The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1915

THE BEST TONIC Some of us have the habit of brooding over our own failures. Bad luck has attended us, we think, all along. We seem to have lost zest early, not meeting with success where we expected to find it waiting for us. It has been uphill walking all the way. The confidence with which we set out has evaporated under the stress of frequent disappointment. In the clear morning air, how near the summit appeared of what the Catholic doctrine and to be! But that hill-top proved to religion really are. When the Cathbe only the successive mounts that olic Church is beheld as it really is, had to be scaled. Fcotsore and weary, we are tempted to give up hope of realized satisfaction and only crave the negative solace of rest. We have lost stone, and stand to live, to build up and embody pure in need of a moral stimulant. What finer tonic can be prescribed than the one which has roused countless souls from spathy, ordering their lives afresh, revealing hidden capabilities of action and endurance, of resource and achievement? To grasp the nettle firmly is to render it stingless ; and the old gospel of Mr. Smiles and his energetic tribe is by no means devoid of virtue. Yet there is a more potent tonic, which awakens deeper and more occult forces. latent in the soul of the most despairing. The prophets and poets who have led humanity in the darkest days of its long pilgrimage have labelled it Faith. It works among the affections and thoughts, reinspiring them to confirm life's problem anew. It may employ this formula or that: this symbolic worship or that. It speaks through various tongues and uses many agents to enforce its laws. We see it at work today in stricken fields, hospitals and refuges, shadowed homes which the Angel of Death has visited, leaving an aching void behind. Faith is no verbal confession; it grips the man or woman behind the masks of circumstance, drawing strength from wells of salvation that lie waiting even in parched and desolate places. When there seems no help on earth or sky the soul discovers sources of trust and gladness, starts afresh on the upward climb, ceases to be a drag upon the social advance, and tastes the joy of renewed life as a helper in

THE SEEDS OF DEATH

the holy cause of human progress.

and hearts diseased can be confident-

ly recommended as being efficacious

even in the worst cases. Its record

is unique in every clime and age.

· This powerful medicine for minds

had few arrogant captains to drive House of the Hohenzellerns turned its back upon the ideals of Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, and the whole circle of thinkers who were introduced to us as pioneers of the new thought that sprang out of the revolutionary ferment in Rousseau's and Byron's

In after years the way of thinking and writing, which came into vogue as a result of the broad mindedness and expansive sympathy generated in those eventful years, had a new label given to it. Matthew Arnold rang the changes on that term. He preached the gospel of culture in and out of season. He had a keen sense of the short-comings of his own education, and his duties as a school inspector filled him with a sense of the urgent national need. He was sent to France and Germany to inquire into and report upon the methods there prevailing. His book still has value for those who have not had any opportunity of viewing continental gymnasiums, lyceums, and primary schools in their actual working. The process of bending the whole energies of the rising youth of these rival civilizations into grooves of mechanical and technical efficiency has produced the results we see. When Germany, led by Bismarck and von Moltke, took advantage of the weakness and misguidance of her neighbour in 1870 she planted a thorn in her own side and sowed the seed of the harvest of fear and hate which has sprung up to trouble Europe to-

THE BEST ARGUMENT

The most efficacious means of refuting calumnies against the Church is the exhibition of that virtue which she requires in the lives of her members. Religion is estimated from the examples of it which are under observation. Protestants do not, as a rule, read Catholic books but they read Catholic men, and are more influenced by his actions than they would be by any exposition of Catholic doctrine. When they see the truth and love which he claims to possess moulding his life they are disposed to give no credence to calumny, and they get a right view One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, it is its own witness and proves itself. The only way to attract the multitude who are without is to preach. and genuine Catholicism.

STRAIGHT AND TRUE

"It is useless," said a Catholic writer, "to contrive some way of thing to his own advantage. Go bringing it down to their level, to invent a policy or system conformed to their particular traditions and custome by tankering with hierarchical try what you can do for men rather and liturgical forms and order. It than what you can make them do for is not strict ecclesiastical discipline you : and you will know what it is with which the Church clothes herself which are repulsive. The public service of the Church will not be made more attractive by a puritan reformation that scandalizes right. thinking people in insubordination and disrespect towards bishops, divisions and disputes of the clergy, resort to the newspaper methods of partisan warfare, sloveliness about churches and their precincts and everything else which shows a disregard of ecclesiastical discipline. Of course, serious moral delinquency of ecclesiastics and the scandals of the hangers-on and camp followers of the Catholic community, the saloon keepers and the saloon frequenters. are still worse. In short, just so far as Catholic ideal is carried out in practice, the religion is honored and respected in the world, and all deviations from it have the contrary

THE FERN AND ITS LESSON

A forest has many suggestions of a cathedral—there are alsles carpeted with pine needles or with mosses, stealing all noises from the foot," leafy domes, giant pillars, clerestory windows, shadowy cloisters, subdued lights, russet-coated choristers, all suggestive of worship.

ship of the forest is in silence. In Germany's golden age of literature that living Cathedral things honour and the graceful arts was when she God by simply growing. Pine trees and firs, beeches and oaks, add to her into dangerous courses. The their stateliness and strength. At their feet are the ferns, unable to compete with the trees, experiencing difficulty in living near those con querors, monopolizers of the bounties of heaven. Yet they do livethese children of the shade and scanty fortune, like Wordsworth's happy warrior turning their loss to glorious gain, and in necessity finding a secret of beauty and fragrance.

The explanation of the fern, we are told, is in the law of adaptation. In the struggle for existence the fern is a conqueror. Yet our scientific explanations scarcely penetrate the surface of the ultimate mysteries. No man knows the secret of the fern. There is no one who can deeply explain for us the "mind" or "instinct "or "power" making for adaptation that produces those nets of fronds for taking captive each straying sunbeam, each golden opportunity of a fern's life. Thoreau was not far wrong in saying simply that when God wished to make the flowerless plants He made ferns just to

show what He could do." Low in the scale of evolution, these beautiful flowerless things are rich in suggestion for living. In the shade of the forest there is wealth of inspiration. Like the ferns many of us also must often accept the conditions of our lives. They may not be our choice, but they are our opportunity. We also have only as we conquer. And the conquest is to flourish where others would starveto turn our poverty into wealth. How change of international Catholic fragrant and full the life that thus

grown in the shade! How inspiring is the example of those who like R. L. Stevenson, thus conquer! "For fourteen years," he wrote, "I have not had a day's real health. I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary, yet I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in hemorrhages, in sickness, when my head swam for weakness. And the battle goes on, ill or well is a trifle, so it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be the dingy, unglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle." But he yet hoped and believed, saw the good in the inch and clung to it. He played the man, and industry abounded with cheerfulness. He found treasure in the shadows, and, like the ferns, his life breathes fragrance and whispers hope to all who sojourn there, in the shade. And life has, perhaps, not more beautiful scenes than the silent

DO IT NOW

worship of such heroic living.

No man can live happily who regards himself alone, who turns everyforth into the busy world and interest yourself in its life : mingle kindly with its joys and sorrows; to have men yours, better than if you were their master.

Do not let us wait to be just or pitiful or demonstrative towards those we love until they or we are stricken down by illness or threatened with death. Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling the dark journey with us. Be swift to love, make haste to be kind.

"THE BRAVE LITTLE PRIEST"

The Rev. John Gwynn, S. J., chaplain to the Irish Guards whose death occurred on October 12 of wounds which he received while in a dug out with the colonel. The following ount of his heroic devotion to duty during the fighting round Hill

70 is given by an Irish Guardeman : Father Gwynn was known among the boys as "the brave little priest." Early in the war he was seriously England. During the terrible fight. ing recently Father Gwynn was again at his post. I saw him just be-fore he died. Shrapnel and bullets were being showered upon us in all

Hundreds of our lads dropped. Father Gwynn was undismayed. seemed to be all over the place trying to give the Last Sacrament to the next moment I saw nothing but a great heap of earth. The plight of the wounded concealed beneath was harrowing. Out of the ground came cries of "Father, Father, Father," from those who were in their death agonies. Then as if by a miracle Father Gwynn was seen to fight his way through the earth. He must have been severely injured, but he went on blessing the wounded and hearing their confessions. The last I saw of him was kneeling by the side of a German soldier. It was a scene to make you cry. The shells continued to explode about the rounded, but they could not stop a little English priest from doing his duty even to a dying German.—London Times.

NOTED SPANISH PRIEST

BROTHER OF LATE SPANISH PREMIES DIES BEFORE GREAT PLAN IS

CARRIED TO COMPLETION Madrid, Oct. 20, 1915,-The island of Mallorea mourns the death of Father Miguel Maura, the brother of the late Premier of Spain He had been for twenty years the life and soul of the island, where he was rector of the Seminary of Palma di Mallorca, whose priests are famous throughout Spain for their learning and piety. He also founded the Eacharistic Centre, which supplies poor churches with the necessaries of worship. As a writer and journal ist he was well known, and was a warm upholder of the Catholic press, to which he contributed with pen and money. Amongst his devotional works the best known perhaps out-side Spain is the "Eucharistic Har-monies." His loss makes one wooder when, if ever, his fine project will be realized-namely, to introduce Catholics to an international library of Catholic writers, selected from each country, whose works would be trans lated into the various European

QUEBEC AND THE WAR

PLAIN SPEECH AND CLEAR DISTINCTION

It is curious that The Globe and other Liberal newspapers should be so peremptory in their demands for a greater Canadian army and so tolwould expect the attention of the press to be directed to communities from which there is no response and those districts and Provinces where the answer is prompt and generous. A common obligation lies upon all the Canadian Provinces. Qaebec is bound by a double loyalty to the Old World. From Great Britain she derives her free institutions. By British power and prestige these institutions are maintained. With France she has racial kinship and ties of language. In time of peace she professes devotion to France and her statesmen who cross the sea never fail to receive recognition at the French capital. Way, then, should the burden of a great war, which threatens the existence of France, Great Britain and Canada fall almost exclusively upon the English speaking people in so far as the contribution of Canada goes? The Globe deplores "the effect pro-

duced in the Province of Quebec by recent intemperate and uninformed Ontario press." It quotes from an Quebec Conservative leader of Cabinet rank," who probably was born only a few days ago for this particular purpose, a protest against the false and slanderous statements made by a certain class of bigots throughout the Dominion, but particularly in the Province of Ontario. He is reported as saying that he is "sick and tired" of hearing the question, "why are the French Canadians and Catholics not enlisting?' This newborn Quebec Conservative leader declares: "When I see respectable papers like the Toronto Daily News almost daily trumping up some charge against our people and continually nagging at them I feel dis-heartened and discouraged." He estimates that 8,500 French Cana dians are under arms for Overses service and that among the Canadian born who have enlisted the French Canadians have an equal

May we say that we have not "nagged" at Quebec. For twelve months, although we knew that there was practically no recruiting in Quebec, the Daily News, like other newspapers in Ontario, said nothing. We believed that later Quebec would respond and that French-Canadians, like English-speaking Canadians, would do their duty by Canada and the Empire. The mythical correspondent of The Globe declares that 8,500 French Canadians are under arms for oversea service. We greatly fear that half this num ber would be an extravagant estimate. Moreover, the total desertions from those who were induced to enlist has been distressing. As tion goes that the priests are pre-yet, indeed, the French people of venting recruiting, this is a lie. The the Last Sacrament to the Quebec are not in the war. Unless pastoral letter of the Bishops is being Once I thought he was buried they do their duty Canada must be lived up to by the clergy, and almost Yet though the birds keep matins dying. Once I thought he was buried and vespers in song, the deepest wor. alive, for a shell exploded within a live, for a shell exploded within a live of lived up to by the cliergy, and the exposed to invidious comparison as every day the newspaper L'Action against Australia and New Z saland. Catholique, published in Quebec our people only a beggarly few thousands of soldiers are obtained the dispropration must be ba an el elsewhere. It has also to be re-membered that we have nearly a million Germans, Austrians and other elements who will send few men to the front. Thus a heavy load will fall upon English-speaking Canada if, out of 7 500,000 or 8,000, 000 people, more than 3 000,000 are practically unrepresented in battle. We cannot believe that Quebec will continue to be unresponsive, and no newspaper can be more ready than applaud the French people of Canada when they begin to do their manifest duty. We make no charge of cowardice against the French Canadians. So far as we can learn any such insinuation against the

few French Canadians who are serving in France and Flanders would be a cruel and malicious slander. When "a Quebec Conservative leader of Cabinet rank" complains that newspapers of Ontario allege that "French-Canadians and Catholics are not enlisting," he deliberate ly attempts to create a new issue and to excite religious as well as racial feeling. So far as English-speaking Catholics are concerned hey have responded freely to the call of Canada and the Empire. No one in this Province thinks of attacking the Catholic Church in this connection. But it is the habit of French agitators to treat every French question as a Catholic ques tion, to insist that only those who speak the French language can be loyal to the Church, and to argue that any criticism of the French-speaking majority in Quebec is necessarily a criticism of the Eng-lish-speaking Catholic minority in the other Provinces.—The Toronto Daily News.

Friendship should never be over-

QUEBEC RECRUITING

HITS RIGHT AND LEFT

The malign elements that seek to se the war as a means of arousing antagonism between the people of Ontario and Quebec are producing results. Here the publication of Lavergue's wild words and Bourassa's false philosophy is made the occasion for reflections on the loyalty of the French Canadian people in the mistaken belief that the Nationalist firebrands speak for a large proportion of the population of Quebec. In the eastern Province the fantastic pretence of those who take up collections for "the wounded of Ontario"—that is to say, for the promotion of French teaching in the schools of this Province in a manner and to a degree contrary to the school law—leads the habitants to believe that their compatriots in Eastern and Northern Ontario are denied rights guaranteed by law, and privileges to which they have a moral if not a strictly legal claim.

grievances when the nation should be united as one man is evil work, Good citizens will take no part in stirring up domestic strife, and will seek to diminish rather than augfrom the carrying on of government at this critical time. The effect produced in the Province of Quebec by recent intemperate and uninformed criticism by a certain section of the Ontario Press is well illustrated by the following extracts from a letter written by a Quebec Conservative leader of Cabinet rank to a friend

The exploitation of imaginary

say, of hearing the question put to you: 'Why are the French Canadians and Catholics not enlisting?' I was, and just as the New England am absolutely disgasted at the false Puritans were. If they are able to and slanderous statements made by a certain class of bigots throughout the Dominion, but particularly in the Province of Ontario. One would think that under present circumstances everybody would work for unity of purpose and bury as deeply as possible any antagonism between the different races. On the contrary, certain people, in Ontario especially, are bent upon finding the French Canadians at fault, and are sowing the seeds of discord and disunion which will some day mature into such a harvest that I pity those who will have to reap it. If this were left to a certain class of fanatics it would not be so bad, but when I see respectable papers like the Toronto News almost daily trumping up some charge against our people and continually nagging at them I feel dis-heartened and discouraged.

'It looks as if a certain class of extremists in the country, to carry out some purpose which I do not see, is determined to create a feeling against the Province of Quebec and the French Canadians which will make the position of the latter intolerable in the Confederation. Let me tell you that as far as the asserthe official organ of Cardinal Beginis encouraging our people to do their duty toward the country and the Empire. As for enlistment amongs French Canadians, I took the trouble the other day to telephone the Militia Department and was assured that up to now, as far as could be ascertained, 8 500 French Canadians were under arms for overseas service Upon the whole, out of the total number of Canadian born enlisted men, the French Canadians have an equal proportion of recruits, and probably more."

The Globe publishes this statement with pleasure. It shows that the public men of Quebec see their duty and are seeking to do it. The number of recruits of French-Cana dian birth does not seem large in proportion to the total population but it must be remembered that out side of Montreal and Quebec there are few urban centres of importance The bulk of the people are still tillers of the soil, and we must not forget that there are rural sections of Ontario, where the daily paper is far more frequently taken than in Quebec, that would not show up at all well were recruiting figures published. This is no time for a dis cussion as to whether recruiting is less brisk in the townships than in the towns, in Quebec than in Ontario. The urgent duty of all good citizens is to encourage recruiting everywhere by every legitimate Quebec and Ontario would be equally under the harrow were Prussian militarism to become dominant throughout the world. They are equally concerned in making that impossible.—The Toronto Globe.

TWO SIGNS

To take a Catholic paper is an evidence of interest in Catholic views as well as Catholic news. To stop a Catholic paper is evidence of a loss of interest in things Catholic. -Catholic Citizen.

"FULL SPEED AHEAD!"

We are living in abnormal times, and abnormal times beget reformers.
And unless all signs fail, we are going to be reformed before this War is over in more ways than we now dream of. We have reformed the Johnson-Willard fight pictures off the boards in spite of the fact that the Previous Government had the Provincial Government had given its consent to their production for patriotic purposes. We have reformed the bars to a half time sched ule. In many places we have put the men in uniform on the Indian list : and now the W. C. T. U. would cut off our smokes, including those of the men doing our fighting for us in

The reformers, in these times of strife and action, have tasted blood and will not be satisfied until they have drained the last drop. They are on the trail like so many bloodhounds. And from their point of view they are right. There never was a more opportune time to reform everybody and everything. The mind just now is open to reforms and the W. C. T. U. the Ministerial Associations, Committees of Forty, Lord's Day Alliance, and other or ganizations are alive to the fact. All one has to do is to purpose some reform, such, for instance, as shutting off your wife's face powder, to have

it carried unanimously.

A year ago the action of the Ontario Government in closing the salcons at 8 p. m. would have been met with yells of delight by these reformers. And now they profess to be not satisfied. If the Government had made the hour 7, 6 or 5 o'clock, leader of Cabinet rank to a friend protesting against the conduct of a Conservative paper in this Province:
"If you are sick and tired, as you like the excellent politicians they are you bearing the question put to the conduct of a conservative paper in this province:

"If you are sick and tired, as you like the excellent politicians they are you bearing the question put to the conduct of the are. They are out for reform all around the clock, just as Cromwell enact a law whereby you are obliged to don a silk hat on a Sunday morning and walk to church, or else go to jail, they will do it, mark my words. Cromwell did it, the New England Puritans did it, why not they?

The W. C. T. U., in convention at Ottawa, recently, charged the Red.

Ottawa recently, charged the Red Cross and other patriotic societies with misappropriating funds when they sent cigarettes to the front. "We believe that all who sent cigarettes to soldiers at the front are partizans in this national crime, for we know not how many are responsible for many of the casualties which tion. Just where the partisanship responsible for casualties. I am unable to state. Perhaps the cigarette smoke got into the men's eyes, or perhaps they set a trench on fire with a cigar butt.

War is a great c'eanser, for the time being—a species of mental chloride, and like chloride, an overdose will in time become obnoxious. There is where our danger lies. It will be remembered that the old gossip Pepys, commenting on the reign of Charles II., wondered how much of the unenviable notoriety of that period was due to the reaction from artificial Puritanism, and how much from Charles' cynical selfish.

LIEUT. O'LEARY, V. C.

TRANSFERRED TO 1ST BATTALION CONNAUGHT RANGERS

At last Sergeant Michael O'Leary has got the well-deserved commission which was long ago predicted for him. The gallant Irish V. C. man, who arrived on Monday back from the fighting line, has been given a lieutenancy in the 1st Battalion of the Connaught Rangers. He left the same night for Ireland, where he spend a few days visiting his home in the South. Lieut. O'Leary ex-pects on resuming duty in his new rank to participate in the fighting in the Near East. In addition to the ribbon of the Victoria Cross, he was wearing the ribbon of the Cross of St. George, a distinction conferred on him by the Czar of Russia.—Edin-

CLERGYMAN AND CLERGYMAN'S SON CONVERTED

A London journal (says" H. G. G." that is always up-to-date in regard to the ever increasing conversions from Anglicanism recorded recently yet another conversion from the ranks of the Church of England clergy. This was Rev. James Cormack, late curate of the Eton Mission, Hackney Wick, and St. Clement's, Notting Hill He was received into the Church by Father John Eskrigge, of the Oblates of St. Charles, at St. Francis' Church Notting Hill; and has since gone to Friburg in Switzerland, where the Oblates have a Novice House, with a view to entering on the priesthood. This makes the eleventh Anglican clergy convert reported in the last five months. There is also announced the conversion of Lieut. L. Barrow, son of the rector of All Saints,' Hastings, who was received by Mgr. Cocks, years ago.—Catholic Herald.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In London there has been opened house of studies for convert clergy.

