

and she worked well at it. But that was four years ago. She's older now and out of practice, and she couldn't hold her own against the swarm of younger women with more speed and newer methods. If you go, what becomes of Maida? And, most of all, what becomes of your solemn oath to cherish and support her—to be a good provider? Hey? Tell me that!"

The man groaned aloud. His duty lay blindingly clear before him.

There would be plenty of men— younger men—men with no home shackles—to go to the front. He himself must watch them go; must eat his heart out here at home. It was the only thing to do. He could not even hope that a possible draft would take the matter out of his hands. For he was over thirty— well past the draft age.

His military stride slumped to a bent-back slouch as he walked. His duty, as he saw it, was to Maida—at least until there should come a call for men, when the demand should be greater than the supply. Until then he had no right, he felt, to consider his own wishes or longings or ideals.

Moreover, as he told himself with a wry smile, he had set out to be a good provider. And a good provider he would remain. Maida should have the comforts his salary assured her. She should not be forced to eke out her savings in penury.

If only he could be sure a German bullet would find him, he would not have hesitated about going. For his life insurance would provide nearly as well for Maida, after his death, as did his present income. But none of his carefully erected hedge of policies covered the chance of his going to war—of staying there for years and of coming home alive.

By mighty effort he fought back his gloom and met Maida at the flat's threshold with as gay an aspect as he could muster. If she noted his despondency she gave no sign. Nor did she comment on the war news that flared across the whole front of the evening paper he brought home to her as usual.

Cowan wondered at her reticence on this all-engrossing theme. More than once during the evening he caught her gaze fixed upon him in an expression he could not read.

Next morning at breakfast he asked her abruptly:

"Do you think I ought to enlist?"

"Enlist?" she echoed hesitatingly. "Why? Do you think you ought to?"

"No!" he snapped.

And the meal ended in silence; a nasty, foreboding sort of silence.

A fortnight plugged drearily away. At the big office one man after another of the force appeared in khaki. A dozen times Cowan was asked if he intended to enlist. Always, and with growing curtness, he gave the same reply. And, though nobody commented openly on his answer, yet he saw—or miserably believed he saw—masked contempt in the questioner's eyes. It stung him to the quick. And he had to bite his lips to keep from telling why he was staying at home.

For consolation he threw himself heart and soul into the Knights of Columbus war fund campaign. He gave liberally. He induced others to give. But he could not give himself. And that crushed his spirits into the dust.

It was at his flat itself that life took on its sharpest new turn. The whole sweet atmosphere of the place seemed somehow to have undergone a subtle change. Maida was as tender and as considerate as ever. Yet between her and her husband arose a visible restraint.

Harry guessed the reason, with no difficulty at all. Maida, from the very first, had had an almost uncanny way of reading his innermost mind. Instinctively she always appeared to know when anything was distressing him. And almost always her intuition gave her a very clear idea of its cause. He reflected sourly that she must now have probed his pitiful barrier of reserve and seen his yearning to leave her and go into the fast swelling army. Women, of course, she was not only not only at his lack of openness in baring his heart to her, but for wanting to go away from her and from the home she had striven so hard to make happy for him.

A hundred times he was on the verge of smashing the restraint and bringing their tacit misery to show-down. But always he checked himself. Such things are not easy to speak of. And what good would it do? It could only confirm Maida in her knowledge that he wanted to go. And it could not help her to understand his reason for wanting to sacrifice all they had so lovingly built up.

Well—at least he could keep on being a good provider. That meager solace was left to him. He grew to loathe and abominate that once dear phrase—"Good Provider!" And he loathed still more the thing he deemed to be his duty.

A series of noisy quarrels—like too vivid heat lightning—will sometimes die away, bringing no resultant storm. But a silent misunderstanding between two people who love each other is almost certain to end in an explosion.

