find a diocese like Breslau, crossing national bounds, a case resulting from the vicissitudes of conquest.

Thus we see that as concerns the sub-

in its most extended body, nationality is held in careful regard. Yet where is held in careful regard. Yet where the more effective administration of re-ligious interests requires the oversing of national boundaries, there is no obligation of Christianity, and no erogatives of nationality which should orbid the Church to overpass them.

The right of the Catholic Church, and of every denomination, to observe or neglect national boundaries, at its abseglect national boundaries, at its absolute discretion, was, for the first time since the Reformation, emphatically and definitely established, politically, by the Fathers of our own Republic. Having the whole of history, ecclesiastical and civil, unrolled before them, and knowing that the essentially supranational nature of Christianity was realized, not nature of Unristiantly was realized, how in theory only, or intercommunion only, but in the whole range of religious ac-tivity, by one Christian body, and that embracing at least half Christendow, they have emphatically forbidden the Federal Government to interfere in any way whatever with the free exercise of religion. It is not permitted to inter-ject any national limitation whatever within the range of religious activities.

When this Lausing, and other men like
him, have clamored that the Catholics were violating law by calling elergymen from abroad under an agreement as to support, the Supreme Court of the United States has declared that it is dishonourable to Congress to imagine that it can ever have meant to interfere with the natural right of religious bodies to call their pastors from any. where in the world.

where in the world.

Lansing, therefore, and such men, are not good citizens. They are Americans, indeed, but not true Americans. They are doing their feeble best to reverse a principle which is solemnly proclaimed in our national charter, and which has beceme the very breath of our national life. our national life.

I do not mean that they are amenable to law for this contradiction of true Americanism. They are secured against that by a principle which is equally fundamental, that of freedom of speech. So long as they do not incipe equally fundamental, that of freedom of speech. So long as they do not incite to violence, or to lewdness, they have a legal right to say whatever they will, about whatever they will. They may try, if they can, to persuade their they can, to persuade their countrymen to substitute monarchy for the substitute

republicanism, an establishment for equality of the churches, proscription of certain bodies for religious liberty, of certain bodies for religious liberty, censorship of the press for freedom of speech. In short, they incur no penalty by endeavoring to induce the nation to turn itself out, to become a new America, antagonistic at every point to the America of Washington's time.

America of Washington's time.
Yet assuredly such men are disloyal, not legally, indeed, but morally and politically. They have a right to live, and do business, and even to vote, but certainly they ought to be kept out of office as dangerous revolutionaries. office as dangerous revolutionaries.

Yet to such a pitch of effrontery have they arrived, that they not only obtrude their disloyalty as the very type and model of pure Americanism, but they actually denounce, as "guilty at least of constructive treason," those who avail themselves of the franchise secured in the pational Constitution by acting in the national Constitution by acting

as members of an accumental church.

To such a pitch is their hostility to
American principles carried, that they
not only endeavor to nullify the Constitution, but endeavor to reintroduce into our system that odious thing, Con-

into our system that odious thing, Con-structive Treason, which the Fathers have so emphatically expelled from it. The Constitution says: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort."

Here, we see, Treason is rigorously

confined to two overt acts, the second of which is impossible without the existence of the first. Constructive treason is utterly disowned, and to try to reintroduce it is as distinctly wicked as to try to introduce the Spanish In-

quisition Lansing says that the Pope governs the Church "with absolute authority." We will consider next how far this We will consider next how far untrue. statement is true, and how far untrue. There are men, and here we have one of the lower and shallower sort of them, whose minds are so thoroughly impreg-nated with the spirit of religious maig: nity, that they could hardly so much as say that the Pope is the Head of the Roman Catholic Church without giving the saying a twist that would turn it into a falsehood.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION CANDLEMAS DAY.

The joyful Christmas and New Year season may be said to last till January ends and one is loth to part with them even then, but time must run on and with its course come the anniversaries of those different mysteries that at-tended Our Lord's life.

tended Our Lord's life.

The first is that which we celebrate on 2nd of February, when we commemorate the Holy Family going to the temple the first time after the Lord's birth to fulfill the Mosaic law. They were not under the law and yet they observed its provisions. Hence the Immagniate Mother, fulfilled the law of puri culate Mother fulfilled the law of puri fication—the King of Kings consented to be presented to man, and to rest in the arms of the High Priest—and all this to teach us who are necessarily under the law and the rule of those in under the law and the rule of those in authority that we are to obey readily and cheerfully, and ever to accept uncomplainingly that which constituted authority demands. Our Lord said He came not to destroy the law but to ful-fill it, and this is exemplified in this

wisit to the temple.

Mary was no less pure because sub mitting to the law of purification, nor was Our Lord any less God because yielding to man in the exactions of men. Nor should we forget that these very condescensions on the part of Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother were fulfilling the law and will of God, since these old Mosaic laws were what God had taught the law-giver to teach the people and to insist on their observ-

Holy Simeon rejoiced to see the Divine Child and broke out in the fulneerns the sub-as represented the nationality of the national natio eyes have beheld thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people." "A light has come to the nations and a glory to Thy people Israel." It is this light we rejoice in Israel." It is this light we rejoice in to-day, and the candles blessed on the Purification typify Him Who is the Light of the world and the salvation of all who believe in Him. Let us renew our faith in Our Lord as the Light which is "the true Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world" and resolve to be lights unto others by the reflection that will come into our souls by walking closely in the footsteps of Him Who bids us "so let our Light shine before men that let our Light shine before men that seeing it, others may be led to gloryily their Father Who is in Heaven." Let us love Our Blessed Mother for her poverty in having only the two poor little doves to offer at the Puriscation, whilst admiring her humility in sub-mitting to the observance of the law. Let us imitiate the Divine Child who condescends to be brought under the law which He came to supplant with His own—the perfect law. Simeon had the honor and the happiness of holding Our Lord but for a few minutes, and how great his joy and the enthusiasm to which it gave vent. It is ever ours to receive Him into our hearts and souls, and thereto receive Him frequently— yes, even daily, if we strive to be perfeet and keep Him always the guest of our souls.

