

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1901.

NO. 1171.

The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, March 30 1901.

MISGUIDED ZEAL.

The account of the petition of the Mayor of Ottawa to Mr. Carnegie for funds to establish a public library is not pleasant reading. We do not know what prompted the worthy official to go cap in hand to the millionaire, but we are quite certain that his action will incline the people across the border to imagine that Ottawa must be a sort of hamlet inhabited by mendicants. Not that their opinion matters so much as the shame of being exploited abroad as dependents on the county of a United States citizen for buildings that have without extraneous aid been erected, we suppose, by every live town in Canada. We were always under the impression that the denizens of the capital of the Dominion had spirit enough to build their library, and as becometh a sturdy self respect to pay for it: but the pitiful appeal to the stranger for alms is, however complimentary to the zeal of the mayor, calculated to convince us we were but victims of an illusion. Ottawa is certainly not our capital city in everything.

OUR CATHOLIC WRITERS.

One of the best known writers of the day laments that he works harder and for less fame and pay than the average prize fighter. We think that the same plaint ought and with greater reason be voiced by our Catholic writers. There seems to be an impression that anything emanating from the pen of one of our own must be viewed with suspicion or at best suffered with a kind condescension. And this impression obtains at times in places which of all others should be inclined to give it no quarter.

We are told, of course, that every book of merit will make its way. While quite agreeing that a worthy production will eventually receive recognition, even if too slowly to be of any benefit to the writer, still we cannot dispute the statement that a little timely encouragement and support will enable it to move along with greater celerity. We are certainly not prone to be unduly enthusiastic over our brethren who are writing, talking, rhyming, and some times the severest censure falls from our lips. We have heard an individual declaiming, out of the treasures of an unadulterated and unpardonable ignorance, against Brother Azarias and Maurice Francis Egan, on the ground that, in his own expressive diction, "they were no good." This is undoubtedly an extreme case: but the sneerspright may be observed in a lesser degree in too many of our people. Whilst not saying that a book written by a Catholic must thereby come in for unqualified commendation, we do claim that any production should be entitled to impartial consideration and not, as it often happens, to reckless condemnation. We can leave that to outside critics.

We remember how the Canadian Magazine assailed Dr. O'Hagan's poems of the Settlement. It was a brutal and unjustifiable attack—the work of a literary thug, inspired, as we believed at the time, by a malevolent antipathy to things Catholic. But still we should like to know what influence that criticism had on the selling of the book, and amongst ourselves. We may be willing to tender our tribute of praise to Dr. O'Hagan and other writers who have done and are still doing good work in the domain of literature, but the practical question is: how much does it cost us?

THE "WAITING" POLICY.

Now then we hear statements to the effect that Catholics are being discriminated against in Canada. It may be a pleasant way of taking exercise, or soothing to the conscience, but so far as practical results are concerned, it has as yet had no influence upon the subject. There are some who would fain approach the matter with gentle and courteous demeanor, for they abhor any appearance of violence. Their meek and confiding souls have an abiding faith in the goodness of humanity, and are therefore quite certain that in the future—how near they do not say—the little

things that now vex us will, under the rays of increasing tolerance, melt away and disappear forever. But we think that the waiting policy has been tried, and we know that it has been predicted for it by its adherents. Whilst believing in the idea that Canadians, irrespective of creed, are on an equal footing, we have no hesitation in stating that a stiff attitude of protest, not after the elections, nor at patriotic banquets, will do more to concrete that idea than any other human agency. Those of our "intelligent constituents" who to all seeming like to be befuddled by platform promises, and who can never rise superior to partisan interests, do not of course see the need of any protest, courteous or otherwise. We can give no better evidence of this than a city having a large Catholic population which is without a Catholic representative in the Dominion Parliament. We do not pretend to know how the ignominious defeat of the Catholic candidate was manipulated; but the fact is that the Catholics there have been political orphans of long standing, and, judging by their contented and placid countenances, are still in love with the novelty of the situation. At the beginning, indeed, we heard protesting murmurs—low and soft as a passing zephyr—and that was all. But they are waiting, and we confidently expect that after many moons, if they sojourn long enough in the planet, and if the individuals who are allowed to pocket the Catholic candidate die without issue, they may succeed in having a representative.

THE FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

There is a seeming hypocrisy about the individuals who are moving heaven and earth to have the Friars expelled from the Philippines. They do not want to do anything inconsistent with the most refined civilization—they preen themselves on being exponents, despite the fact that the advent of the white man has been a many-sided curse for the poor native. They simply desire the bootie—and are never at a loss for some canting, lying pretext as justification.

They tell us, for example, that the Friars have a monopoly of land, and monopolies should, as subversive of the common weal, be destroyed. Tals is very edifying, coming from the individuals who live in the land of the "trust," and from preachers who are apt to have a wholesome respect for the financial magnates who corner wheat and steel and sometimes legislatures. It does not pay for the average Bible exponent to denounce monopolies in the United States. If he ventured to uplift his voice in rebuke of any kind he would—and he knows it—get a call to other fields of labor. If Rockefeller or Belmont or some other multi-millionaire owned the land that is now in the possession of the Friars they would be models of discretion and silence, and if they spoke at all it would be to enthrone over their business foresight or to land their gifts of libraries—a dole from the thousands of dollars that have been heaped up, betimes, through legalized robbery.

In the Philippines, however, conditions are different. The Friars are not elders of large-salaried churches, and we have as a result a motley crowd of carpet-baggers, mercantile and ministerial, in a state of effervescence. They have scattered broadcast all sorts of calumnies—a tribute, by the way, to putrid imaginations. The ministerial pundit of high degree has lent his voice to the chorus of vilification: and now the simple but important question as to whether the Friars have a just title to the coveted land, is overlooked in their anxiety to, as they would have us imagine, succor the oppressed native. It will be another case of "Oh, you kindly stop and take it for his good. Not for love of money, be it understood. But you row yourself to land. With a Bible in your hand, And you pray for him, and rob him, for his good. If he holds, then you shoot him—for his good."

EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

Our friend, the old gentleman, has again invaded our sanctum. Crotchety and of unapproachable dogmatism, in his remarks he is certainly a type

of the self-constituted teacher of mere ordinary mortals. But he does not mean any harm, dear old soul, with a heart as full of warmth as a summer wind. The one thing objectionable about him is that his voice is keyed to such a high pitch that we are always in terror of being suspected as a participant in an undignified squabble and of consequently being ejected by the proprietor as an undesirable tenant. Happily, however, this time he was superinduced, we imagine, by reading of the deliberations of the Hague Peace Conference, subdued both in manner and voice. He declared there is altogether too much money expended for the education of females. Our old friend, we must say, is a bachelor, and does not indulge in perusal of dissertations on the higher education of the sex. In families of moderate means the boys should be given the first chance. Instead of moving heaven and earth to enable the girls to enjoy the advantages of a liberal education, why not rather send the boys to college for a few years, and start them fair in a race for a livelihood.