One morning, a week or so later, Cowan broke a long breakfast table silence by saying:

"Your old boss, Mr. Beatty, has a captain's commission. He wore his uniform to the office yesterday. He's leaving in a day or two for—"

"Isn't that splendid!" exclaimed Maida, her big eyes alight. "He has a family, too, and a career. And he's

over forty! How splendid of him to give up everything for his country! I think I'll run down to the office before he goes and tell him so."

"I don't see the need of your doing that," returned Cowan grumpily. "There are enough other people to pat him on the back. Besides, to my knowledge, his private income is over eighteen thousand a year. That will keep his wife and daughter in clover till he gets back. And his policies will keep them in still thicker clover if he doesn't get back."

Cowan spoke with unwonted crossness. Maida's praise and her glow of admiration for a man who was doing the very thing she didn't want her own husband to do—these jarred sharply upon his overwrought nerves.

Maida looked up in mild surprise at the man's glum tone.

"Don't you think it's fine of him to go?" she asked, somewhat coldly.

"Or do you think he is foolish to throw away so much for his country?"

"I?" sputtered Cowan, the question and its manner shattering his hardstrained composure. "I? I think he's the luckiest man I know. I'd give five years of my own life if I had the right to do what he's doing! If I had enough cash to support you comfortably—in the way I promised to support you—while I'm away, I'd go in one second. And I'd thank the Lord for giving me the chance. There! I've said it. Now be as sore as you choose. It's the truth!"

He jerked back his chair and stamped out of the room and out of the flat without daring to look at his wife. It was the first morning in all their married life that he had gone without kissing her good-bye at the door. But mingled shame at having told what he had vowed to conceal, and wrath at his own helplessness, now sent him away without a look or a word.

All morning he went through his routine work in the daze of angry rebellion. And in early afternoon a crazy inspiration dawned in his brain—an inspiration that sent him scuttling out of the office and uptown, as if a last of scorpions were scourging him on.

He did not pause in his headlong flight until he stood in the meager little living-room of Miss Alethia Haskins' meager little flat.

"Miss Haskins!" he blurted out, scarce acknowledging the bewildered spinster's greetings. "Miss Haskins, I've come to see you on business. I want to enlist. I want to more than ever wanted to do anything else. It isn't that I want to be away from Maida. I don't. It's like pulling teeth for me to be away from her for a single week. But it seems the only thing for a white man to do—a white man the National Guard has helped to train. I can be of use. But I can't go because a bigger duty is chaining me here at home. The duty of seeing that Maida is kept in comfort. There's only one way I can go. The idea never struck me till half an hour ago. And then it sent me here on the jump."

"If you are leading up to a request for a loan," began Miss Haskins forbiddingly, "I can save you further humiliation by telling you I make it a rule never—"

"I'm not," vehemently denied Cowan. "I never borrowed a dollar in my life. Here is my plan. And you are the only person I know who can help me. We agents get a percentage on every policy we write. A whopping big policy would mean a steady income for me or for my beneficiaries. If you'll insure your life with the Vesuvian for a hundred thousand dollars through me, I can enlist. The percentage will support Maida beautifully till I get back. It's the only way I can go. Will you do it?"

Talk about stalking shy canvas-back ducks with a brass band! Harry Cowan was stalking his timid prey with a bomb-dropping Zeppelin. He was luring a forest bird to his hand by shaking an ax at it.

"This isn't a loan," he blundered on. "It isn't charity. It's a grand thing for you, Miss Haskins. You're only fifty-six. And the premium will be easy for you to pay. You won't feel it. Then your heirs will collect a hundred thousand dollars cold cash. And there'll be dividends, too. Big ones. We can go into that later. Besides, it's for your country. It's releasing a man to go to the front."

"Mr. Cowan!" broke in Miss Alethia with freezing finality, "if I did not know your habits I should think you had been drinking. I never in all my days heard anything so absurd—so impertinent—as this proposition of yours. I—"

"But, won't you please—"

"I most certainly shall not. I see no reason for doing anything of the sort. As for helping my country—I do that, willy nilly, by way of the income tax. And of my own volition in the Knights of Columbus campaign and in Liberty Bonds. Good day, Mr. Cowan."