Let us avail ourselves of this greatest of privileges—and profit by the graces and blessings it will bring—blessings to mind, to see and know God better: blessings to the heart that we may have all that our hearts can crave, to love and be loved in inseparable union. But for this we must have humility like Our Blessed Mother, and, above all, have purity of mind, heart and soul that will make ye accompanie to God, and worthy make us acceptable to God, and worthy to have Him come to us and make Him self known in the temple of our souls.

—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

FIVE MINUTES SERMON

Ttird Sunday After Epiphany. THE INGRATITUDE OF CHILDREN.

ethren: owe no man anything.—Epistle of the Day.

We are all debters, brethren, for we all have some accounts to settle up. There are debts we shall never be able to redeem, debts that are just, pressing, and lasting as long as we are in this life. Such, for instance, is the debt we owe to God.

The fact of his having created us, of having brought us out of nothing, of

having brought us out of nothing, of having given us inmortal souls imaged after Hinself, would alone put us under the gravest obligations to Him; but what is that compared to the debt we owe God for having redeemed us at a the Precious Blood of His own beloved Son; and, furthermore, what is all this in comparison with the debt we owe God for our sanctification, for the priceless gift of His Holy Spirit dwelling within us, breaking away the mist of error and ignorance that clouds our intellects and hides from our vision th eternal trach; that gift that endows us with strength and for itude, with the courage that comes from conviction, with the power that makes us triumph over every weakness, every unruly pas-sion, every snare of our enemy the devil, over every thought, word and action that makes us unworthy of son ship with God, brotherhood with Christ, and the heritage of an eternal

This debt, dear brethren, is in generat obvious enough; but, while we recogolize i, how often do we find in our
experience that men neglect, and
shamefully neglect, debts that are dependent on and derived from the debt
they owe Almighty God; men who
neglect debts that are as great who binding as those which are due to the God from whom they are derived!

Now, brethren, if there is any injusall others, more w rthy of condemnation and detestation, more certain of the visitation of Cod, it is this: the the visitation of Cou, it is this; the neglect of our duty to our parents. "Owe no man anything." Do we owe them nothing? Do we owe them much? Is there a time in our lives when that debt is not binding?

Ah! dear brethren, and what do we see in the world about we? Ingrari.

see in the world about us? Ingrati-tude, the vice of monsters, forgetfulness of ties that are nearest, dearest and holiest. Young men, growing up into adult age, who, in their vain seeking after pleasure, become so blinded to duty, so debased in their appetites, so completely transformed into the incarnation of selfishness, as not only to disregard the law sf God, but the very instincts of nature-sons who would rob and starve their parents to satisfy their mean and low appetites.

The ingratitude of children to parents is a crying sin of our times. Let us be alive to it. Let the young men and women of our day remember that they are bound to satisfy these grave and serious obligations; that grave and serious configations; that they are not to heedlessly put them-selves into any state that will deba-them from redeeming the debts they owe, from recompensing for all the care, toil and money expended upon

them.
"Owe no man anything." Take heed of this warning also, all you who heed of this warning also, all you who contract debts without the slightest hope of paying them; see to it that the ciothes you wear, the food you eat, the pleasures you indulge in are paid for; see to it that they are not purchased by the labor and money which belong to others. You who live the hopeses who keep yourselves in fine houses, who keep yourselves in costly array, who deny your-selves no pleasures, however extrava-gant, take heed! Whose money pays for it? Can you stand up and with a clean heart proclaim that honest? As you sit here to day, do the words of the Apostle offer no rebuke to you, do you not feel their

O brethren! let us be sparing in our debts : let us owe no man anything. The man without debts exalts himself in the eyes of his fellowmen and secures for himself a good conscience.

THE CHURCH IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The English Catholic Directory for The English Catholic Directory for 1905, which has just been issued by Messrs. Burns and Oates, shows the number of priests in Great British to be 3.794, as compared with 3.711 last year, the increase being chiefly amongst the regulars. The number of churches, chapels and stations, which was 1,954 last year, has now, for the first time since the "Reformation," topped 2,000, the exact number being 2,008. Westminster leads the dioceses in the num ber of its newly ordained priests during the year. They reach a total of 21, and include Father Bonson, a son of the late Archbishop of Cauterbury. Lust year the Jesuit were far ahead among the regulars in the matter of ordinations, but this year it is notice able that the Benedictines show a list of twelve, thus treading closely on the beels of the Society of Jesus, with its roll-call of thirteen.

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M.
75 Youge Street, Toronto.
References as to Dr. McTaggart's profession
I standing and personal integrity permitted

Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.
Hon. G. W. Ross. Premier of Ontario.
Rev. John Potts, D. D. Victoria College.
Rev. William Caven, D. D., Knox College.
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Vitae Ore and Vitae-Ore only can put and retain them there.

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A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN Had no Strength, Heart was Weak, Could not Rest.



For years I was troubled with a complete breaking down of the system. My strength left me entirely and I was as weak as a child, often feeling as though I had not strength to breathe. My heart was so weak it seemed as though it would stop bearing, and my family was afraid I would die of heart shows the seemed as though it would stop bearing, and my family was afraid I would die of heart falue. I took a great deal of medicine, but none of it did me are good; I was always so tired and could not rest and often cried with weakness. I bought a medical least though it gave me some relief it was only temporary. Vitae Ore was then brought to my notice by an advertisement. I have used it now for three months' time and powers too highly, for I was now strong and feel better than ever before in my life. Vitae Ore has done slit this for me and I will always be ready to spreak bighly of the remedy.

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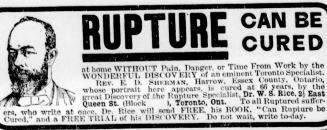
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JANUARY : CHATS WITH

The secret of a indulging our weak ing how to be coreasonable, that til remain for the cult nature.—Bishop Sp

The Kind of Hero The consciention life's common dut God, and resisting and desire, the mee and adversities in the rigid adhered hencety and integ course may entail wealth or friendsh in short, faithfulne at any cost-is the is needed in the w Redeeming

You may say the that it is impossib and that you have to attempt to get Nonsense! There man whose spirit and repeated his still possible. The the miser, in the life, from a hard gold, to a generous kind, is no mere brain. Time and newspapers, reco men redeeming p out of the stupo more.-O. S. Mar To Care Hang timese wor

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The secret of a happy life does not lie in the means and opportunities of indulging our weaknesses, but in knowing how to be content with what is reasonable, that time and strength may arrain for the cultivation of our nobles. remain for the cultivation of our nobler nature.-Bishop Spalding.

