LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1905

VOLUME XXVII.

The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, Nov. 25, 1905.

SCHAFF.

from the easy credulity of times past.

Now Protestants reverence, and with

reason, Dr. Schaff. And he tells us

that " the Latin Church is a glorious

Church. She was the Alma Mater of

the barbarians of Europe. She still

stands like an immovable rock bearing

witness to the fundamental truths and

facts of our holy religion, and to the

Catholicity, unity, unbroken continuity

and independence of the Church. And

she is as zealous as ever in missionary

enterprises and self-denying works in

Dr. Schaff is a fair counterpoise to

AN OLD STORY.

We may mention here that Rev. Mr.

Mackay is concerned with the problem

of Quebec. To show how well equipped

he is to solve it he commits himself

in print to the following assail-

every section of our country in every

French, but because she is Catholic."

mother of men who have been pre-

eminent for dauntless courage, who

have conserved the traditions of the

past and wrought them into song and

story, and who have been and are in-

sistent in teaching, both by pre

cept and example, the justice and

morality which are the foundations of

civilization. The man who knowing

aught of this country's history refuses

to acknowledge the services of French

CIVILIZATION THAT COUNTS.

not on his knees before the idol of

material civilization. He has as much

regard for the trophies of commerce

and science as have his fellow country-

men, but he knows - thanks to his

schools and colleges !- that the civiliza-

tion which endures is rooted in the

impartial administration of law, in the

purity of women and the honor and

To gentlemen with a taste for prob-

lems we commend that of the low-birth

rate of Ontario. Instead of inveigh-

ing against Quebec why do not the

preachers try to disabuse us of the

idea that Ontario is slaughtering the

innecents? There at their doors is

something which may well call forth

all their impassioned eloquence. And

when they have succeeded in washing

that spot out of the social fabric, and

have taught their followers to imitate

the toleration of which Quebec has

given proof time and again, we may bear

with them more patiently than we do

at present. Meanwhile they ought to

remember that fustian and rant, con-

joined to a low-birth-rate in the land of

the "open Bible," are not credentials

to inspire unalloyed confidence either

OUR WORK FOR COUNTRY.

Why talk of us as hindrances to the

in them or their statements.

The French Canadian, however, is

progress.

virtue of men.

Christian charity."

Rev. Mr. Mackay.

M Says the Rev. Jno. Mackay :

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"unification" of Canada? We understand, of course, that so far as we are concerned this unification must be prothese not entitled to respect? If we of all religion by the Catholic are willing to abide by the constitution | Church. For this state of affairs he

and to give of our best to the upbuild does not blame Catholies, but Protest out as objects for tyranny misnamed know better what is needed." REV. MR. MACKAY vs. DR. level ground of charity and liberty shoulder to shoulder, brothers to all Canadians, irrespective of race, politics or creed, scorning all dissension and "The Roman Catholic Church has had the fairest of fair trials time and time again, but in every case has utterly failed to raise the peoples subject to her to anything like national or individual Christian greatness." discord and ready to give our blood for the fame of Canadian confederation. What more do our friends ask? We know that, according to some individu- Rev. Wm. Mackay. als, we should send our children to The leaders of Protestantism do not Godless schools and abandon our creed. agree with Rev. Mr. Mackay. No man But if we believe that we are in possesindeed, however opposed to us, may sions of the deposit of faith once de assent to the foregoing statement. For livered to the saints, and believe, too, its refutation is given not only by the that it is our duty to inculcate it into pages of history, but by the facts of the minds of our children, what then? every day life, by Catholics who yield Stifle or muzzle our conscience? But to none in "individual Christian do our friends really think that schools greatness." But it seems that some preachers cannot touch on the Church that the "fear of the Lord is the bewithout violating the canons of social ginning of wisdom" are a barrier to amenity and thrumming over thread bare the unification of Canada? If they do commonplaces received by tradition

> "THEY HAVE A PLENTIFUL LACK OF WIT.

who proclaim that schools that ignore

What amazes us is the complacency with which our friends assume that their views of revelation are far superior to those held by us. "Give them," says Rev. Mr. Mackay "the full gospel-capture Quebec for spiritual Christianity." Considering there are s) many brands of spiritual Christianity on the market the French Canadian may have some trouble in making a selection. He may wish to know, too, why he should renounce his creed for that of the Presbyterian. It will not do to tell him to read the Bible and to take its message to heart. Can our friends account in a rational manner for able assertion: "French Canada their belief in the inspiration of the is to-day," he says, "behind Bible? We know they do so believe, blindly it is true, but others may wish thing which characterizes nineteenth to have a motive for such belief. In a century civilization, not because she is word, before accepting the Bible as an authority in matters supernatural, Not being a mind reader, we cannot we must be sure that it is divinely in say what the gentleman means by spired. Can our friends satisfy us on everything which characterizes ninethis point? No. They vouch for it, teenth century civilization.' If we we know, as the Word of God. But accept Emerson's dictum that the why? They cannot expect us to stake truest test of civilization is not the our hopes of salvation on the word of census, not the size of cities, but the men, who may be deceived, and who kind of man the country turns out, have not, and cannot have, if true to Frerch Canada is on a high plane of their principles, a reasonable belief in civilization. She has been the worthy the inspiration of the Scriptures.

Another thing, if all men, as they teach, have the right to interpret the Bible for themselves, why should they send preachers to Quebes? Why should they go to expense to enable Rev. Mr. Mackay or any other gentle man to preach his personal views of the Biole? The French Canadian may not he claims to be the Word of God, though he does not know why it is, cannot be a herald of "enlightened Christianity." Well does the distinguished convert, James Kent Stone-now a Passionistsay that of all absurd notions which ever claimed large sway over the human mind, perhaps the most singular is that of a Supreme Being Who for ages had spoken to men by direct communication or by ministers and prophets having a special gift of His own Spirit, Who at last sent His Son with a message, should, when He recalled that Son, have simply put the record of all these transactions in a book and given to none any authoritative power of inter-

NO REASON TO BE DISCOURAGED

For citizens who are supposed to be behind every section of this country in everything which characterizes civilization, we are, according to Rev. Mr.

Mackay, not doing so badly.

To begin with, 42 per cent. of "the people of Canada are now Roman Catholic." "The great majority of our present immigrants are Roman Catholies." We "are planting colonies in New Ontario," etc. "Black-robed priests are the shrewdest of Montreal's financiers." " Catholic influences are predominant at Ottawa in the councils of our country." So in this showing we have energy and foresight, and are factors to be reckoned with in the money-mart and within halls of Parliament. Sad news this for Mr. Sproule and the Colonel. But to hearten them cured at the expense of our rights. If Mr. Mackay talks of the necessity of we, however, have conscientious ob- saving the "countless number of men jections to this proceeding why are and women" who are being despoiled

ing of Canada, why should we be singled ants, "who have a higher culture, and unification? We stand to day on the gentleman is not chary of generalties and unsupported assertions. But the average non-Catholic may want to know where are these thousands of men and women who yearn for the colporteur and the preacher. For our part we can tell him that these men and women do not exist save in the imagination of

GOOD NEWS. The Christian Guardian notes, and with pleasure, that the Protestants working among the French Canadians appeal to the reason and religious in stincts of the people. If so, their methods and manners are improving. For we remember that in Rome they wherein young Canadians are taught depended for success on slander and "souperism:" in Ogebec on Chiniquy. whose books are still sold here and there in Canada. Far better than the they are not in line with the educators sending of preachers, who may take away the religious belief of some the "wisdom which maketh wise unto French-Canadians without being able salvation "are a menace to civilizato give them something better in return, would be a declaration from our Evangelical friends that they neither use, nor approve, nor sell, nor allow to be sold by the publishing houses controlled by them, the works of Chiniquy.

A DIFFERENCE.

According to The Presbyterian the work of the colporteur and preacher is to give the French-Canadian "a gospel that can stand unabashed in the searchlight of the highest culture." The non-Catholic Mallock says: "The Catholic Church is the only historical religion that can conceivably adapt itself to the wants of the present day without virtually ceasing to be itself." Matthew Arnold declares that Cath-

olicism will endure while all Protestant sects dissolve and disappear.

Again. The Presbyterian says that the French Canadian will hear the gospel that makes men free." Dr. Brownson, regarded by Montalambert and Lord Brougham as the greatest philosopher of his age, says in "The Convert: " "I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt it restrained, or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have as a Catholic felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non Catholic. The faith which, to quote Frederic Harrison, speaking of the state of society in the thirteenth century 'still sufficed to inspire the most profound thought, the most lofty piety, the widest culture, the freest art of the age, filled statesmen with awe, scholars with enthusiasm, and consolidated with enthusiasm, and consolidated pence. When he gave his acknowled ment he was as proud and independent ment he was a proud a reverence and worship.' Great see eye to eye with them, but who is to thinkers like Albert of Cologre say what is true doctrine or what is and Aquinas found it to be the stimuunless based on it and saturated with it. Creative artists like Giotti found

it an ever living well spring of beauty. . . . To statesmen, artist, poet, thinker, teacher, soldier, worker, chief or follower, it supplies at once inspiration and instrument."

Does this faith keep men slaves?

" PAY WHAT THOU OWEST."