We are certainly of the opinion that all Catholics should, as far as possible, be given access to anything that may tend to make them efficient members of society. But where means are limited, necessitating self-sacrifice to give any member of the family a few years in an institution of learning, the boys should have the preference. We confess, indeed, that many parents derive unalloyed happiness from their daughters' accomplishments, whether evinced in the painting of billious-looking cavaliers astride horses, without a record, or in playing "Home Sweet Home" with variations on a piano. But even that might be sacrificed for the welfare of the masculine portion of the family.

We do not imagine that the girls will thereby be incapacitated for good life work. There is a good deal said nowadays about the necessity of women delving into all the "ologies" in order to prepare themselves to take a position in the world, and perchance some of us have come to regard it as an unassailable truth. But still, much as we desire to have them past masters in the interpretation of Wagner and Chopin, or skilled in biological demonstrations, we do not consider these accomplishments as essential to success. In our own simple way we are ready to back an old-fashioned girl—that is, one who can sew, knit and cook—against the most finished products of our modern educational system.

THE CHURCH AND THE "CHURCHES"

W. F. P. STOCKLEY IN CATHOLIC WORLD.

By no possibility, I think, can any non-Catholic, whether believing all the more or less, have any idea whatever, of what, to a Catholic, is the speaking of God to him *hic et nunc*. There is no greater instance of how the same word may hide difference in ideas than in the word "Church" thus variously used. No wonder, I often and often think—no wonder pious Protestants talk of putting the Church instead of Christ: no wonder philanthropic Ritualists storm at "High Churchism"—that is, as they mean, at giving shell for substance, stones for bread, historical inquisitions, antiquarian awe, reverence for mere edifices, theories about half understood men of ages past, the out of our ancestors' clothes and vestments, discussions on their commentaries on Holy Scripture or on creeds, bits of medievalism, bits of primitivism, and all this dreadful weary talk to living or dying souls today, in need of a present Saviour.

But, if the Church is our Blessed Saviour, so to speak: if we go to Mass because He tells us; if we fall at His sacred feet in the confessional, and hear His merciful words melting our hearts; if we make the holy sign, and use holy ceremonies, and accept devotion, not because we like them, not because we ourselves fully understand them, or because we want to teach others, or to bring back a "Church"—oh, a plague on the "Church" then, says every natural poor soul: in the name of life and death, and of the sanctity of every soul, cannot you leave me alone with God? If you are the voice of God: if when with you I am in the Everlasting Arms, and if, then, I am, and time ceases, or I tread beneath me the waves of time, and see into the life of things: if I see things as they really are: if the Mass is Calvary, the Cross of Christ the measure of the world; if when there I have all things brought before me, the unfathomable mystery, the explanation as far as God has willed to give it, the limits assigned to our reason, the enlightening of reason by faith, the bur-

densome yet joyful exercise of underpinning (may one say?) of faith by reason,—if the Church is this: if when I seek the knowledge of religion I meet Almighty God, my Judge yet my Redeemer; if I meet Him and not men's opinions about Him, then indeed this Church is heaven upon earth, and man's great guide, where he studies and learns, where he humbles himself, yet grows, if he will, in the knowledge of all understood relations, where he can be sure that he knows God's will, and where conformity to her spirit will fit him to try the spirits whether they be of God.

Let any exiled Protestant visit the nearest church—after all, the only thing that can be called a church, as Thackeray said, when passing one such home of the Blessed Sacrament—let him rest his soul, as in the dusk of these Saturday evenings he sits on with the other laden souls by thousands meekly kneeling, as they are led by the lamp of the sanctuary, and prepare to open their souls, as that God of love commands, in His confessional.

Kind, Shepherd, turn his weary steps to Thee. O let him see and go, till to his arms he lie. Thou hast lent Thine ear.

INFIDEL UNIVERSITIES.

Henry Austin Adams, the former Rector of St. Paul's, Buffalo.

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

Henry Austin Adams, once the eloquent and zealous rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, this city, but who became a convert to the one true Church, has been lecturing in Chicago. His lectures drew large audiences and created something of a sensation. The Chicago Times-Herald gives this synopsis of one of them: "The Roman Catholic with intellect poised on truth, locks with contemptuous pity to day upon universities and ministers of other churches who declare and who are teaching, that the Catholic Church is the enemy of science and that modern education is in direct opposition to the teachings of the Catholic faith. In other words, Christianity viewed from the inside and from the outside form two totally different matters."

"I want to discuss this subject," continued Mr. Adams, "not in a spirit of controversy, but in one of assurance. Since my conversion to the Catholic faith nothing has given me greater pleasure than the delicious consciousness of those of my friends who have refrained from being bitter against me because they knew that I was a Catholic."

ATTACK ON UNIVERSITIES.

"I declare to you that the position and the teaching of the modern university of this world are war to the death against all of the truth which bears upon the incarnation of the Son of God. All of the universities are turning out each year great crowds of pagans, the moral characters of whom are filthy. Each one is willing to point out pretty little things in the Catholic Church, of which he knows nothing, to find fault with it simply because some professor who knew less, instilled it into his gray matter. They are big in their own minds, and they walk about on a world which is much too small for them. They are men of brains, poor little helpless, idiotic beings.

"The ministers of Chicago, your Gussululuses, your Hillises, your Adamases and your Hirsches, in other words, your men of brains, your graduates, are the very men who are continually hacking at the real truth and real Christianity. I intend to challenge their very motives and their sayings, and if they do not like it let them meet me on this very platform in public debate. All they do is swing incense up to their hearers and make the world look beautiful."

ISSUES A CHALLENGE.

"I say that the only real, true citizenship is in the Catholic Church. I not only challenge any minister, but I challenge any of the mammoth brains of the University of Chicago, any of the dilettante, whipper-snapper students or professors of the University of Chicago, to debate on any subject they want to choose, as it reverts back to the Catholic Church, and I will talk them off their feet, so help me God.

"We are told that we Christians cling to our faith because we are not educated in the principles of modern science. Take any subject they want to name, and I will show them just as great minds in each one of them as the world ever saw, and all will be Roman Catholics. Take political economy, take jurisprudence, take science or anything else that they want, and I will call their bluff. Take bacteriology. If modern science has outgrown the Church, it did not outgrow the faith of Pasteur, the greatest bacteriologist the world has ever known. He lived and died a good Catholic, and still scientists preach that their knowledge of science has placed the Church in the background, but their vast intelligence is pushed to the front to cover up something black.

"Dr. Hillis is talking this winter in New York on the 'Outgrown Christ.' Think of such a subject! Think of poor little, simple Mr. Hillis having outgrown Christ. This man who has read three or four of George Eliot's

works and thinks she is a pessimist. "And so it goes—something that has nothing to do with religion because science has outgrown it. The best argument to a man who says the Church has outgrown science is to tell him he lies, and then refer him to one of the greatest scientists that ever lived as an example."

HOW SHALL WE GET TO HEAVEN?

Do you ask how we shall get to heaven? Truly, we hope to get there some day, somehow or other, but when we ask how. Ah! there's the rub. Most of us act as if we expected to go there whether we take any particular pains about it or not.