The Kind of Heroism That is Needed. The conscientions performance of life's common duties in the sight of inte's common duties in the sight of God, and resisting of every evil thought and desire, the meeting of petty troubles and adversities in a spirit of fortitude, the rigid adherence to principles of honesty and integrity, even when this course may entail negarial sequing. course may entail personal sacrifice of wealth or friendship or social position in short, faithfulness to truth and duty at any cost—is the kind of heroism that is needed in the world to day.

Redeeming Past Failures.

You may say that you have failed too often, that there is no use in trying, that it is impossible for you to succeed and that you have fallen too often even to attempt to get on your feet again. Nonsense! There is no failure for a man whose spirit is unconquered. No man whose spirit is unconquered. No matter how late the hour, or how many matter how late the hour, or how many captured to the second to the s matter how late the hour, or how many and repeated his failures, success is still possible. The evolution of Scroege the miser, in the closing years of his life, from a hard, narrow, heartless money-grubber, whose soul was imprisoned in his shining heap of hoarded gold, to a generous, genial lover of his kind, is no mere myth of Dickens' brain. Time and again, in the history of our daily lives, chronicled in our of our daily lives, chronicled in our newspapers, recorded in biographies, or exhibited before our eyes, we see men redeeming past failures, rising up out of the stupor of discouragement, and boldly turning face forward once more.—O. S. Marden in Success.

To Care Pessimism Hang timese words on your bedpost or tack them into your brain :

I am going to become an optimist.

From now on I am going to change
my entire life and my entire style of

I will endeavor hereafter to be gener ous in my view toward others, broad-minded, large spirited and kind, thinking well of everybody, mean of nobody, and overlooking the little faults, be lieving that there are other qualities in the man that overwhelm the deficiency.

"There is so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us that it behooves each one of us to be charitable to the rest of us."

charitable to the rest of us."
I shall see the bright of everything.
I shall talk like an optimist, laugh
like an optimist, and move about like
an optimist, conscious of the fact that I
shall radiate sunshine and make everyone around me happier.

Faithful in Death,

The devotion of a man of science to The devotion of a man of science to his work is often heroic, and the calm plack of the laboratory man in his investigations is thrilling, although so common as to be proverbial. The recent death of Dr. Truax, of Brooklyn, to which the Week's Progress calls attention, if nothing else, is a beautiful exhibition of cold self possession.

So ill himself that he needed all his strength, he answered a call and started to perform an operation at the hospital.

bring the operation at the nospital. During the operation he was stricken down, and was removed to an adjoining room in a fainting condition. He told his fellow-physicians that his trouble was an attack of heart dilatation. He appears he has a country treatment, and prescribed his own treatment, and directed the work of the doctors in ad-

ministering it.
He noted the progress of the treatment and its lack of result, and himself ounced the failure of the remedies

announced the failure of the remedies and his approaching death.

Some years ago Dr. Terry, of Fall River, Mass., showed similar courage and supremacy of will. While he was fencing, a foil broke and pierced his mask and his eye. He pulled off the mask and his eye. He pulled off the mask and ordered that a certain specialist be summoned.

He then seated himself, and, notebook in hand, jotted down his experi-ences as data for his profession. He explained that the wall of the eye had been pierced, and that a clot of blood was forming on his brain. All the phenomena of the formation of the blood clot from the patient's point of view—most valuable knowledge for other physicians to work by—he committed to paper before death overtook him. The end came before help could reach him.

The Stimu'us of Failure.
"What is defeat?" says Wendell
hillips. "Nothing but the first steps
something higher." Many a one Phillips. has finally succeeded only because he has failed after repeated efforts. If he had never met deteat he would never had never met deteat he would never have known any great victory. There is something in defeat which puts new determination into a man of mettle. He, perhaps, would be content to go in comparative mediocrity but for the stimulus of failure. This rouses him to do his best. He comes to himself after some stinging deteat, and, per-haps for the first time, feels his real power like a horse who takes the bit in power like a horse who takes the oft in his mouth and runs away for the first time, when he had previously thought that he was a slave of his master.

A great many people never really discover themselves until ruin stares them in the face. They do not seem to know how to bring out their reserves until they are overtaken by an over-whelming disaster, or until the sight of their blighted prospects and of the wreck of their homes and happiness stirs them to the very centre of their

Young men who never amounted to much, when suddenly overtaken by some great sorrow or loss, or other misfortune, have developed a power for self-assertion, for aggressiveness, an ability to grapple with the difficulty or trouble confronting them which they never before dreamed they possessed, and of which no one who knew them conceived them capable. The very desperation of the situation spurred them on to do what they would not have thought possible in their former ease and luxury. They had never touched their power before and did not know their strength until the emergency came .-- O. S. Marden in Success

apt to have serious consequences. The eating of an apple is a trivial thing in i self, but the eating of an apple by Adam and Eve has had terrible results. In view of the sin, the sickness, the misery and death that that eating of an apple brought into

Over and over again, the history of the world has been changed by a trifle. If Columbus had not seen land vegetation floating in the ocean when his sailors were ready to mutiny, he would would not have been discovered in his

If Napoleon had not suffered from in digestion at the battle of Waterloo, Wellington might have died on St.

When Hobart, the British iron king, was in the midst of his success, there came the Whitworth cris's in the trade but to let them be returned to the senders. So his partner's letter was sent back. And he, ignorant of the real condition of the iron market, kept on buying. Two days later, prices fell heavily, and Hobart, once a millionaire,

ecame a hopeless bankrupt.

Similarly, the trifle of lateness ruined Similarly, the trial of lateness ruled gooffrey Pask, once the leader of the Lordon stock exchange. He was noted for his punctuality. One day, as he was walking down to his office, he tore a ho e in his trousers on account of a nail that was sticking out of a fence. That tear ruined him. He went into a tailor's to have the rent repaired, as he did not have time to go back home for another pair of trousers, and the tailor was so slow that it was an hour before the trousers were done. In that hour a slump happened in Australian securities. If Pask had been present he would have saved himself, but in his absence from the exchange his stocks were sold out at ruinous prices and he

were sold out at ruinous prices and he was made a panper. A week later he committed suicide.