The Catholic population of the Archdiocese of Dublin, Ireland, is about 429,000. There are nearly 600 priests in that diocess.

General Castelnau, the French commander, has just lost a third son in the war. The General is a Catho-

"John Ayscough" is senior chap-lain of the British forces in France. His real name is Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bick-

The mosaic of the Crucifixion of St. Peter in St. Peter's Basilica, Rome, required ten years for two

artists to finish. Rev. John Danihy, S. J., of St. Louis, Mo, has been appointed dir-ector of the School of Journalism of Marquette University, succeeding the

late Rev. John Edwin Copus, S. J. The famous theological seminary at the University of Innebruck, in the Tyrol, has been closed on account of the war. The seminary (Konvikt) has been converted into a

Red Cross Hospital. On his last birthday, King George of England decorated Mother Ste. Lucie, provincial of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, with the Imperial Medal of Honor.

Among the soldiers who have fallen at the front during the past few days, says a Rome dispatch, is Count della Volpe, nephew of Cardinal della Volpe, who holds the office of Camerengo at the Vatican.

Word has been received from the war zone that the Rev. E. D. Croisier, O. M. I., who, at the opening of hostilities, was stationed at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Duluth, Minn., was recently killed by a hand grenade in the first line of trenches

The Osservatore Romano, the official organ of the Vatican, prints an authorized denial that Prince von Bulow, the former German Chancellor, and Monsignor Marchetti, Papal Delegate to Switzerland, have met in

The yourgest soldier of the British army to receive the Victoria Cross is Lance Corporal Dwyer, who is only nineteen years old. He won the V. C. for holding, single handed, a trench against the Germans during the fighting around the famous Hill

Several halls in the Quirinal palace have been converted into wards for wounded Italian soldiers, and the Pauline Chapel, in which the conclaves were formerly held and in which Pius IX., was elected Pope in 1846, is to be used as a chapel for soldiers.

The Most Rev. Thomas O'Shea, S. M., Coadjutor Archbishop of Wellington, New Zealand, now visiting this country, is authority for the statement that the Church in New Zealand is very strong and is grow-ing rapidly. In 1840, there were only 500 Catholics. Now they num-ber one in seven out of a population of over 1.000,000.

The tower of the Cathedral of Milan is ascended by 494 steps. On the outside of the Cathedral are 1 923 marble statues : in the inside are 680 statues. The Cathedral has 135 spires or pinnacles. Its length is 500 feet; its width 186 feet. It is the most glorious marble edifice in the world.

A Verona priest has solved the problem of the scarcity of wool, which will be abundantly needed by the Alpine troops during the forthcoming winter campaign. He has discovered a substitute consisting of pressed feathers, the advantage being that they make lighter, warmer and cheaper clothing than

An International News special announces that Sister Rosina, of Kempton, as a heroine, lately decorated with the iron and the Bavarian military crosses. In one of the battlefields near St. Mihiel this gentle disciple of the gentle Christ carried no fewer than seven maimed soldiers from the firing line and staunched the wounds of an officer bleeding to death.

Ireland is again wrapped in sor row, for close on the loss of the Bishop of Dromore comes that of Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, whose illness was chronicled recently. He passed away in the seventieth year

of his age. He was within three years of celebrating his sacredotal golden jubilee and his episcopal silver jubiles. He was a native of Cork and an alumnus of Maynooth and was one of the most ardent temperance reformers in Ireland, being a pioneer of the League of the

In spite of its reputation as a land but a short time ago given over to cannibalism, Fiji has a native sisterhood numbering now about fifty members. These women follow the rnle of the European Sisters in the mission. Their dress is blue and simply made to suit the country. It is conspicuous only by the absence of stockings, shoes and head-dress. The native Sisters help the nuns in of St. Peter's, Hove, one of the The native Sisters help the nuns in Brighton converts of two or three all branches of work, and take almost all the care of children.

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER XXXI

After leaving Virginia, Mr. David-son went to the jailer, to whom he wed the order that Howard Dallas

and written. "Is the lady a relative of

prisoner?" questioned the man.
"Not a relative," said Mr. Davidson, confidentially, "but something
dearer to him. This will be their ast meeting, in all probability, on this side of the grave, for she is to come Howard Dallas's wife to w. Do you see, now, why has been so much leniency morrow. shown your prisoner?

The man bowed his head, and Mr. Davidson, catching his muttered "Poor girl!" knew that by imparting that little confidence he had obviated any difficulty to the intended visitor. At half-past three o'clock a closed carriage stopped at the jail door. From it descended Mr. Davidson and a lady dressed in deep black and heavily veiled. She seemed to walk with great difficulty, and more than once stumbled and would have fallen if it had not been for the supporting m of her escort ; and as the jailer bserved those signs of weakness, all his sympathy was aroused. He went to the door of the cell, and unlocking it, said: "Visitors to see you, sir," and was turning abruptly away when Mr. Davidson, withdrawing his arm from his companion's hand, said o him, "I would rather let them be alone for a while ;" so the two men

walked down the corridor.

Clay Powell had arisen from his at the unexpected announcement, and turned to see the tall black-clad figure standing alone before him. One gloved hand closed the cell door, the other threw back the heavy veil, and as his eyes fell claimed, but in low tones :

Then he langhed, as they clasped

hands, for Hal was saying : 'For heaven's sake, embrace me weep over me! call me pet names the jailer's looking, though Mr. Davidson swore on the Bible that he'd drag him out of hearing distance. By Jove! I wouldn't have web of romance woven around me, Clay, as we've given that illy out there about you, not if I ad to take another six months in Columbus. Yes, I was there, with Morgan, Hines, and the rest of them. We just got out two days ago. Tun-nelled through; Hines's plan; clever fellow is Hines. When we got to Ludlow we heard that the Federal Government has been entertaining you since July, and we thinking that you were with Breckinridge shooting Yanka.' We don't believe in imposing too much on the hospitality such kind friends as you seem to have here in Georgetown, so the General sent me for you post-haste. He will want you to be before him in

your place here until to night, when I will avail myself of the neat plan that has been made for your escape. Now. Hal, there is a meaning be hind all this," interrupted Powell. I must know what it is first. Is it that my plan to escape has been discovered, and to save me you are put-

Nashville, and as Morgan's riding to

liberty, you'll have to travel pretty

rapidly to be there on time. Half an hour's the limit to this visit.

Peel off those stripes, for you're going back with Davidson. I'll take

ting yourself in my shoes?' blue eyes and handsome young face as he said:
"I'd do it for you, Clay, and gladly,

as you know!" and Clay Powell reached out and grasped the boy's right hand, as he answered :

'And you know, Hal, that not even the command of Morgan could make me accept freedom, with you left in

I know it." he replied. "But there is no risk for me in your going to liberty a few hours sooner than you had anticipated."

"But give me the reason why I should do it?" asked Clay Powell. Hal heaitated. He could not be tray his knowledge of Virginia's love for this man, which had never been admitted, because poverty had sealed Clay Powell's lips. After a moment's thought, he said:

"My friend, there is a reason—a grave, strong reason, but its nature such that a gentleman can not Dallas reveal it : no, not even if you were to refuse to comply with my request unless I told you. I give you my word of honor that I run no more risk in taking your place here for the bed, with his face on the pillows next few hours than you do by re maining: while your acceptance of freedom from my hands," and he paused deliberately after the words, will save from a world of pain and

sorrow one I love." "One question," interposed Powell. and when he metioned me away with his hand, it—it didn't look like the Bave ?

"No." said Hal. "I do not understand why you urge this on me, but I trust you, Hal," he said. "And remember, that if evil come to you from this, you have thrown a shadow on all my

Nothing will happen to me unless between this hour and 10 o'clock tonight the jailer decides to prevent your escape. Have you any reason to think he will do this?"

None whatever," replied Clay

Powell. Then I shall not be far behind you on the way to Nashville. New pet into my dress, and be careful when you walk. I tripped at every "Checkmate, Howard!"

step. How do women manage these petticoats, I wonder, and yet glide Soon the change of attire was

made, and as they waited for the jailer's signal Hal said:
"Do you observe that I have turned my chestnut locks to raven? Now when you have taken your departure I, in the poignancy of my—that is, Clay Powell's—grief, will throw my-selffacedownward on the bed. There will be no light hair to give the cage watcher a hint of what we've done so he will naturally suppose that I am sorrow-stricken at parting from you, and will leave me alone with my bitter thoughts. Even supper will not wile me from my pillow. So I'll get away, and no one but those inrested in it will ever know what a

deception was practiced.' At this point, Mr. Davidson entered say that the time would be up in five minutes.

"We are ready," said Hal, lightly then he suddenly grew sober, and drawing Mr. Davidson aside, he said:

"I have not the slightest fear that the plan laid tor Clay Powell's escape will miscarry. But if it should, and I meet the fate that was intended for him, give these messages to those dear to me: Tell Virginia that I love her, and that no knight ever went to honor, or death, wearing his lady's favor more willingly, gladly, than I will go to save her from a fate which would never be hers while I had a hand to aim a gun at that villain's black heart. As I know she loves me, I feel that she would rather hat I died the stainless death of a gentleman and a soldier, than take the crime of his murder on my soul. Tell my father that my filial devotion is unchanged; that I obeyed him in life, but that death has freed me from the ban he laid upon me, and Harold Todd, dead, demands what was forbidden to Harold Todd, living—re-turn to Cardome. It I die to morrow see to it that they clothe me (or what was me) in the unitorm of a Confed. erate officer-Job brought my sword which was Phil's to Willow-wildand that they give me the burial that befits a soldier and a Todd. Then, Hal's voice grew low and tender when it is all over, find Lucy Menefee, and say to her that I could not return as I promised, but that I will keep her kiss until she comes to

where I am !" He turned abruptly and joined Powell, just as the jailer's signal sounded down the long corridor. Mr. Davidson went out to mest him The two friends clapsed hands in a silent farewell, then Hal flung himself on the bed, while Powell, draw ing down the heavy veil, stepped out of his cell, closing the door after him The jailer, with one glance at the prostrate figure on the bed, turned the key in the bolt; then in silence accompanied the visitors to the prison door and watched them as they entered the carriage.

"Poor girl!" he thought, adding "And poor fellow! Life's a curious tangle, surely!" and with a sigh he returned to his post of duty, in the long, gloomy corridor.

CHAPTER XXXII

Howard Dallas, riding Lome the evening of that day, was stopped by the sight of a body of cavalry slowly filing out of the narrow street into the main thoroughfare. As the captain approached, he halted, and in response to Dallas's question, replied that word had reached General Burbridge that one of the Confederate prisoners was to be released that night, and they had been ordered here to guard the jail until the morn-A beautiful gleam came to Hal's ing. His listener's face paled, but the escape of the prisoners, and the so rapidly, his pride would permit ue eyes and handsome young face the semi darkness screened him from order was instantly obeyed. The the sharp eyes of the soldier, who

asked ; "Will you direct me to the prison?

'I will conduct you to it," said Dallas, instantly wheeling his horse.
As he rede back his head was low on his breast. Who had betrayed him -Mandy, Davidson, or had Virginia decided that the life of a lover was not worth the price that had been de manded? When he reached the prison he dismounted and called for the jailor, to whom, in a few words, he conveyed the intelligence of the soldier's coming and the reason therefor. Then he asked:

"How many Confederates have you ?'

'Seven." replied the jailer. See to it that before daylight tomorrow one of the prisoners changes places with Mr. Powell," said Howard

"There's something the matter with him, sir," said the man. "Since the lady and gentleman were here he's acted rather queer; lies on his wouldn't come to supper, and when I brought him a cup of coffee, refused to lift his head. And, sir," the jailer was stumbling over his words, for he feared the man before him, "his figure doesn't seem like it used to, and—

"Well ?" asked Dallas. "I may be mistaken, sir, but I think a different woman went out from the one that came in."

His listener repressed an exclama tion of rage, then said calmly: 'Let us assure ourselves. Lead the way to his cell."

Hal, who had expected no other intrusion, had risen and was pacing his narrow room, when the door was suddenly unlecked and the light from the jailer's lantern flooded the place The game was up. So he folded his arms, turned, and he saw Howard Dallas: a soft laugh broke from his

saying, with his smile :

"Not at all. I've still another move to make. Enough of Burbridge's soldiers are outside to stand three deep around this jail; and since you so loved danger, you must take Clay Powell's place to morrow."

'A Kentuckian would face a worse fate to save a countryman and a friend," said Hal, proudly. "And your brother commands the

His voice will order your death. "A Todd would be the last to know

regret because a man performs his duty," replied Hai. "And," finished Howard Dallas,

"Miss Castleton will marry me to-night instead of to-morrow morning."
"Checkmate, Howard," said Hal, laughing softly. "And so I win the game." Then he added: "And it is well for you that I released Virginia from her promise, for I had an old score to first settle with you, and you know in such a reckoning a Tedd was never yet the vanquished. Now was never yet the vanduland. Now we part. I go to the death you brought me; you, to the life received from my hands. But take this knowledge with you: Hal Todd, who will be shot before another day for a negro's murder, would not

"Do you countermend your order?" asked the jailer, in trembling tones as he followed Howard Dallas down the corridor. But he received no reply until they reached the door, when the young man paused and, half turning, said:

"Dead men tell no tales."

He mounted his horse, rode for half an hour into the country, his head bent deep in thought; then he rode back again and drew rein at the house Virginia now called her home, When the surprised servant admitted him, he took a card from his pocket and, scribbling on it a few words, bade her take it to her mistress. Then he went into the parlor, whose only light was that thrown out from the logs burning in the fireplace. chair and low stool stood before the wide heartstone, and the never-satisfled craving of the man's heart made

him gasp out: Ah, if she, or some woman, only loved me!" Then a footfall sounded in the hall, and turning toward the door, he saw Virginia. She came to the fireplace, and the faint light showed her something on the face and in the attitude of her visitor that appeared to her very unusual; but before she could analyze it, he asked:

' Are we alone, or are there listening ears again behind the curtain? 'I do not know," said Virginia, with a drawing back of her figure that was more eloquent than many words, and he felt his face grow warmer and all his wild hatred against this woman rekindling in his heart.

Your card said you wished to see me on a matter of vital importance?" she questioned.

I am not forgetting that nor your words of the morning," he replied. Have you seen Mr. Davidson?

No. "Or had any message from him or Mr. Powell ?' "Do you know why he failed to

all for you this afternoon to keep his engagement ?" I do not. "Mandy informed on me. Mrs. Powell ordered Burbridge to send Unionists are now lined around the prison, and a mouse could not pass unmolested through their lines." He ooked at her keenly to catch any sign of emotion, but none was visible

and he felt this calmness was the calmness of unbelief. "I perceive you do not believe me," he said coldly. "With your permission I will send a servant for Mandy, and give him orders to pass the jail on his way back?" "Do," she said, for Mr. Davidson's

parting words were ringing in her ears. He despatched the servant and then went to the library; and each alone, waited the return of the mes senger. When Mandy came into the presence of Virginia and saw Howard Dallas entering the parler from the library, all her boldness disappeared. She threw herself on her knees and

Oh, Marse, I nevah tole ole Mis Powell! I swah foh God I didn't! W'en I wenthome I tole my blue-gum an' --an' he runned off an' tele his mammy, spite ut me, an' she tell Mis Powell, an' she sen's him off foh de sojer men. "Oh foh God's sake, Miss 'Ginia, save me! Marse Dallas yain't got no pity," and she crept like

a snake toward Virginia.

"Are there any soldiers around the jail?" asked Dallas, of the other negro.
"Yes, sah; hundreds uv'em," re

plied the man. Then Dallas dis missed Mandy. Are you convinced that I am telling you the truth?" he asked of Virginia, "or shall I send for the jailer and let you hear from his own lips that all escape for the prisoner

has been shut off. Yes, send for him," she said. He ordered the negro to go for the jailer. In a very short time the messenger was back, saying as Dallas knew he would, that the soldiers would not permit him to enter the grounds; and then Dallas saw that Virginia's face grew ghastly in the

For the moment, the sudden reali-zation of what had been done silenced for if he has crossed my path, it was reached the South and was coming the other; but in the next, he was unconsciously. Yet I would not back at the head of twenty thousand turn a step out of my way to save him, if I had not a purpose in doing so. I had one; now I have two; and my second is to prove to Mrs. Powell that the person who enters on a game of wits with me must be shrewder than even she is, to come out the victor. She thinks there are only two Confederate soldiers in the Georgetown jail, whereas there are seven; and I have ordered that one of them change cells with Clay Powell. The soldiers orders are to see that the inmate of cell number eight is executed. When he is marched off to his fate they return to Lexington, and before his substitute is dead Clay Powell has gained

> He thought he heard a deep breath as of relief, still she made no reply. A silence followed, in which Dallas mind ran over the plans he had made during that half-hour's ride into the country.

freedom '

"Burbridge has sent for me," he began. "I surmise for what — my trying to effect Clay Powell's escape. When that is accomplished, I doubt not but Mrs. Powell will pursue me tertains for her other enemies: but if can placate Burbridge, I am sate. for a negro's murder, would have change places with Howard Dallas for the longest life ever allowed to man, not for all the wealth and glory man. I have run a great risk to do this, with the soldiers of the govern-ment around me; but that has not deterred me. Now I ask you to waive one of your rights-the receipt of Clay Powell's written acknowledg-ment of his freedom—and marry me

" I will not," she said, calmly. have promised to marry you when I know from his note that, through your efforts. Colonel Powell is free. will fulfil my part of the contract then; not a minufe before—no, not if a thousand tongues were to tell me he is safe."

He had expected that answer, and with the smile which the firelight was not strong enough to reveal, he looked upon her, then said, slowly: "I can come back to morrow morr

ing, and " - his words flashing out like the forked tongue of the fire and you will have need to fear that you made me come."
"A Castleton, man or woman,
never felt fear," she cried. "And

remember my words to you this morning. Do not make me repeat them to-night." 'Mad woman !" he cried,

springing to her he caught her hands;

crushing them between his, he forced her into a seat. "There, sit there, and listen to me! You thought that night at the Park I wanted to offer you marriage. Instead, I wanted to tell you that, as my attentions-which I assure you were not the outcome of my heart's devotion—were distasteful to you, and as I knew that the man you at last could love had come into your world, I was willing to withdraw, leave you undisturbed and happy, on one condition. Yes, Miss Castleton, I felt it in me for once to be magnanimous, but youwell you, with the great vanity of your sex, thought when a man asked to see you alone he had an offer of marriage to make. Now, set me down for all time as a brute, if you wish, but believe me you are the last woman to inspire in me one feeling of love or passion. I could hate you, do hate you, well enough. But what we do not delight in. I knew that Davidson would be along in time to save Clay Powell. That accomsoldiers to guard the jail and prevent | plished, and with your fortune going determined that as you had not scrupled to destroy my happiness. neither should I permit you t into yours undisturbed. But I have a proposition to make toyou. It will be dangerous for me to come back here to morrow, for if Mrs. Powell brings out a case against me, I may taste the punishment of our paternal government. Marry me to night, and I will give you a written promise never to enter your presence unbid-der, never to divulge this marriage, never to make a claim on you. will go our different ways. I do not look for the peace and joy of home and love. I am determined that you, who thrust yourself between me and these, shall not taste them That is my revenge. You can save yourself from the wretched life of an

unloved wife. Will you do it ?" "Yes," she cried, rising to her feet; for was not this God's answer to long days and nights of prayer? When will you be ready?" he

asked, not surprised.
"In half an hour," she said. "But remember, the lawyer must come with the clergyman.'