CARDINAL GIBBONS DENOUNCES CRIM-INAL DESIRE FOR RICHES.—HIS EMINENCE PREACHES ON LAX NOTIONS

Baltimore, Md., November 6 .- Cardinal Gibbons preached yesterday morning at the Cathedral a sermon on "graft" and the modern financial orgrate and the modern financial or ganization. He took his text from Matthew xviii., 22 and 35: "Pay what thou owest." He said:

"This subject is the most opportune, and is invested with vital interest, at this time when colossal frauds and defalcations are revealed to us in

rapid succession.
"Justice is a cardinal virtue, prompting us to pay what we owe our neigh-bor. Justice is the foundation of social order and of business intercourse. For if we did not believe that men had

if we did not believe that men had a sense of justice we would have no confidence in their integrity, and without this confidence commercial life would be paralyzed. Dishonesty is diametrically opposed to justice.

"I purpose this morning to set before you some of the principal ways in which dishonesty is practiced in mercantile and in private life. I think cantile and in private life. I think that this subject should be treated more frequently in our churches, for there would be fewer occasions for the exercise of charity if every man came

KEEP AN INVENTORY OF YOUR DEBTS. loose conception of business integrity who does not keep a strict account of his indebtedness. record of his obligations he is liable to overlook and forget them. If he forgets them he may be tempted to increase

his liabilities. If he go on augmenting his debts he may be startled by their magnitude, and may be unable to meet then when the day of reckoning comes. PAY DEBTS PROMPTLY.

"Second — Be punctual in the payment of your bills. There are some

men to your bills. There are some men who are criminally negligent and dilatory in discharging their honest debts. They will allow weeks and months, and sometimes even years, to pass without meeting their just obligations. Their remissness does not arise from their inability to discharge this duty, but rather from a blunted con-science and a morbid attachment to wealth. They regard the creditor as a Shylock, and complain of his importun ities, though he is demanding only what is justly his due. They make no account is justly his due. They make no account of the annoyance, inconvenience and pecuniary loss which the creditor sustains from their perverse procrastination. "Some years ago I met a citizen in a distant city who had a formidable title prefixed to his name. He regarded himself as a man of honor, and would resent any imputation on his integrity.

He would deem it a disgrace not to pay do not be acher asked the chillenge of her class. "How many ounces the consists in the use of unequal weights and measures. This is one of the oldest methods of dishonary, the loss of unequal weights and measures. This is one of the oldest methods of dishonary, the oldest methods of dishonary and the oldest He would deem it a disgrace not to pay promptly a gambling debt but had lax notions about his grocer's, his butcher's or his tailor's bill. He thus accosted me: 'A certain man had the assurance

me: 'A certain man had the assurance to ask me to-day, in the street, to pay a bill which I owe him. I felt insulted, sir, and I did not fail to tell him so.' "If I had had any spiritual jurisdic tion over the person referred to I would have replied to him: 'Sir, it is not you, but your creditor who ought to feel offended. Pay your debts. The money you have in bank or in your purse is not yours so long as your credit or's just demands remain unpaid.

BORROWING MONEY. "Third-Don't make a promise to refund a loan unless you have the ability to do so. Dishonesty in another form is committed by those who borrow money without having any well-grounded hopes of being able to refund it. Yet they will give you the positive assurance that the loan will be restored at a stated time. When you press them for information regarding their ability to make good this assurance they will acknowledge that for some they will acknowledge that for some time they,have been out of employment, that they have no visible means of support and that the prospects before them are far from being bright. Thus they make an absolute promise which is based on a very uncertain contin-

g ney.
"If they had frankly told you from the outset that, while sincerely desirous to repay the loan, they could give no positive pledge, you would commend their candor and veracity, though place ting little reliance on the security, and they might appeal at least to your benevolence. If they did not commend themselves to your business methods. "The man who tries to eke out a sub-

sistence by borrowing money soon be-comes lost to all sense of honor and self respect, and he forfeits the con-fidence of the community in which he

" Many of you are familiar with one of Dicken's well-known characters, Wil kins Micawber. He sustained a check-ered existence by borrowing money, or which he insisted on giving a re or which he insisted on giving a receipt, and he was always precise in adding the fraction of a half-penny, if necessary, to the pounds, shillings and pence. When he gave his acknowledgas if he had presented the creditor with gilt edge security. He felt as happy in the acquisition of the new loan as if to acknowledge the services of French Canada is but a drag on the car of Calculation with a book which like Dante conceive nectry in the acquisition of the field doctrine? It strikes us that a lus of their meditations. Mighty poets he had come into possession of on inthe event by a convivial cup with the partner of his joys and sorrows.

"As an offset to the foregoing ex-

ample, I will mention that some years ago I was acquainted with a young man in this city who was studying with iew of embracing a profession. he had scarcely enough for a bare sub sistence, he declined to accept any proffered loan. He is now enjoying a lucrative practice in his profession. But he is far more economic in his habits than those who, like Micawber habits than those who, like Micawber, live on borrowed capital. For he has been taught in the school of adversity to appreciate the value of a dollar. I would hold him up as a model to all of you young men who are entering on business or a professional career.

EXTRAVAGANT LIVING. "Fourth—There is another form of dishonest life far more common and reprehensible than the vice just mentioned.—I refer to the pernicious habit of living above one's means. In fact, this vice may be considered as charac teristic of Americans. Our country-men are fond of making money, but they are still fonder of squandering it. It has been said with truth that a French or a German family can subsist on what is wasted by an American

family.
"One of the causes of this fatal extravagance is the love of self-indulg-ence and the ambition of keeping pace with our neighbor in the race of social distinction.
'I am envious of my neighbor when

I observe that he keeps a splendid equipage; that his house is elegantly furnished; that he fares sumptuously; that he entertains lavishly; that his wife is dressed in the latest fashion, and I am determined not to be outdone by him. I enter on a career of pro-digality totally disproportionate to my

"But in a few years I find myself overwhelmed with debt and on the road

than you imagine. Where there is a will there is a way.

"The wants of nature are few and easily supplied. Most of the things we want are artificial and contribute little or nothing to our happiness. Sweeter to the palate is bread and water in a garret than is a delicious feast to the spendthrift who is tortured by the spectre of the creditor knocking at the door. While the insolvent debtor is a slave, you will possess a free and inde-pendent spirit, and will enjoy the testi-mony of a good conscience.

UNEQUAL WEIGHTS.

Fifth-Another common system of fraud consists in the use of unequal

dren of her class, 'How many ounces make a pound?' One of the pupils, whose father was in the grocery business, answered: 'Teacher I know, but it is a secret.' When pressed for an explanation he replied: 'When we have we demand either ounces to the buy we demand sixteen ounces to the pound, but when we sell—that is a busi-

"But the day will come when the unjust tradesman himself will be weighed in the balance and will be found wanting.
"There is another species of dis

honesty which is conducted on a large scale. I allade to the iniquity of water ing stock and floating it on the market, of inflating stocks and bonds and giving them a fictitious value. This sin is the more odious, as it is not the result of a more odious, as it is not the result of a sudden impulse of temptation, but is perpetrated in cold blood by the sharp-witted men, who count the esteem of their fellow citizens. They use all kinds of specious arguments to catch the unwary in their toils, and inflict untold misery on a too confiding community.

DISHONEST BANK OFFICERS.

"Sixth—I might also allude here to dishonest presidents and cashiers of banks and business house clerks. Their

number—thank God—is very small com-pared with the army of loyal and up-

right officials. "These unfaithful officers yield to the criminal desire of growing suddenly rich. They secretly appropriate the funds of the institution in which they Iunds of the institution in which they are employed with the vague intention of restoring them. They gamble in stocks and other securities, hoping to realize large profits. Their first venture is a failure. They cast the dice again and gain, each time staking larger sums with the same results, till they have gone down the stram of larger sums with the same results, till they have gone down the stream of speculation too far to retrace their steps and hide their iniquity. They involve themselves in irreparable ruin and degradation. All the waters of the Mississippi could not blot out the stain. A name which before was mentioned with honor is now whispered with bated breath or covered with the charity of silence. The last

with the charity of silence. The last chapter in their sad history is usually suicide, exile or the penitentiary. "Oh, if in the first instance they had

sourned the tempter they would have escaped unspeakable torture, and would have lived and died honored by would have lived and died honored by their fellow citizens, and possessing what is infinitely more precious than wealth, the legacy of a spotless reputa-tion.

POOR WOMAN REWARDED. There is a story told woman, who, in returning one day from market, was bewailing her poverty, for her scanty means were exhausted. While brooding over her condition she *tumbled and fell, and in the fall her outstretched hand touched a purse lying in the road and containing 100 gold crowns. Her first sensation was one of joy that she had found a treasure to relieve her pressing wants. But on re-flecting that the treasure-trove was not her own, she determined to restore it to the owner. A few days later, hav-ing learned that a reward of 10 crowns man offered to the finder, she hastened to give the owner his purse and to 1e

ceive her reward.
"But the miser was reluctantly to part with the ten crowns, and he falsely maintained that the lost purse had contained one hundred and ten crowns when she found it. This she indignantly denied, solemnly declaring that it contained only one hundred crowns when she found it. The dispute was referred to a civil tribunal.

"The judge, after hearing both sides, gave a decision worthy of a Solomon. You maintain, sir, he said to the man, that your purse contained one hundred and ten crowns when you lost it. Evidently the purse which was found is not yours. And you, my good woman,' he said to the finder, 'swear that the purse you found contained only one hundred crowns. It is yours. Keep it till the true owner is found. GREATER THAN VICTORIOUS GENERAL.

"I have spoken of the sin of dis honesty. Let me now say a word about the honest citizen. All honor to the merchant or professional man who has left behind him a clean record.