The upsetting of an ink bottle ruined Cobbett & Co., a wealthy engineering firm of London. They had a contract with Russia to build the great Kaura bridge. Jacob Cobbett, the head of the business, spent six months making the plans, specifications, etc. His bid was accepted. He bought material in enormous quantity, and labor engaged, was accepted. He bought material in enormous quantity, and labor engaged, built engines, etc., and made every other necessary preparation. Just as the work was about to begin, he had all the data spread out before him for a final examination. While he was critic-

final examination. While he was critically studying the scheme, he happened to overturn a large ink-pot. The most important papers were thereby made indecipherable.

Cobbett had a poor memory. He tried, in a fever of anxiety, to reconstruct his plans from stay notes, but in vain. He appealed to the Russian government for an extension of time, so as to study out new specifications. This was rejused. So the contract was broken, the job was given to an American firm, and Cobbett & Co. were bankrupt.

The leaving at home of the key of a

bankrupt.

The leaving at home of the key of a safe ruined Purbeck Jones, the great railway contractor. He had under taken to build Maiwar line in Central taken to build Maiwar line in Central India, and staked on the venture all that he possessed. He had, however, to give \$8,000,000 security. He got the bonds and deposited them in the safe in his office. They were to go off the next dap in the Indian mail. When Jones reached his office that morning he found that he had changed his latter and had left his keys at home. clothes and had left his keys at home. To go back would take too much time. He sent to the safe makers for expert workmen and offered a large reward if they'd unlock or break open the door in time to catch the India steamer. In vain. The securities could not be ob-tined, the vessel sailed, the Maiwar syndicate refused an extension of time nd Purbeck Jones was beggared. He died in an insane asylum.

So don't regard anything as a trifle in business, if it have important results, no matter how trivial it may be in itself.—Catholic Columbian.

Some H lpful Thoughts "Individual responsibility alone brings out all a man's power." Gavan Duffy.

Every true and beautiful thought connected with labor springs from Christianity, and the Church has ex-erted a wonderful influence to give these thoughts a place in events and institutions.

"In great and arduous enterprises, provided they are undertaken with an earnest and right intent, God stands by man's side, and it is precisely in these difficulties that the action of His Providence shines forth with greatest spler dor."—Leo XIII.

In striving to gain the mastery over his passions and crush out his own self-ishness, a man is laying the axe to the very root of all his troubles.- Ignatius of Loyola.

The first indispensable element for a lay apostolate in America is to inspire in others admiration for the teachings and sublime morality of the Church by a shining example of Christian conduct.—Father O'Hare.

The national life of a people is at fault if it be not in harmony with the eternal principles on which all right human life re ts.

The Best Bible League.

The main object of the recently formed American Bible League is stated to be to uphold the Bible as an "inspired document." This causes the Freeman's Journal to remark: "For such purpose the best Bible League is the Catholic Church, which has upheld the Bible against all corruptors and accelerate and higher critics since she Importance of "Trifles"

A trifle? Nothing is a trifle that is

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE. The Crowning of our Blessed Lord With Thorns CYRIL'S WISH.

However, the object of his commiser-However, the object of his commuser-ation was in no way aware that he needed pity, or indeed that there was room for improvement in him in any way. He had the most comfortable opinion of himself in all respects, and the evil weed of spiritual pride which as a tiny egron had lain in his heart was as a tiny germ had tain in his heart wa now growing up strong and mighty. It was choking up the fair flowers of many virtues and destroying the purity of intention which had hitherto flourished there. Net only did his own intellectgal tastes seem so far so superior to hose of his companions, who abhorred books and never opened one unnecesbooks and never opened one unneces-sarily, but in all ways he viewed him-seli as he compared his life with theirs in a very satisfied way. He was care-ful and punctillous about his religious duties, and as he went to Mass and Benediction under fire of chaff and ridicule he really felt rather like a martyr, and certainly much better than his careless neighbors who, he de-cided, did what they must by the skin of their teeth and nothing more. His own thoughts of self-content quiet blinded him to the good qualities his cousins undeniably possessed. He hardly noticed how unselfish Jennie was, always considering herself last of all; how generous Ber was in many ways, and how good Phil was to the gardener's lame boy. As for Bob, who was his chief tormentor, he simply de tested him, and far from allowing him any good quality he magnified every

fault many times over and exaggerated them to himself. It is well indeed that the holy words of warning are written, "With all watchfulness keep written, "With all watchfundss keep thy heart, because life issueth out of it." It was for those many sins which are committed within that silent, secret place, the sins of all evil thoughts, of hatred of revenge, of spiritual pride, that the crown of sharp thorns was borne. For the fair seeming life of good actions and evidence to the laws of God and and obedience to the laws of God and His Church should be the outcome of a heart kept indeed watchfully and cleansed from secret sins.

The summer seemed to pass very slowly for Cyril, and he was longing for the holidays to be over. He got weekly letters from his aunt, who had gone on to the Oberland after Cyril had lett her. Cyril loved to get her letters, and as he read the many pages written in her fine old-fashioned handwriting he seemed io be transported back again to the continent where he felt much more at home than in England. His aunt wrote to him of books, archæology, and things he understood and loved as she old, and it delighted him that she should she a how intellectual. should share her intellectual interests with him. He longed to get back to the villa and calm old world atmos-phere of his life there, and in his letters to his aunt he said how glad he should be to return, though he did not say much about his cousins and how little he

Only a fortnight remained of the boy's holidays, and Dr. Dering told Cyril that he should take him to London for a fortnight's sightseeing before don for a fortnight's sightseeing before sending him to join his aunt in Rome. The family at Holmewood had decided soon after Cyril arrived that he must be left to enjoy himself in his own way. His inability to join in the outdoor games which they all delighted in cut him off from much pleasure, and he seemed to care to sit and read, play his violin and how and then go seemed to care to sit and read, play his violin and how and then go on the lake better than anything. As a matter of fact he disliked being with his cousins, was afraid of their jokes and disliked their chaff, so that for all parties [concerned his ab ence from their midst rather conduced to

peace.

"I say, Cyril," cried out Bob one day, "do you know what I have here?"