"I assure you I have as much desire to secure my own freedom as you have your safety," he said, with his cruel smile, and bowing, he with drew. As he was mounting, a horse men came riding madly down the

street, and drawing up, cried : For God's sake, tell me where is

"I am going that way," replied Dallss, keenly noting the man's face and dress. As then passed a street lamp, he recognized one of Burbridge's orderlies.

exclaimed. now?

and the General sent a force to guard

men. He's striking straight for Lexington, and says that he will not leave a Union soldier or citizen alive in it. Morgan's at large, so we don't dare trust the telegraph. The General sent three of us by different routes down with orders for those soldiers to return immediately.'

"What about the prisoners here?" The question embarrassed the man but he finally said:

"The General's orders are that the two sentenced to be shot are to die at moonrise to night.' "And that is military ?" asked

Howard Dallas.
"It is not the death for a soldier to give or receive," said he, with dignity, as he drew himself up. "It is 7 o'clock," said Dallas, "and

the moon rises in half an hour. You made good time. There is the jail. Good night, Fred."

As the fingers of the old hall clock pointed to the half hour, Virginia Castleton descended the stairs, accompanied by the weeping Chloe The mistress' face showed like alabaster above the black of her dress but her step was firm and no trace of the emotion that was sweeping over the heart of her faithful companion disturbed her dead, cold calm. The minister, who had married her mother and father and baptized her-self, was standing by a little stand, on which rested his bo ok and spectacles and two candles, in their silver holders. By the library table sat an old his troubled eves bent lawver. over the paper on which he had written a few lines. On the hearthstone, his face turned toward the door, stood Howard Dallas. Virginia went to the clergyman and laid a

steady hand in the trembling one.
"Virginia, my child," he began,
tremulously, "what is the meaning of tremulously, this? Where are your friends on such an occasion? Why do I see you coming to the bridal altar dressed in black and attended by a negro woman? My child, my child!" and his emotion smothered the words that the faithful heart prompted.

"My good friend," said Virginia, "it is strange. You can not understand it and never may; only trust me. need not ask you to keep inviolate

The lawyer had now risen and was rossing the room, the paper in his hand. His face wore a troubled expression, and as he reached Virginia's side, he said :

"My dear Miss Castleton, the pape I was told it was your wish for me to prepare is ready for the signature of the gentleman you are to marry There is something plainly wrong in this union, and forgive ac old man i I ask you to pause a while, or, at least, give to me or your dear friend here an explanation. There are some things young minds do not understand that are plain and simple

to those of wider experience."
"I thank you for the friendship which prompts those words," said Virginia, "but there are also some hings which no human power can heln. This act of mine is one." old man bowed his head and read to her the words he had written, then returned to the table and motioned to Howard Dallas. He crossed the floor slowly, and taking the pape from the lawver's hand, studied it for a few minutes. While his eyes travelled over the lines, many thoughts—some good, some bad flitted through his mind. Suppose he should grow to love this woma whom he here solemnly promised never again to see contrary to her wishes? Suppose he should find somewhere in the world a woman loved, and he legally the husband of another? Suppose he should love again, and he with his own hand had placed a barrier between himself and happiness? Then he remembered his and terrible talk; I wanted to proscorn and hatred, her knowledge of all his base deeds and deceits had actions: her love for that other man, because of his stainless honor and proud, lofty soul; the joy that would be theirs were she free to accept his love—and he laid the paper on the table, and taking up the pen, signed his name to the decument. The lawyer added his name as witness. They turned and looked toward the woman standing by the white haired minister, and nothing broke the silence except a smothered sob from the faithful negress.

It was a tense moment. there came to Howard Dallas thought to flee, and not to add dishonesty to his other sins; but he thrust it from him and made a step forward and the minister trembling hands put on his espectacles and took up his small book. In the after years what followed would come to Howard Dallas like a dream, or some experience of another life, vaguely remembered. He crossed the floor, with the lawyer a pace behind him, and stood before the pale-faced minister, whose violent trembling made the little table on which his hand rested, shake, thus causing the tall candles to send out their light in flickering rays. The moon was rising, and as it poured its splendor over him, a vision flashed across the brain of Hal Todd, with his brother's gun Why, this is Fred Osterday!" he pointed toward his heart—and he What's the matter wished that he had not countermanded his order to the jailer. The "Oh, it is you, Mr. Dallas? I thought your voice sounded familiar. Why, you see we got a wild story today of an attempt to rescue some Confederate prisoners in this jail, and the General content of the state of the carry her into a star that appeared to carry her into dead have pierced them. Then, with a step that appeared to carry her into it. Bless my soul, they weren't well his soul forever, she came to his fide, and at a word from the minister told you in my letter, so I tell you morgan—you heard, of course, that

adjuration inarticulate, or tears tears blotted out the page before him; but his tones grew steady and rose clear and strong, as, lifting his eyes, and glancing from the lawyer to sobbing negress, he concluded : 'If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his pea

For a moment an awful silence followed. Suddenly came a mad rush of feet up the piazza steps. The great hall door was violently flung open. A loud voice shouted:

"Step that marriage !" The woman sprang from his side. white, travel stained, beads of perspiration hanging on his brow, stood n her place. He caught Howard Dallas's throat with the grip of madman, while "Coward! Liar! Thie!! Murdurer!' filled the room like the repeated roar of a cannon When those fingers were unclasped Howard Dallas staggered back into after all had been told, he went from that room, they standing aside to let him pass, he, seeing nothing but that woman's transfigured face.

TO BE CONTINUED

A DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE

A TRUE STORY

There was a pitiful gloom over the woman sat by a table, her head was a Catholic, but I divorced my buried in her hands; on a stool at her feet was a young girl of eighteen, sweet and fair, the stamp of purity and goodness on her face; she was trying to console her mother whose bowed head bespoke deepair rather

than sorrow.
"Poor child!" said the mother, as last raising her head, "he has shamed you as well as me! How can God bed alive; you must give up this allow such things !"

"There must be some good intended to come from it, mother dear. God only permits such things for that purpose," said the girl gently.
"How you talk, child!" was the bitter reply. "Do you think God in tended your father to become infatuated with that woman, to disgrace us both and make us the talk of the town ; to divorce me his lawful wife -and desert us both without a pang! I thought his love for you, Miriam, would check him even it he torgot

me. He is a scoundrel !" Dearest mother, I cannot believe father has his full senses-it is just

a momentary insanity."
"True for you, Miriam—that's just what it is—insanity, but a methodical insanity. It has been coming on for your confession," and I took out my a year. It is that woman's fault. I saw her intentions from the beginning-she wanted your father. She had no religion, she didn't care whether she wrecked our home or not : she turned him against me, even against you, Miriam. How can God look down on such wickedness!

would curse her if I dared !" 'No, no, mother, not that. Some day it will be all right. We are Catholics; and we must believe that even such wickedness will bring good. Father will come around some day. and we will pray for that, and we must pray, too, for that poor sinful woman who led him astray."

'What are you saying, Miriam? Pray for that she devil? Never never! You were always too good, my child—much better than your poor mother. I wonder at you often. ing appeared at the door. But there is a limit to every one's . I shall never forgive her, and I trust to see the day when

cast off you and me !" "Mother! Mother! This is wild pose something to you this evening, but it must wait : your heart is too sore and heavy. Thank God you have grandfather and grandmother. Their devoted affection is very con soling. Come, mother dear, don't let us fret any more; let us leave him to God.

And the broken hearted woman allowed herself to be soothed by this child of God, feeling that in her she and an angel of mercy who would shed light and peace on her troubled soul even in her great and terrible heart sorrow.

The details of this tragedy of life are not for our story, but the noble act of self-sacrifice it brought about, and the result. Three months later Miriam left her tearful mother at the home of her grandparents, who had grieved over the serrows of their daughter and had welcomed her home with loving arms. This rare young soul, her only child, this child of Heaven had made a holocaust of her young life and its prospects, and had begged admission among the Magda lens in a House of the Good Shep herd in a distant city, offering her purity and innocence to God among these penitent sinners in expiation for her father's sin and for his con version.

Years rolled by. One day I was visiting a friend, a non Catholic, in a Presbyterian Hospital. The visit was not a priestly but purely a riendly one; but I noticed a rather handsome man in the ward as passed on my way out, who looked at me in a wistful manner, at least I thought so. I nodded at him pleas antly and he returned the salutation I felt like stopping; but I remem bered that this was a Presbyterian Hospital, and it was not likely the sad story. After lauding San Fran-man was a Catholic. I descended the cisco as "a saintly city in the mak-

The agitation of the old priest made stairs and had almost reached the front door, when I was terrified to find myself standing stock still! I could not move! The perspiration stood on my forehead—I exerted my will power, my strength-but I could not move. What was the matter?"That man!" I said to myself, "God must want me to speak to him and I will!' Instantly I felt the power of motion in my limbs and turned back towards the ward. I went at once to

the bed of the man mentioned.
"My friend," I said, "when I left you a moment ago I felt sure you were not a Catholic; now I am convinced you are one, am I wrong?"
'You certainly are," replied he, "I

am not a Cathelic!"

I was dumbfounded, and I looked it too, but as my eilent gaze rested on him for a steady moment, I felt the man had lied. He grew restless.

"Why are you asking me such questions?" he said impatiently. "Because," I said solemnly, "I believe you are not telling me the truth. I am a Catholic priest. And something prevented me from leaving this hospital a moment ago. I was simply deprived of the power of motion. I thought of you and determined I would return to your bed-side, and help you to make your peace with God You must some one praying for you, some one is wrestling for your soul this very

I had been surprised before-I was now amazed. The man's whole face changed, tears welled up in his eyes, he stretched out his hands and grasped one of mine and spoke in

broken words : "A Catholic priest! Oh, Father, and yet you can do nothing for me! Nothing! No wonder I said I was

We were alone. The ward was small and the other beds were empty "My son," I said. "I dare not leave you until you have made your peace with God! You may not leave this woman, and make a good confession. See the grace God has given you. He almost forces you to be saved. Think of eternity, now staring you in the face! Give up your sinful life; make this sacrifice; you will never

have peace until you do."
"Father," he said, "I want to die a Catholic, for I was reared by a good mother and my only daughter is an angel of goodness. I am told she became a nun, no doubt offering her pure soul for my wicked one; how can I face the woman who

helped my destruction?"
"Leave that to God," I said, "turn to Him with your whole heart, and with sincere contrition. Resolve to do what is right. God will give you strength. Come now, I will hear

etole. He hesitated no longer, and before the hour was over he had made a fervent confession, and received absolution after his many years of wandering. He gave me his solemn promise to see that woman no more

spared him, to begin a new life. If ever a man was sincere, he was, and I left that hospital full of gratitude to a merciful God for His good ness to His prodigal. I promised to return next day and prepare him for

Holy Communion.

Next morning, I went to the sacristy at 7.30, as usual, to say Mass. My thoughts were full of the penitent I had helped back to God the preceding day. I wondered how he was. Suddenly a woman in mourn-

"Father." she said, "won't you say Mass for the repose of the soul of my husband who died last night at the Presbyterian Hospital? His death was unexpected : but he sent for me and told me of your visit. I am his divorced wife and I cannot thank God enough for your visit. He promised to come home if he got better, and asked for Miriam, our better, and asked for Miriam, our daughter. When I told him she had offered herself to God for his conversion in the Good Shepherd Order. tears started to his eyes and he was cilent. Then he thanked Gad and bent over to kiss me, Father. Just in a moment the change came-he only gave a few gasps and before the orderly or doctor could get there he was gone !"

The woman burst into a fit of vic lent weeping. I consoled her as best I could, thanking God inwardly for His boundless mercy. It was that innecent daughter's sacrifice that brought the grace of conversion to her father. I offered the requiem Mass for that man's soul, feeling more and more deeply that the Lord is a Lord of mercy and compassion who will not always be angry nor

MORE REALITY IN RELIGION"

Great men are glorified in many ways, and Cardinal Newman is no exception to the rule. His sterling piety, penetrating intellect and marvelous style have exalted him to the very pinnacle of fame. True he was stumbling block to many, to Achilli for instance, and his like, but heretofore no one ever thought of fastening Huxley's spiritual roin on the great churchman. Yet he ruined Huxley, deprived him forever of his sense of right and wrong. And sad to say the whole world now knows all about the wretched proceeding, for recently at a Unitarian meeting held on the Pacific coast, the Reverend M. Simons a preacher of Cleveland, Ohio, trum-

ed to his fellows in the faith the

ing." he pleaded for more reality in religion, and referred to Huxley's re-marks that on reading Cardinal New-man he lost the power of distinguishman he lost the power of distinguishing between right and wrong. Dominie Sampson would have found this "predigious." It is not though; the good preacher is ingenuous, that is all. The effect produced on his soul by "Alice in Wonderland" and "Grimm's Fairy Tales" has never been outgrown. Some day he will look "over the garden wall" and then look "over the garden wall" and then no doubt will discover that agnosticism counterbalanced the influence of the godless Newman and made Huxley great.—America.

THE NECESSITY OF REVELATION

Most of us are well acquainted with the principle of Modernism which lays it down that, when man reaches the stage of self consciousness, or, if you like, the age of reason, God reveals Himself directly to each indi-vidual. This what is known as the theory of "vital immanence," and means, really, that the revelation of human heart, just as mother love is a quality which poses itself, in most secular tyranny which has sought to cases, upon the heart of weman who bring its functions within the scope has mothered a child. The idea of God, according to Modernists, does not, therefore, differ very much from (say) such ideas as the will to get on in life, or the quality of affection, or love -which a Madernist, to be legical. polar attractivity, or comething which is independent of his own volition. The clear result of this Modernist notion about God is, that since God reveals Himself to the heart of man there is no need whatever of a teach ing body (e. g. the Catholic Church) which claims to hold the deposit of Revelation Each individual becomes a perfect law unto himself, and the question of Private Jadgment cannot be carried to any further limit. The next step beyond this new Modernistic notion cannot be anything else but Atheism, as a little thought will

Father Sharpe, M. A., the eminent convert from Anglicanism, deals with the question of Revelation in a brochure entitled "The Principles of Christianity." Revelation, he tells, is direct communication made by God to man in regard to facts which are beyond the scope of human reason an unveiling of that which is naturally and normally veiled. As such, Revelation is sharply distinguished from the conclusions of reason. Revelation (says Father Sharpe) is not antecedently impossible; it is not even improbable, since man has been so constituted by divine creation that he wishes to know his Creator There is, therefore, no improbabil ity that God should impart to His creatures some knowledge of Himself beyond that which their unassisted powers can obtain for them. At the indeed, be rather strange (says Father

Sharpe) if He had not done so.
It must, however, be admitted, the priest continues, that the probability of His having revealed Himself is no evidence at all in favor of His having dene so. Apart from what a d Divine Revelation may contain, it is certain that there are certhings which a Divine Revela tion cannot contain, says Father Sharpe. It cannot, for instance, contain anything which is contrary to reason; for, if it did, God, Who is the Author alike of reason and revelation, would thereby contradict Him self. Reason must, however, lead certain necessary truths in regard to both religion and morals. ough of course, it does not follew that a mere accordance of revelation with reason proves the former to be

Now, with one exception, all religions claiming to hold the deposit of true revelation, have (says Father Sharpe) all contradicted more or less the infallible conclusions of reason in regard to either religion or morals, or both. A multi-theistic religion cannot, for instance, be divinely revealed, since reason tells us there cannot be more than one infinite being. It is obvious that the Chris tian religion (which embraces the Jewish) alone does not transgress either the law of reason or that of morality, although no one can say my other religions do not contain within them much that is real

In regard to the claims of the Christian Church to be the depositary of divine revelation, Father Sharpe argues that there are certain facts in its history which have no parallel or analogy in the experience of mankind: (1) the vigorous persistence the Church throughout every variety of revolution, social, intellectual or moral. Other institutions have fallen but the Church has remained as a Rock. (2) The remarkable way in which the Christian religion has adapted itself, without essential change, to every variety of national and racial character. It arose in the East and has won its greatest triumphs in the West. (3) The moral system of Christianity seem from the very first to have touched the limit of possibility in this direction. At any rate, nothing in the sphere of morals has yet been discovered which has not found its basic principles in the Christian

The reason of all this is that the Christian religion deals with essential humanity, not with its accidents: it applies and appeals all round to all and everything which is essenti-ally and unalterably human. It is nan wisdom carried to its extremYou may be deceived

some day by an imitation of

and possibly you will not detect this imitation until the tea-pot reveals it. Demand always the genuine "Salada" in the sealed aluminum packet, and see that you get it, if you want that unique flavour of fresh, clean leaves properly prepared and packed.

which can be adapted to mankind as we know mankind. Therefore, the intelligence which has so adapted Christianity to all times and to all possible circumstances and characters, can only be that of its Creator. It is the only sytem which teaches as being is given fall freedom of will to accept or to refuse the influence of divine grace. Again, it is essenti ally exclusive: it has fought every of the secular power, to do that power's bidding. Had it consented to obey, it would have avoided persecution and suffering. It chose trial and poverty when it might have lived in luxury and power. It was born in suffering; it has thriven in suffering and its Master and prophets have foretold that it must suffer to

the end of time. Taking the evidence of the Scriptures and the Holy Books, the unanimity of acceptance given to doctrines and tenets which were (in many respects) the reverse of acceptable to human nature, the lessons of its vast martyrology and the fact that its endurance and capacity of endur-ance seem to increase as the Church itself grows in age, and (says Father Sharpe) we are forced to conclude that the Church's account of its own origin and early history must be accepted as the true one. Had it been false, it could not have endured -N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A NON - CATHOLIC IN CATHOLIC SCHOOL

IMPRESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH JOURNALIST AT CATECHISM CLASS

One of the most prominent of contemporary English journalists gives his impressions of the Catholic schools in this remarkable article :

As you pass within Catholic walls from the common streets you may understand the curious surprise with which a Greek of the second century or a savage worshipper of Thor, came upon some early Christian home in the midst of a cultured city or haunted wilderness. There at last he found a peculiar peace, a confident serenity, and almost womanly consideration for the wants and weak-nesses of mankind. He perceived that from the hour of birth to its final departure upon the long but tian soul was comforted and encour aged by words and ceremonies of a plain and beautiful symbolism. A had been set at every gate by which the unseen powers of covetous ness, presumption, sloth and despair might break in and assault the human spirit. To every phase of common life a kindly sympathy was extended, and to the very uttermost the living soul was never excluded from the ope of victory in the lon

contest of existence.