"The man of business who has never soiled his hands with ill gotten wealth; who has never taken undue advantage of his neighbor in a momentary transaction; whose word was his bo who has punctually paid his honest to bankruptcy. I have been squander ing my present income and have been mortgaging my future revenue.

"The man who lives beyond his means is not leading an honest life. My young friends, you who are on the threshold of a business career, practice of the same word, all honor to the debts; who has never sheltered himself

a rigid economy. Live within your man who has passed through the perils and battles of commercial life with a rainy day. This is more easily done character unblemished—such a man, I ho'd, is more worthy of our esteem and no d, is more worthy of our esteem and veneration than the victorious general who returns in triumph from a prolonged war. For surely a business campaign is usually more protracted and requires more persevering energy and courage than a military conquest. Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war.'

1414

"Listen to the eulogy which Holy Scripture pronounces on such a man:
Blessed is the rich man that is found without blemish; who is he and we will praise him, for he hath done wonderful things in his life; who could have transgressed and hath not transgressed, and could do evil things and hath not done them. Therefore are his goods estab-lished in the Lord, and all the church of the saints will declare his alms.'

"I knew a merchant who posse in an eminent degree the qualities above enumerated. He has long since gone to his reward, and died honored in the community in which he had lived.
I will mention one incident in his life to illustrate the rectitude of his char-

"While he was a director in a leading bank he sold a portion of its stock, which was to be delivered in a few days. discovered that the bank had sustained discovered that the bank had sustained a heavy loss by reason of the cashier's defalcation. As a consequence there was a considerable shrinkage in the value of the stock.

"Several days clapsed before the

directors were prepared to make an official statement of the embezzlement and its injurious effects on the bank. On the appointed day the purchaser, ignorant as yet of the loss sustained by the bank, called to get possession of his stock. The director refused to surrender it and was not then prepared to disclose the reason of his action. transfer, and had almost recourse to violence. He afterward brought a violence. He afterward brought a mutual friend to argue with the director, but all in vain. He refused to effect

the sale.
"But a few days later, when the bank officials had made a public announcement of the defalcation, the would be purchaser at once realized the situation and perceived that if the sale had been consumated he would have been a heavy loser and the owner corresponding gainer.
"A man with a less delicate sense of

A man with a less delicate sense of commercial ethics would have closed the sale and justified himself on the plea that he had acted in good faith; but my venerable friend would have scorned to be a party to a transaction which would in the slightest degree which would in the single stage of a sully his conscience or arouse against him the faintest breath of suspicion. He went down to his honored grave, leaving his children and his children's children the precious heritage of a pure faith and a spotless reputation for busi-

ness integrity.
"The moral which I wish to draw from these remarks is contained in the words of the Apostle, 'Owe no man any thing, but to love one another, for he that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled

IAN MACLAREN ON CATHOLICISM.

Speaking at Father Barry's bazaar

at Liverpool last month, Rev. Dr. Watson, more widely known by the pen name Ian Maclaren paid a notable tribute to Catholicism. He took that opportunity, he said, of expressing with some knowledge of the facts, his profound respect for the high character and the national patriotism of the Catholic Church of Scotland (Applause). The Sectch priest had been distinguished for his devotion and his urbanity, for his culture and his loyalty, and he did not know that the eighteenth century in Scotland, rich although it was in scholars and ecclesiastics, produced any finer figure than Bishop Hay (applause), who more than any other man in that century, established and commended the Catholic Church in Scotland. (Applause.) While he might be pardoned for paying this tribute to the Catholics of his own race. he was not forgetful of and yielded to none in respect for the virtue of the Catholic Church in other lands, and not least in Ireland and England. It ligion had been more true and faithful to a poor and suffering people, or done more to sustain a high standard of social morality than the Irish priest (applause), and no body of men in England made greater sacrifice for their principle during the last three centuries, or in pro-portion to their numbers made a larger contribution to sacred and other learning than the English Catholics. (Applause) It ever had been grateful to his mind to observe the excellence of those from whom he might be separated by differences either of creed or of party; and as he closed his public life in Liverpool, he was proud to remember the intimate friendships he had had and still had, with distinguished ecclesias-tics of the Catholic Church, and the cordial welcome he had more than once received at Catholic functions. His most earnest prayer was that year by year prejudices which were the heritage from an unfortunate past, and which had been too warmly treasured in Liverpool, might gradually die down into grey dust and be forgotten, and that those that loved the same Lord might come more and more to live to-gether in charity, contending only who should do most to rescue the fallen and to shield the young, and to bring in the day when that city of their habita-tion should be filled with peace and prosperity, with holiness and sweet content. (Applause.)

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THE RULING PASSION BY HENRY VAN DYKE. THE WHITE BLOT.

The real location of a city house depends upon the pictures which hang upon its walls. They are its neighborhood and its outlook. They confer upon it that touch of life and character, that power to beget love and bind friend-ship, which a country house received from its surrounding landscape, the garden that embraces it, the stream that runs near it, and the shaded paths that lead to and from its door.

By this magic of pictures my narrow, upright slice of living space in one of the brown stone strata on the eastward slope of Manhatten I sland is transferred to an open and agrecable site. It has lows that look toward the wood and the sunset, watergates by which a little boat is always waiting, and secret passageways leading into fair places that are frequented by persons of distinction and charms. No ness of night obscures these outlets no neighbor's house shuts off the view no drifted snow of winter makes the impassable. They are always free, and through them I go out and in upon my

adventures.
One of these picture wanderings ha always appeared to me so singular that would like, if it were possible, to put into words.

It was Pierrepont who first introduced me to the picture—Pierrepont the good natured: of whom one of his friends said that he was like Mahomet's Bridge of Paradise, because he was so hard to cross; to which another added that was also a resemblance in fact that he led to a region of beautiful illusions which he never entered. is one of those enthusiastic souls who are always discovering a new writer, a new painter, a new view from some old wharf by the river, a new place to obwhart by the river, a new place to to tain picturesque dinners at a grotesque price. He swung out of his office, with his long legged, easy stride, and nearly ran me down, as I was plodding up town through the languor of a late spring afternoon, on one of those dutywalks which conscience offers as a sacri

face to digestion.
"Why, what is the matter with you?" he cried, as he linked his arm through mine, "you look outdone, tired all the way through to your backbone. Have you been reading the 'Anatomy of Melancholy, or something by one of the new British female novelists? You will have la grippe in your mind if you don't look out. But I know what you need. Come with me, and I will do

So saying, he drew me out of clanging Broadway into one of the side streets that run toward the placid streets that run toward the region of Washington Square. no," I answered, feeling, even in the act of resistance, the pleasure of his cheerful guidance, "you are altogether wrong. I don't need a dinner at your new found Bulgarian table d'hote seven courses for seventy-five cents, and the wine thrown out; nor some of those wenderful Mexican cheroots warranted to eradicate the tobaccohabit; for a draught of your South American melon sherbet that cures all pains, except those which it causes. None of these things will help me. The doctor suggests that they do not suit my temperament. Let us go home to-gether and have a shower-bath and a dinner of herbs, with just a reminis-cence of the stalled ox—and a bout at backgammon to wind up the evening. will be the most comfortable pre

But you mistake me," said he ; " I am not thinking of any creature comforts for you. I am prescribing for your mind. There is a picture that I want you to see; not a colored photograph, nor an exercise in anatomical drawing; but a real picture that will rest the eyes of your heart. Come away with me to Morgenstern's gallery, and be

As we turned into the lower end of Fifth Avenue, it seemed as if I were being gently floated along between the modest apartment - houses and oldfashioned dwellings, and prim, respect able churches, on the smooth current of Pierrepont's talk about his new found picture. How often a man has cause to return thanks for the enthusi asms of his triends! They are the little fountains that run down from the hills to reliesh the mental desert of the de

spondent.
"You remember Falsoner," continued Pierrepone, "Temple Falconer, that modest, quiet, proud fellow who came out of the South a couple of years ago and carried off the landscape prize at the Academy last year, and then dis-appeared? He had no intimate friends here, and no one knew what had become of him. But now this picture appears, to show what he has been doing. It is an evening scene, a revelation of the beauty of sadness, an idea expressed in or rather, a real impre Nature that awakens an ideal feeling in the hears. It does not define every thing and say nothing, like so ntings. It tells no story, but I know in it, and yet it is alive with sentiment suggests thoughts which cannot be Don't you love the have that power of sug at and strong, like Homer Marnos is sheltered bay heaving the pallid greenish sky of the calm, steadfast glow evenu og brightening into readiperils of night and com ness to tiow much more powerful ing sto all the conventional pictures of write foam streaming from cliffs, ends of a schoolboy's a gable of wind! I tell en alortor painters are the fellows nature because it is so don't need to exaggerate, Lucian Ti dan't dare to be affected. They are una straid of the reality, and they are not schamed of the sentiment. pa at everything that they And this picture makes me sure B. this time we had arrived at the

door of the house where Morgenstern

lives and moves and makes his profits, and were admitted to the shrine of the Commercial Apollo and the Muses in

It has often seemed to me as if that It has often seemed to me as if that little house were a silent epitome of modern art criticism, an automatic indicator, or perhaps regulator, of the resthetic taste of New York. On the first floor, surrounded by all the newest fashions in antiquities and brica brac, you will see the art of to-day—the works of painters who are precisely in the foors of advertisement. -the works of painters who are precisely in the focus of advertisement whose names call out and w instant round of applause in the auction-room. On the floors above, in degrees of obscurity deepening toward the attic, you will find the art of yesterday — the pictures which have passed out of the glare of popularity without yet arriving at the mellow radiance of old masters. In the basement, concealed in huge packing cases, and marked "Paris--vou will find the art of t morrow; the paintings of the men in regard to whose names, styles, and pe sonal traits, the foreign correspondent and prophetic critics in the newspapers are now diffusing in the public that twilight of familiarity and ignor ace which precedes the sunrise of

marketable fame.