"But listen! But—"

"Good day!" interposed Miss Haskins striding loftily into her own bedroom and locking the door behind her.

Harry, somehow or other, got himself back to the office. He had not merely killed the golden-egg goose—he had dynamited it. Good-bye now to any hopes at all from Miss Haskins! Good-bye, too, to his one and only chance of getting into the army! Well, it was his medicine. And, gulping, he sought to swallow it.

Entering the Vesuvian's big outer office he passed the second vice-president's door on the way to his desk.

The door opened. Out came Maida. She all but collided with her husband.

Cowan's face went black. And his heart went blacker. While he was making the Great Sacrifice and staying at home for Maida's sake, she had rubbed his degradation still further in by coming down here to praise a man who could afford to do what Cowan could not afford to do.

He did not trust himself to speak. Eluding her eager greeting, he nodded crossly and hurried on to his desk. As he went he overheard a new office boy say to another:

"See that dame? Must be Boss Beatty's wife. Second time today she's been in there to see him."

The words completed the overthrow of Harry Cowan's nerves. Arriving at his desk he sat down. For ten minutes, throbbing head in tight grip, he sat. Then he slung his papers together in a jumbling semblance of order, locked the desk, jammed on his hat and went home.

He let himself into the flat sick at heart, sore to the very soul trying with all his might to prepare to meet Maida without letting her see how cruelly hurt he was.

But Maida was not at home. And, as ever on the few occasions when he had reached the flat ahead of her, the place seemed oddly dead and cheerless. Cowan's loneliness began to drive out his hot wrath. Thus when Maida's key grated in the lock, he went forward to meet her with at least a semblance of his old-time manner.

"Why wouldn't you wait and speak to me at the office?" demanded Maida. "I had so much to say to you—so much? And—"

"I'm sorry I was cranky about it," he made shame reply. "My nerves had gone a bit bad, I suppose. So I—"

"You never used to have nerves," she reproved. "And now you can afford less than ever to have them. A soldier ought to be all nerve and no nerves, you know."

"Don't!" he begged, cut by her words. "I'm a stay-at-home dud. A slacker. Not a soldier. And you know it. Don't joke about the—"

"You are a soldier," she contradicted, "or you can be the minute you want to. That's all arranged. I arranged it. Why, what else do you suppose I've been doing all day? Why else should I have called twice on Mr. Beatty? Why else—"

"If you went to see Beatty about getting back your old job at the office," holly interrupted Cowan, a new surmise as to her visit flashing across his tired brain, "if you went there for that I may as well tell you, once and for all, I won't have it. When I married you I promised to provide for you—not to make you go on working for a living in an office. Too many able-bodied men let their wives do that. I'm not their kind. Besides, you've been out of it so long—"

"The speech is fine, Harry!" she laughed up at him, her eyes aprim with the sudden light of mischief. "And I enjoy listening to it. But it's thrown away. I'm not looking for an office job. Listen, dear old boy, you and I have been playing a horrid, gloomy game of cross-purposes. Just because each of us was afraid to hurt the other's feeling by speaking out. It made us both miserable. We're not going to be miserable any more. So I—"

"But it would have been better for me to keep my mouth shut forever," he urged penitently, "than out loose as I did this morning at breakfast. I'm sorry I—"

"No," she commanded earnestly, "don't be sorry, dear. Don't! Why if you hadn't blurted out the truth then we'd never have understood each other. The minute I read that war was declared, it sent a thrill all over me to think my husband was going to become my hero. I wouldn't let myself be selfish and grive. I made myself realize it was my duty to give you up for the country, and to be glad. So—"

"You felt that way?" he stammered amazed. "You—"