It is the same in the Catholic school. From morning till evening the children are surrounded by the plain and beautiful symbolism of protecting and merciful powers. The crucifix hange upon the wall, the Virgin, with flowers round her feet. watches them like a mother more beautiful and considerate than their wn. Three times a day their prayers go up, and three times a day they are instructed in the definite teachings of the Church so reasonable and satisfying that I think every one would wish them to be true. When you see the children beat their breasts at the words "through my fault, hrough my most grievous fault," when you hear them repeat the "Hail Mary" and remember that the first part of it was made by the Angel Gabriel, and the second by the Church so long ago; when you hear them instructed that the oppression of the poor is one of the four sins that cry heaven for vengeance, it is not difficult to understand why the ancient Courch has maintained its hold upon humanity, and in most European lands always continues to be the Church of the poor. For the poor do not reason more than other people,

but they suffer more.
There were only 150 boys in that school and of these 40 were Protest ants (if the Anglicans will allow me to use that unfashionable word jest to distinguish other Christians from the Roman Catholics). The day's work begins at 9 with the Catholic prayers, followed by the bishops of Eagland and Wales. Many of the answers are repeated in unison by heart, and, as in the repetition of the prayers, I noticed the beauty of the tone and cadence, contrasted with the hideous pitch and whine of the average board school. The pleasant voice may have been partly due to the number of Irish children present, est limit, and until a new type, or types, of human being come into existence, it is the only philosophy

The teacher referred to a sufficient summary of biblical history to guide him when it was necessary to em-phasize a point of Old Testament teaching or example, but the chil dren did not read the text verse by church schools. The aucient doc trine of the Catholic Church is the thing insisted upon, and there is no departing from it and no questioning. The first lesson at which I was resent dealt with the doctrine of indulgences, how they are of two kinds lenary and partial ; how, by the aid of prayer, they may take the place of the old canonical penance for the remission of temporal punishment

now such prayers may go to assist

the souls in purgatory, who can no

longer help themselves. The subject naturally led to th loctrines of purgatory and hell, contession and penance, with special insistence on the doctrines that for forgiveness after confession the con trition for sin must be heartfelt. plained, and, perhaps for the benefit of a poor ignorant Protestant like myself, the clause in the catechism as brought, teaching that not pray to relies or images, for they can neither see, nor hear, nor help us." On consulting the catechism myself, I found the further admir able clause which forbids "all dealing with the devil and superstitions practices such as consulting spiritualists and fortune tellers, and trusting to charms, omens, dreams and such like fooleries." There is also a special clause condemning secret so ties, whether with an eye to Ireland or the Freemasons I do not know.

In the giris' class-there were 74 girls in one small room—the prayers included a touching petition " for all who will die to day," but as I was trying to realize the vast significance of the prayer-the innumerable souls who were going to purgatory that day from China, Central Africa and among the Esquimaux-we receive the order. "One-two-sit," and proceeded with a lesson on the com "One-two-sit," and pronandment against false witness. It is the eighth in the Catholic list, the lest two being written as one, and the clause, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife," standing severely alone as the ninth. On this occasion the teaching was entirely moral "-an exposition of the evil of lying, gossip and perjury, such as might have been given without offence in any Cowper Temple class.

In the other subjects, such as science and history, the teaching seemed to me on a level with the board schools, or rather better. That depended not on the subject but on the teacher. But in the religious instruction the difference was so wide that community or compromise is evidently impossible. I do not wish to set one against another in comparison. There is much in Catholicism repellent to the English nature ; recellent to Catholicism also that many of us fall easily under the charm of the old Church's symbolism, her beauty of ritual, her im memorial tradition-influences with which the reason has no concern It is such things as these that save nearly every Catholic I have ever met from vulgarity, but the real source of the Church's power lies. I think, in the pitiful and considerate attention to the Christian soul in all the great soul is never lonely, never unpro-

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tected or abandoned. In the cate ing, the children are given not only the doctrines of sin and prayer and forgiveness: they are given a rule of life and a form of daily exercise They are taught, for instance, not only that the sacrament of matrimony gives a special grace to enable those who enter into it to bear the alties of their state, but that it is their duty after their night prayer bed, and to begin the day by making the sign of the cross and saying some short prayer, such as "O my God, I offer my heart and soul to Thee." Thus the child passes on into life, believing himself to be attended by powers and defenders which most children, I think, would like to have with them, and many grown up people, too.—The Catholic Universe.

FRANCE'S CATHOLIC REBIRTH

Much has been written about the spiritual regeneration of France by the war. The passing through a again to the Church of Christ Thirty thousand of her privates are in the ranks and in the trenches and in the battle fronts. A mission is being preached to the French on the battlefields—death, judgment, heaven and hell are the tragic sub dreds of thousands, but the tremen dous sacrifice is bearing its fruit in the restoration of France to the Church. And all this is not visionary; it is built upon observation of

War correspondents are noting the change in the heroic abandon to natriotism under the influence of new born religion. The spirit of oldtime faith is conquering the rebal-lious reign of infidelity and indifferentism. Religious life in the camp is expanding, and those who were estranged from the Church are re-turning to the fold. E ements that were extraneous or inimical are co alescing with the best material in the Church. The Catholic Church—fair bride of Jesus Christ—is asserting her sway over the hearts of the French people. A baptism of blood, a baptism of fire, indeed, is but a cleansing and consecrating regeners tion, which means life everlasting to the men and youths in war, and life everlasting to those who will enjoy

the fruits of peace. Recently a wonderful book on this subject was issued by three Freuch the Abbots Georges Andant, Theillier de Ponchville and Joan Des granges-who made a tour of observation in hospital trains and field hospitals and in the districts behind the front. They present marvelous picture of the moral strength of the French nation during this war. In a cablegram from Paris we read that their notes in pencil were made in railroad cars, in bom barded cottages and often in the ruins of churches. The book which they wrote is carefully chaptered, and no attempt is made to color of exaggerate. The impression is made of an unvarnished relation of facts. tated with simplicity and candor.

It is worth while to relect som passages from the book. The Abbe Theillier writes :

"Rarely has the soul of France risen higher than to day. Rarely has the soul of France proved more beautiful and worthy of love than while its flesh was being mutilated during the awful battles of the pas year, just as the infinite love that was in the heart of Christ was never revealed more beautifully than while He hung nailed to the cross. Our men have given without reservation their youth, their health and strength. The mothers and wives have heard a mother say: 'I have wo children. God in heaven only knowshow I love them, but if He needs them thatt France may victorious and once again become a truly Christian na-tion, I give their lives gladly.' The voice of the fathers of France has spoken most clearly in the words of the general who, when suddenly informed of the death of his son, said I can do nothing for him, but I can do something for France. Let us

He flings back the charge that France is decadent:

"France to-day proudly points out these heroes to a world that thought her decadent and degenerate. 'You thought me decadent and you al-ready prophesied my death—the disappearance of a once great nation. Severe in your judgment of my errors, unable to understand the mplex mysteries of my soul, do now be just to the strength of my re-generation, which God has prodigiously given me! Look at my sons, n whom I have come back to new life! These are the reasons I pay for my sine, as they are the justification of my hopes. Through them I have broken and crushed the peril of servitude which had come over my soul and my genius. Through them I shall soon break the shackles which have temporarily paralyzed my soaring flight upward. Their taith shall lead me back into the higher regions from where I shed my light upon the world when I was surrounded by the brightness of

God punishes nations. Or let us say that nations punish themselves when they go astray from God— 'in whom we live and move and have our being." But punishment often brings with it repentance for the

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'ECONOMIC PROGRESS' AND CONFESSION

An editorial in one of the October new morality which is not based according to the writer on Revela-tion but on the "evolution of civilization" and on "economic pro-gress." Of course this statement is surd, for it is not a new morality, but immorality, which is substituted in certain quarters for Revelation, and it may be questioned whether there is any disposition on the part of the moral portion of our popula-tion to desert from the laws of conduct laid down by the prophets and Jesus Christ. On this foundation, whether it be formally recognized or not, all successful effort to stem the tide of crime and lawlessless, is based; for the evolution of civilization has far to go before it exhausts the ideals of the New Testament. One of the evidences of economic progress which the writer chronicles is described as follows: "Many personal vices that were once private sins have become social offenses, and are punished in the courts instead of

Passing over the implication that society at present is exercising through its courts so strong a re-straining power over vice that it cannot afford to dispense with the notion of sin and the menace of an angry God an implication that is known to be false by every one who has talked with the judges of our ourts, one wonders where the writer got his impression that the confessional is passing from the American scheme of life. To say so is altogether to misread the times, and to show a surprising ignorance of the vigor of Catholic life to day and its nstantly increasing power on a steadily growing proportion of our population. The confessional, so far from being eliminated from Ameris every day playing a larger part in it. There never was a period in the history of the United States when Catholicism and with it the influence of the confessional on public life, were so powerful. More people go to confession to day than ever before, confessionals are mul tiplying with very gratifying rapidity. To deny this is simply ridica lous; the fact is easily verifiable by any one who cares to investigate. To desire the contrary is to wish to do away with one of the strongest

bulwarks against crime and disorder. Sincere, well informed sociologists have no inclination to minimize the beneficial effects of confession. farthest from any disposition to avail themselves of its salutary restraints, are united in admitting that it does exercise a very marked influence on dels is growing. Fewer are being all those who practice it; and so, baptized. And as baptism, at least are far from advocating its elimination from the present scheme of life. Those who confess their sins often are not criminals; the Catholics who frequent our courts are precisely those who do not approach the sac rament of penance. To put the question, theretore, on its lowest basis, any social progress that would aim at doing away with the confessional would be guilty of an egreg-ious, sinful blunder, one which all lovers of good order should deplore.

THE MOST REAL

Telling of his experiences among wounded soldiers returning from the great war, Rev. P. T. Browning in a sermon recently in the Protestant Cathedral, Southwark (England), mentioned a particular case which had come before his notice: "On being asked his religion one wound-ed man replied that he had none, but on the advice of the colonel of his regiment he decided to describe himself as a member of the Church of England. Another soldier declared that he was connected with the Caurch of England because he was not religious, but if he wanted to be devout he would have said he was a Catholic because 'they seemed the most real.'"

It is to be hoped that that soldier did "want to be devout" and acted did "want to be devout" and acted accordingly. A like hope might well be expressed regarding Rev. Mr. Browning, judging from his observation on the same occasion that: the present time they thought of those devoted priests in the past who truth's sake, some of them in prisen narrow Protestants through the weak ness of Bishops who were feebly

sorry. This in a Protestant Cathedral past and restoration of the public conscience.—Intermountain Catholic.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. from a Protestant minister is suffiYOU CANNOT HAVE ONE WITH. OUT THE OTHER

We had an interesting conversation recently with a well read and cultivated Protestant gentleman. It was one of those friendly interchanges of opinion that we Catholics are bound to have from time to time with our brethren outside the Fold. The talk veered about to mixel marriages and we delivered ourselves forcibly upon the subject. Our Protestant friend could not agree with us. he said, "you mean that a man and a woman who expect to be married should both have a religion of some kind, I concur with your statement but if, when you say they should both have the same religion, you mean they should both hold the same doctrines, I disagree. Religion and doctrine are two different things.'
This is the "liberalism" to which Protestantism has attained. No one could have put it better than our friend.

But why should a rule be applicable to every department of life save that which is the most fundamentally important? The rules that govern the same conduct of business enterprises; the invariable postulates that form the a b c of scientific research : (water boils at a temperature of 212 degrees, it freezes at 32 degrees, there are 3 dimensions, 7 primary colors, 26 letters in the Eng. lish alphabet, etc., etc.), the mechan ics of writing that must be observed by the literary aspirant—what are all these but doctrines, dogmas? And at what goal would the man arrive who ridiculed or neglected them ?

A convert once told us that the chief, reason for his becoming a Catholic was his awakening to the truth that a God Who has placed a church upon the earth would not leave it to run itself after a fashion that would disgrace a well regulated mercantile establishment

We believe the argument to be convincing one.—Chicago New World

LESS A SACRAMENT?

"Marriege," says a Modernistic writer for the magazines, "is much more a contract than a Sacrament. Then he writes from his heavy in tellectual labor; his work is done he has upset an institution of Christ by one short crisp sentence. So he thinks at least. Fortunately the stroyed; they rest on Christ's unchanging word and stand firm despite the vagaries of lawless minds and the high winds of many doctrines. What Christ has joined together, no man may put asunder. Enactments, legal or otherwise, can no more separate the contract from the Sacrament in the case of marriages between bap tized persons, than they can grant divorce between husband and wife The writer would have us believe that progress has repudiated the sacred character of the union between man and woman, and thrown it aside as a thing that has outlived its usefulness. Such is not the case; marriage now is what it has been ever since the days of Jesus Christ. Between infidels it never was Sacrament, although of its nature it is something holier and more binding than a mere agreement, such as the sale of a horse or the lease of s house. The infidel marriage is a contract, but a contract of a peculiar kind. It cannot be rescinded at the will of the participants. Once tracted it is indissoluble, not less so in fact, with one exception, than if it were a Sacrament. There is, however, this grain of truth in what the Moderniet says : the number of infiin one of the persons married, is a prerequisite for the reception of the Sacrament of matrimony, the number of those who do not receive this fulfil the arduous duties of married No wonder, then, that violations of the rights and obligations implied in the contract are also on the increase But the greater wonder is that there should be found persons to rejoice in this fact. Marriages between baptized persons and infidels are also be coming more numerous. If it be true that such marriages, although the greater weight of theological opinion is against this view, are in no wise sacramental, even when dis pensations are granted, then it is also true that in this sense also the number of non-sacramental mar riages is still more on the increase This great danger should be a warn ing to those who look lightly on the intimacy that their sons and daugh ters are contracting with folk out side the Faith. It parents wish to be absolutely sure that their children will receive God's blessing on their marriage, and get the graces so necessary for the sanctity of married life, they must be careful to safe-guard their young hearts from en-

tanglement in affections for those

who reject Christ.—America.

A CALAMITY UPON YOUR OLD

Above all things, dear fathers and mothers, do not put any obstacles in the way of your sons' and daughters vocation. By opposing their sacred calling you are liable to endanger your salvation and to force them in a way of life for which they have not the necessary graces. When you re-flect on the result of a man's priesthood, viz., hundreds, yea, sometimes thousands, of souls converted to God and to the Faith, would you dare to ace the responsibility of the loss entailed by keeping your son from becoming a priest? You know good our sisterhoods are doing in our ospitals, asylums, Catholic etc., do you not tremble at the thought of being held to account for the loss of faith of hundreds of chil-dren, for the neglect of scores of sick and dying, by preventing your daughter from going to the convent to which she is called? Besides, reflect on this fact: many a young man has gone astray in the world and become the bane of his parent's life, who would have become a zealous and apostolic priest if they had not stood stubbornly in the way of his vocation. Are you prepared to deliberately invite such a calamity upon your old age? - Right Rev. Bishop of Covington, Ky.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1915

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND DIVORCE

Not only to Catholics but to the world, Protestant and pagan, it is well known that the Catholic Church countenances divorce, where there is a valid marriage, under no circumstances whatsoever. Recently we had occasion to refer to the ludicrous misconception of Catholic practice evidenced by our Methodist contemporary the Christian Guardian. Here is the Guardian's reply :

"Our friend the CATHOLIC RECORD does not like our reference to Roman Catholic priests marrying divorced men, and it argues that Protestant marriages are not really marriages and refers us to 1 Cor. 1: 12-15 where Paul says that if a man has s wife who is an unbeliever and she leaves him he is to let her go."

Well, in a sense, we liked it; and we are sure that our laughing readers enjoyed it. Moreover, we did the Guardian the justice of quoting its own words.

Now the Guardian tells its readers that we argued "that Protestant marriages are not real marriages."

which we said it, and in which the Guardian read it, was this :

Baptized Protestants contract sac ramental marriage, a fact that was specifically noted in the much abused Ne Temere decree. So that conversion to the Church would give them no advantage whatever so far as

divorce is concerned. Just how the Guardian construct this into arguing that Protestant marriages are not really marriages passes our power to understand.

The Guardian continues :

"Now if this passage proves anything it proves too much for the RECORD. If these marriages were real marriages, then Paul sanctions divorce; while if they were not real marriages, Paul is evidently sanctioning concubinage.

This peculiar passage throws some light on the darkness in which the Guardian writer is egotistically grop-

Erastianism is apparently so much a matter of course with him that he does not even suspect that there tian marriage and what is recognized as legal marriage by the civil power in any given case.

To Catholics the distinction is clear Marriage is a natural contract with civil consequences. Therefore the civil power rightly takes cognizance of the marriage contract. It limits and restricts the natural contract. It imposes conditions which if not observed leaves the natural marriage contract without any legal status whatever. It designates certain persons who must be the official witnesses of such contract under pain of regarding it, in the eyes of the law, as null and void. Here and elsewhere every Christian minister, Cath. olic or Protestant, is constituted by the State as a legal and official witness to the marriage contract. Instices of the Peace and others are also so recognized. No Catholic questions the legal status of any legal marriage.

But marriage is also a sacrament of the new dispensation. And in so far as it is a sacrament the Church of God alone has the right and duty to legislate therein. We do not expect cur Methodist friends to concede the claims of the Catholic Church but we do think that they should understand them before asserting that the Catholic Church is incon-

Legal marriage is all right so far as it goes ; but Catholics do not concede to the State any control what. soever over sacramental marriage. In Turkey a Catholic would have no more right to keep a harem than in Canada; though the legal enactments with regard to marriage might permit him such a privilege.

Need we go on? Paul does not nction divorce, neither does he sanction concubinage. Infidels are not living in concubinage when they live in the natural contract of marriage; but neither are they living in the sacramental contract of Christian marriage. The only trouble with the Guardian's dilemma is that it has no horns.

So far as the case in point is conperned, while we do not know the facts, we are certain that if the divorced Guggenhein was married by a Catholic priest, the case must come under the Pauline Privilege where one at least of the parties was unbaptized. So far as the legal contract is concerned it was, according to the Guardian, legally dissolved.

Whether or not this cursory reference to an outstanding Catholic practice will be sufficient to enlighten our Methodist friend we do not now : he should study the question. The Guardian concludes :

"And again, Paul does not allow the believer to terminate the bond, as he declares distinctly that no such man must leave his unbelieving wife, whereas Roman Casholic priests have even ordered husbands to leave their wives under pain of refusing the sacraments to them. The RECORD will find it better not to quote Scripture too freely."

Though he gets pretty far from the Guggenhein case our Evangelical friend shows that he is so radically and unconsciously Erastian that we can understand and pity his confusion.

Precisely the same right that the civil power has to recognize and legislate for marriage in so far as it is a civil contract the Church enjoys in so far as marriage is a sacrament.

Neither here nor in Turkey can she give up a jot or tittle of the responsibility with which Christ charged her. Wherefore, though a marriage may be legal, if it is contracted in defiance of the laws of the Church, Roman Catholic priests What we said in the very words in will continue to warn Catholics, that they must validate such marriage or leave the (legal) husband or wife under pain of refusal of the sacraments.

Does our Erastian friend go so far as to concede to the civil power the right to say when the sacraments should be granted or refused?

It should not be necessary to point out that just as the civil courts declare invalid a civil contract when some essential condition is lacking, so the ecclesiastical courts must necessarily declare a contract of marriage invalid if it contravenes the legislation of the Church with regard to any essential condition.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT

CATHOLIC LAYMAN With deep regret we read the announcement of the death of noted writer for the American Cath olic press, Mr. Andrew J. Shipman. He died recently in New York, may be any difference between Chris. where he practised law very successfully for many years. He was a native of Springvale, Fairfax county, Virginia: having been born there on the 15th of October, 1857.

> We have frequently quoted the writings of the late Mr. Shipman. He was one of the contributors to the Catholic Encyclopaedia; and his writings on all points of Catholic doctrine and in controversy showed a deep study of his subject. His articles in the Columbiad - published from time to time-were very favorably commented upon ; and his special subject in that publication on the "Catholic Layman" was s masterpiece.

The late Mr. Shinman was a mem ber of one of the leading law firms LL. D. In conversation recently with a resident of London, who knew him for over twenty years, he said it was truly marvellous how Mr. Shipman had been able to devote so much of his time to writing and working for his religion, as he was one of the very busiest men in Wall Street, where his offices were located.

The following reference to him was recently published in the Wash. ington Times :

New York, Nov. 13.—Georgetown College, Washington, D. C., "as a mark of remembrance of my Alma Mater," is to receive \$500 for each \$10,000 left by Andrew J. Shipman, a lawyer whose will has been filed in the surrogate court. Mr. Shipman was a member of the law firm of Blandy, Mooney & Shipman.

Here is an example for the Catho lic who nearly always forgets, his Alma Mater, and frequently omits the name of his Church in his will.

who was Miss Adair Mooney of New York. To her the RECORD tenders its sincere sympathy.