The affable and sagacious Morgen stern was already well acquainted with the waywardness of Pierrepont's admiration, and with my own persistent dis regard of current quotations in valuation of works of art. He regarded us, I suppose, very much as Robin Hood would have looked upon a pair of plain yeomen who had strayed into his lair. The knights of capital, and coal barons, and rica merchants were his natural prey, but toward this poor but honest couple it would be worthy only Gentile robber to show anything but

Gentile robber to show anything but courteous and fair dealing. He expressed no surprise when he heard what we wanted to see, but smiled tolerantly and led the way, not into the well-defined realm of the past, the pres ent, or the future, but into a region of uncertain fortunes, a limbo of acknowl edged but unrewarded merits, a large back room devoted to the works of American painters. Here we found Falconer's picture; and the dealer, with that instinctive tact which is the best part of his business capital, left us

alone to look at it.

It showed the mouth of a little river: a secluded lagoon, where the shallow tides rose and fell with vaguelassitude, following the impulse of prevailing winds more than the strong attraction of the moon. But now the unsailed parbor was quite still, in the pause of the evening; and the smooth undula-tions were caressed by a hundred opalescent hues, growing deeper toward the west, where the river came in. Converging lines of trees stood dark again he sky; a cleft in the woods marked the reluctant splendors of an autumna day were dying in ashes of roses, while three tiny clouds, poised high in air, burned red with the last glimpse of the

departed sun.
On the right was a reedy point run ring out into the bay, and behind it, on a slight rise of ground, an antique house with tall white pillars. It was but dimly cutlined in the gathering shadows; yet one could imagine its stately, formal aspect, its precise garden with beds of old fashioned flowers and straight paths bordered with box, and a little arbor overgrown with honeysuckle. I know not by subtlety of delicate and indescribable ouches—a slight inclination in one of the pillars, a broken line which might indicate an unhinged gate, a drooping resignation in the ing trees, a tone of sadness in the ing of subdued colors—the painter had suggested that the place was deserted. But the truth was unmistakable. An air of loneliness and pensive sorrow breathed from the picture; a sigh of longing and regret. It was haunted by sad, sweet memories of some untold

story of human life. In the corner Falcener had put his signature, T. F., "Larmone," 189—, and on the border of the picture he had aintly traced some words, which we made out at last-

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours." Pierrepont took up the quotation and

completed it—

A spirit haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventime. Itsching earneatly,
At his work you may hear him sob and eigh,
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
of the mouldering flowers;
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave it the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the holyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger lije,"

" That is very pretty poetry, gentle men," said Morgenstern, who had come in behind us, but is it not a little vague? You like it, but you cannot tell exactly what it means. I find the same fault in the picture from my point of view. There is nothing in it to make a paragraph about, no anecdote, no experiment in technique. It is impossible persuade the public to admire a picture unless you can tell them prec the points on which they must fix their admiration. And that is why, although the painting is a good one, I should be

ng to sell it at a low price.' He named a sum of money in three figures, so small that Pierrepont, who often buys pictures by proxy, could not

conceal his surprise.
"Certainly I should consider that a good bargain, simply for investment," said he. "Falconer's name alone ought to be worth more than that, ten years

from now. He is a rising man."
"No, Mr. Pierrepont," replied the dealer, "the picture is worth what I ask for it, for I would not commit the impertinence of offering a present to you or your friend; but it is worth no more. Falconer's name will not increase in value. The catalogue of his works is too short for fame to take much notice of it; and this is the last. Did you not hear of his death last fall? I do not wonder, for it happened at some place down on Long Island — a name that I never saw before, and have forgotten now. There was not even an obituary now.

in the newspapers."

"And besides," he continued, after a pause, "I must not conceal from you

that the painting has a blemish. It is not always visible, since you have failed to detect it; but it is more noticeable hts than in others; and, do what I will, I cannot remove it. This alone would prevent the painting from being a good investment. Its market value will never rise."

He turned the canvas sideways to the

light, and the defect became apparent.
It was a dim, oblong, white blot in the middle distance; a nebulous blue in the painting, as if there had been some che nical impurity in the pign causing it to fade, or rather as if a long drop of some acid, or perhaps a splash of salt water, had fallen upon the canvas while it was wet, and bleached it. knew little of the possible causes such a blot, but enough to see that could not be erased without painting over it, perhaps not even then. And yet it seemed rather to enhance than to weaken the attraction which the picture had for me.

"Your candor does you credit, Mr. Morgenstern," aid I, "but you know me well enough to be sure that what you have said will hardly discourage For I have never been an admire cabinet flaish' in works of ar of 'cabinet finish Nor have I been in the habit of buying them, as a Circassion father trains his daughters, with an eye to the market They came into my house for my own pleasure, and when the time arr hat I can see them no longer, it not matter much to me what price they bring in the auction-room. This landscape pleases me so thoroughly that, if you will let us take it with us this evening, I will send you a check for the amount in the morning."

So we carried off the painting in

cab; and all the way home I was in the pleasant excitement of a man who is about to make an addition to his house; while Pierreport was conscious of the glow of virtue which comes of having done a favor to a friend and justified your own critical judgment at one stroke.

After dinner we hung the painting over the chimney piece in the room called the study (because it was consecrated to idleness,) and sat there far into the night, talking of the few times when we had met Falconer at the club, and of his reticent manner, which was broken by curious flashes of impersonal when he spoke not of himself From this we drifted but of his art. into memories of good comrades who had walked beside us but a had walked beside us but a few days in the path of life, and then disappeared, yet feeling as if we cared more for them than for the men whom we see every day; and young geniuses who had never reached the goal; and of many other glimpses of "the light that failed," antil the lamp was low and it was tin to say good night.

п. For several months I con inued to dvance in intimacy with my pictur grew more familiar, more suggestiv the truth and beauty of it came home to me constantly. Yet there was some thing in it not quite apprehended; a sense of strangeness; a reserve which I had not yet penetrated. One night in August I found myself

practically alone, so far as human in-tercourse was concerned, in the populous, weary city. A couple of hours of writing had produced nothing that would bear the test of sunlight, so I anticipated judgment by tearing up the spoiled sheets of paper, and threw myself upon the couch before the empty fire-place. It was a dense, sultry night with electricity thickening the air, and a trouble of distant thunder rolling far away on the rim of a cloudy sky—one of those nights of restless dullness, when you wait and long for something to happen, and yet feel despondently that nothing ever will happen again. I passed through a region of thoughts into one of migratory and unfinished dreams, and dropped from that

into an empty gulf of sleep.

How late it was when I drifted back toward the shore of consciousness, I cannot tell. But the student lamp on the table had burned out, and the light of the gibbous moon was creeping in through the open windows. Slowly the to ward the sho pale illumination crept up the Eastern wall, like the tide rising as the moon declined. Now it reached the mantle shelf and overflowed the bronze heads of Homer and the Indian Bacchus and the Egyptian image of Isis with the infant Horus. Now it touched the frame of the picture and lapped over the edge. Now it rose to the shadowy house and the dim garden, in the midst of which I saw the white blot more dis

tinctly than ever before.

It seemed now to have taken a new shape, like the slender form of a woman, robed in flowing white. And as I watched it through half closed eyes, the figure appeared to move and tremble and wave to and fro, as if it were a ghost.

A haunted picture! Why should it A haunted picture! Why should it not be so? A haunted ruin, a haunted forest, a haunted ship— all these have been seen or imagined, and reported, and there are learned societies for investigating such things. Why should not a picture a ghost in it?

My mind, in that curiously vivid state which lies between waking and sleeping, went through the form of careful reasoning over the question. If there may be some subtle connection between a house and the spirits of the people who have once lived in it—and men have believed this-why should there be any impassible gulf be-tween a picture and the vanished lives out of which it has grown? All the human thought and feeling which have passed into it through the patient toil of art, remain forever embodied there. A picture is the most living and per al thing that a man can leave be ad him. When we look at it we see hind him. what he saw, hour after hour, day afte day, and we see it through his mood and impression, coloured by his emotinged with his personality if the spirits of the dead are Surely, if the spirits of the dead and not extinguished, but only veiled and hidden, and if it were possible by any means that their presence could flash for a moment through the veil, if would be most natural that they should

passion had been woven. Here, if anywhere, they would "Revisit the pale glimpses of the moon." Here if anywhere, we night catch fleeting sight, as in a glass darkly, of the visions that passed before them while they worked.

This much of my train of reasoning

This much of my train of reasoning along the edge of the dark, I remember sharply. But after this, all was confused and misty. The shore of constiousness receded. I floated out again on the ocean of lorgotten dreams. When I woke it was with a quick start, as if my ship had been made fast, silently and suddenly, at the wharf of reality, and the bell rang for me to stap ashore.

But the vision of the white blot re mained clear and distinct. And the question that it had brought to me, he chain of thoughts that had linked hemselves to it, lingered through the morning, and made me feel sure that there was an untold secret in Fal-coner's life and that the clew to it nust be sought in the history of his 1 st picture.