"How can I tell?" answered Cyril looking up gravely from his book, for he was trying to read in the big room which used to be the schoolroom but

now was a general playroom. "Guess," said Jennie, to whom Bob had whispered his plan ten minutes be-

fore.
"I don't care what you have," said
Cyril. "Let me alone." For Bob was
til iag his chair up from the back.
"Sfan't."

"Stan't."

"It's something you'd be jolly glad to have," said Bob.

Cyril did not raise his eyes, and Phil poked up the fire, for it was a chill, miserable day, and they were all glad of the warmth, particularly Cyril, who was very susceptible to cold.

"Look!" said Bob.

Cyril looked up. There was Bob at the far end of the room holding uo a letter which he knew at once was from his aunt. He recognised the well known envelope of a shape she always used, and he saw the foreign stamp and

used, and he saw the foreign stamp and 'When did that come?"

"Ha-ha! wouldn't you like to

Give it to me this minute, Bob, said Cyril, trying to snatch the letter which Bob held tightly behind his back pefore Cyril had time to see it.

However, Bob was in an unusually teasing mood, and he dodged Cyril's at tempts, and the others looked on and erjyed the fun.

Cyril lost his temper altogether, and

after a decided struggle in which he found he was no match at all for Bob, the latter, having got near the fireplace, threw the letter on the big blazing wood fire, and held Cyril firmly down while it quickly shrivelled up and

was burnt. Cyril was white with rage, and Jennie went into pea's of laughter in which the other two boys joined.

All the hatred that he had in his heart for Bob—and that was more inheart for 300—and that was more thense than until that moment he had any idea of—seemed to come to a climax, and turning to Bob who, with his ruffled red hair, and narrow grey cyse full of mischief, seemed more detestable than ever, Cyril muttered of the seemed to come to a climax, and turning to Bob who, with his ruffled red hair, and narrow grey constantly growing worse, and we feared she was going into consumption.

ome words to himself in Italian-a language none of them understood.

Banging the door after him he went

up to his own room and spent the rest of the afternoon in a very miserable way. In his heart there was nothing but rage at Bob mixed with sorrow for the loss of his letter, and a great long-ing for this wretched time to be over ing for this wretched time to be over and be back again at the sweet Villa Valeria, where certainly he never was as discomposed by teasing tricks or tiresome boys. He was so much taken up with his own misery that he never noticed that the afternoon had cleared, and as time went on and he was still hugging his grievances to himself, he at last wondered why the dressing gong for supper did not sound. He supposed he should have to go down, and as he saw the hour had passed he went downstairs but the hall was empty, and he ran against Jennie as he entered the

"Oh, Cyril, you know what has happened?" "No," said Cyril, astonished at the anguish depicted on her face, the

trouble in her voice. Jennie burst into a passion of tears.
"Bob—he's a viully hurt. He went out ont on his bike for a turn-and you

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE REVERENCE DUE TO THE HOLY NAME.

The Catholic Church has been called, and correctly so, a great school of etiquette. Who ever carefully watched a Solemn High Mass, a procession o to Blessed Sacrament, an ordination to the sacred priesthood, without being impressed by the regularity, the pre-cition, the order, with which the solemn ceremonies are performed? A well trained altar boy is a picture and pattern of this marked feature in the Church's general whole, even as is charten's general mane, even as is a silve whiled master of ceremonies or a very exact Archbishop. When each individual knows his own peculiar duty and place in the solemn function; when each does his share towards making the grand ceremomy perfect around the fiely Sacrifice of the Mass, or in the procession about our Sacramental King, then the complete whole becomes a liv-ing type and image of the heavenly ceremony that forever goes on in the courts of God above. Those splendid ranks on ranks of glorified spirits, described in Dante's famous poem as re joicing in the eternal joys of the celes tial kingdom, till they form one immense and radiant rose bloom of dazzling magnificence around their majestic nincence around their majestic centre—those long, pure, snow-white files of saints and angels following one another in graceful lines upward and onward as traced by Fra Angelico's inspired pencil—all these are typified in the processions and ceremonies of the Catholic Church on earth, in her abiding olic Church on earth, in her abiding atmosphere of reverence, faith and

love This spirit of reverence was very clearly shown in the Jewish Church. The Old Testament has long and detailed accounts of the manner in which the dignity of worship should be maintained in the temple of the one God, the Maker and Ruler of the world. This same spirit of reverence appears

in the Apocalyptic Vision of Heaven.

How is it, then, that we hear one of God's children, treat His awful name with disrespect, use it irreverently, blaspheme it or make of it in any way a by word, an expletive, a jest, a common thing? Indeed, it is a curious psychological question why any man ever swears at all. Where lies the subtle temptation to treat with irreverence God's Holy Name? One can understand why a man may yield to a tempta-tion to steal, or lie, or kill; but to swear-where is the use, the gain, the advantage of it? Where the earthly reason of any sort whatever? One is actually led to see in it, as it were palpably, the evil influence of a parsonal tempter, outside of the human family in species; of that evil one whom St. John species; of that evil one whom St. John saw in awful vision, "a beast coming up out of the sea, having seven heads, and upon his heads names of blasphemy. And he opened his mouth unto blasphemies against God, to blaspheme His name, and His tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven." Now there is a remedy for the poor fellow who is tempted to give a row who so far forgets him ed to swear, or who so far forgets him self as to use lightly the Holy Name Let him give to himself the lesson of re-verence that is learned by every priest who stands at God's altar in His holy temple. Each one of us is, individually, God's temple. God dwells in us.

Let us reverence the Name, as well as
the presence, of the Great King.

—Sacred Heart Review.

DANGEROUS COLDS . INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA OR

FILENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMORIA OR CONSUMPTION OFIEN FOLLOW A NEGLECTED COLF — AVERT THE DANGER BY KEEPING THE BLOOD PURE AND WARM. Heavy colds strain the lungs, weaken

the clest, banish the appetite, cause melancholy. Pale weak people, whose hands and feet are chilled for want of rich, red blood, always eatch cold. Their lungs are soft—the heart cannot send out blood enough to make them sound and strong. Then comes the cold and cough, racking the frame and tearing the tender lungs. The cold may turn into pneumonia, influenza, consumption or bronchitis—a lingering illness or a swifter death. All weak people should use Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills. The rich, red blood they make strengthens the heart, and it sends this warm, healing blood to the lungs, and once again the patient is a strong-lunged, warm-blooded man or woman. Mrs Jane A. Kennedy, Douglastown, Que., bears the stronges testimony to the value of Dr. Williams Pink Pills in cases of this kind. She says: "My sister, a delicate girl took a severe cold when about seven-teen years old. We tried many medi

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know what a scorcher he is—pater was always warning him." "Yes, I know," said Cyril; "he's always having tumbles." The Lawson Tornado!