A solemn Mass of Requiem for the repose of his soul was offered on the 19th inst. at the Church of St. Catherine, Washington Heights, N. Y.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY

We have received from His Lordship, Bishop Power, the letter which follows. In his arduous task of resuscitating the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada we bespeak for him the sympathy and good will of all the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD. With regard to the formation of local branches, direction may be expected from local bishops.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Pending the appointment of a president and at the invitation of the Executive Committee I have consented to assume temporary direction of the Society's affairs. The home mission needs of Canada and Newfoundland are very urgent at present. Earnest appeals from ishops and institutions in sparsely settled parts have come recently to the Extension Society. No large contributions are expected during the war, and the only way open is to extend the membership of the Society by forming branches everywhere, so that the burden may be light and that local financial requirements may not be hampered. The fee of membership is only 10 cents per month for adults and 5 cents a month or children under fifteen. As every liocese has its own poor mission the intention is to refund to each Bishop for local needs 20 per cent. of the amount collected in his diocese. The balance will be distributed by the Board of Directors to meet the home mission needs in Canada and Newfoundland. This form of co-operation, it is hoped, will not only have good financial results. but will also develop a sense of unity

in the Catholic body.

The Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada and Newfound. land is the apostolate of our Home Missions. Its objects are: 1. To serve as a medium of dis-tribution whereby those Catholics

who are in a position to help others may extend church facilities to places in need of aid. 2. To train priests for the missionary parts of Canada and New-

foundland. 3. To provide means of worship in sparsely settled districts.

4. To aid the Bishop of the Ruthenians in his missionary work. 5. To foster a missionary spirit among Catholics.

M. F. POWER, Acting President.

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY

One of the departments of our Provincial Government, that especially commends itself to charitably disposed people, is that in charge of neglected or dependent children. Its scope is gradually widening and the exigencies of the present military situation will no doubt increase the number of its wards. It is a society that appeals to all classes in the community. It is non-sectarian and its constitution provides for the religious liberty of the children under its care. It is strictly forbidden to place Catholic children with Protestant foster-parents, or vice versa There is no reason why it should not deserve the sympathy of all classes. Yet in many places it is not looked upon with favor.

What is the cause of this? The reason lies not in the nature of the work itself, nor in the actions of local boards of management, nor in any lack of efficiency on the part of the matrons in charge of the various shelters. It would seem that the agents or inspectors, sent out or appointed by the department, are largely responsible for this condition of things. As to the lady inspectors, who are few in number, it goes with. in New York, and held the degree of out saying that they should be persons who have shown themselves capable of managing their own domestic affairs before being appointed to look after the children of other people. No doubt the majority of them could qualify under this head; but there are some exceptions.

As regards the men, it is a strange coincidence that so many of them are either ministers or local preachers. Of course this does not disqualify them for the position, but it does give a semblance of sectarian ism to the society. Moreover, their former calling has fostered in them a goody-goody, preachy style of address that does not appeal to business men, who look rather for exact knowledge of his duties and executive ability in the government's

agent. Among the requirements of an inspector, as laid down in the last and all notions of discipline are disannual report of the department, we carded as out of date. Liberty is

Mr. Shipman leaves a widow- | should be a leader with executive | independence takes the place of ability and a large amount of common sense." We have no reason to doubt that the majority of the society's agents are prudent and capable men. Some, however, have not in their composition that last ingredient, viz., common sense. They are drawing a fat salary from the government and, of course, feel that they should manifest some activity. This leads them often to meddle in cases where they have no right to interfere. We often wonder if it would not be better to have fewer inspectors, and to transfer some of the duties performed by them to the local township and town councils, who are on the spot and who are the best judges in local cases of destitution or neglect Our Catholic orphanages have no salaried inspectors. The local parish priest is the judge in each case, and the plan works admirably. Fewer pious platitudes from well paid good Samaritans, fewer lime light illustrations of horrible examples for the edification of maiden ladies and a little more quiet, earnest, unobtrusive work would be more in accord with the advice of the Apostle of Charity "My little children let us not love in

> in truth." There may, perchance, be other reasons for this undue interference on the part of inspectors, and this is the point that prompted this article. Perhaps they have put a socialistic interpretation upon the following clause in the list of the requirements of an inspector, above referred to : "He shall constantly keep in mind that the children of his jurisdiction have a claim upon the State, and that he is the appointed state father of all children, who may need his advice, care, help or protection." Color is given to this suspicion by a statement made by an inspector sent from the head office to establish a local branch. At a public meeting he used these words in the writer's presence : "Parents must be made to understand that their children belong to the State, and that they are only the guardians of them, and if they do not fulfil their duties properly, the State can step in and take their children from them.' This is Socialism with a vengeance, and right here in this staid, Con-

word and in tongue, but in deed and

servative province of Ontario. That octopus the State is forever stretching out one of its many arms to grasp and appropriate to itself of a prussianizing system in education it is sinking its fangs into the God-given right of the parent to educate his child according to the dictates of his conscience, and now another arm reaches into to draw our very children themselves into its greedy maw, if we are not careful to observe its moral and hygienic regulations. This is no exaggeration. There are facts to substantiate it. It behooves us to be upon our guard. " Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

THE GLEANER.

THE CENSORSHIP

At the outset let us say that, despite its heading, this has nothing to do with the war. About the uses and abuses of the war censorship we have nothing to say. We are concerned here with the censorship of the parent.

This censorship of which we speak s ordained by God. It is not for a brief period of time, but for life And it includes within its purvey all questions of faith and morals. And its duties cannot be discharged by proxy-the appointment is to certain specified persons, and they cannot sub delegate their responsibility.

When a child is born into the world the greatest responsibility that can be laid upon human shoulders is placed upon the parents of that child. An immortal soul is entrusted to their keeping. God has created that soul for Himself, and in His own good time He will look for its return at their hands. The babe comes away from the baptismal font robed in the white garment of sanctifying grace. As it grows in years the dread responsibility rests upon the parents to see that it also grows in noliness. Its spiritual@development must keep pace with its physical development. And it is woe indeed to the parent who neglects the responsibility, and who takes but little care of this treasure that is his.

Softness is the predominant note of the age. Over indulgence is the crying sin of the parents of to-day. Obedience is but little insisted upon, find this clause : "He (the inspector) degraded into licence, and precocious

reverence. Infants in swaddling clothes are accorded the rights and privileges of grown ups. One looks in valu for the old-fashioned virtues of childhood. It is hardly too much to say that there are no children

now. It is not difficult to estimate the results of such an up-bringing. Parental respect goes by the boards. The truths of faith are severely discounted. The rights and duties of citizenship sit lightly upon the shoulders never trained to bear the yoke. The products of such a system as we have outlined will be little credit to the State and still less

Children should be trained to obey and to practice self-denial. It is quite possible to be kind without indulging their every whim. The Republic a memory of which it really mawkish sentimentality that passes for kindness at the present time is tine knowing that resistance was really cruelty of the severest kind, hopeless tried to make terms with There are desires that we cannot the enemy, but Mohammed, drunk satisfy. There are appetites that we must not satisfy. A child who has him, of making the "New Rome" the never been taught to say "no" will capital of Islamism, would not conyearn for the one and indulge the other. The result must be a life of unhappiness and disappointed hopes.

The parent who really loves his children will be jealous of his responsibility. He will endeavor to discharge his office of censor faithfully and well. He will study his oaths, nor treaties, nor any offer can children's characters, and watch their budding temperaments. He will not hesitate to correct and reprove. The result will bring happiness to himself and to those entrusted to his guidance. It will bring honor to the State and glory to at length it became apparent that COLUMBA God.

war.'

NOTES AND COMMENTS THE LARGE place which Greece is now occupying in the attention of the world, and the exceedingly tor- cathedral, and we shall remember, tuous policy which she is pursuing in relation to the Allies have made the personality of her ruler, King Constantine, a subject of international interest. Closely allied by marriage to the Kaiser as he is, his sympathies seem to lie in that direction rather than with the cause of liberty and civilization and the highest interests of his people. And if Teutonic pressure should in the event prove too great to save the the wall, he fell in the tumult of kingship, and the elimination of his Roman name should fall, fighting some inherent right of the family or house will probably prove to be the the individual. By the introduction price which Constantine will have to pay for his unfortunate alliances.

> IN APPRAISING the position of King Constantine in the present uncture it should not be forgotten that his sympathies are German, not alone because of his immediate alliance with the reigning Kaiser, but because of his own Teutonic antecedents When Greece threw off the Turkish yoke early in the last century, and set up once more as an independent kingdom, it was to Austria she was directed to look for a ruler, and it monarchies rather than of her own volition, that the boy prince, Otho, became King of the Greeks, Surprise has sometimes been expressed by historians that in her national resuscitation Greece made no attempt to recall her ancient imperial line. The solution no doubt lies in the quality and persistence of Teutonic pressure.

THE FALL of Constantinople and the heroic resistance and death of Constantine Palaiologos (or Paleologos), the 80th Roman Emperor since Constantine the Great, is one of the precious memories of Christendom. It meant the extinction of Christianity in the Eastern Empire, and the long period of Turkish domination not yet terminated, it is true, but by reason of the faith of the Palaiologi and the martrydom of its last representative in the person of Constantine, a priceless heritage Church, and a tradition of restoration which bids fair even now to be realized. The story of the fall has been told by Gibbon and by ecclesiastical historians, and is therefore familiar to modern readers. But the fate of the ancient line is lost in the mists of western history, and had Greece made any attempt to resuscitate it, a new and most thrilling chapter must have been added to the literature of romance.

Though so well known, it may

seen to be on the eve of destruction Constantine XII, had succeeded his brother John VIII. in 1448. This heroic prince, although without any hope of success was, as we have seen, faithful to his trust to the last. The Sultan, Mohammed II., had seized everything up to the very walls of Constantinople, and while Constantine had tried desperately to get help from the West, and in this attempt had the support and co-operation of Pope Nicholas V., no help was forthcoming, save from Genoa and the Holy See itself. The valiant Genose sea captain, John Guistiniani, with flyeships and seven hundred men, sailed into Constantinople, and while not strong enough to turn the tide, shared in the glorious defence of the city and, as Fortesque expresses it, "left to the 'proud' had a right to be proud." Constan with the prospect that lay before sent, and demanded immediate surrender. He even offered Constantine a palace and a pension if he would give up the city quietly. "So long as he lives," was the reply, "the Roman Emperor must defend the Roman world, So, since neither bring us peace, go on then with the

THE SIEGE lasted from April 6 to May 29; 258,000 Turks fighting against less than 5,000 Romans. When resistance could not be further prolonged, the Emperor went to the Cathedral of Saint Sophia, heard the Liturgy and received Holy Communion. It was the last Christian serv. ice, says Fortesque, in the great too, that he received the last Sacrament in communion with the Holy See and with the Catholic Church. Then he made that famous speech which Gibbon has called "the funeral oration of the Roman Empire," and rode out to die. He stood, surround. ed by his guard, near the gate of St. Romanos, defending while he lived the city he could no longer save. Fighting valiantly with his back to latter now, the termination of his the assault, as the last heir of the for Christ and Rome and adorning the Imperial purple with the glory of his heroic blood. With him the old Empire died. It may be seen, then, how, not withstanding its consequences, the event remains one of tke most precious memories of Christendom.

ROMANCE LINGERS round the last descendants of the Emperors, and it is not generally known that the very last of the line died in England. The story may be briefly told. Constantine had a brother, Tomasio, a soldier of such spirit that Mohammed, "the Conqueror," speaking of was largely by pressure brought to the Peloponnesus, said he had found nany slaves in the country, but only one man, Tomasio. Of this prince it of entering the war. There is little is related that after defending the real reason to hope that she will take fortress of Salonica with undaunted constancy against the Moslems, until censorship is, enough is allowed to all hope of relief was abandoned, he fled into Italy, where Pope Pius II. bestowed honors upon him and a pension until his death. Tomasio had an only son called John, who, accompanying his tather into Italy, married a noble lady of Pisa, and, after Tomasio's death, with her assumed some of the pomp and state of the ancient Imperial court. The offspring of this marriage was a son, Theodoro, who in due course married and became the father of Prospero, who in turn became the father of

IN THE time of Pope Paul V., so runs the history, Camilio, untrue to Ministers, who are for the time being the traditions of his house, espoused the Eastern schism and by this act of apostasy necessarily rendered himwas bequeathed to the Christian self obnoxious to the Papal authorities. He was forced to leave Rome with his son, and with their flight history passes into tradition. It was believed at the time that they both perished at sea and that with them the Imperial line was extin. guished. There is reason to believe, however, that like so many later royal exiles they found their way to England, and in Cornwall the thread is picked up again. In the parish church at Lindulph there is a mural monument, ornamented with an escutcheon of brass, not be amiss here to sketch briefly on which is engraved two turrets, the last hours of the Eastern Reman with the figure of an eagle with two Empire. After the Council of heads, resting a claw on each turret Florence this venerable fabric was The singularity of this armorial bear-

ing is to those versed in heraldry very striking and the inscription beneath is even more remarkable. It is, in light of the foregoing, worth transcribing.

THIS QUAINT and curlous inscription reads as follows: "Here lyeth the body of Theodoro Paleologue, of Pisanio, in Italye, descended from the Impervall lyne of the last Christian Emperours of Gresce, being the sonne of Camilio, the sonne of Prospero, the sonne of Theodoro, the sonne of John, the sonne of Thomas (Tomasio), the second brother to Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of that name, and last of the lyne that raygned in Constantinople until subdued by the Turks, who married with Mary, the daughter of William Balls, of Hadlye, in Souffolke, Gent., and had issue five children: Theodoro, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy, and departed this lyte at Clyfton, the 21st of January, 1636."

Non Does the record end here. It has been ascertained that of the children mentioned in this inscription, Dorothy, the youngest was married at Lindulph, to William Arrundel in 1656, and died in 1681; Maria was unmarried, died, and was buried there in 1674. Of the sons, Ferdinand and John, no record is preserved, and the name of Theodore has likewise parished. It appears, however, by the parish register of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, that the father. Theodore, was married there on 27th May, 1617, and that this son was the first progeny of the union. The whole subject is curious, and in the light of current events it would well repay investigation on the part of competent historians.

THERE IS a discrepancy between the above inscription and authentic history. It will be noted that the last Christian Emperor is there described as Constantine Eight. He was in reality the twelfth of the name. The writer of the inscription probably confused the enumeration with Constantine's father. John VIII. That Constantine had other collateral descendants is probable. When John Galt, traveller, novelist and historian, was in the Levant, he met with an old Greek prelate, the Primate of Morea, whom he describes as "an extremely respectable looking old gentleman," who claimed to be descended from the Paleologi. Galt concluded that his rank in the government lent coloring to the claim. The story throughout were it probed to its depths would doubtless add another and fascinating chapter to modern history.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

All eyes are centred on the Balkans where events are moving rapidly. Serbian resistance is over; the only hope is that the southern army may be saved. Pressure by the Allied powers has so far failed to force Greace to abandon her neutrality and may antagonize Greek sentiment. the side of the Allies. Rigid as the transpire to show that the Balkan situation is about as bad as possible

Events in the Balkans are hastening to a crisis. The people of Greece are largely on the side of the Allies, but they fear, as do the diplomats of London, Paris and Rome, that the King proposes to use the army to insure the success of the Germans and Bulgars. The Government at Athens, which holds power despite the fact that it has no mandate from Parliament, is reported to have ordered all Greek merchant ships in and Italian ports to leave immediately. This indicates a belief that the Allies mean to apply pressure to make Greece fulfil her treaty obligation to aid Serbia, and an inter tion on the part of the King and his supreme because Parliament has been dissolved, to refuse, and possibly openly to side with the Germanic powers.

The Germans are doing their best to foment trouble between the Allisa and Greece. Despatches to the Frankfurter Zeitung from Constantinople, which have no doubt been sent to Greece, say that "the English already consider Saloniki as English territory. They have been heard to say that Greece must either draw the sword voluntarily or be forced to do it. The overthrow of the dynasty is hinted at. In Athens serious measures are being considered. The state of siege which now exists in New Greece is likely to be decreed at any mement throughout the entire kingdom. Although the consent of Parliament is necessary under the law, superior forces can oblige the Government to act without the consent of Parliament. The Anglo-French forces are making large requisitions in Saloniki without the least regard for the Greek authori-ties." Here jutlined in the rough seems to be Constantine's plan for turning against the Allies. First, martial law and the seizure of all martial law and the selzure of an incivil power by his pro German officers. Second, a complaint that the Allies are plotting against the King and planning his overthrow. Third, active military operations to recover Saloniki and prevent it from

becoming "English territory." The attitude of Roumania also beomes more doubtful. Take Jonescu the leader of the Roumanian Liberals takes the platform to morrow to tell the people why they should greatly the people why they should greatly fear an Austria victorious, and in which the Magyars would be all powerful. Meanwhile the King—a Hohenzollern—and his Ministers are calling other Liberal leaders into ation and communicating confidential information which it is sus-Austria and seek territorial compensation in Bessarabia instead of Transvivanie. The Russians and Austrians are concentrating armies on the Roumanian frontier. Jonescu points to his country's difficulties following the big mistake of the treaty of amity with Austria thirty year ago. Many Roumanian officers, thanks to it, have studied in Gernany and Austria without benefit to Roumania's army, and Roumania has no artillery, infantry, mountain artillery, or fortifications in the Carpathians, and no gun and munition factories. In their last admission there is confession that it will be almost impossible for Roumania under present conditions to fight the Garmanic powers.-Toronto Globe

HOW LONDON IRISH SAVED ARMY CORPS

NEW REGIMENT'S GLORIOUS RUSH AND STAND AT BATTLE OF LOOS

The Weekly Dispatch (London, Eng.) One of the most stirring stories of British grit and courage in the present War is undoubtedly that of the charge of the London Irish Rifles in

the attack upon Loos. Some of them actually played foot-ball right up to the German trenches; but this was only one of a thousand acts of cool dare devilry that marked a day which, according to Brigadier-Ganeral Thwaites, witnessed "one of the finest actions of the War."

The following narrative by one of the wounded, now lying in a London hospital, which gives for the first time the story of the regiment's great charge and equally great stand iar interest at a moment when a special appeal is being made for 500 more recruits for the regiment now stationed at the Duke of York's Headquarters, King's road, Chelsea,

As soon as we heard the great bom. bardment start we knew the big advance was going to begin; and for nineteen solid days the guns banged away, till, as one wit in the regiment put it: "It was a wonder the shells didn't bally well jam together in the air," so thick did they come over our heads. When we were ordered one night to the back reserve trenches and "fed up well" we knew the time was near. "Fattening the calf for slaughter," said we to ourselves.

I can't tell you the pride we felt when we heard that we were actually to have the honour of leading the Our first objective was to be the Valley Cross Roads, which commanded the way to Loos and Hill 70, after taking which we were, if possible, to break through as far as day's good food and rest we marched into the first trenches late at night, laden with ammunition kitlings, and trench tools, and, in fact, everything we could carry.

THE GENERAL'S " SEND OFF "

Our first job was to get over the parapet and start digging about three hundred yards nearer to the enemy, and by dawn we had managed to make a sort of ditch about 3 foot deep all along our front. It was not dangerous work the first night, for the Germans had not spotted us, and we left off at dawn : but when they did spot the new earthworks and realised what we were up to, the first thing they did in the morning was to start a terrific bombardment. had to lie low all day till it was safe enough to go out again under cover for we were told we should have to

stay in them the next day.