If the above question were asked of each individual who reads these lines, what would he or she answer? We fear many would be confused and give stammering and uncertain answers. Any, no doubt, would be able to give a correct account of what is expected of us as indispensable conditions, but as to their being themselves in the way of fulfillment of those conditions, that is another and harder question. The conditions are plain, but the fulfilling of the conditions is another matter.

Suppose, for a moment, that any one of these careless, happy-go-lucky Christians were to be informed that a large and very valuable estate had been left to him in a foreign country; is it at all likely that he would deliberately fill his hands and trust to luck to secure the prize for him? Far from it. He would be wide awake to the importance of seeking, by every means in his power, to secure the estate. He would hunt up the record; he would be careful to ascertain precisely the conditions on which the estate had been devised to him, and he would make sure not to fall in any particular in complying with those conditions, so as not to slip up on his title. He would think of it by day and by night. He would consult the most competent counsel and be careful to follow their advice strictly and to the letter, and never tire, nor shrink at the greatest sacrifices of time, labor and money to secure the coveted prize.

Alas, strange inconsistency of poor human nature! What is the greatest, the richest, the most magnificent estate in all the world—nay, what is the whole world itself?—compared to the bright mansions of eternal bliss in heaven? That prize is offered to us by the great Lord of heaven and earth, but it is on certain fixed and indispensable conditions. How do we receive the offer? Do we appreciate the greatness—the infinite preciousness of the boon? Are we wide awake about it? Do we consult the record and study the conditions carefully? Do we take the utmost pains to assure ourselves that we are fulfilling the conditions on which the heavenly estate is offered to us? Are we careful to square our lives and conduct by the rules which the Lord of the estate has laid down?

As the first requisite for success, let it be deeply impressed upon our minds and hearts that heaven is not to be gained as a matter of course—without exertion, without effort on our part. It is offered to us, as we have said, on conditions, and we have no right to cherish the faintest hope of securing it unless we fulfil the conditions. "Strive to enter by the narrow gate," says our Lord Himself, "for many I say to you, shall seek to enter and shall not be able." The parable of the ten virgins—five wise and five foolish—is a striking illustration of the same truth. The Christian life is represented as a warfare, a race, success depending upon the strenuous effort of the contestant.

"Know you not," says the apostle St. Paul, who was himself a spiritual athlete, "know you not that they that run in the race, all run, indeed, but only one receiveth the prize? So run that you may obtain." In fact, the New Testament is full of the most solemn warnings, the most earnest exhortations all going to show the danger of failure and the absolute necessity of diligence, zeal, consideration, courage and self denial in order to be successful in the great contest for eternal life.

St. Paul says again: "I chastise my body and bring it into subjection lest, perhaps, when I have preached to others I myself should become a castaway." Truly, if St. Paul realized that he might possibly be a castaway we may well tremble for ourselves. The spirit that is required of us is well indicated by that very serious declaration of Our Lord when, in answer to the somewhat ambitious question of his disciples as to who should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, He called a little child to Him and set him in the midst of them and said, "Amen, I say to you, that unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." That is very emphatic. There is no mistaking the terms. It is humility, simplicity, sincerity, a tractable disposition, and, to crown all, an entire reliance on the infinite merits of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Master of the inheritance who is ever ready to forgive our aberrations from the path of duty and to give us an indisputable title to the sapphire city where we hope to dwell forever with Him.—Sacred Heart Review.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN'S BRAVE PROTEST.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, who would not transgress the laws of the Church by the celebration of a public Mass of Requiem for the Protestant Queen of England, has just issued an impressive protest against the cath— taken by King Edward VII. at his accession to the Throne, in which he declared the Sacrifice of the Mass, "superstitious and idolatrous," and idolatry the invocation of the Blessed Virgin.

Cardinal Vaughan takes the highest ground in his protest, stigmatizing the royal oath as an injury to the Divine Majesty; and directing that— "A general Communion of reparation be made in every Catholic church in his jurisdiction the second Sunday of Lent, and that in future the words 'in reparation' shall be prefixed and read before the divine praises recited after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament."

This faithful representative of the Church, fearless as a prophet of ancient Israel, will have the honor under no delusion as to how his act affects religious-minded men. The Catholic people are bidden by their piety and prayer, and extraordinary public demonstration of devotion to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, to repair as far as in them lies, the blasphemy uttered by their temporal ruler against the King of Kings.

The doctrines selected for insult are held most sacred not only by the twelve million British subjects who profess the Catholic faith, but by the Russian and Greek Churches and all the churches of the Orient—to say nothing of the "Catholic Party" within the Anglican Communion, of which King Edward himself is the chief head.

Indeed, our English Ritualistic namesake, the Pilot, of London, makes this manly protest against the blasphemous insult:

"We pick out the two doctrines that enter most intimately into the daily life of every devout Roman Catholic—the Sacrifice of the Mass and the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, and call upon him to declare that they are 'superstitious and idolatrous.' And then we expect that these very subjects, whose religion he has outraged, should be as loyal as though he had been paying them the highest compliment that a sovereign can offer to his people. It would be an unfortunate time to choose for abusing the belief even of the Mohammedan or Hindu subjects, but the Roman Catholics of Ireland and Canada, and his own Earl Marshal in England, are fair game."

Cardinal Vaughan did not take the action above recorded until he had first written to the king as conscience and loyalty alike dictated. If the king had answered this letter, the Cardinal would doubtless have made the fact known.

There is another aspect to the taking of this oath that has not yet been noted.

King Edward VII. assuredly does not believe that his Catholic subjects are idolaters. Several of those who claim to know his mind, declare that the oath is most repugnant to him. It contains a further insult to Catholics in its implication that the Pope might give a dispensation to a Catholic to utter this blasphemous adhesion to Protestantism "with a mental reservation." Who gives a dispensation to a Protestant to swear to a known lie? and how do honest people of all religions characterize such oaths?

Let the bill for the repeal of this oath, which Mr. T. P. O'Connor says is ready for introduction into Parliament, be put through promptly; else let England cease her constantly asserted devotion to truth—a devotion which she would have the world believe she monopolizes.—Boston Pilot.

"LET ALL THINGS BE DONE DECENTLY."

Church Singers and Easter.

"Priests should remember that the custom, still prevailing in some places of Canada also of alluring Catholics and non-Catholics to the Divine Office by advertisements, and by placards giving the names of the singers and musicians, as well as the kind of music and the pieces that are to be sung, is exceedingly opposed to the glory and reverence of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, and seriously unbefitting the worship of the Omnipotent God."

And: "Rectors of churches should not themselves publish in the papers, nor allow anyone else to do so, accountsavoring of the theatre, and criticisms as to the ability and style of the singers, just as is the practice in connection with the stage."—Decrees of the fourth Provincial Synod of Westminster, on Church music—Catholic Truth Society.

The Bishop of Newport in England adds:

"A singer, therefore, in the Catholic Church, should be a devout Catholic, earnest and careful in behavior, striving to understand what is sung, and ready to take such pains in learning and preparation that the laws of the Church may be obeyed, full justice done to the music, and the faithful edified and drawn to God. Singing should never be made an occasion for gratifying vanity or displaying vocal resources. All music which tends to bring some particular professor into prominent notice is better avoided."