But how to trace the connection? Every one who had known Falconer, however slightly, was out of town. There was no clew to follow. Even the name "Larmone" gave me no help: Long Island. It was probably the fanciful title of some old country place, familiar only to the people who old country

But the very remoteness of the prob lem, its lack of contact with the prac-tical world, fascinated me. It was like something that had drifted away in the fog, on a sea of unknown and fluctuat-ing currents. The only possible way to find it was to commit yourself to th same wandering tides and drift after it, trusting to a propitious fortune that you might be carried in the same dir you might be carried in the same un-ection; and after a long, blind, un-hurrying chase, one day you might feel a faint touch, a jur, a thrill along the side of your boat, and, peering through the fog, lay your hand at last, without surprise, upon the object of your very quest.

III. As it happened, the means for such a quest were at my disposal. I was part owner of a boat which had been built for hunting and fishing cruises on the shallow waters of the Great South Bay. It was a deliberate, but not inconveni-ent, craft, well named the Patience; and my turn for using it had come. Black Zekiel, the captain, crew, and cook, was the very man that I bluo have chosen for such an expedition. He combined the indelent good humor of the negro with the taciturnity of the Indian, and knew every shoal and channel of the tortuous He asked nothing better than to set out on a voyage without a port; sailing aimlessly castward day after day, gh the long chain of landlocked with the sea plunging behind the and dunes on our right, and the shore of Long Island sleeping on our left anchoring every evening in some little cove or estuary, where Zekiel could sit on the cabin roof, smoking his corr-cob pipe, and meditating on the vanity and comfort of life, while I pushed off through the mellow dusk to explore every creek and bend of the shore, in

y light canoe. There was nothing to hasten our voyage. The three weeks vacation was all but gone, when the Patience groped her way through a narrow, oked shannel in a wide salt meadow and entered the last of the series of bays. A few houses straggled down a point of land; the village of Quantock lay a little farther back. Beyond that was a helt of woods reaching to the water; and from these the south country road emerged to cross the uppe end of the hav on a low causeway with a narrow bridge of planks at the central point. Here was our Ultima Thule Not even the Patience could thread eye of this needle, or float through the shallow marsh-canal farther to the

bridge, and as I pushed the cance be neath it, after supper, I felt the inde-finable sensation of having passed that way before. I knew beforehand what the little boxt would drift into. The broad saffron light of evening fading over a still lagoon; two converging lines of pine trees running back into the sunset; a grassy point upon the right; and behind that a neglected garden, a tangled bower of honeysuckle a straight path bordered with box leading to a deserted house with a high box. white-pillared porch-yes, it was Lar-

In the morning I went up to the vilage to see if I could find trace of my artist's visit to the place. There was no difficulty in the search, for he had been there often. The people had plenty of recollections of him, but no real memory, for it seemed as if none o

them had really known him.
"Queer kinder fellov," said
wrinkled old baynan with whom walked up the sandy road; "I seen him a good deal round here, but t'wan't like havin' any 'quantance with him. He allus kep' himself to himself, pooty much. Used ter stay round 'Squire Ladoo's place most o' the time—keepin' comp'ny with the gal I guess. Lar-mone? Yaas, that's what they called it, but we don't go much on fancy names down here. No, the painter names down here. No, the painter didn' 'zactly live there, but it 'mounted to the same thing. Las' summer they was all away, house shet up, painter round all the time, hangin' round all the time, 's if he looked fur 'em to come back any minnit. Purfessed to be paintin', but I don' see's he did much. Lived up to Mort Halsey's; died there too; year ago this fall. Guess Mis' Halsey can tell ye most of any one 'bout him."

At the boarding house (with wide, low yearndas, now forsaken by the sum-

low verandas, now forsaken by the sum mer boarders), which did duty for a village inn, I found Mrs. Halsey; a notable housewife, with a strong taste for ancestry, and an uncultivated world of romance still brightening her soft brown eyes. She knew all the threads in the story that I was following; and the interest with which she spoke made it evident that she had often woven them together in the winter evenings

on patterns of her own.

Jadge Ledoux had come to Quantock come back again to hover around the work into which their experience and from the South during the war, and

built a house there like the one he used to live in. There were three things he hated: slavery and war and society. But he always loved the South more than the North, and lived like a foreigner, polite enough, but very re His wife died after a few years and left him alone with a little and left him alone with a little girl. Claire grew up as pretty as a picture, but very shy and delicate. About two years ago Mr. Falcouer had come down from the city; he stayed at Larmone first, and then he came to the boardinghouse, but he was over at the Ledoux' house almost all the time. He was a Southerner too, and a relative of the Southerner too, and a relative of the family; a real gentleman, and very proud though he was poor. It seemed proud though he was poor. It seemed strange that he should not live with strange that ne should not live with them, but perhaps he felt more free over here. Every one thought he must be engaged to Claire, but he was not the kind of a man that you could ask questions about himself. A year ago ast winter he had gone up and taken all his things with him. and taken all his things who had.

had never stayed away so long before.

In the spring the Ledoux had gone to
Europe; Claire seemed to be falling
into a decline; her sight seemed to be failing, and her father said she must see a famous doctor and have a change

"Mr. Falconer came back in May," continued the good lady, "as if he expected to find them. But the house was shut up and nobody knew just where they were. He seemed to be all taken aback; it was queer if he didn't know about it, intimate as he had been : but he never said anything, and made no inquiries; just seemed to be waiting, as if there was nothing else him to do. We would have told him in a minute, if we had anything to tell. But all we could do was there must have been some kind quarrel between him and the judge; nd if there was, he must know

about it himself.
"All summer long he kept going over to the house and wandering around in the garden. In the fall he began to paint a picture, but it was very painting; he would go over in the afternoon and come back leng after dark, damp with the dew and fog. kept growing paler and weaker and more silent. Some days he did not speak more than a dozen words, but always kind and pleasant. He was jast dwindling away; and when the picture was almost done a fever took hold of him. The doctor said it was malaria, but it seemed to me more like a trouble in the throat, a kind of dumb misery. And one night, in the third quarter of the moon, just after the tide turned to run out, he raised up in the bed and tried to speak, but he

gone. "We tried to find out his relations but there didn't seem to be any, except the Ledoux, and they were out of reach. So we sent the picture up to our cousin in Brooklyn, and it sold for about enough to pay Mr. Falconer's about enough to pay Mr. Falconer's summer's board and the cost of his funeral. There was nothing else that he left of any value, except a few books; perhaps you would like to look at them, if you were his friend?

"I never saw any one that I seen to know so little and like so well. It was a disappointment in love, of course all said that he died of and they broken heart; but I think it was because his heart was too full, and

wouldn't break.
"And oh!—I forgot to tell you; a week after he was gone there was a notice in the paper that Claire Ledoux had died suddenly, on the last of August, at some place in Switzerland. Her father is still away travelling. And so the whole story is broken off and will never be finished. Will you

Nothing is more pathetic, to my mind, than to take up the books of one who is dead. Here is his name, with perhaps a note of the place where the Here are the passages that gave him pleasure, and the thoughts that entered into his life and formed it. came part of him, but where has he

carried them now?
Falconer's little library was an unstudied choice, and gave a hint of his character. There was a New Testament in French, with his name written in a slender, woman's hand; three or four volumes of stories, Cable's "Old Creole Days," Allen's "Kentuck Cardinal," Page's "In Old Virginia, and the like; "Henry Esmond" an "Kentucky miel's "Journal" and Lamartine's Raphael;" and a few volumes of poetry, smong them one of Sidney Lanier's and one of Tennyson's earlier

There was also a little morocco-bound book of manuscript notes. This I begged permission to carry away with me, hoping to find in it something which would throw light upon my picture, perhaps even some message to be carried, some hint or suggestion of something which the writer would fain have had done for him, and which I pronised myself faithfully to perform, as a test of an imagined friendshipimagined not in the future, but in the

impossible past.

I read the book in this spirit, searching its pages carefully, through the long afternoon, in the solitary cabin of boat. There was nothing at first work and self-denial of a poor student Then came the date of his first visit to Larmone, and an expression of the pleasure of being with his own people again after a lonely life, and some chronicle of his occupations there, studies for pictures, and idle days that were summed up in a phrase: "On the bay," or "In the woods."

After this the regular succession of dates was broken, and there followed a few scraps of verse, irregular and unfinished, bound together by the thread of a name—" Claire among her Roses." "A Ride through the Pines with Claire," An Old Song of Claire's," "The Blue Flower in Claire's Eyes." It was not poetry, but such an uncon-scious tribute to the power and beauty of poetry as unfolds itself almost in-evitably from youthful love, as natur-ally as the blossoms unfold from the apple trees in May. If you pick them they are worthless. They charm only

ia their own time and place. A date told of his charge from Lar-mone to the village, and this was written below it: "Too heavy a

sense of obligation destroys freedom, and only a free man can dare to love." Then came a number of fragments in-dicating trouble of mind and hesitation; the sensitiveness of the artist, the deliate, self-tormenting scruples of onely idealist, the morbid pride of young poor man, contending with an impetuous passion and forcing it to surrender, or at least to compromise.

What right has a man to demand everything and offer nothing in return except an ambition and a hope? Love ust come as a giver, not as a beggar "A knight should not ask to wear his lady's colors until he has won his

King Cophetua and the beggarmaid-very fine! but the other way-humiliating."
"A woman may take everything from

a man, wealth and fame and position. But there is only one thing that a man nay accept from a woman-something that she alone can give—happiness."

"Self-respect is less than love, but
it is the trellis that holds love up from

the ground; break it down, and all the flowers are in the dust, the fruit is spoiled."

"And yet"—so the man's thought shone through everywhereshe must know that I love her, and why I canrot speak."