I shall never forget that night. As we "marched into battle," to use the old expression, the general — God -took the officers one after the other by the hand, with a genial Put it there, lad," and " Good luck," and then said a few words to the men which stirred us to our inmost

The Empire expects great things of the London Irish to day-remember that—for you have been chosen to lead the whole division." But heavens, you've got to be a soldier and to have been under fire and facing death for weeks to be able to understand what such words mean No man can hear them and remain coward, for you just feel that all the old people at home would scorn to receive you back unless you had done

A few minutes later we were crawling out into the open to finish the trench which was to be the springing off place for the great dash that we hoped would break the German

and bullets and shells poured on us, the explosions silhouetting us momentarily every few instants, and revealing us hard at work.

One set of our men-footballers by profession—made a strange resolution; it was to take a football along with them. The officer discovered this, and ordered the football to be taken back to the base-which, of course, was carried out. But the old members of the London Irish Football Club were not to be done out of the greatest game of their lives—the last to some of them, poor fellows— and just before Major Berestord gave the signal the leather turned up again mysteriously.

"ON THE BALL, LONDON IRISH"

Suddenly the officer in command gave the signal, "Over you go, lads." with that the whole line sprang up as one man, some with a prayer, not a few making the sign of the Cross.

But the footballers, they chucked the ball over and went after it just as cool as if on the field, passing it from one to the other, though the bullets were flying thick as hail, crying, "On the ball, London Irisb," just as they might have done at Forest Hill. I believe that they actually kicked it right into the enemy's trench with the cry, "Goal!" though not before some of them had been picked off on the way.

There wasn't 400 yards between the trenches and we had to get across the open—a manoeuvre we started just as on parade. All lined up with rifles at the slope. Once our fellows got going it was hard to get them to stop, with the result that some our own gas waves and dropped in it just before it had time to get over the enemy's trench.

The barbed wire had been broken into smithereens by our shells so that we could get right through—but we could see it had been terrible stuff, and we all felt we should not have had a ghost of a chance of getting through had it not been for an unlimited supply of shells expended on it.

When we reached the German trench, which we did under a cloud of smoke, we found nothing but a pack of beings dazed with terror. In a jiffy we were over their parapet and the real work began ; a kind of mad ness comes over you as you stab with your bayonet and hear the shriek of e poor devil suddenly cease as the steel goes through him and you know not show much fight, most having retired into their second line of trenches when we began to occupy their first to make it our new line of attack. That meant clearing out even the smallest nook or corner that

was large enough to hold a man. THE HAND TO HAND FIGHT

This fell to the bombers. Every comber is a hero, I think, for he has to rush on fully exposed, laden with enough stuff to send him to "king-dom come" if a chance shot or a stumble sets him off.

Some of the sights were awful in the hand to hand struggle—for, of course, that is the worst part. Our own second in command, Major Beresford, was badly wounded. One officer named Hamilton, though shot through the knee just after leaving our trench, was discovered still limping on at the second German trench and had to be placed under arrest to prevent his going on till he bled

to death. They got the worst of it though when it came to cold steel, which they can't stand, and they ran like bares. So having left a number of on to the second and then the third, after which other regiments came up to our relief and together we took It wasn't really our job at to take Loos, but we were swept on by the enthusiasm, I suppose, and all ay long we were at it, clearing house after house, or rather who vas left of the houses-stabbing and shooting and bombing till one felt ready to drop dead one's self. We wiped the 23rd Silesian Regiment right out, but it was herrible to work on with the cries of the

vounded going up all round. You have no idea how the place vas fortified: sandbagged up to the roof some of the houses were with wonderfully concealed Maxims that could shoot so that you would not even see the flash from the muzzle.

As to their snipers, they are wonder some of them are a couple of hundred yards out ahead of their trenches buried up to the neck in a hole and with nothing but a fixed rifle with telescopic sight and an unlimited supply of food and ammunition, firing

away till picked off themselves. There seems to be some mystery about Hill 70 as to whether it was taken or not. As a matter of fact, Hill 70 is some five or six miles across; it is not a sort of Spion Kop. It is quite possible for the Germans and the English to be occupying it

simultaneously without even realizing they were on a hill at all, so flat it is. Now what really happened was this; our men went clean over it in the first rush that carried them beyond Loos in the direction of Lens, which we had hoped to capture. Unfortunately the Germans suddenly brought up tremendous reinforcements as soon as they realised that the loss of Lens would probably mean the loss of Douai, and concentrated their whole counter-attack upon some fresh troops who had only been out at the

front a fortnight. THE GRIM STRUGGLE

Luckily during the advance a large quantity of supplies had been moved lines. No sooner had we reached this place than the stillness was broken by the roar of the enemy's guns, than the Germans' third line of Maria.

trenches turned round back to front. the sandbag parapets having been moved sack by sack on to the other side and consolidated, as well as

time would allow.

The battle now became terrific. It seemed as if the whole of Krupps was being chucked at us wholesale, while our own artillery was peppering away just as hard from behind our backs. It seemed as if they'd pop our heads off at times between them. stick to it, lade," said one of our officers; "everything depends upon officers : your holding your position. If they once break the line—" He didn't have to finish: that was quite sufficient, and the words of the general came back: "Remember you're came back: "Remember you're Irish and the Empire expects great things of you."

That was enough. If every Jack man of us had to go under we were determined to do so, but we wouldn't give in. "Von Hindenburg is coming with half a million men," shouted one German, as he advanced. " gorra, then, so much the worse for von Hindenburg and his half million," we shouted : and the fight went on.

There we were, a long way from our own lines; in fact, nearly in the enemy's, isolated from every help and hardly knowing what was pappening around us or what part we were really playing in the great struggle. The strain on the nerves was something terrific; every mo-ment you felt as if you were ready to drop from sheer exhaustion, but still you kept up, you couldn't tell yourself how. Every now and again your next pal would drop beside you with a scream, pipped in the head by a bullet, or in the body by a piece of shrapnel, and you dared not leave your post or lower your

rifls a second for fear great human wave that to be shattered before it reached you would break over your parapet. Some of them would lie quite silent, but you could see their lips moving in prayer as they lay there. The night came on, but you knew you could not expect relief for hours and you saw the dawn and wondered what fate it heralded for you.

There is nothing in earth more stupendous than dawn on a battle-field; the cold breeze, the streak of light, the rolling clouds, and the haze of night gradually lifting, but pierced here and there with the flash of rifle and Maxim gup, and the whole atmosphere shedding a kind of greenish colour on all the faces

All Monday passed and still no relief came ; indeed, it was a question whether any minute we should not be blown to atoms and the line swamped with a rush of the enemy. We could hardly stand from fatigue, having been in action steadly since Saturday morning; but still we

fought on almost blindly.

"Fight on, lads," said an officer
who was afterwards killed poor chap.
"Remember the division looks to you. This is bound to end sooner or later. Let it be in a way that will never be forgotten when they hear of it at home in London and in Ireland. So we fought on, and never a single German got nearer than a dozen

yards from our lines.
"Soon we got the word that we should be relieved early Tuesday morning under cover of the dark announcement sent a terrible thrill of joy through us, for then we knew we had won.

VICTORY !

The last few hours, however, were terrific. Our own shells had come to our rescue and under their shelter new troops came to relieve us, to gether with the stretcher bearers for our wounded. As soon as we got to uary, be dedicated in a marked no love for Catholics, and they made

show their gratitude. The first few moments after battle the roll-call takes place and you see for the first time the terrible cost of victory. You hear pals calling out the names of pals and no answer coming back, and then the poor fellow who survives going round to get the last news. It's terrible. You see chaps who have stood the strain of battle like so many giants crying like children all alone.

Then you see others around full of the enthusiasm of the great hour, taking out their pencils and scraps of paper and cardboard or anything in order to let the people get the first news of their escape as quickly as possible and saying that everyone was telling how the 18th Battalion, London Regiment had saved the situation.

I put that down myself to the ordinary pride of regiment till we got if from the general himself, who assembled us together. m I proud to have had the honor of being in command of such a regiment as yours, lads, but," he said, "the whole Empire will be proud whenever in after years the battle of Loos comes to be written; for I can tell you that it was the London Irish who helped to save a whole British army corps. You've done one of the greatest actions of the War."

"IF AT FIRST-"

Good resolutions may be, and doubtless are, fragile and brittle; but breaking them is not an irreparable mischief. They may be taken again, and yet again; and experience proves that the oftener they are renewed the better the chance of

TRAFALGAR DAY

From the Ottawa Journa

In a signed article in Le Devoir, Mr. Henri Bourassa has attached the recent Red Cross collection, taking place in part on Trafalgar Day, as an insult to French - Canadians. He writes :

" And that immense collection for the Red Cross, a most worthy and generous thought in itself—what day was chosen for it in the four corners of the British Empire: The anniversary of Tratalgar, of the day that sealed the defeat of the French fleet and the isolation of France as a power in the extra European politics. Ramilies and Malplaquet are simply lefeats of the French armies ; Water loo is the end of a man whose career was ended, the end of a dynasty with out any roots, the destruction of a monstrous regime, of which France as much as any other nation in Europe

But Trafalgar. It is the 'defeat' of France, the loss forever of its colonial power, it is the tragic ruin to the great benefit of England, of the dreams of Richelieu, Colbert, Duplex and Montcalm. And it is that day, nefarious amongst all dates for France in the history of its struggles against England, that they chose to ask the people of all parts of the Empire, to famished India, to Australia, to South Africa, to Canada yes, to Canada, a quarter of which is French, to throw gold into the offers to assist the richest country in the world to help the army allied

"Though a pious thought in the province of Quebec alone, the date was set back a week for the day of the Imperial collection so gloriously connected with the destruction of France. It would have been much ore dignified if that petty excuse had been left seide and had it simply been explained that the only way to have the English people accept their share of the burdens of War was to remind them of their past glories.'

The Journal recently said that victory of Trafalgar in the Cath. olic cathedral of Quebec. To the French-Caradians of that day, the British war against Napoleon Bona parte was a holy war, and every using the word Trafalgar, at least we which a record exists followed the Battle of the Nile, in 1798. It was the same thing. The British fleet under Nelson deteated Napoleon's fleet in Aboukir Bay, just as the same fleet under the same man in the same struggle defeated Napoleon's fleet at Trafalgar a little later. When the news of the Nile reached Canada, extraordinary action followed. The Bishop of Quebec addressed a mandament to all the clergy of his diocese calling upon all to celebrate solemn Mass in their churches in thankful-

sing Te Deums.

The mandement in question is from " Pierre Denant, by the Grace of Quebec," and is addressed to all the clergy. After alluding to the victory, of which his clergy had been informed, and to the evils caused by the action of those dominating France, the mandement touches on the mischiev. the revolutionaries, and with reference to Nelson's victory, says "but the God of armies has declared the justice of our cause." It then orders

the back trenches in safety a huge manner to the giving thanks to God no attempt to conceal their feelings "The London Irish—Hurroo!' and Fleet in the Mediterranean on the 1st presence of French pricets in Boston they shook us by the hands and took and 2nd of August last by the naval may be traced to 1643 and 1646. But our rifles from our grasp and the kits forces of His Majesty under the orders from our backs in their eagerness to of Vice Admiral Horatio Nelson, of Vice - Admiral Horatio Nelson, Knight of the Bath; that a solemn Mass be celebrated in all the churches are very wonderful, for it is then that of the diocese, and that as a thanks giving the Te Deum be sung with the Domine Salvum Fac ; that the alters e decorated as for the most solemn celebrations, and the festival be fully bserved by the ringing of all the bells."

The clergy are ordered not to fail to take advantage of the occasion to mpress upon their parishioners the bligations they owe to heaven for naving placed them under the Empire and protection of His Britannic Majesty and to exort them all anew to maintain it with fidelity and grati-

The mandement is signed by " P.

Eveque de Quebec" and counter signed by "Chaboillez, Ptre et Sec. The day was further specially signalized in the Quebec cathedral itself by a sermon preached by Messire J. O Plessis, cure of Quebec, coadjutor elect and vicar general of the diocese from the text: " Votre main droit Seigneur a frappe 'lennemi." Exodus It is an eloquent denunciation of the existing state of affairs in France, and eulogizes Nelson as the Moses by whose instrumentality in the hands of God the French Pharach was overwhelmed in the great battle of Aboukir. It promises that the victory had elevated the glory of Great Britain and had placed a new diadem of generosity upon her brow; that it had assured the happiness of the province of Quebec.
So one can understand what reason

by his readiness to let his mother country die under German boots rather than that French Canadians should stir a hand.

Lieut. Col. Lavergue, is illustra

ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN BOSTON

THEN AND NOW

The late Charles Warren Stoddard is credited with saying that reading the time table of a certain California railroad was like repeating the Litany of the Saints. Now New England, wealth of Catholic nomenclature; vet it is always pleasant for Catholics whether native or merely resident ere, to remember that New England's chief city perpetuates, although in a very contracted and hard to be recognized form, the name of a Saxon saint

The Puritans who gave the name of Boston, St. Botolph's Town, to the ettlement which later developed into the metropolis of New England had no intention, need it be said, of honoring a Catholic saint, Saxon or otherwise. For them there was no Litany of the Saints. They had broken with England's Catholic past, and the first syllable of the name of the new settlement, chosen because of their memories of Boston in Lincolnehire, had in their minds no Catholic significance whatever.

They builded, however, better than they knew; they chose more appropriately and prophetically than they suspected. To day if St. Botoloh should return to earth and visit the great city in the New World which bears his name, he would find the greater part of the population of the same Faith as his ; and he would further discover the greater part of this greater part to be composed of people who had either come themelves, or whose forbears had come from that island whose missionaries helped to Christianize his own Saxon ancestors in the long-ago centuries. In other words, the religious com-French Canadians celebrated the plexion of this erstwhile Paritan stronghold has become strongly Cath. olic; and although we have in Boston a vast and increasing number of Catholics of nearly every race, the Catholic of Irish blood still predom-British victory a French Canadian inates in number and influence. So triumph. But we were in error in much is this so, that in Boston, more notably perhaps than in other places Irish" and 'Catholic' are interthat occasion. The celebration of changeable terms among the less precisely spoken members of the community; a fact illustrated by the story of the old-fashioned Boston woman who, seeing a colored man entering the Portuguese church, ex-claimed that she had never before seen a Portuguese negro; 'and him Irisb. too!'

And if St. Botolph should time his visit so as to arrive in this city on his own feast-day, he would find the citizens "celebrating" with great fervor; for, by a curious circum-stance, St. Botolph's Day coincides ness for the British victory, and to sing Te Deums.

with the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, a day peculiarly Boston's own, and one which she observes without any regard for God and the Apostolic See, Bishop of latter day neutrality. Boston Catho lics, however, seem as generally oblivious of this as their Protestant fellow citizens, although none of them has to be told that when Boston celebrates on Evacuation Day, March 17, the departure of the British from hereabouts in 1776, she is also observing the feast of Ireland's patron saint.
The first settlers of Massachusetts

were plous—in their way. But who needs to be reminded that their way the visits were brief. The priests came under the protection of their government and were therefore courteously treated by the Puritan governor. Had they come as pre sumably permanent residents the case would undoubtedly have been different. Father Druilletes came to Boston as an envoy of the French Government in 1650 and possibly said Mass here privately then. However in 1689 it could be asserted that there was not "a single Papist" in all New England Yet the Papists came; for there is extant a warrant issued by Governor Belcher in 1781, the exact date, March 17, giving it a p culiar interest, which directs the sheriff to search for Papists who, "speedily" joined with their priest, designed to celebrate Mass; and if need be to break open any dwelling house, etc. A year later, March 20. 1782, the Weekly Rehearsal con-tained this item: "We hear that Mass has been performed in town this winter by an Irish priest among some Catholics of his own nation, of whom it is not doubted we have a considerable number among us."
There may have been many such
Masses said in private houses.
There is at least a belief that Mass was so celebrated in a house on Green Street; but it is not until after the Revolution that we to the record of the first public celechurch. To day with a Catholic Governor

on Beacon Hill, a Catholic Mayor in the City Hall, a Catholic Commis stoner at Police Headquarters, a Catholic District Attorney in the So one can understand what reason Mr. Bourassa has to day to attribute to English bigotry and desire to hurt French Canadian feelings the selection for a Red Cross collection of the ten for a Red Cross collection of the Red Cross collection of non for a red cross consented of the anniversary of the defeat of a Napoleonic fleet.

And the real character of Mr. Bourassa's assumed concern for France and French feelings, like that of But it should always be remembered

Your Savings

The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in

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thus led him to expect that if a that in the midst of the worst anti always had fearless and friendly Protestant sons who failed not to espouse the cause of their oppressed fellow citizens. Boston's first Catholic Church was built by the help of Protestant good will and Protestant money; and in every genera-tion since there have been manifes tations of this same spirit. And this is a tribute not only to the non-Catholics of Boston, but to the men Review. providentially chosen to represent the Church here and interpret it to them. The memory and example of

DENIS A. MCCARTHY. Associate Editor, Sacred Heart Review.

" BUGS"

those men are our best "landmarks."

When the late Samuel Stephen Haldeman, the distinguished naturalist of the University of Pennsylvania and founder of the National Academy of Science became a Catholic, his friends asked him what brought him to the threshold of the Church. He answered: "Bugs." Then perceiving the amazement of his questioner, he explained that even the smallest insect (preserved in his cabinet)
possessed the organism necessary for its proper activities. Head and members he always found working together as one body. His science

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Church—as the embodiment of religion—were really part of the divine plan, and so had its place in the world, that Church would be equipped by the common Creator with the organization and means of action proper to it, as carefully at least as is the beetle of a day equipped What his hypothesis demanded Professor Haldeman found realized in Catholic Christianity. - Sacred Heart

FATHER FRASKR'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, Merch 22, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD : Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid

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

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

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law : that we might receive the

adoption of sons."

When the Incarnate God came into the world, the world had need of Him. The nations were seated in the valley of the shadow of death. Paganism held sway over a great portion of the earth. God was being robbed of His

conceits of their own souls. They and all mankind required someone

to direct their feet in the ways of peace, to renew the face of the earth, to lead erring man back to the throne

of grace and to save him from him

the ages that were to be, should they

human life, so that again it may be said, as was said of old: "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him,

and He will save us ; this is the Lord

we have patiently waited for Him, we shall rejoice and be joyful in His

CATHOLIC POLAND'S

PLIGHT

Two Catholic countries are suffer

ing most severely on account of the war—Belgium and Poland. Irvin Cobb has called Belgium "Europe's Rag Doll." It is an apt and sad

comparison. Poland comes next in the severity of her afflictions. What

will Germany do with her, is the

question now asked very often.
A Catholic writer says:
"A people peaceful, and free from
the blame of setting this hideous war

suffered much in their history, too,

been heavy upon them. Yet the wonder of it all, they have never lost

their nationality. You may talk of Austrian Poland, Russian Poland,

Prussian Poland; the adjectives are

nothing; it is the noun that counts,

and Poland has ever remained Poland. The Treaty of Vienna tore

the body of Poland into three parts.

Austria, Russia and Prussia each

taking a share, while Cracow became

a republic. All the great powers, England, France, and the nations receiving the spoils guaranteed that the Polish language and religion should be held sacred. A political

crime was to be made lighter by

"Russian Poland's history up to

1830 can be summed up in a single

word, misgovernment. Secret police

suppressed, the right of free speech in and out of parliament crushed : in

brief, every promise guaranteed by the Constitution was broken. The

year of revolutions was 1830, and

there was scarcely a year from then till 1863 that did not see a Polish

rising, and that year was the red

year in Russian Poland. After 150,

000 Poles went to Siberia, while at

least 30,000 had gone down in battle, the process of Russianizing began

No Pole could purchase land in Lithuania or Ukraina, they were per-

reated them some better and gave

them a degree of autonomy which

made them prosperous.