God has ordained hardship to bring us face to face with our better natures. We can "study geology the morning after an earthquake." So God knows that we can better study love and sympathy the hour after a broken heart. Yes, God knows that trials compel growth in eternal things.—Rev. W. R. Rogers.

Bolton, would you take me? Let me stay a month without salary to learn the work from your girl."

"And do you really think you'd like housework?" asked Mrs. Bolton, taken back by the suddenness of Mary's request. "It is quite different from the work you know."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I know its different from this, but I've been thinking of it for some time. Of course I've had no experience, except a little at home before my father died. I know it is not hard to get into a family where they keep the other, but I want a room to myself so I can think in the evening when my work is done, of course," said Mary, "you do not know me, but Father Bradley of St. Ignatius will tell you something of me. He was so kind during my father's illness and death, and, smiling, "he got me in here, but of course I wouldn't think of bothering him with complaints about it now when he was so good in finding me the place—and ninety four girls ahead of me on the application list. Yes," she added, as she noticed Mrs. Bolton's look of amazement, "it is that way all the time."

Mrs. Bolton had been watching Mary's face keenly. "Well," she said, "I'm sure you are honest and earnest, and I'll take your word. Let me see, this is Saturday. Well, two weeks from next Monday you come; then you go under training with Julia for four weeks without salary. That's what you mean, is it not? Yes? Well, then at the end of that time—that is, if we are mutually satisfied—you take up Julia's work and salary. Now that's settled,—as Mary tried to thank her. "Here is my card and I shall expect you to get a little more color in your face, because," she said smiling, "Julia is a Christian Scientist and she's been insisting on your going to a healer."

This thought of housework was not a sudden one inspired in Mary's mind by Mrs. Bolton's conversation. She had decided weeks before that nothing could be much harder than her present life. She saw herself growing stabbler every day, as except for an occasional pair of shoes she found it impossible with all her efforts to earn more than her board and carfare. So it was with a light heart that night that she left her week's notice in the office of the cashier and as she made her usual visit to the church on her way to her boarding place she thanked God earnestly that her prayers had been answered and begged His guidance and help in the new field His care had found for her.

The next week she had to bear a great deal of scoffing and many covert sneers from the girls in the store "Kitchen mechaic," "pot walloper," and a score of like epithets greeted her and with raised eyebrows and shrugged shoulders they did not hesitate to express their opinion of Mary's "lowering" herself. The poor girl who shared a room with three others and lived on bread and coffee was the worst of all. "Before I'd work in anybody's kitchen," she said scornfully "I'd throw myself in the river."

"Poor soul!" said Mary to herself. "It will hardly be necessary. You are going fast enough as it is." She had seen for some time that the poor girl was falling and had often walked down in the morning that she might buy a banana or an orange for Sidie, who now said to her contemptuously, but dramatically: "My Henriessy, my friendship is no longer yours."

All this had occurred, however, eight years before the story of Mary's conversation with her mistress concerning "In His Steps." It had not taken Mrs. Bolton long to discover that Mary was far above the average working girl. She could discuss intelligently most subjects of current interest, and with such naive originality that Mrs. Bolton liked to talk with her and draw her out. In this matter Mary showed the innate refinement of her race, the kindness and equality of her mistress' manner never causing her to forget her position or become in the slightest degree familiar. "Oh, the comfort of her!" Mrs. Bolton would exclaim to her friends. "Really, I'm ashamed to say that in the last year or two, since I've gotten so deep into my work and advancement theories, I have to leave everything to Mary."

She felt tired and dispirited this afternoon as she climbed the stairs to Mary's bedroom. Her life seemed to be growing so nerve-wearing and club-driven, while so little was really accomplished with all her meetings and discussions. "How sweet and restful!" she sighed as she paused in the doorway. "Mary keeps every place so spotless and yet never seems driven."

Mary's room was restful with its dainty desk and bookcase, her own purple chaise, its spotless curtains and potted plants. She called it her haven of rest and many times as she entered it she recalled with a smile the old days in the basement when the girls laughed at her desire for a room to herself.

Mrs. Bolton crossed to the table and found the book she sought under the "Imitation of Christ," which she opened carelessly to see where Mary had placed the marker, and read: "Be hold if all should be spoken against thee that could be most maliciously invented, what would it hurt thee, if thou sufferest it to pass and madest no more reckoning of it than a mote? Could all these words pluck as much as a hair from thy head?"

"But he that hath no heart in him nor hath God before his eyes, is easily moved by a word of his praise."

Mrs. Bolton sighed as she laid down the book. "So gracious!" she exclaimed to herself, as she went down the stairs. "I must have neither

heart in me nor God before my eyes, or I surely wouldn't have been so squelched this afternoon when I had to confess my ignorance of Sheldon and his books." Going into her own room wearily, she threw herself on a couch and read until Mary knocked at the door to ask if Mr. Bolton would be home for dinner.

"No, Mary," she answered, I forgot to tell you. His brother is still ill and he will remain in Philadelphia a day or two longer. And Mary," she called as Mary was going away, "I'm charmed with this book. Don't you think it is most interesting?"

"Why, it's really amusing, answered Mrs. Bolton, turning back.

"Oh, you don't mean that," said Mrs. Bolton surprised. "So far I have found it original and sad, very sad, but perhaps," she added, as Mary stood smiling in the doorway, "perhaps it ends differently. I'll read it any day before I judge it further."

"Mary," she asked the next afternoon as she stood buttoning her gloves and ready to go out, "how in the world can you call 'In His Steps' amusing? To me it seems like the first sound of a trumpet awakening the world from its long sleep of selfishness and indifference. You know, Mary," she went on, "I have never discussed religion with you nor ever objected to your obeying your creed in all things, but your calling this book amusing, with your intelligence, inclines me to the general belief that Catholics in following their worship of the saints and other superstitions, really lose sight of the real Christ, the Saviour of the world."

"Indeed," Mary replied quietly, "and is that the general belief, ma'am?"

"It is, Mary," said her mistress gently. The intent look on Mary's face made her think that her words were making an impression, and she went on pityingly, "and really, Mary, there is scarcely a meeting of cultured, representative women at which this question does not come up for discussion. You see," she continued, not noticing the two bright red spots on Mary's cheeks, "we have quite decided that nothing can be done towards reforming this world until this gigantic barrier of ignorance and superstition is removed." Mrs. Bolton was warming to her subject and enjoying her own eloquence, but marking the pained look in Mary's face, she said kindly, "Oh, Mary, I hope I have not offended you! Really, I always forget that you are such a devout Catholic."

"Mrs. Bolton," said Mary, sternly, "may I ask you if you have always felt like this?"

"Well, not exactly," was the reply.

"Of course, I always pitied their foolishness and idolatry, but it is only since I have taken an active part in affairs that I have learned how they are opposed in every way to the progress of the world."

"And do all your reform women feel like that?"

"Oh, yes, Mary, replied Mrs. Bolton quickly, "and most of them much more strongly than I."

"And do they have Catholic servants?" asked Mary again.

"In most cases they do, because they are generally honest and pure in their morals and altogether dependable."