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N. S. CORNELL, Mgr.

No. 9 Market Lane - London, Ont.

cacking cough, I would get up to see if racking cough, I would get the see it she had spit any blood. At this stage a friend strongly urged me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Within a month from the time she began to take the pills she had almost recovered her usual health. Under a furtner use of the pills she is now well and strong, and I can recommend the pills with con-

fidence to every weak person."

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WHAT ART AND SCIENCE OWE TO HER Baltimore Mirrer.

In sounding the depths of human be set in operation to win souls to grace Church soon became aware that of all influences the attractive force of music was the most serviceable in pre paring men for the reception of the paring men for the reception of the gespel. The races were not of like constitution. People differed in mental vigor, in emotional capacity, in spirit wal development. Some were rich in human affection, others endowed with a love of the beauty in inanimate nature, love of the beauty in inanimate nature, many were dowered with a poetic fervor; but, vary as they might, all seemed enchanted by music's charm and mable to escape the thrall of melody. The Church was not slow to profit by this condition though she was not by any means the first religious to invoke the spirit of song. Indeed, all worships had called on music for an expression if belief and melody became the insecarbelief, and welcdy became the insepar-able companion of adoration—as if man remembered the angel's voices which dispensed divine harmony as God walked with Adam in the garlen of Eden and as though the fallen creature broke out into sweet recurring strain to to appeare the Creator from Whom sin had severed him. Though the Church did not intuse the soul with love of melody, she nevertheless inspired, melody, she nevertheless inspired, pur fied and even created music as the

worl is now used.
It is true that St. Ambrose and Pope It is true that St. Ambrose and Pope St. Gregory were the first and most illustrious of early composers who devoted themselves to arranging a system of psalmody and the methods which bear their names have served as the foundation for all subsequent eccle siastical chant. But Gregory was by no means the only Pontiff who gave atten tion to this question of music, and down to the twelfth century the Popes view with each other in perfecting song and encouraging singers. The service of the Church lent inspiration; her au thority was invoked to find the artists and her means were graciously prof fered to support each new enterprise which promised improvement. He monasteries became musical centers, where sang the soul of genius songs which have never since been excelled in refinement and melodious finis. Her schools embraced music in the seven branches" and her scholars taught to sing even before the read. And when her monks discovered the secret of harmony; when Guidi of Arezzo shed lustre on his clerical state by giving to notes "a local habitation and a name;" when her Pope Vitatian introduced organs and his successor commanded that their construction be made a special branch of monastical training;—the spirit of music walred from its fetters and the hand which struck off the chain belonged to the anointed—an sinted to the Lord. To follow up the historical narrative, to recall the chil dren of harmony born to our mother before desertion brought her grief is not to our purpose. And though we would fain linger to trace our own grand opera through musical drama and "tragadie," through passion scene and miracle play, through festal oratoric and sacred service back to its home in the cloister, this is neither the time nor

the place.
It is not the desire to present o appreciative notice the Catholic Church as the mother of musical art—the blesse dispenser of harmony divine. That such she was may be true and no serious critic withholds the praise which is due the service she rendered in saving ancient melody and in creating new harmony amid the discordant din wh ch re-echoed from the battle that invading rharians waged for the maste Europe. Her very foes will admit that civilization is her debtor for the fostering care she lavished on the fine arts in the days of mediaval convulsion. transmitted to posterity the classic lore of the old which but for her would have been lost to scholars.

For this she is praised; her monks are

landed for the patient zeal given to the cepy of manuscripts when printing was not come thanked for the universities they established or en dowed and for the protection granted to poet, singer and painter when patronage meant all. It is no uncommon thing, even, to hear some of her own children begging sufferance, because, forsooth, their Church was once the ly guardian of art and education who accepts tolerance on this condition or rejoices in an comiams such as these knows little of the nature and spirit which animites the Church. Nover might she have scanned a rhyth mic line; never have raised a G pile; no singer's voice to chant her salms; nor organ peal to awake re

ligious echoes; monasteries might have reared no walls to sheller learning; nor her schools have taught secular scionce; her hand might have repulsed the painter's brush and thrown aside the sculptor's chisel, and still might she boldly come before the bar of public opinion and demand, with reason, a crown of laurels, had she by other means attained the goal of her ambition—the salvation of immortal souls.

she into the world-not to discourse sweet harmony, not to cultivate the esthetic sense, not even to teach, in the modern acceptance, but to save souls. By this standard must she be judged and any attempt to estimate the height of her success or sound the depths of her failure must rest upon the avowed purpose of her existence. We may discover that present systems of education are inferior; present scientific knowledge may cast a shadow upon for mer unscientific ignorance; musical inmer unscientific ignorance; busical in-strumentation may now have advanced far beyond the limits set by cld efforts at construction, but not on these ac-counts can the Church be relegated to the dishonorable shade of failed institu-tions. Why, the very inferiority of the past redounds to her greater glory. with imperfect material, races but half-civilized, without our means of communication; fought by princes at war with greed, abuse and superstition, she

For this alone was she born and came

comforted and saved millions where compreted and saved diffient where millions are now in misery and spiritual peril, can we say that her mission was a failure? Comparisons of Catholic and non Catholic countries are now much in vogue. Compare then the contentment and probability of salvation which the natives in earlier Europe enjoyed with the conditions of the subjects of to-day and the student of Catholic history need have no cause for fear.