May not all Catholics and good

men hope for the restoration of the kingdom of Poland!—Intermountain

AN OLD TIME OBJECTION

In the course of a forcible and

considering the source, a somewhat remarkable appreciation of the par-

ochial school, the Brooklyn Citizen

thus disposes of one old-time objec-

tion to our Catholic schools:

"The statement—or misetatement

rather-is ofttimes made that too

much attention is paid to religious

instruction and that other things

are sacrificed. But such is not the

overrunning the country,

salvation."—St. Paul Bullstin.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. P. PEPPERT

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT "Ween you shall see these things come to pass, mow that the kingd m of God is at hand" (Luke

Our Lord enumerated the events which are to precede the last judg-ment, in order that men may then at least have recourse to Penance ; but, as far as we are concerned, the pre-diction of the events is equivalent to their occurrence. It is certain that sooner or later the terrible judgment will take place, and we ought there-fore often seriously to think about it, and this reflection will lead us to give up our sins and will encourage us to strive earnestly to acquire fresh virtues. As the Wise Man says: "In all thy works remember thy last end and thou shalt never sin."

By giving us so solemn and so important a subject for meditation as that contained in to-day's Gospel, our Lord shows how good and expedient it is for us to meditate upon all the truths of religion, as this tends to our edification and ultimately to our Thinking over these truths is a form of prayer in the wider sense of the word, and is much recommended by all teachers of the spiritual life, who call it meditation. It behooves every Christian to know at least something about it, and so we will consider to day first the ad vantages of meditation, and then the

right way to make it.

By making a meditation we mean penetrating into some truth for our dification, and not merely in order become acquainted with it or to obtain a better comprehension of it. If we, therefore, think over the truths of our religion simply with a view to learning them and to understanding them more fully, we are not making the sort of meditation of

which we are now speaking.
When we meditate, we try to penetrate more deeply into one of the truths of our holy religion, so as to awaken in our hearts pious feelings and affections, holy resolutions and a firm intention to be zealous in acquiring virtues. Thinking over things in order to be a property of the property of order to know them enlightens the mind, but pious meditation warms the heart, and urges it on to pursue what is right. Even if Holy Scrip-ture and the great writers of the Church taught us nothing regarding the importance of frequently making pious meditations, we could find it outfor ourselves. Any one who aims atachieving a task that demands great exertion and costly sacrifices, would be discouraged by the difficulty of his undertaking, unless he often renewed his purpose by thinking of his goal; but he would often not know how to reach this goal, unless he studied the means of doing so, and, by thinking of the suitability of ans, derived fresh energy to apply them, in order thus to attain to the desired end. Thus serious meditation leads to an intense wish to reach the goal, and our one great goal is heaven.

Why has holy Church to mourn over many who do not lead Christian lives? Chiefly because so many have not the faith. Yet the great majority of Christians although they do not live as they ought, have the faith and adhere to its truths, but never think about them. And just because they never let their minds dwell upon these truths, they are unaffected by them, their hearts remain cold, and in spite of having the true faith, they things of God."

late, because there is none that considereth in the heart " (Jer. xii, 11) Such hearts are devoid of virtue and devastated by sin, because they never consider the truths of faith that they know. God's word is planted in them like seed in the earth, but it never grows, and it bears no fruit, because it is not quickened into life by the warmth derived from medita tion. What more terrible doctrine can there be than that concerning hell? Yet there are some who firmly believe it, but never think about it. consider what everlasting punishment means, and so are unaffected by the warnings that it im presses upon us. Such people live as if they did not believe in hell; they will even live as if hell did not

The faith of such Christians is like a flint, from which sparks of fire can be produced only by repeated blows with the steel ; otherwise there is no

sign of fire about it. If only those who have the faith would frequently consider the various truths of our holy religion thoughtfully and with earnest piety, they would be led to make many good resolutions and to amend their

We may, therefore, know and be lieve the truths of religion, but, un-less we think about them, we are only too likely to fall into a careless way of life and into the sins of the world. The man who meditates upon these truths is alone steadfast in his efforts

to attain to eternal happiness.
We read in Holy Scripture that the man is blessed who meditates day and night on the law of the Lord (Ps. i, 1, 2) for the resolutions formed during meditation will not vanish and leave no trace, but they will remain with him day and night, and direct him in all that be thinks, does and avoids. Thus frequent medita-tion becomes really a remembrance of the law of the Lord by day and by night. In another passage of Hely Scripture we read : "Blessed is the man that shall continue in wisdom, and that shall meditate in his jus-tice, and in his mind shall think of

HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST?

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the all-seeing eye of God " (Eccl. xiv. 22)

In accordance with the teaching of Holy Scripture, the Fathers of the Church lose no opportunity of urging men to meditate upon her doctrines St. Jerome b'ds us withdraw often into holy, silent meditaton, as into s quiet have a from the stormy sea of life, and he concludes his admonition with these words: "I give you this advice, not in order to cut you off from your family (as if you ought to them and spend your time in meditation upon sacred things), but, on the contrary, you ought to medi-tate, in order to learn thereby how to behave towards others."

St. Augustine recommends meditation as a safeguard against sin, and says very truly that it is im-possible for one, who has holy thoughts in his heart, to do evil deeds, impossible, that is to say, for one whose heart is really filled and penetrated with holy thoughts that are the outcome of his meditation.

Being wrong, regardless of circum-

effects of meditation, and says: "It purifies first the source whence it proceede, viz. the intellect, which est quantity of liquor, even as medibegins the meditation, and then it gives a right intention to all our all times and under all circumduties, directs our actions, corrects our faults, and orders our manners and our whole life; finally it pro-cures for us a knowledge of all the

Meditation is most profitable not to those who desire to continue of the prophet Jeremias: ... With described and made deso late, because there is none that continue. It completes our knowledge right in the heart "(Ler. xii. 11). of the doctrines of our holy religion. it renders our faith more lively, it adds strength to our hope, and warmth and fervor to our love of

At first it may not be easy to meditate, but much of the difficulty is overcome by means of spiritual read. ing. Whoever has not learned how to make a meditation, may begin by reading a short passage in some good book, and then thinking over wha he has read : afterwards he may read on further, and stop again to impress the subject well upon his memory, making such good resolutions as suggest themselves, and bearing them carefully in mind, in order to put them into practice.

It is very necessary for you to accustom yourselves to some extent to make meditations, if you wish to show others the way to lead a good life and to attain everlasting h ness. By meditating you will learn to do this, not so much by means of dry precepts, as by having your hearts inflamed with real zeal for souls. Therefore pray God to give you grace to acquire the habit of making medi



tations, for thus you will not merely learn the truths of religion, but learn the truths of religion, but, realizing their beauty in the depths of your hearts, you will burn with an ardent desire to lead others too to know the infinite beauty of God.

TEMPERANCE

A WORD TO LAWMAKERS

Moral sussion and high examples are very good in their way, but no moral influence can counteract the shameless temptations that lie in the path of our young men and women to day. It is unnecessary to enumerate them here. We claim as a right to have them removed by act of Parliament. Our men on the way home from work on pay days, our women in the poorest districts, our young boys in their clubs with licensed bars, are all tempted to violate the laws of sobriety, and it is the duty of every government to concern itself seriously in the matter. It acts of Parliament cannot make them sober, they can at least make possible and easy the practice of this hardy virtue. Human nature is not radically bad, and given fair conditions, it will be come strong in the practice of a virtue that makes for physical and moral progress. To our law givers we say remove the inducements to drinking that stare our young people in the face, and trust to religion, to self interest and love of virtue to make them sober and self respecting. -Father Mathew Record. NOT WRONG IN ITSELF, BUT-

The centennial of the birth of the late Monsignor Bessonies was cele-brated recently in Father Mathew Hall, Indianapolis. The venerable prelate was a Frenchman, who preached total abstinence and gave up wine as an example to others Rev. C. J. Baron, who spoke on the occasion, alluded to the oft repeated argument that to take a drink is not wrong in itself. He said :

There is no doubt any State has the right to enact laws prohibiting those things harmful to its people, and in this class he said liquor held s

prominent place.
"A thousand and one things are not in se (in themselves) wrong, and are yet rightfully prohibited. Speeding an auto in a crowded street is not in se wrong, operating a powder mill or a slaughter house in the heart of a city is not in se wrong, yet they are prohibited, because circumstantially wrong.

"According to theologians, all human acts derive their morality from the object, the end or the circumstances attending the act. By the object is understood that to which the will primarily tends, apart from the circumstances with which the action, when done, will be clothed; or, in other words, the ing beyond all telling. They have action in the abstract. Some objects as here defined have a morality of their own. Thus, to blaspheme God been heavy upon them. Yet the is always wrong. It does not derive its morality from circumsta are the outcome of his meditation.

St. Bernard speaks of the excellent stances, it is said to be wrong in se. If the sale of intoxicants were wrong in this sense, then taking the smallstances.

"Needless to say, temperance people do not contend, and never did, that drinking is wrong in this sense, hings of God."

Meditation is most profitable not toxicants is here and now circumthat they are likely to communicate to the rest of the school, then sending them is wrong, not in se, but circumstantially.

When liquorites argue that liquor selling is lawful because Christ changed water into wine, or because the Old Testament seems in places to sanction the drinking of intoxicants, their argument is beside the mark.

"The prohibition question is not sands of years ago, nor about beer drinking in Germany, nor about the use of absinthe in France, but is concerned about the selling of intoxi-cants here and now."—Catholic

ADVENT

secuted for their Faith, and it was a crime to speak Polish in public. When the twentieth century began there were not as many schools in Russian Poland as there were in the The season of Advent, which marks the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, embraces the time between the same territory at the close of the sixteenth century. But Polish nation Sunday nearest to the Feast of St. ality refused to die. Though bleed Andrew the Apostle, November 30, and the Feast of Our Lord's Nativity. ing fearfully, it is living still." Germany endeavored to Germanize the Poles, and partially succeeded, but their natural patriotic spirit could not be driven out. Austria During these days the faithful are exhorted to prepare by works of penance and by prayer for the celebra tion of the anniversary of the Saviour's coming into the world. With beautiful appropriateness the Church has arranged her liturgy in such a way as to keep before her mind that long period from the fall of man to the coming of the Redeemer. She goes back in spirit to the time befere the Incarnation, and in the words of the holy men of the ancient dispensation she prays, "Send down the dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One : let the earth be opened, and bud forth the Redeemer." She borrows the language of ardent longing and forvid expression of the prophets of old, in which the prayers of His people ascended to His throne, and after receiving and answering them, "when the fulness of the time was come, God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law: that He might made under the law: that He might redeem them who were under the small amount of time is given over

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe self and his sins. And these things the Lord accomplished by His mis sion, and would accomplish for all That She Used to Darken

but obey Him.

'He came unto His own and His own received Him not." He was treated with disdain by those whom He wouldsave. And in this twentieth For years I tried to restore my gray century as well as in the first these words are true of the reception accorded Him on the part of His people The world's unrest at the present, is a reality. Men are seeking peace in life and quiet in conscience, and assurance in prospect, and they will not permit the One Being Who can satisfy their longings to come into their lives. Advent time is the Church's preparation for the coming of the Redeemer, with His grace and truth into countless souls. May He come even to the thousands who in their pride of knowledge turned away from the Saviour's teaching. May He illumine the minds and strengthen the wills even of those, to recognize His saving presence and blessed influence in

to religious teaching. It may be that it does not take long to tell the children how to be good and how to shun evil. Again, it may be due to the fact that the whole system of religious instruction is so mapped out that the children get it in the proper proportions. Of course, this training starts from the time they are able to lisp their prayers and continues through it you will to earth. God was being revocated at its extrinsic glory because the worship that belonged to Him was being given to idols. Many of His own people whom He had favored with revolutions of divine truth had forcontinues through-if you will-to the time the senior in the Catholi college is studying his philosophy."
To which may be added the fact that the somewhat intangible but revelations of divine truth, had for-gotten and forsaken Him. They had abandoned the fountains of living water, and had gone astray in the

How I Darkened My **Gray Hair**

Her Gray Hair

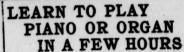
For years I tried to restore my gray hair to its natural color with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally ran onto a simple recipe which I fixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound, 1 oz. of bay rum and ½ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the gray hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humors, and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not color the scalp.

very real entity known as the Cath. olic atmosphere counts for a great deal in the school-training of our pupils.-Ave Maria.



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found a cure for it."

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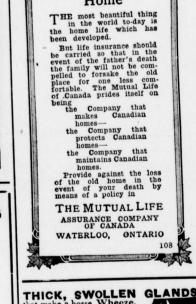
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

YOUR OLD MOTHER

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweeter and more beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips that have kissed away many a hot tear from the childish cheeks and they are the sweetest in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ab, yes, she is the dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go farther and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison where bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues till you most forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.—St. Paul Bulletin.

CHRERFIILNESS VERSUS

The cheerful man is a jewel among his associates and cannot help but suggest contentment wherever he ers, in marked contrast to the appears, in marked contrast to the fellow who is gloomy, or, as the expression now goes—"the man with

where is this more noticeable than in and about shops or manu-factories where large numbers of men are engaged whose daily life and comfort depend a good deal upon their surroundings. It is, theretore, of the utmost importance that commodious quarters, together with plenty of light and air be provided. This will aid, in a large degree, to-ward creating cheerful dispositions. In the past, much less regard than at present has been paid to shop comforts. To day, however, the railroad companies when they put up new shop buildings or add to the old ones, are in the habit of devoting especial attention to these needs, and it is most excellent judgment to do this. Without such consideration work is apt to become a drudgery and no man can be expected to do his best who is obliged to toil where proper facilities and ordinary com-

forts are lacking. It is not surprising that we now and then run across a man with a grouch." Yet we will find men who wear a pleasant countenance and exercise cheerful dispositions, even under the most trying circumstances and who are always ready and willing to perform their allotted task, no matter what their surroundings may be. Such men are chearful by nature same disposition in others not so born and often do. It is possible, there fore, for most of us to cultivate habit of cheerfulness if we be so

Fortunately there is no such word grouch " in the English diction. It has been coined, and quite properly, to express a state of mind which was paramount in one of Napoleon Bonaparte's generals, named Grouchy, whose conduct at the famous battle of Waterloo was largely like.
Or Napoleon's defeat. up by a consequent inefficiency. other words, he had what we, in these days, call a grouch for reasons with us ?" which have never been fully ex plained. At any rate as a subordinate to Napoleon, he became in some way discontented and neglected his duty at a critical moment. Since the battle of Waterloo-fought more

than a century ago, the fault finding, discontented fellow is known as "Grouchy." The stigma, though severe, is well applied. The gloomy individual, who sees no sunshing bright though it may be, who finds with his tools and his surroundings though they be ever so excellent and thereby creates discon-tent among his fellow workmen, is the Grouchy of Napoleon's time. He is the man who brings defeat and disorder and we regret to say that here, there and everywhere, to day, Grouchys are in evidence and oftentimes without good reason.

than ever for abandoning a cheerful disposition to become a Grouchy, it is a wise idea to acquire the habit of being pleasant and willing. There will be more likelihood of a victory han a crushing defeat. As a result, the employe will do better work and both he and his employer will profit by it in general. Promotion is more easily within reach, while the gloom which envelops the grouchy man is like a fog which deceives the vision and means serious dangers ahead,

until it is dispelled.

This lifting of gloom and substituting for it cheerfulness is a slight task which is bound to repay one a thousandfold. The tendency of the times is toward a season of un-paralleled prosperity. We can materially aid humanity in general to reach this goal by being cheerful in spite of conditions and annoyances which sometimes suggest gloom or 'grouch." The man with a "grouch" s assuredly not in the way of doing his best. When one fails to do his best he is liable to be classed as in-

competent and, so listed, contributes to a failure instead of a success. The discontented man who carries his grouch to the point of abusing



the company which employs him, not only shows a disloyal spirit but may spread a feeling of disloyalty through should never forget that loyalty to his company and his cause is the foundation upon which the success ful operations of all the departments is based .- Railway Engineering.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

The month of November is like s shrine of devotion around which cluster many beautiful flowers of sainthood, whose sweet legends win the heart and charm the mind. Maiden and warrior, priest and man complete the array of Christian nobility remarkable alike for mystiism and miracle.
One, the famous St. Martin, who

onverted the greater part of Gaul to Christianity, is the subject of this

brief sketch. We know the story of how the young Roman officer, while yet a catechumen, divided his military cloak and gave the larger part to a shivering, starving beggar on a sharp

winter day.
With this historical fact is connected a legend that accounts for those pleasant balmy weeks in to the British Medical Journal, bears November known as St. Martin's witness to the devotion and skill of

the Saint to the beggar; "but what town. He states:
I have I give, in the name of the It was presided over by Sister Fer-Lord." At these words, the very earth trembled with joy; nature awoke to life and happiness; the sun poured down in mellow radiance its beautiful flowing rivers of light brooks leaped and gurgled on their way; the very birds came from their winter hiding places and filled the air with sweetest warbling. Then a voice from heaven, heard by all around, said: "Martin, because thou hast had pity on this the lowliest of thy fellowmen, I grant thee a fore-taste of paradise this day. For I say, all those who here below take pity on the unfortunate shall erjoy in

heaven a perpetual spring."

Thus the legend runs and further states that this is the origin of St. Martin's summer, or as it is called in our own United States, Indian summer.-Truth.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

In the leading art gallery of a great Eastern city hung a picture of Christ blessing the children. On the days when the gallery was free to the public, a little girl might have been seen sitting before the picture, with a rapt expression on her face. She never seemed interested in the other art treasures of the great collection, but slipped into a seat near this one picture, and sat gazing upon it with an interest in which was something strangely unchild-

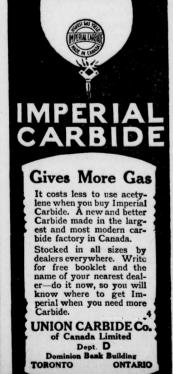
One day a group of girls came into he room and recognized her. "Why, Margery, what are you doing all by yourself? Come along

"Thank you," said the girl, "but I'd rather stay here." "Have you seen the statuary downstairs? There are lions and

buffaloes! It's real exciting! Come on !"

"I'd rather not to day." the girl re peated. Then, as the group disappeared

she sighed as if with relief, and turned again toward the painting A visitor, who had seen the child there before, was interested enough to question her.



You love this picture? Yes'm, ' the girl half whispered. Wby is it that you like it so much better than the others? There

are many beautiful paintings here?"

The girl hesitated. My little brother died last winter. It seemed like it would break our hearts, mother's and mine. And it wasn't till I saw this picture that I could feel as if Carlie was up in heaven with Jesus. But the little one cuddling up against Him looks just like Carlie; and, when I come and look at it a while, it seems as if I'd had a little peep into heaven, and see just how happy Carlie is. Then I go away feeling glad clear through, Some day," the girl added, her whole face brightning. "mother's coming with me, and then she'll be glad,

The visitor moved silently away, But at the door she looked back for a moment at the rapt figure with her wistful eyes on the pictured face of the Friend of little children.-Catho-

WHERE RACE DID NOT MATTER

Dr. Arthur Martin, a contributor the nursing staff of nuns in a civil 'Silver and gold I have not," said and military hospital in a French

> dinand, a trained nurse, with rigid antiseptic and aseptic principles. The nursing at this hospital was performed by Sisters of Mercy, all trained and skilful nurses, and the gentlest and most helpful people one could meet. The Reverend Mother of the Order was the matron of the hospital, and was also a trained areathetist, being able to administer chloroform or open ether. In addition two were Irish nuns who belonged to this French order. The matron detailed these two Irish Sigters to work with the British wounded. . . At this hospital many of the operations were performed under conduction anasthesia and infiltration ar esthesia. In all the work one was loyally helped by the Reverend Mother and the nursing Sisters, also by the Abbe Bouchondhomme, French priest. This splendid priest spoke English and German as well as his native tongue, and was of great assistance, not only to our British wounded, but also to the wounded German prisoners in the wards. I am glad to know that the work of the Reverend Mother and the Sisters has been brought to the notice of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and of the President of the French Republic .-

BAPTIST PASTOR CITES novena. LESSONS FROM CATHOLICS

TELLS HIS FLOCK OF SOME THINGS THEY SHOULD ADMIRE AND IMITATE

The Rev. Walter M. Walker, D.D. pastor of the Immanuel Baptist church, preached recently on "What Protestants May Learn from Catholics," outlining three important features of the Catholic Church that nembers of the Protestant churches

may "imitate and admire." The text was "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Dr. Walker spoke in part as follows:

There are many things in the Catholic Church which we do not agree with. But there are some things to imitate and admire, and it is of these that I wish to speak.