"And so the reform women leave their Catholic servants in charge of their homes, while they wear themselves out howling against the Church that has made these girls what they are?"

"Mrs. Bolton," called out the president, "the secretary informs me that your name is not on the list, and if my memory serves me correctly," she added smiling, "you spoke very strongly at the last meeting in favor of taking immediate action on this matter."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bolton, absently, as she looked around and noted that all the ladies were seated again, "yes, I remember I did urge the matter, but I did not question myself or anyone else as to what effect it would have on anything or anybody. I simply gathered that it was to abolish something Catholic, and you know, Madam President, she went on more firmly, "that always ensures a full meeting and a unanimous vote."

"Then are we to understand," asked the president sharply, "that you refuse to sign this petition?"

"Yes, I refuse to sign anything until I know what good it is going to do," and then, catching sight of some of the wittily astonished faces that were turned toward her, she added, "It seems to me that instead of improving and broadening ourselves, we are growing more intolerant and more inconsistent every day."

This remark acted like a bombshell and it took fully five minutes to quiet the eager clamor for the floor. At last it was given to a thin, little red-haired woman, who said as she looked at Mrs. Bolton witheringly, "I'm sorry that inasmuch as the body of ladies, the number offering the same either requested to apologize or be suspended until further action, according to rule four, section B, of our by-laws."

The motion was eagerly seconded and then came loud calls for the question.

"Pray do not excite yourselves, ladies," said Mrs. Bolton quietly, as she fastened her seakink coat. "I shall not trouble you further. It happens that this afternoon I was given an opportunity of seeing ourselves as others see us, and the sight was not pleasant. There is surely something radically wrong with our lives. Only yesterday we pledged ourselves to do as Christ would do if He were on earth, and to day we all come here to do our utmost toward the enactment of a measure anything but Christ-like. And then we pounce upon a sister member because she pauses in the midst of the maelstrom to ask herself why. I really believe now," she continued, "that it was a sentence I found yesterday in a book belonging to my Catholic servant that set me thinking. It has kept me awake all night," and Mrs. Bolton quoted earnestly—"But he that hath no heart in him nor God before his eyes, is easily moved by a word of his praise."

"Good bye, ladies," and without waiting for any answer she swept out of the hall. Feeling faint and dizzy after

the unusual excitement, she asked the elevator boy to call a cab. When she reached home, weak and exhausted, she found Mr. Bolton awaiting her, hungry for his dinner, and Mary gone.

"Here's a note," said Mr. Bolton. "What did you say to the girl any way? She's not the kind to go off in a huff for nothing. Then Mrs. Bolton told him tearfully all that had occurred. "See if she left any address in that note," he said when she had finished. "Yes, here it is—49 Hooper street, Brooklyn. Now, if you'll make some tea while I hunt up some cold meat or whatever there is, I'll have Mary back in two hours."

"But John, what if she will not come?"

"Oh, she'll come all right," he answered cheerfully. "You just write her a note and tell her you're sorry for all that religious tomfoolery. You know what to say, she'll get her. I'll get her," said Mrs. Bolton two weeks later as she was slowly recovering from a sharp attack of what the doctor called "over-worked nerves." "That other little book which was on your table is worth a dozen of Sheldon's."

"You mean the 'Imitation, ma'am?" inquired Mary. "Oh, yes, there's nothing grander than that—nothing!" "I wish you'd get it, Mary,—I want to see if I had that quotation right that I repeated at the club meeting that afternoon. Oh, Mary," she laughed, as Mary returned with the book, "I shall never forget how the ladies looked at me as I left the hall. What would they think of me?"

"Never mind, ma'am," said Mary gently. "God gave you courage to do as you did—and just listen to this, ma'am," as she placed another pillow behind Mrs. Bolton's head: "If all that should be spoken against thee that could be most maliciously invented, what would it hurt thee, if thou sufferest it to pass and madest no more reckoning of it than a mote? Could all these words pluck as much as a hair from thy head?"

"Oh, yes, I remember reading that," Mary said Mrs. Bolton, as she sank back upon her pillows and smiled peacefully. "It is beautiful."—Teresa Beatrice O'Hare, in the Rosary Magazine.

DON'T DELAY YOUR JUBILEE VISITS.

Danger From the Procrastinating Tendency in Human Nature.

As the axiom concerning the danger of delays bears with especial force on spiritual matters, wise people will take advantage of the greater freedom from worldly distraction which Lent should bring them to make a good start in one of the most important works to which the gaining of the Jubilee is conditioned—the prescribed visits to the churches.

In earlier days who so sought the Jubilee Indulgence thought no condition too rigorous for so great a spiritual favor, and our forbears in the faith would marvel, were they in the world again, at the easiness of the conditions prescribed for us.

No anchorite fast, no vigil of prayer, no painful journey afoot in pilgrim garb and with naught but pilgrim duty in view. Our visits may be made in carriage or electric car, and if, when we set forth to make them, we have some incidental business to attend to, we are allowed to transact it on the same journey.

Yet, easy as the fulfillment of the obligation has been made, it is very probable—from the procrastinating tendency in human nature, when there is any question of duty—that many people will find themselves on the last of August with their Jubilee visits yet to make, and that summer heat or storm, or an unexpected indisposition will so encroach upon the scant time left that they will be unable to fulfill this condition of the Jubilee Indulgence.

Business, pleasure, mere sloth and indifference—everything had the right of way, and the precious opportunity is forever forfeited.

It is better to be wise in time. The world itself now pays some respect to the Lenten season, and the young and pleasure-loving will find fewer temptations to postponement, if they utilize for their Jubilee visits those days during which fashion itself decrees it "in bad form" to be seen at matinees, luncheon parties or afternoon teas.

There is a larger class whose motive for postponement is "business," yet these, at a little sacrifice, can make their visits on the Sundays, and in any event there is but a small percentage of this class who would not give up an afternoon now and then for a doubtful temporal good.

The degree of fervor with which

Catholics welcome this great Indulgence, and of promptness with which they fulfill the conditions for gaining it, are an unmistakable test of the quality of their faith.—The Pilot.

POPE LEO'S KINDLY THOUGHT.

Mario Donagan Walsh, in March Donagan's. The ceremony ended with the apostolic benediction imparted by the Pope, the plenary indulgence being afterwards proclaimed in Latin and Italian by the Cardinal Deacons. Then the great bronze doors of St. Peter's were opened wide, revealing like a splendid panorama the vistas of golden splendor within, quivering in a misty haze of sunlight, and densely crowded with people. As the papal procession passed in and defiled by the Porta chapel to the Vatican, and the Holy Father appeared on the doorway, on foot, a deafening roar of "vivas" went up from both portico and basilica. Somehow the rope on foot seems nearer to the people than when carried on the "Sedia Gestatoria" in pontifical state. Those in the portico cheered their loudest despite the fact that the Pontiff's face was turned from them going into the church, escorted by the whole court. But with kindly thoughtfulness to gratify his children, and the energy so natural to him notwithstanding his great age, and fatigue, Leo XIII. stopped on his way and greeted by disengaging himself from his entourage. Turning completely around again, a smile illuminating the cameo like features, His Holiness gave one last lingering blessing on the portico, looking up and down and from end to end in an embracing gaze, so that none could possibly feel forgotten or miss even the least part of that final blessing of the Holy Father. The very spontaneity of the action touched the hearts of the people, but, as the wild enthusiasm redoubled, the cortege was gone. It was the last and most beautiful picture of the day's series, framed in the opening of that crimson-draped doorway, the venerable Vicar of Christ, with the never-to-be-forgotten face, turning back from the sponsors of the great basilica to bless the crowds once more.