One entry was written in a clearer, stronger hand: "An end of hesitation The longest way is the shortest. I am going to the city to work for the Academy prize, to think of nothing else until I win it, and then come back with it to Claire, to tell her that I have a future, and that it is hers. If I spoke of it now it would be like claiming the reward before I had done the work. I have told her only that I am going to prove myself an artist, and to live what I love best. She understood. am sure, for she would not lift her eyes to me, but her hand trembled as she gave me the blue flower from her belt."

The date of his return to Larmone was marked, but the page was blank, as the day had been.
Some pages of dull self reproach and questioning and bewildered regret fol-

lowed.
"Is it possible that she has gone away, without a word, without a sign, after what has passed between us? It is not fair. " But what claim, after all ? for nothing. And was it not pride that kept me silent, taking it for that if I asked she would

'It was a mistake ; she did not understand, nor care."
"It was my fault; I might at least

have told her that I loved her, though have told her that I loved her, though she could not have answered me."

"It is too late now. To-night, while I was finishing the picture, I saw her in the garden. Her spirit, all in white, with a blue flower in her belt. I knew she was dead across the sea. I tried to call to her, but my voice made research. She seemed not to see me. no sound. She seemed not to see me. She moved like one in a dream, straight on, and vanished. Is there no one who can tell her? Must she never

know that I loved her?"
The last thing in the book was so printed scrap of paper that lay between the leaves:

IRREVOCABLE, Would the gods might give
Another field for human strife;
Man must live one life
Ere be learns to live.
An, friend, in thy deep grave,
What now can change; what now can save!

So there was a message after all, but so there was a message are it could never be carried; a task for a friend, but it was impossible. What better thing could I do with the poor little book than bury it in the garden in the shadow of Larmone? of a silent fault, hidden in silence. How many of life's deepest tragedies are only that; no great transgression age and resistance: only a mistake made in the darkness, and under the guidance of what seemed a true and noble motive; a failure to see the right path at the right moment, and a long wandering beyond it; a word left un-spoken until the ears that should have heard it are sealed, and the tongue that

should have spoken it is dumb. The soft sea fog clothed the night with clinging darkness; leaves hung slack and motionless from the trees, waiting for their fall; the tense notes of the surf beyond the sandthe damp air dunes vibrated through like chords from some mighty large, warm drops wept from the arbour while I sat in the garden, holding the poor little book, and thinking of the white blot in the record of a life that was too proud to bend to the happiness

that was meant for it. There are men like that: not many perhaps, but a few; and they are the ones who suffer most keenly in this ones who suffer most keenly in this world of half understanding and clouded knowledge. There is a pride, honorable and sensitive, that imperils the realization of love, puts it under a spell of silence and reserve, makes it sterile of blossoms and impotent of fruits. For what is it, after all, but a subtle, spiritual worship of self? And what was Falconer's resolve not to tell this girl that he loved her until he had won fame and position, but a secret, uncon-scious setting of himself above her? For surely, if love is supreme, it does not need to wait for anything else to lend it worth and dignity. The very sweetness and power of it lie in the confession of one life as dependent upon another for its fulfilment. It is made strong in its very weakness. It is the only thing, after all, that can break the prison bars and set the heart free from The pride that hinders it, enslaves it. Love's first duty is to be true to itself, in word and deed. Then having spoken truth and acted verity, it may call on honor to keep it pure and steadfast.

If Falconer had trusted Claire, and

showed her his heart without reserve, vided his heart from hers in a dumb isolation. But Claire -- was not she also

NOVEMBER 25 in fault? Might she should not she have to the truth which must h to read in Falconer's never put it into words her there was somethin from the pride that k virgin reserve o heart is more sacred that is the maiden institute woman always the the pilgrim. She is no one sought. She anything for granted right to wait for the the avowal. Then, an the pilgrim be the shrine may open to re Not all women believ who do are the ones be and winning. And Co them. It seemed to half dreaming, on the

these two lives that other in the darkness. her figure moving thr beyond where the patall cosmos flower be breeze. Her robe was
of the mist. Her fovery fair, for all its
flower, faint as a sha trembled at her wais and fro along the pat I murmured to loved her: and she pride be stronger the Perhaps, after al and belated confessional written in in some way come to suckles where they together, it might of the meeting of the had lost each other

world. Perhaps,—a it is not so?—for th with all their erro faults, there is no there is "another fie As I turned from tense note of the sur the night. The pat rustled as they fel the honeysuckle. Bu sounds it seemed as voice saying 'Claire lips whispering "Te TO BE CO

THE BEART

By Maurice Mr. Washburne alone in the wor passed away five Christmas of 1901. Laura, had marrie try gentleman, an folk. His wife's t was crowned with figure of Annihilat face of this wonder ture express only ton had been an Ag

Unitarian; and h towards this by the ton:
"To be still teac know by what we k truth to truth as w golden rule in th metic, and makes the Church, not ward union of co wardly divided mi

after her death, the

On consideration Milton's words, tarians as one of tarians as one of the seem to lead his fashionable Boston nihilation, Nirvan cept; and as, at th retired from busi to think of in t possible fate in t ane distasteful t death; England went into a bac York, and t lier than ever. H prose, in a sp Marcus Aurelius became lonelier favorite Unitaria that religion was more faith; but a

or the speculativ One evening, I ped into the cath door. People noticed the tall the closely trim who stood so e not to kneel—in autumn afterno him, and, by de cool and silent further and furt that small point which all things

to converge. H heart, I could he said, as he burne Bolton W osophy, and he mysteries of the no sacred meani He turned aw of silence. The

him, he made apologetically Aurelius, if he this same thing He did not frock too thin f straw hat with flowers, who has frock was faded crept up just made a forlorn blue eyes almoness, and the the cloud of re low her hat. he was forced great furnitur little brougha

up Fifth Ave

he saw her fo just before th of the mist. Her face was fair, and very fair, for all its sadness: a blue flower, faint as a shadow on the snow,

trembled at her waist, as she paced to

and fro along the path.

and fro along the path.

I murmured to myself, "Yet he loved her: and she loved him. Can pride be stronger than love?"

pride be stronger than love?"
Perhaps, after all, the lingering
and belated confession which Falconer
had written in his diary might
in some way come to her. Perhaps if
it were left here in the bower of honey-

mad lost each other in the dark of the world. Perhaps,—ah, who can tell that it is not so?—for those who truly love, with all their faults, there is no "irrevocable"—

there is "another field."

As I turned from the garden, the

tense note of the surf vibrated through

the night. The pattering drops of dew rustled as they fell from the leaves of

the honey suckle. But underneath these

sounds it seemed as if I heard a deep

voice saying 'Claire!" and a woman's

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BEART OF HEARTS.

By Maurice Francis Egan.

By Maurice Francis Egan.

Mr. Washburne Botton was almost alone in the world. His wife had passed away five years before the Christmas of 1901. and his daughter, Laura, had married an English country gentleman, and she lived in Norfolk. His wife's temb, near Boston, was crowned with a famous Bronze figure of Annibilation, done by an ar-

figure of Annihilation, done by an artist who had succeeded in making the

face of this wonderful piece of sculp-ture express only despair. Mrs. Bol-ton had been an Agnostic; Mr. Bolton, after her death, thought of becoming a

Unitarian; and he had been drawn towards this by the words of John Mil-

ton:
"To be still teaching what we do not

know by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it, this is the

lips whispering "Temple !"

1905.

the beggar-other way-

arything from and position. g that a man m-something happiness." love up from n, and all the the fruit is

an's thought re—" I think her, and why in a clearer, d of hesitation hortest. I am work for the

k of nothing en come back or that I have rs. If I spoke the work. I I am going to and to live for understood, I of lift her eyes embled as she rom her belt."

rn to Larmone s was blank, as f reproach and red regret fol-

she has gone without a sign, etween us? It rall? I asked s it not pride taking it for ed she would he did not un-

might at least red her, though ered me." low. To-night, e picture, I saw er spirit, all in fer in her belt. ross the sea. I

not to see me.
dream, straight
here no one who
fust she never

only a s, and under the e to see the right ment, and a long a word left un-

that should have
I the tongue that
is dumb.
tothed the night
these; the faded motionless from or their fall; the f beyond the sandogh the damp air ogh the damp and omighty violono; of from the arbour orden, holding the thinking of the ord of a life that i to the happiness

that: not many and they are the it keenly in this inding and clouded is a pride, honor-that imperils the uts it under a spell makes it sterile e, makes it sterile all, but a subtle, self? And what we not to tell this r until he had won r until he had won ta a secret, uncon-mself above her? a supreme, it does r anything else to lignity. The very of it lie in the con-can dependent upon as dependent upon lment. It is made eakness. It is the that can break the the heart free from

that hinders it, en-irst duty is to be d and deed. Then and acted verity, to keep it pure and trusted Claire, and rt without reserve, understood him and as the pride of in-sion of self relianc, y from her and di-om hers in a dumb re—was not she also

golden rule in theology as in arith-metic, and makes the best harmony in metic, and makes the best harmony in the Church, not the formal and out ward union of cold, nevtral, and inwardly divided minds."