"Of course I did," she said. "What true woman wouldn't? Then you said you weren't going to enlist, and it was like a slap across the mouth to me. It jarred all my ideals off their pedestal. I didn't think you were afraid. I knew you would for that. But I thought the prospect of earning more money had made you selfish—because you wouldn't throw over home and position for patriotism. It made me terribly unhappy. I was—"

"But I—"

"I know you did, sweetheart," she continued, her arms about his neck. "I know it now. And I'm prouder of you than if you were General Pershing. I knew it when you blazed out that way at breakfast. If you hadn't run off before I could speak I'd have told you so."

"But I can't go, girl dear. Don't you see—"

"I see you can!" she retorted. "I've spent the whole day seeing to that. I knew you wouldn't consent to leave me unless you were sure I'd be well taken care of till you got back. So it was my business, for your sake, to see I should be well taken care of. That is why I went to Mr. Beatty—the first time."

"I've just told you," protested Cowan, "I won't have you working in an—"

"I'm not going to," Maida cut him short, apparently determined that he should never finish an entire sentence. "I want to Mr. Beatty to ask if the company would let me act, for once, as their accredited agent in a deal I was planning to put through. He gave me my credentials. He is a

dear. Then I went back to him and reported that I had put the deal through—the deal that lets you be a soldier and keeps me in comfort while you're away. Don't you see?" she asked, smiling sweetly.

"No," said the bewildered Cowan. "I don't see at all."

"You ought to," Maida told him, "for it was your own idea. The idea we have talked over lots of times. Only, as there was such a hurry, I decided to try it myself, in my own way, without waiting for you to do it."

"Do what?" he asked in blinking perplexity. "I don't—"

"Insure Miss Alethia, of course."

"What?"

"What else? I went straight to her. I got there just before lunch time. I told her how matters stood. I asked her if she'd help us by letting the Vesuvian insure her for a hundred thousand dollars. She said she wouldn't."

"Of course she did!" groaned Cowan. "I could have told you that."

"She insisted on our writing a policy for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for her," concluded Maida in gay triumph. "She called it 'doing her bit.' She's a darling."

"She's—she's—" began the dazed

Cowan, then broke off to murmur in abject astonishment. "I wonder if there ever was—or will be—a man who understands a woman!"

"A man," said Maida wistfully, "can do more than just understand. He can fight. He can fight—my soldier!"

THE IRISH COLONEL

The presence of so many Catholic soldiers from the United States frankly professing and practicing their religion has not been without effect both on the authorities and civilians of France. The French were not aware, they are often heard to say, that there were "so many of the good Catholics in America." And they have had their little laugh over "the affair of that Irish colonel" who had Mass offered for his regiment in a public square, in defiance of governmental proscriptions. When he announced the Mass, as the story goes, he was politely informed that it could not possibly be celebrated so publicly; whereupon he ordered the regimental flag to be unfurled, remarking that wherever the Stars and Stripes floated there was freedom of worship.—Brooklyn Tablet.

Use the left over meat.

Even the smallest portions can be made into appetizing dishes when combined with a small quantity of

BÖVRIL

IRISH FAITH

"After studying Ireland for many years, the main feeling left in my mind is how, after all the fighting and revolution and confiscation and menace, after all the penal laws and famines and the wars and coercion acts, after the destruction of native industries and the yearly drain on the population by emigration, there are still in Ireland four and a half million people, and that the majority of them still adhere to their old religion. Such tenacity to faith is, I believe, almost unexampled in the history of the whole world.—Augustine Birrell.

ABSORBINE

Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Puff Eys, Fistula, Boils, Swellings, Stops Lameness and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boot Chafes. It is a SAFE ANTISEPTIC AND OEGMICIDE.

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Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

A Just and Righteous Cause!

AS THE GREAT WAR GOES ON, and the garments are one by one stripped from the hideous monster of German Kultur, our resolution to achieve complete Victory is strengthened.