You should not feel tired all the time—healthy people don't—you won't if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a while.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A JUDGE.

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER. The judge came slowly down the steps buttoning his gloves. At the bottom step he turned and looked back and up to the drawing room window.

There, framed in the background of misty, frostlike lace curtains stood a charming young girl, who blew a kiss from the tips of her fingers to him.

The judge smiled and uncovered his iron-gray head to his lovely daughter. As he entered his waiting carriage and gave the order, "Stop at Dr. Riley's," he again looked back and saluted the child he adored.

Father and daughter were devoted companions. The sweetest of all comradeships existed between them. She was his housekeeper, his chum, his intimate friend. Through all trying and tragic scenes of his daily life her face was ever before him.

When he came home at night she stood in the window watching for him. And when he opened the hall door she received him in her loving arms, with the question, "Well, papa, have you been merciful to day?"

And Judge Henry Saxton had come to be known to criminals and court employees as the "Easy Judge." But no one save his few close friends dreamed that the dominating influence and control of his life was vested in a mere slip of a girl.

Evenings it was her custom to read aloud to him. This was the delightful and sacred hour to which the judge looked forward all day. In his luxurious library, before a glowing open fire, his weary head thrown back against the cushions of his arm chair, lazily enjoying the fragrance of his cigar, the judge would sit, listening to the sweet voice—the voice that so reminded him of another long since hushed in death.

Just now the daughter was reading Shakespeare's comedies to him. Last night it had been "The Merchant of Venice." He recalled the accents of her voice as she read: "The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath. It is twice blest. It blesseth he that gives and him that takes."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A sturdy old man, who has passed his three score and ten years, said yesterday: "Most young men are persistent in seeking pleasure. They like comfort, plenty of good food, wine and beer, and nice clothes. They are self-indulgent. They coddle themselves. They are always thinking of their bodies. They eat heartily. They shrink from getting up early in the morning, from cold baths, from hard exercise, from self-restraint, from pain."

"When I was a boy I was fond of dogs and there was a man in the neighborhood who had the same liking. But he had no use for curs. He used to pick a dog up by the back of the neck, and if it howled he would kick it away. He liked any brave beast who had good traits and was useful, no matter how it was in looks. He gloried in thoroughbreds on account of their excellent points but mostly because of their courage, their 'grit,' their stamina."

"When I see a boy who squalls when the play with his mates is a little rough or a youth who has no backbone and is led astray by evil companions; or a young man who is soft and yields to the temptations of the flesh, I think 'there's a cur!' And then I remember the scorn of the man I knew in my boyhood who had no patience with curs but kicked them away."

"And now Lent is at hand to try the thoroughbreds and the curs. The 'softys' will endeavor to sneak out of fasting, no matter how physically robust they are, or how much in need of explanation. 'It gives me a headache,' they whine. 'It makes me so weak!' they protest. The poor things! One would suppose it was intended by the Church to give them a sensation of pleasure, and only to the exceptional few cause any suffering."

"Don't be a cur! Don't be afraid of pain! An epiritual writer says that hardly will any one arrive at great sanctity except his body endure anguish—through hardships, sickness or self-inflicted mortifications. 'For several years after I reached my majority I, too, got excused from fasting, because my health was delicate, but on Ash Wednesday I said to myself, 'I'm going to keep this Lent.' And I did. I kept it faithfully. I worked hard on a farm and on a rail road track, but I stuck it out. I had many a pang in my stomach and in my brain, but I wouldn't yield. And by Easter the body had accustomed itself to the one meal and the collation a day. I was in tip-top health then and enjoyed a deep peace. And from that day on, for forty years and more, I kept the fast. I've helped to bury many a man who said he couldn't fast. 'Now I don't eat much at any time, but the doctor will have me take some thing five times a day, and my Father Confessor says that I can do some extra praying and let the young men of today do the fasting for the Church.'"

"What this old gentleman says is worthy of thought, even his very expressive admonition: 'Don't be a cur!' There are no more self-made men. 'From the highest home to the lowest in America this idea of caste has entered, destroying our old, high ideals and making us pretentious and vulgar,' writes 'An American Mother,' of 'How We Can Lead a Simple Life,' in the Ladies' Home Journal. 'The idle rich man covets high social place with a hunger that is both ridiculous and tragic. If he has money enough he buys a titled husband for his daughter. He tries to establish a precedence for himself over his neighbors by claims of high descent. Nor is this appreciation of rank confined to the laicured class in this country. It is universal. No candid date for office finds it necessary now to pose as a self-made man or to put his respectable ancestors out of sight. The self-made man is no longer the popular hero. On the contrary, noble ancestors are in such demand that if we do not have them we invent them as we do air-brakes or motors, or any thing else necessary to our well being and comfort. The rich American finds it as easy to have a coat-of-arms and a pedigree as to have a dress coat. He seldom goes to Burke or the Heraldic College for these things. He plants and grows his own family tree as he does his maple at the front door.'"

"How would she look if she were happy?" thought His Honor as he faced the expectant jury. And then a sudden mental convulsion shook him. What if he were to live to see such a look as that on his own daughter's face? "Papa, papa, be merciful," rang a voice as sweet as a silver bell. "You are to remember this all day to-morrow, and be merciful." His Honor was remembering.

When the white-haired foreman stood up in the jury box and in a voice choked with emotion said: "Not guilty!" when that woman with the pallid face and terror-stricken eyes, who had risen with the prisoner to hear sentence, turned and flashed one never-to-be forgotten look at the judge, his honor softly repeated to himself, "It blesseth Him that gives and Him that takes!"

The carriage stopped, and as the judge descended he looked up at the drawing room window. Yes, there she stood, the exquisite girl for whose sake and under whose influence he had taken compassion that day on two wretched women.

The door was opened and into the genial warmth, the soft mellow light, the loving embrace, he was tenderly drawn, while a soft voice murmured in his ear as a pair of soft lips touched his cheek. "Well, papa, dear, have you been good and merciful to day?" —N. Y. Herald.

The mission of Jesus Christ on earth was a mission of peace. He came to establish in our hearts a triple peace, peace with God, peace with our neighbor and peace with ourselves. But Christ's mission of peace had a wider scope than to the individual man. His mission was also to bring peace to the family and society. Before the advent of Christ, war was the rule, peace the exception, throughout the world. —Cardinal Gibbons.

JESUS' ATTITUDE TOWARD WOMAN.

Her Helper, Friend and Sympathizer. Many hundreds of millions of women have lived and died happy because of the work that Jesus did for women. He came to save all mankind. While preaching to men, he preached for women. He worked for them, talked with them, advised them, strengthened them, defended them.