From our Catholic friends we may learn to appreciate the value of the outward forms of religious worship. While many of our Protestants were women were on their way to offer up their prayers in the house of God. The heart must be right to secure the Divine favor, but the outward forms of worship possess an importance far beyond what we often give to them. Neglect them and you will find the springs which feed your spiritual life

drying up completely.
"A second lesson which we may learn is that of reverence. The Catholic Church instills in the hearts and minds of its followers a spirit of reverence for sacred things and

sacred places.
"Millet's Angelus has won the admiration of multitudes by its portrayal of the spirit of reverence in two peasants toiling in the field. They have been huelly engaged in hard, laborious toil, but as the clear light of day fades into the glow of evening they hear the bell in the distant tower calling to prayer, and as it rings out its message they cease their work and stand there in the field in an attitude of reverent wership. Say what you will, it is worth not a little to have that spirit so inwrought into the very fibre of the soul that even about the common tasks of life

almost unconsciously it reveals its presence. * * Indicarding forms and liturgies so largely, I sometimes fear that we do not attach to this matter of reverence the importance

"A third lesson which we may learn is that of loyalty. They attach their followers to their Church and to their faith by ties that are almost indestructible. In order to succeed in our work we must imitate their example. A Church that influences the life of a community must have not an uncertain, wavering attach-ment from its members, but a loyalty which will not falter even when sub sected to the severest tests.

"The fourth lesson which we may learn from our Catholic friends is one of zeal. Those who profess the Catholic faith are seldom lukewarm or indifferent in their attitude They are zealous partisans. And this often leads them to do things which call for censure. But while intolerance and persecution are al-ways wrong, the spirit of zeal and enthusiasm deserves the warmest com mendation. A spirit of cold indifference never accomplishes anything. It is the man who is on fire with en-thusiasm for the cause in which he has enlisted who awakens others and brings results to pass."-The Scranton (Pa.) Daily News.

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CARDINAL MANNING

TELLS HOW HE BECAME A CATHOLIC

The practical Catholic who longs o see the world converted to Christ, and all men made members of the One Fold on earth, must always be interested in the conversion of the ndividual; for, discourse as we may concerning the winning of the nation to the truth, it is through the gain of one person at a time that the King dom of God is to be built up in the world. One by one the souls are gathered in, until the mighty multitude is larger than any man can number. And when the conversion appens to be of a soul trained in all the processes of deep reasoning, that arrives at a knowledge of the truth by a road a little different from that taken by any other soul (as is, indeed, almost always the case) the history of such change becomes doubly in-teresting. In a private conversation Cardinal Manning himself related the following:

"I was in Rome, visited the muse ums, the churches, and viewed the from all points. I had never had the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of Protestantism, and had not the slightest notion of changing my religion. Nothing of all that I saw had made an impression upon me, and I was as far from Catholicism as

I was at my departure from England. One morning I entered the Church their surplices, knelt in the sanc tuary; and a few of the faithful

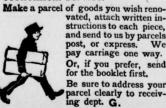
were praying in the church.

Nothing of the pomp of St. Peter's was there, but it was God's time. I felt in my heart a mysterious emotion, partly illumination, partly attraction. For the first time in my life it appeared to me that truth might be here, and that possibly I might one day become a Catholic But I was not yet converted. It was merely the call of God, and I still far from the truth. I did not reject the call, but I prayed, I sough and studied with all the sincerity of which I was capable. Light increased from day to day, and grace complished the rest."

Considered from a temporal point of view, no conversion could been connected with more disadvantages. There was for a clergyman and a scholar no more agreeable position than that of Archdeacon Manning. As a dignitary of the Anglican Church he possessed riches. influence and a prominent position; genius fame and friends were his

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These were all lost on entering the hated Church of Rome; but, as he said, he hearkered to the voice God calling him.—The Missionary.

THE ONE CHURCH THAT IS ALWAYS READY

"There is one Church that stands always ready," writes the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, D. D., in the Conready to seize the great opportunity that must come after the war, to make Christianity the supreme world power. The Doctor questions whether the "present disorganized Protestantism" is prepared for such a task, because it is "divided, and power-less," for joint action. Mr. Smythsess peril " in a spiritual absolutism," but the unity of the Catholic Church im-presses him strongly, and he points to it as an example for the sections of Protestantism. We quote Mr Smyth's remarks, as given in the

There is (he says) one Church that stands always ready. For centuries there has never been a day when it has not had power, for better or for worse, to speak its own mind with authority; and it has led its own following. At any time of need it has not had to wait. In the morning its voice may go forth to the ends of the earth. At midnight it may speak; and, as the sun rises, the whole world round, the people shall listen.

Before the powers of the world it can appeal for millions of people, and in every tongue. It retains no temporal sovereignty; it can not com-mand the war to stop; yet its appeal has gone forth for the love of Christ's sake in behalf of the sufferers and the prisoners. The Church of Rome has a voice, and it can make it heard even amid the storm of war. The Protestant churches can not. The voice of the Roman Church is one voice, as the voice of many waters there is none to declare the mind of the Protestant churches, though all would hear it spoken. Its voice is as the murmur of running brooks from distant sources. - Sacred Heart

IMPRESSIONS OF A NON CATHOLIC AT MASS

If any one had told me when I entered that church in a distant city—I do not even know its name— that I could have sat through fortyfive minutes of an unintelligible service, with but few words speken in a language I could understand, without becoming wearied, restless and bored, I should have scoffed at the idea. Yet the Mass held me bound, and I really regretted its ending. I have already discounted the esthetic pleasure of my experience, and I am able to show that it was something more than artistic gratification.

These almost random impressions are a retrospective analysis only, not a record of conscious thoughts. If I had gone into that Church from any religious motive, whatever, if I had expected to find an answer to my lifelong questioning, I should of St. Louis of France. The Blessed not be surprised at the result. But astars, probably on account of a novena. There was nothing out of novena. There was nothing out of novena. the ordinary; a few candles were burning, the priests, vected only in that Sunday morning's sunlight in an tory that grips the heart. The well constructed uplifted mood which I had not kno for years.

For a long time I had hated the idea of the mystic, had scouted the miraculous, and had believed every canon of taste and reserve outraged by any form of worship that appealed to emotion, superstition or awe. And now I had witnessed a service which for me contained every one of the elements which once had offended me. There was no merit in my attendance because of the purely personal reason for which I had gone, yet the beneficent impression produced was to remain with me for a long time.

Furthermore, I had been surrounded, I could not help noticing, by a crowd of clean but, as a rule, not well-dressed persons; many of them evidently "uncultured" and of the lower classes. By every rule of my previous habit of mind I should have left that church feeling keenly conscious of my own intel-lectual superiority; thankful that such a worship and such a religion could not enslave me; glad that neither hell nor heaven were any concern of mine, and well satisfied that, while lights and symbols and images and prayers and incantations were all very impressive, they could not enchain my reason.

That was precisely the way might have expected to feel. But I left that Mass engulfed in a deep peace that lasted for hours, and that was slowly succeeded by a profound regret that these people had so much that I did not have—an abiding sorrow that by birth, by training and, finally by unprayerful searching and wrong living, the precious gift of faith had been lost to me.

I started out that morning with the cumulated, callous irreligious-ness of seven years. That might, too deeply moved even for the best of companionship, I slipped off alone, and for three hours sat by the window of a dark room, looking out to see and calmly searching my own soul as I have never searched it be-

fore.
And at last I went down upon my kness—because there was no place else to go.—The Rosary Magazine.

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the very end.

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rather than our own.

rather than our own.

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THE TWO VICTORIES, by Rev. T. J. Potter. A story of the conflict of faith in a non-Catholic family and their entrance into the Catholic Church.

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ALTHEA, or the Children of Rosemont Plantation, by D. Ella Nirdlinger. It can not fail to charm the little ones by its brightness and sweet simplicity.

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BLIND AGNES, by Cecilia M. Caddell. Few tales in our language can compare with this sweet and delightful dream.

TANGLED PATHS, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. As a novel Tangled Paths is admirable; as a Catholic novel it is most admirable.

TEARS ON THE DIADEM, by Anna H. Dorsey. A novel of the inner life of Queen Elizabeth. So interesting that the reader will be loathe to lay it down before finishing the entire story.

The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

OUR DOMESTIC WAR LOAN

The following article by Mr. T. Kelly Dickinson appears in this week's issue of The Financial Times:

EVERY CANADIAN SHOULD TRY TO MAKE THE DOMESTIC WAR LOAN AN OVER-WHELMING SUCCESS

During the past sixteen months, Canada's manhood has made a splendid response to the call of the Mother Country in her desperate need. Canada from a military point of view is doing, voluntarily, as is Great Britain, more than was expected by the continental Allies, but not more than was needed for the cause of civilization and freedom. Canada does not unduly boast of her share in the terrible struggle, but she takes justifiable pride in the page she is writing into history. And

But Canada has yet more to do, and this additional work is not con-fined to bomb throwing from trench trench, nor to the manufacture of shrapnel or great guns, but to the

accamulation of Silver Bullets.

Canada's immediate duty is to conntrate some \$50,000,000 to \$60,000, 000 of these silver bullets in the coffers at Ottawa, and the opportunity to do so will be offered the Cana dian public next week, when the great Domestic War Loan will be

This Domestic War Loan in many respects will be the acid test of Causda's patriotism, and of Causda's financial capabilities. Those abroad, friend and foe alike, will say that it is all very well to show our patriotism by sending our young men to fight for us, but if this nation puts its hands deep down into its pockets and subscribes for two or three or four times the full extent of the Loan, there will ensure a respect for the Dominion which will ring through out the world.

A SHOW-DOWN AT LAST

The much advertised; the much lauded Dominion of Canada has approached a season when a demonstration of her great wealth and her splendid financial strength may be made before the whole world. Let us show them what we have in money as well as what we have in men

The Domestic Loan will be issued in denominations to suit all pockets.
It will be available for the worker as well as the capitalist. Working men, merchants, professional men, manufacturers and financial institutions should ask for all they can conven iently absorb. The investment yield will be liberal and, of course, the security of the highest grade.

AS GOOD AS HARD CASH The scrip of the Domestic War Loan will be excellent collateral, probably having a borrowing value approximating 95 per cent. of the par value. So that, to all intent and purposes, the War Loan will be

est as liquid as money. It is up to the Canadian People to respond nobly and spontaneously to this first Domestic War Loan. It will be good business as well as good sentiment.

Let London see that our patriotism is pocket-deep; let New York see that Canada is rich in material resource, despite her past extrava-gances; and let Berlin see that the whole of Canada is united in a re-solve to fight to the absolute limit.

THE EMIGRATION LIBEL

The reptile press has lately re-vived the libel that there is abnormal emigration from Ireland owing to fear of Conscription. Mr. Redmond in a letter published recently, gives the quietus to all such slanderous suggestions. As it happens, emigration statistics are a matter of exact science, the Government keeping a return of all figures relating to the subject. Mr. Redmond accurately

quotes this return in these terms:
"In the year 1913, 30,967 persons emigrated from Ireland; in 1914, 20,-814 persons emigrated from Ireland and in 1915, up to the end of Septem ber, 11,446 persons emigrated from

Mr. Redmond adds that in the three months of July, August, and September, 1914, the total emigration from Ireland was 8,319. In the same three months of the present year the corresponding figure is 4,429, so that so far from emigration from Ireland increasing since Conscription began too loom large, it has actually fallen by half. Mr. Redmond adds that similar rumours with regard to emigration of men of military age from Great Britain will probably be found on investigation to be as little true of Great Britain as it is of Ire. land, where the figures just quoted leave no room for further argument. -Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

\$34,000,000 TO CHURCH

A gigantic bequest ot \$34,000,000 is causing sleepless nights to anti-clerical schemers in South America and Spain. The Argentine multi millionaire, Eduardo Romaguera, who passed away recently in Madrid, left his entire fortune to the Bishops of Madrid, Buenos Aires, and Barce lona, to be applied to charitable and benevolent purposes. Mr. Roma-guera owned several thousand acres guera owned several thousand acres of land in Argentine and entire blocks of houses in the best sections of Buenos Aires. His widow is given the use of the family fortune for the rest of her days. Mr. Romaguera leaves no children.—New World.

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OWES HIS LIFE TO VISIT TO

CHURCH Concerning the recent subway

the New York Post says :

James A. Rooney, blaster, and his powder man, J. J. MacDonough, escaped unburt in the recent subway explosion in New York. When questioned by Fire Commissioner Adams, says the Evening Post, Rooney attributed his escape to the down the stairs to the excavation, with his working partner, when the explosion occurred. The whole sboring at that point collapsed around the two men. The stairway hung practically suspended from the but the men clung to it, and

climbing up, made their way out.

You had a pretty narrow escape Rooney, didn't you ?" said the Com-

"Yes, Commissioner," answered Rooney. "I went to church this morning and I said a little prayer, and I guess that was what saved me.' There is a whole sermon in that incident. The practice of saying a little prayer is a good one to form, whether as prevention against danger, or against temptation.—The

ANY A. P. A. LEPER NURSES?

Here is a news item which may be of interest to would be "convent inspectors :"

Glen Cove, L. I., Nov. 2.-Relatives of Miss Mary Chmicowska bade her a tearful farewell yesterday when she started for Syracuse, where she is to remain several months as a r vitiate in the Franciscan convent preparing to go as a nurse to the lepers in the Hawaiian Islands. Miss Chmicowska, who is twenty-one years old, expects to see her relatives, a brother and sister, once more before leaving for Molokoi. After she once enters the leper colony she will never be per mitted to leave.

Those people who pretend to be-lieve in "deeds of darkness" in convents don't notice such acts of Caristian heroism and self-sacrifice as is thus recorded. Are there any A. P. A. leper nurses?

AN ANCIENT CHARGE REFUTED

The recent deaths of three distinguished scientists call marked atten-tion to the fact that Catholicity does not hamper, as is so often and persistently claimed, any man's scientific ambition or labor, writes R. C. Gleaner in the Columbian. Henri Fabre died in France recently at the age of eighty-two, one of the world's greatest entomologists-with the microscope he was what Father Secchi was with the telescope, Fabre was a devout Catholic, a daily attendant at Mass, and an honor to his country. Dr. Finlay, whose research in stamping out yellow fever in our in stamping out yellow fever in our southern countries, classes him with Pasteur of last century—a great benefactor to humankind, once he had traced the spread of this yellow scourge to the mosquito, the rest was a matter of cure until to day yellow fever has to a large extent disappeared from our southern states, Cuba and Porto Rico. Dr. Finlay was a fervent Catholic. The last of this trio was William Carr of Washington, a son of a former governor of North Carolins, a man of varied attainments in scientific purvaried attainments in scientific pursuite, an authority on the X ray the properties of radium, who died as he had lived, a Catholic. Science and religion went hand in hand with these men and their great learning did but emphasize their faith, beau tify it and crown their lives with

A TOUCHING SPECTACLE

Some weeks ago three thousand Roman children visited the tomb of Pius X., upon this visit Rome makes the following beautiful comment:

did a dozen other things? But per-haps when most of these are nearly forgotten people will continue to remember Pius X as the Pope who loved little children, who was always at ease with them, who understood to Communion years before they used to receive it until he came.

The little children used to be gladly welcomed by him high up in the Vatican on the day of their first Communion. Yesterday afternoon they went down to visit him in the silent crypt, three thousand of them from all the parishes of Rome, dressed as if they

were going to first Communion again, and recited the resary for the repose

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of their Father's soul. There were thousands of grown people who went to watch the touching sight, and the police had some difficulty in keeping these back from following the chil-

Bolduc.-In Port Arthur, Ont., Oct. 9th, 1915, Adolph Bolduc, aged forty years. May his soul rest in peace.

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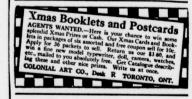
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ISSUE OF \$50,000,000 5% BONDS MATURING 1st DEC., 1925 REPAYABLE AT PAR AT OTTAWA, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN, CHARLOTTETOWN, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG,

REGINA, CALGARY, VICTORIA. INTEREST PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY-1st JUNE, 1st DECEMBER.

WAR LOAN

DOMINION OF CANADA

ISSUE PRICE 973

A FULL HALF-YEAR'S INTEREST WILL BE PAID ON 1st JUNE, 1916. THE PROCEEDS OF THE LOAN WILL BE USED FOR WAR PURPOSES ONLY.

In the event of future issues (other than issues made abroad) being made by the Government, for the purpose of carrying on the war, bonds of this issue will be accepted at the issue price, $97\frac{1}{2}$, plus accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash for the purpose of subscriptions to such issues.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE offers herewith on behalf of the Government the above named Bonds for subscription at $97\frac{1}{2}$ payable as follows,—

10 per cent on application,

" 3rd January, 1916, $7\frac{1}{2}$ " 1st February, 1916, " 1st March, 1916,

** " 1st April, 1916, " 1st May, 1916.

The instalments may be paid in full on and after the 3rd day of January, 1916, under discount at the rate of four per cent per annum. All payments are to be made to a chartered bank for the credit of the Minister of Finance. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture and the allotment to cancellation.

Applications, accompanied by a deposit of ten per cent of the amount subscribed, must be forwarded through the medium of a chartered bank. The bank will issue a provisional receipt. This loan is authorized under Act of the Parliament

of Canada and both principal and interest will be a charge upon the Consolidated Revenue Fund. Forms of application may be obtained from any branch of any chartered bank in Canada, and at the office of any Assistant Receiver General in Canada.

Subscriptions must be for even hundreds of dollars. In case of partial allotments the surplus deposit

will be applied towards payment of the amount due on the January instalment.

Scrip certificates payable to bearer will be issued, after allotment, in exchange for the provisional receipts. When the scrip certificates have been paid in full

and payment endorsed thereon by the bank receiving the money, they may be exchanged for bonds with coupons attached, payable to bearer or registered as to principal, or for fully registered bonds without coupons.

Delivery of scrip certificates and of bonds will be made through the chartered banks.

The interest on the fully registered bonds will be paid by cheque, which will be remitted by post. Interest on bonds with coupons will be paid on surrender of coupons. Both cheques and coupons will be payable free of exchange at any branch of any chartered bank in Canada.

Holders of fully registered bonds without coupons will have the right to convert into bonds with coupons, payable to bearer or registered, without payment of any fee, and holders of bonds with coupons will have the right to convert, without fee, into fully registered bonds without coupons at any time on application in writing to the Minister of Finance.

The issue will be exempt from taxes-including any income tax-imposed in pursuance of legislation enacted by the Parliament of Canada.

The bonds with coupons will be issued in denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1,000. Fully registered bonds without coupons will be issued in denominations of \$1,000, \$5,000 or any authorized multiple of \$5,000.

Application will be made in due course for the listing of the issue on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

The loan will be repaid at maturity at par at the office of the Minister of Finance and Receiver General at Ottawa, or at the office of the Assistant Receiver General at Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary or Victoria.

The books of the loan will be kept at the Department of Finance, Ottawa.

Recognized bond and stock brokers will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent on allotments made in respect of applications which bear their stamp.

Subscription Lists will close on or before 30th November, 1915.

Finance Department, Ottawa, 22nd November, 1915.