For this is more than a struggle of nations.

On one side Kultur is striving to subdue the world.

On the other side is Democracy, militant and resolute in the fight for freedom and humanity.

German necessity knows no law. There is no principle of Christianity she has not violated. In success and in failure she is cruel and inhuman beyond anything the world has known.

Germany is a race gone mad with slaughter and the thirst for power. Reason has no weight with her—justice and pity no appeal. Germany must and will be punished. "For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

The money needed to equip and maintain the Canadian Army in France will be supplied by the Victory Loan 1918. This is your opportunity to supply, by thrift and sacrifice, the sinews of war, by which our army in France will fight to complete victory.

BUY VICTORY BONDS TO THE LIMIT OF YOUR POWER

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

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to obtain peace on their own account which would involve separation from Turkey and the setting up of an independent State under Greek protection.

THE WOMAN LABOR PROBLEM

The problem of woman labor has become of permanent interest and importance. The world war has but lent it an added significance.

The first oppressive labor statutes against women that have come to the writer's notice were those enacted by a woman.

Woman's more general entrance into the industrial field, outside of the home or away from domestic service, was to follow upon the invention of machinery.

While the new form of sweated labor did not elevate woman, it degraded man through her.

The entire family would face starvation. It was shown that the price of the necessities of life are higher than ever before in the history of the United States.

With the mother forced to sweated labor, the child was soon obliged to help her. The poor mother entering the factory, the child was made to follow.

Lisabette, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina. They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one.

Thus for the sake of the unholy dollar were mothers and children alike oppressed and their souls and bodies left blighted and stunted.

As regards the enactment of minimum wage laws we must, however, clearly distinguish between the lowest wage that may be paid to the adult woman and that which may be paid to the adult male laborer.

THE WORKMAN AND THE CHURCH

"How drew workmen to the Church?" Such is the question Vida D. Scudder, in her article written for the September number of the American Church Monthly.

"It's the same near me," says a lady from Connecticut in confirmation. "I hear the patter of their feet at six in the morning."

But there is a solution. And it can be no other than the fact that the Catholic Church, not merely dates back historically through her unbroken line of Pontiffs, but that she is the only Church that has preserved intact every word of His teaching and every institution of His Divine love for man.

The Church has done much for the workman, but there is doubtless much more that as Catholics we can and must do for him.

Among the hundreds of men and women who came to the assistance of the unfortunate victims of the munition's plant explosion near South Amboy Oct. 5th, none rendered more heroic service than Father Quinn of St. Mary's Church of that city.

tongues of flame flared every few minutes, and the groans of the wounded filled the air. To add to the horror the electric lights gave out four times and left the relief workers and their patients in darkness.

CHURCH ESSENTIAL

TO NEW THEORIES OF WORLD POLITICS

CARDINAL GIBBONS WRITES INTRODUCTION TO HANDBOOK OF NATIONAL WAR COUNCIL

Washington, D. C., Sept. 24, 1918.—In the "Preface" of the Handbook of the National Catholic War Council, just issued, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons says the following glowing tribute to this organization which was created to serve as best it might the co-ordination of Catholic activities to afford means for a systematic study of national problems, and to offer a national co-operation of the civic, social and moral agencies of the Church in the present emergency.

What disturbs the life of the world is liberty, to change the whole world, and it is our duty to lend the full force of this nation, moral and physical, to a league of nations which shall see to it that nobody disturbs the peace of the world without submitting his case first to the opinion of mankind.

The Catholic women of New York are to be congratulated on the establishment of a course of lectures on American citizenship, its privileges and its duties.

There is no reason whatever to believe that it would be superfluous, and every reason to think that, if party politics were rigidly excluded, it would be a great help towards building up a wall of defense for every community in which it might be established.

keenly responsive to the action of the citizen at the polls, and a poorly governed community is the almost necessary consequence of an ill-instructed or careless electorate.