He was their advocate and their friend. This page and many scores of such pages would not contain the briefest accurate summary of Jesus' work for womanhood. His love for the disciples who were to carry on his work did not excel his love for the devoted women who followed him and believed in him from the first days of preaching to the last, darkened day of Golgotha.

Women owe to Jesus their rank in the world, their mental and physical emancipation. Thousands of women died eagerly for His name's sake during the years of martyrdom, and they died gladly. For the Son of Man, who had come to save all hereafter, came to free them here.

Jesus first announced His divine mission to a woman. To the woman of Samaria He first declared His Messiahship. (See the fourth chapter of John.) He was brought into the world, cared for in babyhood and trained in boyhood by a woman—the thrice-blessed Virgin, to whom millions of mothers pray to day.

His last words spoken from the cross placed His Mother in the care of His beloved disciple: "When Jesus therefore saw His mother and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son. Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! and from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." —John xix., 26-27.

He said no word thereafter, except "I thirst," and "It is finished." His last thought in the earthly life had been His mother's welfare. At His mother's request he performed His first miracle, the changing of the water into wine. (See John second chapter, fourth and subsequent verses.) Only to a woman did He promise perpetual remembrance here—to the woman who came to Him in the house of Simon the Leper, and poured upon His head the box of "ointment of spikenard."

"She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying." "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also shall be done, that she hath done here." —Mark xiv., 8-9. The first at the tomb of Jesus was a woman. The first to see the risen Christ was a woman. A woman was the first to believe in Him and the first to bear witness to His resurrection.

When the men whom He had taught had left Him to the Roman soldiers and to His death, the women who loved Him had not deserted Him. Under the darkened sky His dying eyes looked down upon the kneeling forms of His Mother, her sister Mary, wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen. Well might they follow him and kneel at His feet. He was dying to save women from injustice and oppression.

In all the words of Jesus there is not one word of harshness for woman. The sins of men are threatened and with threats that to this day chill guilty hearts that no other word can touch. The selfish rich man, the oppressor of the poor, are promised their punishment hereafter. But not one word is uttered against unfortunate sinful women.

For them, only kindness, sympathy, compassion. The woman brought before him had committed the crime, he saw the temptation, and he saw the tempter. He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." The men eager to stone the victim of man's evil nature slunk away and Jesus was left alone with the unfortunate woman. His wild eyes looked compassionately upon her bowed form:

EXTREME WEAKNESS. RESULTING FROM POOR WATERY BLOOD.

HEART PALPITATION, DIZZINESS AND WEAKNESS IN THE LEGS FOLLOWED UNTIL THE SUFFERER FELT THAT HIS CASE WAS ALMOST HOPELESS. From the Mirror, Meaford, Ont. No man in Meaford is better known or more highly respected than Mr. Patrick Delaney, who has been a resident of the town for nearly forty years. Mr. Delaney is a stone mason by trade, and has helped construct many of the buildings which go to make up Meaford's chief business structures. Hearing that he had received great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Mirror called to obtain particulars of the cure, and Mr. Delaney cheerfully gave him the following statement: "Last March," said he, "my health became so poor that I was compelled to quit work. The chief symptoms of my illness were extreme weakness in the legs, loss of appetite, and palpitation of the heart. The least exertion would cause my heart to palpitate violently and if I stooped to pick up anything I would become dizzy. My legs were so weak that I was compelled to sit down to put my clothes on. The doctor I consulted said I had a bad case of anemia. He prescribed for me and I took three bottles of medicine, but all the while I actually grew worse until I became so weak and emaciated that it seemed impossible that I could recover. Having read of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I determined to give them a trial. From the first box I noted an improvement in my condition. My legs became stronger, my appetite improved and by the time I had used four boxes I felt better than I had done for months. That the pills are a wonderful remedy there is not the least doubt. I can do light work about the home without experiencing any of the unpleasant sensations that I once underwent. I feel an altogether different man despite the fact that I am now sixty-seven years of age. All I can say is that I attribute my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I would advise any other similar sufferer to try them."

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. The pills are sold only in boxes bearing on the wrapper the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Catarrh. Called an American disease, is cured by an American medicine, originated and prepared in the most catarrhal of American countries. This medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures radically and permanently, in that it removes the cause, cleansing the blood of scrofulous and all other impurities. It cures all the effects of catarrh, too, and builds up the whole system. Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly, subdues the pain and disease.

Inflammatory Rheumatism. — Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, Ill., writes: "Some years ago I was afflicted with rheumatism. I had used many remedies, but they did me no good. I was entirely cured of my cure by this remedy and I wish more for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago. BE SURE that your blood is rich and pure. The best blood purifier, enricher and vitalizer is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to GET HOOD'S.

WOMAN, WHERE ARE THEY? DID NO MAN CONDEMN THEE? AND SHE SAID, NO, MAN, LORD. AND JESUS SAID, NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE; GO THY WAY: FROM HENCEFORTH SIN NO MORE. — JOHN VIII., 10-11.

There is a scene to be studied by the "haters of vice." There is a scene to fill with thought those who think that men can be made better by the hunting of women. But one Man was without sin and it was He who said: "Neither do I condemn thee." While Jesus lived the British islands were inhabited by half naked savages living in swamps, gibbering a half animal language. While Jesus lived an "intellectual" race living in India practised child marriage and the annual burning alive of thousands of widows. The words of Jesus Christianized and civilized Great Britain, and the descendants of wood painted British savages, carrying out Jesus' orders, have abolished the child marriages and widow burning of India. All over earth's surface His wonders have been worked, and everywhere His teachings have brought nearer and nearer to realization the perfect equality of woman. God's great preacher of equality was Jesus: There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Jesus Christ. — Gal. III., 28.

Opportunity. In one of the old Greek cities there stood long ago a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now. But there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it, and as we read the words we can surely discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passer-by. The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveller and the statue: "What is thy name, O Statue?" "I am called Opportunity." "Who made thee?" "Lysippus." "Why art thou on thy toes?" "To show that I stay but a moment." "Why hast thou wings on thy feet?" "To show how quickly I pass by." "But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?" "That men may seize me when they meet me." "Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?" "To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught."



The Dainty White Things. that are washed with SURPRISE Soap—a little Surprise Soap and still less labor—are not only clean but uninjured. You want the maximum wear out of your clothes. Don't have them ruined by poor soap—use pure soap. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

CARLING. When Ale is thoroughly matured it is not only palatable, but wholesome. Carling's Ale is always fully aged before it is put on the market. Sold in wood and in bottles it is mellowed by the touch of time before it reaches the public. People who wish to use the best Ale should see to it that they receive Carling's. It is easy enough to get it, as nearly every dealer in Canada sells Carling's Ale and Porter.

CARLING LONDON.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. For nursing mothers O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt is unsurpassed. We have received a great many letters from leading doctors bearing testimony to this. By its aid a digestion and supply of extra nourishment increases the flow of milk and builds up the mother's strength. Price 50c per 15 ounce bottle; 90c per dozen bottles; 10c per empty bottle. When returned, Refuse all substitutes. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS. High-class Church and Cathedral Windows. Equal to any English or American work. HOBBS & CO. COMPY. LONDON, ONTARIO.