On consideration, however, John Milton's words, though used by Unitarians as one of their motices, did not seem to lead him directly into the he book was so hat lay between tarians as one of their mottees, did not seem to lead him directly into the fashionable Boston denomination. An-nihilation, Nirvara, he could not ac-cept; and as, at the age of fifty, he had ve strife; ge after all, but retired from business, he had nothing ed; a task for a appssible. What to with the poor to think of in this world except his possible fate in the next. Boston be cane distasteful to him after his wife's death; England he disliked; so he went into a bachelor's apartment in New York, and there he became lone-lier than ever. He read John Milton's it in the garden one? The story den in silence. eepest tragedies t transgression o sudden catasing thrill of cour-

favorite Unitarian preachers insisted that religion was of the heart, and declared that their Church needed more faith; but neither faith nor heart did he find in the philosophical Roman or the speculative American.

One evening, before dinner, he dropped into the cathedral, and stood at the door. People entering and leaving noticed the tall, military figure, with the closely trimmed white mustache who stood so erect—as if determined not to kneel—in the clear light of the autumn afternoon. Something drew him, and, by degrees, he entered the cool and silent church. He advanced further ard further through the nave; and there he stood, his eyes fixed on The little girl waited for a long time: he forgot her; but, when he came, he

further and further through the nave; and there he stood, his eyes fixed on that small point of fire in the lamp, to which all things in the cathedral seemed to converge. He knew what it meant.

"If I could accept Christ with my heart, I could kneel before the Host," he said, as he stood there; for Washburne Bolton was deeply read in phil cophy, and he had none of the ignorance of the vulgar, to whom even the mysteries of the life around them have no sacred meaning.

mysteries of the life around them have no sacred meaning.

He turned away, after a long period of silence. Then he went back half ashamed; and certain that nobody saw him, he made an awkard genuflection.

"To the unknown God!" he said, apologetically to himself. "Marcus Aurelius, if he lived to day, might do this same thing."

He did not notice a little girl, in a freek too thin for the season, wearing a

this same thing."

He did not notice a little girl, in a frock too thin for the season, wearing a straw hat with a wreath of faded spring flowers, who had knelt near him. The frock was faded, too, and its sleeves had crept up just below two thin little elbows, which were reddened by the crisp November wind. The child made a forlorn little figure, her eager blue eyes almost redeeming her boniness, and the score of freckles under the cloud of red hair that struggled below her hat. She followed Mr. Bolton as he started across Fifth Avenue; but he was forced to stop suddenly, a great furniture van had struck a neat little brougham which had been going up Fifth Avenue at a rattling pace. frock was faded, too, and its sleeves had crept up just below two thin little elbows, which were reddened by the crisp November wind. The child made a forlorn little figure, her eager blue eyes almost redeeming her boniness, and the score of freckles under the cloud of red hair that struggled below her hat. She followed Mr. Bolton as he started across Fifth Avenue; but he was forced to stop suddenly. A great furniture van had struck a neat little brougham which had been going up Fifth Avenue at a rattling pace. The child darted in front of Mr. Bolton; he saw her for a moment, like a flash, just before the horses attached to the

in fault? Might she not have known, carriage reared with a broken pole be should not she have taken for granted the truth which must have been so easy to read in Falconer's face, though he never put it into words? And yee with never put it into words? to read in Falconer's face, though he never put it into words? And yet with her there was something very different from the pride that kept him silent. The virgin reserve of a young girl's heart is more sacred than pride of self. It is the maiden instituct which makes the woman always the shrine, and never the pilgrim. She is not te seeker, but the state of the pride in the pride in the pride in the pride in the pride into the screen into the street. It was not hard; she was not hurt; she clung to Bolton stepped forward and litted the occupant of the vehicle safely into the street. It was not hard; she was a little, light o'd woman, wrapped into the street. It was not hard; she was a little, light o'd woman, wrapped into the street. It was not hard; she was a little, light o'd woman, wrapped froward and little the occupant of the vehicle safely into the street. It was not hard; she was a little, light o'd woman, wrapped into the street. It was not hard; she was a little, light o'd woman, wrapped into the street. It was not hard; she was not hard; she was a little, light o'd woman, wrapped into the street. It was not hard; she was no the woman always the pilgrim. She is not the seeker, but the one sought. She dares not take man, the driver of the van, a spectat the one sought. She dares for take anything for granted. She has the right to wait for the voice, the word, the avowal. Then, and not till then, if the pilgrim be the chosen one, the shrine may open to receive him.

Not all women believe this; but those had a great the ones best worth seeking. ittle girl followed as if dazed; her

face was very white.
"There, child," said the old woman, nervously. "You may have these flowers. I'm afraid they're crushed, who do are the ones best worth seeking and winning. And Claire was one of them. It seemed to me, as I mused, hall dreaming, on the unfinished story of these two lives that had missed each and in the control of the co other in the darkness, that I could see ing me into the church?"

other in the darkness, that I could see her figure moving through the garden, beyond where the pallid bloom of the tall cosmos flower bent to the fitful breeze. Her robe was like the waving Bolton offered his arm.
"My rame is Mrs. Rossiter," she added.

He knew her name. The Rossiters had stood high in the land since the second Rossiter, the son of the one who had come over with Lord Baltimore, had signed the Declaration of Independ ence. She spoke with the excellent modulations of a woman of the highest

culture.

The two entered the Cathedral; she did not explain herself, but knelt in a rapture of ecstasy, her face wet with tears of thanksgiving, as she raised it towards the tabernacle. He stood for a little while, and then he knelt, with his face tuned wardstrafty, towards this little while, and then he knett, with his face turned wonderingly towards this awful yet consoling spot of light.

After a time she rose, and genuflected, and he, being a gentleman, imitated suckles where they had so often sat tegether, it might be a sign and omen of the meeting of these two souls that had lost each other in the dark of the

and he, being a gentleman, instated her.

"I need not explain to you," she said, gently, "the reason why I have detained you—for I see that you, also, are a Catholic. Oh, who can express the consolation of the Blessed Sacrament! I must trouble you," she added, after a pause, "to call a cab for me."

She drove off, thanking him again and again.

He watched the cab disappear, and turned to go on his way, when a sob arrested him. The twilight was coming, but he recognized the little girl in the thin frock and the laded straw hat; she

was crying. "I have lost it," she said. "If you have a match, sir, will you help me to look for it? — it was a five-dollar note the lady gave me with the flowers."

Bolton looked at her sharply. Was

botton looked at her snarply. Was this a trick?

"I would not speak to you," she added, shrinking somewhat, "but I saw you praying in the Cathedral. I never begged before, but I was going to ask you for something—for my mother is sick—oh, so sick—and since I sprained my wrist I cannot sew—and then the lady gave me the violets and the money."

He looked into her face. What He looked into her face. What strange harmony bound these Catholics—she had "seen him in the church," where he thought nobody could see him, and, therefore he was not afraid. She had an honest face—a pure face; she looked to be scarcely thirteen, and her face showed she had suffered.

He lit a match, and stooped—he, the

stateliest and most conservative of men, who choose never, in any cause, to stoop! The light flashed on the note

mear a few withered leaves.

"Oh, thanks, thanks!" the girl
exclaimed, running as fast as she could to the Cathedral. Bolton followed. What a twilight this was—this, the third time, he was to enter the temple, where the rich and the poor, the humble and the great, the exquisite Mrs. Rossiter and this wretched little wait knelt, in the "best harmony, saying the same words, believing in the intimate union between God and man through the Host. To, day after day, search and find new beauties and truths in life that bring the heart near New York, and there he became lone-lier than ever. He read John Milton's prose, in a splendid edition, and Marcus Aurelius and Emerson; but he became lonelier than ever. Even his favorite Unitarian preachers insisted that religion was of the heart, and declared, that their Church needed

he forgot her; but, when he came, he raised his hands involuntarily as if in

"Go home, child," he said, when she had told him her name and address, "and tell your mother to trouble no more—she has found a grateful friend, who will remember that you have helped to lead him Home!"

NOTED FRENCH PHYSICIAN DE-SCRIBES MIRACLES AT LOURDES.

APPLICATION OF MIRACULOUS WATER INSTANTLY CURES CASES OF LUPUS AND BLINDNESS.

Dr. Fellx De Backer is contribut-Dr. Fellx De Backer is contributing a series of notable articles on "Lourdes and the Doctors," to The London Tablet. He is a great doctor, and he believes in the miracles of science. But so believing makes it all the easier for him to accept the miracles of faith. Of the notable cures at Lourdes which he cites as incontrovertible, we quote the two appended: "One of the most striking is indisputably a case of lupus of the face, nose and upper lip, with perforated cheeks, in Mme. Rouchel of Metz, in Lorraine.

pustules successively invaded the nose, the lips and the mucus membrane of the mouth.

The mouth of the methods of the mouth of the Metz doctor try these methods?

the lips and the muons membrane of the mouth.

"Mme. Rouchel was attended during the thirteen years that the disease continued by Dr. Bar of Gorzo, Dr. Kramer of Saint Juien les-Meiz, Dr. Ernest, Dr. Bøndler of Wiesbaden and Dr. Muller of Metz. Nithing brought about any improvement. She had to take to her bed from December 1902 to May 1903.