REMEMBER THE FATE OF THE FALLEN

SERMON BY ARCHBISHOP GLENNON

The Introit of the Mass today is from the Prophet Daniel, who recounts before the Lord the trials of his people, saying as follows:

The history of Israel is to a great extent the history of the world. Israel was but a small nation—a special favored nation—the nation of election, and of promise; and yet that Israel, because of its sins, was being constantly rebuked and punished by the Almighty, who had made that nation His own.

It would be wrong to say that all the trials the world suffers are to be attributed to Almighty God—it would be incompatible with His mercy and goodness to think that all the world's sorrows are His causing.

Perhaps as never before in the history of the world has humanity suffered and tribulations been poured out upon it, as in these latest years, when the volume of hatred and passion rise mountain high, when the holy places are desecrated and despoiled, and when humanity itself is bleeding to death and dragging down with bleeding hands all the works and ways of civilization, which it had so laboriously struggled to create.

and little respect for His commandments. Germany, for instance, worshipped power, France pleasure, England ease, and Italy paganism; while in our category was a blend of them all.

To those who look on war as a punishment—the outcome of sin and the violation of the commandments of God—there shall be, I hope, the consolation that the end of the War will bring us closer to the love and the commandments of God; that the victory for which we are praying, and which it appears soon shall be here, a victory for law, human and divine, and that we who wait and pray shall find when peace has come, that it is going to be the peace of God.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

SCHOOLS WANTED

In last week's issue we put before our readers the urgent need of Catholic schools and teachers among the new comers to Canada.

These examples point out clearly the leakage from the Church and the need of immediate action to staunch the spiritual death flow.

Under the circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that the Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada says: "Our educational work in the West has almost limitless possibilities as far as the extension of the work and its far reachingness is concerned. The only limit is money to take advantage of the many openings."

since, through means of a legacy of \$5,000 has been granted a Presbyterian school. And so the story goes and grows as you wander through the Western Provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

It is a huge mistake for the Catholic Church in Canada to close their eyes to the future in regard to Catholic Ruthenians. The young Ruthenian today educated outside the guardianship of the Catholic Church will be to-morrow the leader in Western Canada.

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests.

I propose the following burses for subscription:

- 1. Sacred Heart Burse. 2. Blessed Sacrament Burse. 3. Holy Name of Jesus Burse. 4. Queen of Apostles Burse. 5. Immaculate Conception Burse. 6. Comforter of the Afflicted Burse. 7. St. Francis Xavier Burse. 8. St. Anthony Burse. 9. Holy Souls Burse. 10. Little Flower Burse.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HOCKEY, O. S. B. TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

Fellow-labourers, whose names are in the book of life... Anything that gives us heart to do our best, my dear brethren, should be remembered and treasured.

The danger for every one is that we may give up our first fervour, grow tepid, careless even, and imperceptibly fall away. This is an ever-present danger.

Wherever we find a good movement, whether it be for the growth or acquisition of knowledge, for the combating of evil or diffusion of good we Catholics should be in the van.

Long ago our forefathers led men by knowledge and research, by love of things beautiful, by devotion to things good, along the paths of Catholic truth and virtue.

Of the many reasons that might well be given, we propose to speak of one and one only—the pursuit of knowledge.

The wide-spread anarchic movement against the Church in the sixteenth century coincided with the appearance of Modern Science.

But, in spite of all, we are allowed, thank God, to claim fellowship in the labours of One far greater than St. Paul and all the Saints—the fellowship of the sufferings of Christ.

written in the book of life. We labour for a short time, and even then the good God makes His burden light, and gives us strength to bear it.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

AND THE MODERN WORLD (By Rev. Dr. Vance, C. F., author of "Reality and Truth")

Having been asked to write a few articles for your Canadian press, I have to confess sadly that I do not know Canada.