We will not imitate the malevolent however, and be so illiberal and uncatholic as to make the shortcomings of the present a cause for universal condemnation. We will be sympathetic to the spirit of the age, the progress of our country and the teachings of our Church and desist from shouting with prophet of evil that the world is out of of spiritual joint and retrogrades to paganism and barbarity. Christianity admits of no such ignominious reversals or retreats. It is the progressive religion destined to make headway against all the forces of opposition. If then, the Church which bears the standard of the Lamb seems to recede, or appears out of touch with present advanced conditions, the deception is ours who fail to see the majesty of her motion and with what celerity she distances the flight of

They will tell us, perhaps, that the Reformation checked her advance and ended her days of useful existence by striking from her hands the instruments, the arts, the sciences and edu-cation with which "she fastened upon cation with which "ane lastened upon mankind the galling joke of terror and superstition." What that far reaching upheaval did effect was not so much to deprive the Catholic Church of the weapons which had served heaven long and faithfully as to dash them from the grasp of all supernatural religion. We must do the reformers the justice to be lieve that they neither foresaw nor de-sired this event. Many of the old practices were recommended to their better judgment and they even sought to keep things under religious infla ences by attempting a non - Catholic system of Church music and training. But their efforts failed of its purpose

The blow which had severed the bond of Catholic unity shattered at the same time the compact solidarity in which the Church had wedded all the refining influences. When music, literature and art ceased to be component parts of the same religious system the secularizing tendencies began to affect them and they soon withdrew from the threshold of the anctuary to enter at the portals of the world. The foes were jubilant when they thought the secret of the Church's success was laid open and they loudly clamored for her armor that they might excel her deeds. The Church warned and protested that the arms are naught unless the God of might give strength and that all the forces in the universe, and that all the forces in the universe, unless united by Christ's word of truth, are powerless to raise man above his own corrup; nature. They would not listen and so she surrendered her schools, gave over her galleries and consigned her conservatories to the new faith. But strange to any instead of faith. But, strange to say, instead of halping, the justruments have but disconfited the possesser. The Church had not cautioned without reason—for The Church wien those things which were service a le as a means to an end became cultivited on their own account, when music and art were no longer handmaids to r ligion but a religion in themselves; when education ceased to be Catholic, did not become Protestant, but indicates its sisters of culture to antagon-

in as well as Catholicity battles.

They were deceived of old when they thought that men had taken away they thought that men had taken away the armor of the Catholic Church. When they seemed to despoil her of the trappings of glory she but laid aside the worn-out vestments of the cast to don the apparel of the future. Long before Themas Carlyle called the French Revolution a child of the Propostant Englands in the Church Language. testant Reformation, the Church knew that religious movement was the first rumble of an earthquake which was to shake the world to its foundation. So she threw aside the weapons which served generations dead, and arm d nerself for the coming fray. So when the shock came the Church leaped across the debris of revolution and as man emerged from the wreck-a new creature -having other rights and other rights and other needs, the Church came forth to greet him. Strange, indeed, was the tranformation, and when the Church offered assistance the new type of man repulsed her every kind service. He needed not her aid since three centuries of strife had taught to abhor all that the Church symbolized. Reason gave what was necessary to know; the State afforded protection and the present was his all. Of what help to him was a Church which forgot the present, as he thought, to dream of the glories that were or of the joys that shall be? And yet the race was only begun when it discovered that the Church had a message for his century. When the treasury of reason was bank rupt, when the State emptied out its forces, when the present was impotent to still the craving which consumed the human heart, the Church stood near to pour balm on the wounded spiri and to lull it to rest with a mother's song. She gave to others to possess the mind, but she claimed the heart of humanity, and it was to capture this that she laid her plans centuries agone. Religious dissensions introduced the

-love of God and love of man. The Poor Priest-Ridden French-

Canadians! The Western Watchman calls attention to the fact that, according to recently-published statistics, Quebec is the only province in Canada does not show an increase in drunkenness. In fact, while convictions in the courts have increased twenty-eight per cent. in Ontario, seventy five per cent. in Manitoba, and one-hundred per cent. in Nova Scotia, there has been a decrease in Quebec. "Score another point for the benighted, priest-ridden French-Canadains," exclaimed our St. Louis contemporary.

WHAT IS GOD?

DR. ABBOT MAY FIND SATISFACTION IN THIS EXPLANATION.

Fifty years ago, in his course of University lectures, Cardinal Newman used the following explicit language. Rev. Lyman Abbot and his followers,

Rev. Lyman Abbot and his followers, who appear to be somewhat at sea on the subject of the Supreme Being, would profit by careful perusal:

By Theology I simply mean the Science of God, or the truths that we know about God put into a system; just as we have a science of the stars and call it astronomy or of the crust of the earth, and call it geology. For instance, I mean, for this the main point, that, as in the human frame there is a living principle, acting upon it and through it by means of volition, it and through it by means of volition, behind the veil of the visible universe, there is an invisible, intelligent Being acting on and through it, as when He

I mean then by the Supreme Being, one who is simply self-dependent, and the only Being Who is such; moreover that He is without beginning or Ezerua! and the only Eternal; that in conse quence He has lived a whole eternity Himself; and hence that He is all sufficient, suffice at for His own blessed ess, and all-biessed, and ever blessed. ness, and all-blessed, and ever blessed. Further, I mean a Being, Who, having these prerogatives, has the Supreme Good, or rather is the Supreme Good, in infinite intenseness; all wisdom, all truth, all justice, all, love, all holiness, a beautifulness; Who is omnipo ent, at beautifulness; Who is omaipe ent, omniscient, omnipresent; ineffably one, absolutely perfect; and such, that what we do not know and cannot even imagine of Him, is far more wonderful than what we do and can.

I mean One Who is sovereign over the own will and actions, through

His own will and actions, through always according to E ernal Rule of right and wrong, which is Himself. I mean, moreover, that He created all things out of nothing and, could preserves them every moment, and could destroy them as easily as He made destroy them as easily as He made them; and that, in consequence, He is separated from them by an abyss, and is incommunicable in all His attributes. And, further, He has stamped upon all things, in the hour of their creation, their respective natures, and has given them their work and mission and their ength of days, greater or less, in their appointed place. I mean, too, that He is ever present with His works, one by one, and confronts everything He has made by His particular and most loving Providence, and manifests Himseli to each according to his needs; and has on rational beings imprinted the moral law, and given them the power to obey it, imposing on them the duty of worship and service, searching and scanning them through and through with His cmniscient eye, and putting before them a present trial and a judge-ment to come.

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.