COWAN'S Hygienic COCOA Royal Navy CHOCOLAT. Are the favorites with most people. Buy COWAN'S. The Purest and Best.

Benziger Brothers' NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Meditations on the Life, the Teachings and the Passion of Jesus Christ. For Every Day of the Ecclesiastical Year. By Rev. A. M. H. G. O. S. C. Edited by Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., 12mo, cloth, 2 volumes set, 3.00. Postage, 30 cents extra. Mass Devotions and Readings on the Mass. By Rev. F. X. LASANCE, Contains instructions on the Mass and Methods of Hearing Mass for all occasions. Oblong 32 mo, cloth, red edges, 70 cents. Illustrated Explanation of the Creed. A Complete Exposition of Faith. With Readings from Scripture, the Fathers, etc. By Rev. H. LOUIS, D. D. With a Preface, Reflection and Prayer on each Article of the Creed. By Very Rev. FERDINAND GUARDINI, S. S. I. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, \$1.00. Manual of the Holy Name. Containing the Rules, Indulgences and Exercises of Devotion for the Use of the Members of the Holy Name Society. Compiled from Approved Writings of Holy Fathers. Authors, 32 mo, cloth, red edges, 50 cents. The Accoration of the Blessed Sacrament. By Rev. A. TESNIERE. Translated by Mrs. ANNE H. BENNETT GLASTON. 12 mo, cloth, red edges, 12 cents extra. The Great Supper of God. By Rev. S. COCHRAN, S. J. Translated from the French by Miss IDA GREFFES. Edited by Rev. F. X. BRADY, S. J. 16mo, cloth, red edges, net, \$1.00. Postage 30 cents extra. The Grave by the Street Corner. A stirring story for boys. By HENRY S. SPALDING, S. J. 12 mo, cloth, 85 cents. MYLH AUSTING. A touching story for girls. By SARAH TRAINOR SMITH. 11mo, cloth 85 cents. Dimpling's Success. By CLARA MULLEN-LAND. 16mo, illustrated cover and frontispiece. By MARY T. WAGMAN, 16 mo, illustrated cover and frontispiece, 40 cents. An Adventure With the Apaches. By GARIBOLDI FERREY. 16mo. Illustrated cover and frontispiece, 40 cents. BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York: 33-38 Barclay St. CINCINNATI: 343 Main St. CHICAGO: 211-213 Madison St.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

With sacred concert and lecture was St. Patrick's church... The following programme was rendered during the evening:

- Solo, "Credo"..... Rosewieg Chorus, "Voice of Angels"..... Choir. Solo, "Light of the World"..... Adams Solo, "Holy City"..... Weatherly

The outside talent consisted of Miss Flanagan and Mr. Lawrence... The choir, under the leadership of Mr. Wainwright, was assisted by Miss Flanagan, of Toronto, and Mr. J. B. Lawlor of Hamilton.

IN PETERBOROUGH

St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society last night scored another great success in the entertainment line... The programme was as follows:

- Philly Swift, a soloist, and Kelly, a foot man. Mr. Samuel Holliman. Colonel Dixon, commanding H.M. 12th Regiment. Mr. Fred Bergey, Captain in same regiment. Sir Richard Forbes, of Green Lawn Manor. Mr. John Gordon.

The lecture hall of St. Andrew's church has seldom been the scene of a more brilliant affair than that which presented a decided success last evening.

The singing of "The Maid of the Mountains" and the National Anthem marked the close of the enjoyable evening.

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encored each time she appeared, her pieces being exceedingly well rendered.

The Irish Catholics of North Bay celebrated their patronal festival this year, as usual with becoming observance.

In St. Thomas, Sunday, St. Patrick's Day, was marked by special services in the Church of the Holy Angels.

In the evening there was a sacred concert and lecture by Rev. Father McBrady, Professor of Theology in St. Michael's College, Toronto.

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most artistic in two selections, "The Little Red Lark," and "The Minister Boy."

It is not too much to say that a more enjoyable lecture has never been heard in Brantford than the address delivered by Rev. Father Gillely, with redoubled fervor.

The reverend gentleman, as he stepped forward from the pulpit, was greeted with a warm and again applauded during his remarks.

In quiet periods he traced the early life of this noble man, and the oratorical flow was not without appropriate intervals with humorous stories and comments which produced a hearty and intelligent audience.

The speaker closed as follows: "I am a man of wonderful and extraordinary talents, but I am not a man of extraordinary faith."

At the close of the evening, the speaker was greeted with a warm and again applauded during his remarks.

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So—where so many trials and tribulations were cast upon the shoulders of the actor, he persevered in his Christian duty.

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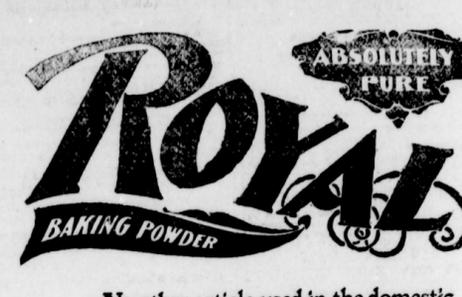
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No other article used in the domestic economy of the household has so many enthusiastic friends among the house-keepers of America.

No other article of food has received such emphatic commendation for purity and wholesomeness from the most eminent authorities.

The great popularity and general use of the Royal Baking Powder attest its superiority.

The Royal Baking Powder is made from the finest wheat flour, and is free from all impurities.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

IN CHINA. The trouble which for some time seemed to be brewing between the British and Russian troops in China has been amicably settled.

Memorial of my native land. True emblem of my land and race, My small and tender love expand.

Struggling, and yet for strife unmet— True type of useful love thou art.

And shall I not return thy love? And shall I not return thy love? And shall I not return thy love?

MARKET REPORTS. LONDON. London, March 28.—Grain, per cental.—Wheat, \$1.08 to \$1.10; oats, \$0.75 to \$0.80.

TOBACCO. Toronto, March 28.—Tobacco firm; No. 1, 90 cents; No. 2, 85 cents; No. 3, 80 cents.

MONTECAL. Montreal, March 28.—Ontario No. 1, 10 cents; No. 2, 9 cents; No. 3, 8 cents.

TEACHERS WANTED. TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECOND DIVISION No. 8, Adria, holding a first or second certificate.

SITUATION WANTED. WANTED, SITUATION AS LADY'S ROOM-MAID and Nurse for Invalid. Best of Medical and other references. Address "A. B.," Catholic Record Office, London.

THE Jubilee which His Holiness Leo XIII. extended to the whole world, is now being celebrated in a most impressive manner.

TOBACCO. Toronto, March 28.—Tobacco firm; No. 1, 90 cents; No. 2, 85 cents; No. 3, 80 cents.

MONTECAL. Montreal, March 28.—Ontario No. 1, 10 cents; No. 2, 9 cents; No. 3, 8 cents.

VOLUME X. The Catholic Record, London, Saturday.

OUR B. Some time ago we visited a "blessed" for the purpose of gaining who are also champions for self-improvement.

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