Long ago our forefathers led men by knowledge and research, by love of things beautiful, by devotion to things good, along the paths of Catholic truth and virtue.

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A SUPPLEMENT TO PHILOSOPHY

It may be said with great truth that the Church has her own specific duty, that of guarding the integrity of Christ's revelation, and of propagating the gospel truth.

We spoke of the thirteenth century as a time of great men and greater progress. It is the age of the first real Universities, with charters that came from Rome.

No: there is a terrible breach between the Church and the modern world. The world pursues its enthusiasm, sometimes real and sometimes fictitious, for the natural sciences.

The last centuries, and more especially the nineteenth, have seen far-reaching developments in the natural sciences.

The healing of the deaf and dumb man is remarkable among the miracles of Christ from the gradual way in which Christ went about it.

It is my profound conviction that the disaster can be averted and even turned into a signal triumph.

SPECIALIST SAID HE MUST OPERATE

She Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES" Instead, And is Now in Perfect Health.



MME. F. GAREAU 153 Papineau Ave., Montreal. "For three years, I suffered great pain in the lower part of my body, with swelling and bloating."

Let our enthusiasm be real, our conviction deep. There is a breach between the Catholic Church and the modern world.

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miracles but His appeal was in vain as they were blinded by their pride and were not converted.

In healing the deaf and dumb man of the gospel Christ moves slowly. He touches the lips; He touches the ears and then groans as if it were more than an ordinary cure.

All through Rosary month let us offer our Rosary daily for the Church's needs.

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Let our enthusiasm be real, our conviction deep. There is a breach between the Catholic Church and the modern world.

A Positive Luxury in Infusion

Pure Tea, without admixture... of Any Kind, foreign to its growth.

"SALADA"

has the reputation of nearly a quarter of a century behind every packet sold

There is BIG MONEY IN TRAPPING when you ship your RAW FURS to John Hallam Limited. Includes details about trapping guides and furs.

This Superb Stole and Muff only \$40 each

Glossy, Fashionable Black Fox. You'd be proud to wear a fur set like this. Includes details about fur quality and pricing.

The Strain of Overwork. Your work is heavy, and sore, tired muscles are a common occurrence. Includes details about Kootenay Range benefits.

Two Minutes to Clean. The burnished steel-like surface of the top of the Kootenay Range needs no polishing. Includes details about the range's features and availability.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A LITTLE HELP

There's help in seeming cheerful When a body's feeling blue, In looking calm and pleasant, If there's nothing else to do. If other folks are weary, And things are all awry, Don't vex yourself with caring; 'Twill be better by and by.

STENOGRAPHY PAYS

Stenography is a stepping stone to success—if the stenographer makes it so. The chance to be something better rests with him. Unless he be human, and possesses the desire to rise, he will remain as much of a machine as the typewriter he operates.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN

We never grow tired of stories about Washington, especially when they are as good as this one. After the battle of Monmouth, the American army was encamped on the farm of a certain John Vance, Washington, with his staff, was quartered in the farm house.

WANTED, LEGIBLE SIGNATURES

"Kindly favour us with a legible signature," is an appeal now often encountered. It appears on the letterheads of many a legal firm and is conspicuously printed on contracts and other important documents.

OCTOBER 27.—ST. FRUMENTIUS, BISHOP

pride himself on writing his name so that no one could guess what it was.

A member of a law firm on whose letterheads is printed "A legible signature is requested," says that these few words have saved his firm much trouble.

A large employer of labor has made it a rule recently to have all applications for work brought to him. His orders each letter folded so that the signature alone shall show.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 22.—ST. MELLO, BISHOP.—ST. HILARION, ABBOT

St. Mello is said to have been a native of Great Britain; his zeal for the faith engaged him in the sacred ministry, and God having blessed his labors with wonderful success, he was consecrated first bishop of Rouen in Normandy, which see he is said to have held forty years.