"With his story in one's mind we can almost see his benignant countenance moving calmly among the baggard faces of Milan, in the days when the plague swept the city; brave where all others were cowards, full of compassion pity had been crushed out of all other preasts by the instinct of self-preservation gone mad with terror."—Mark Twain in "Innocents Abroad."

The smell of death recked strong in Milan's a.r., Corse upon corse grew foul beneath the sun; And, magied with the dead, the dying there Called, vainl; called, on some beloved one Who to the grave each loathsome thing will

best, Or to the writhing sufferer will run And sootne death's agony with gentle care? Ah worful sight!—the father leaves the

But, one there is with love more strong than death death
Who hastes unresting to the sufferer's side,
And heedless of the plague's destroying breath.

Bears unto all His Master Crucified:
Content to die a thousand times and more,
If but one shipwrecked soul might reach the
shore,

-Eleanor F. Kelly in the Irish Monthly.

BLESSED CURE D'ARS.

The beatification of the Venerable John Baptist Mary Vianney, the lowly and holy parish priest universily known and venerated as the Cured'Ars, took place on January 8th in St. Peter's, Rome, before an assemblage comprising one thousand French pilgrims ar eral thousands of worshipers of other rationalities, and in the presence of Pope Pins X., twenty two Cardinals and the Papal court.

The ceremony was rendered other-

The ceremony was rendered our wise notable by the attendance of the Duke of Genoa, brother of the Dowrger Queen Margherita; the Duchess of Genoa and her son, Prince Undine, who were recognized by the private cham berlaid to the Pope, Francis McNuth. of Washington, D. C., and conducted to special seats. They knelt in the pas-sage while the Pope made his procession. This is the first time that members of

the house of Savoy have assisted at religious function in the presence of the



Southcott Suit Co., LONDON GAN.

A SONG OF CHEER

BY AMADEUS O S I BY AMADEUS O S F.
Sing me a song from the noon of the day,
Wake a refrain from its gory;
Bring me the flaw reis that bloom on the way;
Make life a beautiful sory,
Sw if the sweet anthems that ring with a hope
Birn not of earth and its sorrow;
Tell me of G atta that are waiting to one
for us on the "perfect to-norrow!"

Sing to me never of night, or of gloom— Lete holds enough of such sadness— Coill and decay let us hide in the tomb; D ath gives no echo of glidness Case no a standow; encourage no strife; Time to its close is fast speeding; Hayest the jay and the sunshine of Life; And follow where Conscience is leading!

C. M B A.

A resolution of condolence was passed on D c. 1, by B anch 299 to Bres. John D and Parick Fleming, on the death of their father James Fleming of Kil aloe Station, May he set in place!

MARRIED. MARSHALL TYRELL—A. S. Pa'rick's church T grouto, on Jan il o. 1995, by 'he Rev, Father s uhl, Harold Murshall L. C. M. A. L. C. V. young a son of the latt. H. Murshall, J. P. S. Joliett, Que, to Miss Annie M. Tyrell, des daughter of Mr. J. J. Tyrell, Brechin

Ont.
ROACH HAMLYN—Ab St. Joseph's church,
Stramm d. on Nov. 6 1994, by the Rev M.
Kennelly. Mr. Cornelius R sach, Managing
nrector of the Shanghai Poip and Paper
Company, to Miss Attec Marie Hamlyn. DIED

BLASTORA—At Harwood, on Dec. 22ad, 1904, Bernari Basio a, aged sixty five years. May LOWE-At Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingdan, daughter of the late Philip Lowe Q. C., of Vill neuve Place, Picton. May she rest in peace!

CAVANAGH - In Mayo, Que. on Jan. 8, 1915, th resid nee of his s.n. Father Cavanagh, William Cavanagh, of Richmond, Oat., aged sev n ynine years. May his soul rest in peace!

A BOON TO CHILDREN

A medicine that will keep infants and young children plump, good natured with a clear eye and a rosy skin, is a boon not only to mothers, but to humanity. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure all the minor ailments of little ones and makes them eat well play well and sleep well. You can safely take who have proved the value of these Tablets: for instance, Mrs. J. R. Standon Weyburn, N. W. T. says: - "I have proved the great value of Baby's Own Tablets in cases of diarrhoea, consti-pation, hives, and when teething, and I would not be without them." The Tablets are equally good for the tenderest little baby or the well grown child, and they are guaranteed free from opiates and harmless. Sold by from opiates and harmless. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville,

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HOMES WANTED.

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O. M. B. A -Branch No. 4, London.

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Block Richmond Street. Rev. D. J. Egan.
Prosident P V Royle Secretary.

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VOLUME XX

The Catholic

LONDON, SATURDAY, AN ALL EMBRACI

Speaking of the b churches which dot Europe, Carlyle says lies over them like a heavenly canopy : like

and life-element, not less doubt, but still les cant: but a heaven-l ably encompassing hol trating the whole life.

SYMBOLISM

Digby says that t was fraught with typi love. And he goes on a German writer expla for considering it in point of view. Each cathedrals was only magn ficent invisible pervading the whole its roots to the lowe he shows in theolo science and policy, that social order and distinguished this re for society was then o plan of a cross: Ro an altar at the point mystical altar contain nacle the source by v municated. Around the devout | multitud faith and one hope. Divine sun, descen colored by the Fat of the Old and New

And Ruskin, view gates, trellised with window labyrinth of strong light; thei multitudinous pinna tower-the only ins to us of a faith and f their builders have the grave their power their adoration.

FAITH THEIR IN STRE

These men were spired by faith ar prayer. They loo eyes into the inv catching its harmon on the lips-menin canvas and mark whim or caprice or uncontrolled indivi but the things of t learned from the these, and in the the Church, was because the world less in its resource death stilled the h the treasure store

> BEFORE ANI REFOR

The Catholic rel briand, has covere monuments. Pro lasted three cent in England, in G What has it raised the ruins which which it has plan established some Goethe, speaking ings prior to the a spirit of indescr ace and hope, see in them. But s something painfu characterizes wo of faith skepticis

MYSTICISM

So in music a style of her own. unaccustomed to wonders, and we it must always the world. M music, says a wi with its realism stir human feel create that atmo ual ecstacy that, It is a case hysteria. Myst Church: it is Hysteria is of and feverish an Church. Indivi ings are dange Church in her Hence in the m the individual personality and many who offer