OCTOBER 23.—ST. THEODORET, MARTYR

About the year 361, Julian, uncle to the emperor of that name, and like his nephew an apostate, was made Count of the East. He closed the Christian churches at Antioch, and when St. Theodoret assembled the Christians in private, he was summoned before the tribunal of the Count and most inhumanly tortured.

OCTOBER 24.—ST. MAGLOIRE, BISHOP

St. Magloire was born in Brittany towards the end of the fifth century. When he and his cousin St. Sampson came of an age to choose their way in life, Sampson retired into a monastery, and Magloire returned home, where he lived in the practice of virtue.

OCTOBER 26.—ST. EVARISTUS, POPE AND MARTYR

St. Evaristus succeeded St. Anacletus in the see of Rome, in the reign of Trajan, governed the Church nine years and died in 112. The institution of cardinal priests is by some ascribed to him, because he first divided Rome into several titles or parishes, assigning a priest to each; he also appointed seven deacons to attend the bishop.

OCTOBER 27.—ST. FRUMENTIUS, BISHOP

St. Frumentius was yet a child when his uncle, Meropius of Tyre, took him and his brother Edeusius on a voyage to Ethiopia. In the course of their voyage the vessel touched at a certain port, and the barbarians of that country put the crew and all the passengers to the sword, except the two children. They were carried to the king, at Axuma, who, charmed with the wit and sprightliness of the two boys, took special care of them.

A CONVERT SCIENTIST AND HIS WORK

James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., in the October Catholic World

The development of the history of science in recent years shows us how many men there were in the olden time "who," to use Professor Saintsbury's words descriptive of the old scholastic philosophers, "whatever they could not do, could think." One of the old time scientists who has been brought into prominence by the modern historical movement is Nicolaus Stensen, the Dane.

The most brilliant scientific thinker of his time, he was one of those wonderful men who are able to take the step across the boundaries of the known into the domain of the unknown, and to trace a pathway where for other men no path exists. A genius is ever such a pioneer.

OCTOBER 27.—ST. FRUMENTIUS, BISHOP

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tion was hardly thought of" when Italy had already developed the sciences of anatomy and physiology and had attracted Vesalius and Harvey; when Regiomontanus had been invited there to correct the calendar, and Copernicus had made there the announcement of his great theory and then returned to Germany to work it out and to dedicate his great book to the Pope!

FATHER DUFFY OF THE OLD "SIXTY-NINTH"

"Despite constant and severe bombardment with shells and aerial bombs, he continued to circulate in and about the two aid stations and hospitals, creating an atmosphere of cheerfulness and confidence by his courageous example."

"Father Duffy, we may state, is as popular with Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Hebrews, etc., as he is with the members of his own Church. He is, in fact, a shining example of the new orthodoxy, which is based on a belief in national and international decency and all that decency involves."

the increasing horror of confronting weapons unknown in the early months—heavy artillery, gas, liquid fire, aeroplane attacks—left their mark upon our soldiers.

OCTOBER, MONTH OF THE ANGELS

Tread lightly, the month of the angels Is going the way of the years; Speak softly, the voice of the angels Is flooding this valley of tears.

DR. JAMES HENDERSON

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S PRAYER FOR A HAPPY DEATH

"O my Lord and my Saviour, support me at the hour of my death in the strong arms of Thy Sacraments, and by the fresh fragrance of Thy consolations. Let the absolving words be said over me, and the holy oil be my food, and Thy Blood be my sprinkling; and let my sweet Mother Mary breathe on me, and my Angel saint's peace on me, and my glorious Saints smile upon me; that in them all and through them all, I may receive the gift of perseverance, and die, as I desire to live, in Thy faith, in Thy Church, in Thy service, and in Thy love." Amen.

OUR CHIEF WORK

is in acting as Executor under Wills and as Administrator of Estates. Ask for our Booklet: "The Will That Really Provides," or consult us and we will gladly give full information. Correspondence invited.

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