"The wounds bad become frightful. The perforation of the right cheek had entarged, and a hole appeared in the palate which emitted a nanseems odor of ozena; at all this was accompanied with intolerable headaches and ear aches. To this must be added the functional disorder resulting from solid tood passing through the cheek. The poor woman inspired involuntary aversion in all who came near her, and for some days she was haunted with the temptation to destroy herself. "I will fling myself into the water and have done with it! She was visited then bs Father Hanann, who said to be trief of the palate to achieve anything, why not turn your thoughts to Oar Lady of the case of Lourdes of Lourdes of the best on the river and have done with it! She was visited then bs Father Hanann, who said to be trief to the perior attent to destroy herself. "I will fling myself into the water and have done with it! She was visited then bs Father Hanann, who said to be trief to the perior attent to destroy herself." I will fling myself into the water and have done with it! She was visited then bs Father Hanann, who said to be trief to the perior attent to destroy herself. "I will fling myself into the water and have done with it! She was visited then bs Father Hanann, who said to be trief to another the perior attent to destroy herself." I will fling myself into the water and have done with it! She was visited then bs Father Hanann, who said to be trief to another the perior attent to be down the perior the perior the perior the perior than the perior that the perior that the perior that the perior that the period the period the period to the period the period to the period to the period to the pe

" From this instant the soul of the "From this instant the soul of the sick woman was thrilled with confidence. She left one day with a large party of the people of Metz. On the way from Metz to Paris the journey was one of terrible suffering and depression, when she saw all her fellow-passengers instinctively drawaway from passengers instinctively drawaway from the research of the offensive nature of the confessive nature.

willer she goes to the Grotto.
"I knelt down and asked her—our good Lady I mean—to take a way the unclean bandages. If she wanted to punish me, she might put the would on one of my legs, not on my face and in my mouth. * * * And then I told her that she had never been known to

her that she had hover been knewn to refuse to hear a poor sinner."
"She washed at the pools. Saturday, September 6, she would not let any one touch her sores, her state was so fright ful. She wished to dress her own wounds and to hide herself as much as possible. The Bishop of St. Die was that day in charge of the procession. From a sense of delicacy, the poor woman did not take her place with the rest on the Rosary square, but hid a way less carrend the church.

in a corner of the church.

"Just as the Bishop entered with the Monstrance, she heard the priest saying, 'O Lord, thou canst make me whole, and the bandage, which was adhering to her wounds, fell on to her Prayer Book, marking it with a large blood stain. She thought the dressing had been insecurely attached, and went to take shelter behind a pillar of the great stair, and adjust the bandage as well as she could with a double knot. Then she found her way to the Grotto and bent down to get a little water. In spite of the knot, the bandage again

fell.
"On returning to the hospital she met her two companions from Farsch willer, who exclaimed: 'Why, Mme. Rouchel, you have no sores lefs! How

well your face looks now!"
"Oh, Sister! says the sick woman,

"'Oh, Sister!' says the sick woman, 'I have just been mourning because my bandages fell off.'
"The Sisters gave her one more blook and cried out: 'Why, you don't want any bandages at all! Thank God and the Blessed Virgin.'
"The whole wound had dried up, the perforation of the cheek was quite closed, and the cleatrisation was complete. The sick woman made an effort to get to the office of 'medical certificates,' and then sgain she wanted to from lupus of the face, nose and upper lip. Hitherto all known remedies have failed to check the disease. She is

failed to check the disease. She is apparently incurable."

'After reading the certificate the patient added gravely: 'God and His Mother have healed me.' The disappearance of the disease was certified at the office. The wounds of the face and nose were free from suppuration; there was only a certain redness of the skin. On the lip was a slight internal ulceration. 'This woman's cure,' said Dr. Boissarie, 'is the pendant to Zola's famous case of lupus.

"For the next three days the invalid hid from the eyes of the curious,

valid hid from the eyes of the curious, praying and expressing her gratitude to the Virgin. Nevertheless, she showed herself to several people when

to the Virgin. Nevertheless, she showed herself to several people when told that she ought to do so for their good. To a rich man who offered her money she said: 'Make your gift to the work of the Virgin.'

"At Cette, two doctors asked her to get out of the train, and she did so to allow them to examire her. At Metz, her children ran to tell their father, but he would not believe until he had seen. He saw and believed. Thenceforward the cure was established. There were no more headaches or insomnia. Food of all kinds, hot or co'd, solid or liquid, was easily assimilated, and her speech became clear. There only remained a slight ulceration inside the lip, but it caused her neither pain nor discomfort. The Virgin had left it merely as a memento of the old illness, so that she might never forget.

ueable to achieve anything, why not menths he was blind. At the Dijon turn your thoughts to Oar Lady of Hospital, where he was under care, his case was diagnosed as detachment of the retina of both eyes. In 1883 he

passengers instinctively drawaway from her on account of the offensive nature of her wounds. Sister Sophia alone had the courage to dress the sores. From Paris to Lourdes was a still more pain ful stage in the journey.

"The good woman's prayer was strikingly artless. She shall herself tell the story of her arrival. With Josephine and Marie Berre of Farschwiller she goes to the Grotto. can scarcely count his fingers less than a foot off. Hence he cannot work and must be reckened blind in both eyes, and incurable. Doctor Dor.

' Lyons, Sept. 16, 1884.'

"At Lusante, his case was diagnosed in the same way with the same prognosis. Under Doctor Dufour, a very well known oculist, the treatment had failed. After two prolonged trials, he was told that remedies were peakers.

were useless.

"In 1887 the sick man made a novena at his mother's request, but would not try the water of Lourdes because he was 'too unworthy.' He seems to have been a rather pusillanimous person. Certainly he says, 'I am too unworthy,' as if he were under a fixed idea, such as often betokens a rather elementary cerebral development. On his mother's death, in 1890, he was admitted to a home at Comfort, near Bellegarde (Aisne). There a good Sister of Mercy suggested that he might recover.
"The following is a report of their

naive conversation:
"' Poor fellow, said the Sister, you are still young to be so blind. If you have faith, and love the Blessed Virgin enough, you may come to see well enough to get about."
"'Sister, I am too unworthy."
"' The Blessed Virgin does not mind that. I must tell you of a man

who was crippled in both legs and not very devout, and he got well. He was a carpenter at Lavaur.

convulsively, and nervously broke the seal, and thrice with his right fore fuger rubbed the water of Lourdes

fore finger rubbed the water of Lardes on his eyes. 'Why,' Lo exclaimed, 'Sister has made a mistake; she has given me a bottle of ammonia'. "Po make sure he put the bottle to his lips. Then like the report of a gan, he burst out: 'I see! Simon Simon, I see you. Go and fetch the Si-ters.' His companion happened to by still up, and asked: 'If you can see me say, how I am dressed."
"'You have a knitted vest on, and For terms and other

"'You have a knitted vest on, and a tie, and a hat."
"Why he can see!"

"Why he can see!"
"When the Sisters came up he begged them to pray. 'Hide the lamp,' said one of them. 'The light will hurt his eyes." 'No; leave it,' he replied, 'nothing harms me.' They gave him a book and he read fluently.
"There is nothing easier to diagnose than detachment of the retina. Iridectomy relieves it albeit but temporally as a rule. So here we have to do with

as a rule. So here we have to do with a special cure. Two retinae do not be-come restored in this way by a simple application of plain water."



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Corresp indence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor and must rea 'n London not later than Monday morning. When subscribers change their residence, the important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION,

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 1905. To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London Ont.

London Ont.

My Dear Sir;—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability and, above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes.

domes and more, as its form of the first and more as its form of the first and the fir

families.
ith my blessing on your work, and best
ith my blessing on your work, and best
est for its continued success,
Yours very sincerely in Christ,
DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus,
Apostolic Delegate. University of Ottawa.
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.
To the Editor of The Catholic Record,
London, Ont:

London, Ont:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read four estimable paper, The CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published

Its matter and form are both good; and a traiv Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend the other is that the strain of the s

d'i-frul.
sing you and wishing you success,
Beli-ve me to remain,
Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ
† D FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa,
Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, Nov. 25, 1905.

A MSSSAGE HAS been received from Rome to the effect that His Holiness the Pope granted a private audience on Sunday, 19th instant, to His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston and His Lordship the Bishop of London.

THE RELATION BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The Toronto Hebrew Free Thinking Society held a meeting in Toronto in the middle of October to hear an ad. dress from Mr. H. Weinburg of New York, who is a member of the Rationalistic or Reformed Jewish community in that city, the chief characteristic doc. trine of which is unbelief in a future life, and, as a consequence, that the whole aim of mankind should be to make this life comfortable, to acquire riches and to assist our fellow man - though, indeed, where there is no responsibility to God it certainly will not be the aim of men to do good to others, but rather to look out for one's own worldly inter-

The large crowd of men and wome who attended Mr. Weinberg's lecture showed that a very great proportion of the European Jews who have come of recent years to Canada are votaries of Freethought, which is a fact much to be regretted. A little leaven corrupt whole mass; and we have already too much of the leaven of unbelief in the country, so that it is not desir. able that the amount thereof should be

Mr. Weinburg declared unmistakably that the association on behalf of which he spoke has for its object not only the raising of the workingman from his position of so called servitude, but likewise the abolition of private ownership and the dissemination of free thought principles.

It is certain that the abolition of private ownership would result in the deterioration of the human race. Men will not devote themselves to necessary labor if the whole community is to be the proprietor of the fruits of that labor. We have an example of the conditions resulting from this principle in the present condition of the Doukho bors who have settled in our North West. These have hitherto held their property in common, and there is now complaints that they have fallen prac tically under the power of Peter Vere gin, who lords it over them as a king, and is alleged to have asked the Dom inion Government to put in his name all the property intended for the Douk hobors which has not been actually taken up by individuals. It is not to be expected that the Government will accede to such a request.

But still more dangerous is the avowal that this association aims at the dissemination of irreligion. Mr. Weinberg condemned the present social conditions, which, he said, are due to the prevalence of religion in the world. He advised his hearers not to believe what their rabbis and other preachers told them, namely, that as a compensation for the sufferings of this life they should look for a recompense in the world to come. "They will get nothing," he said, "in the world to answered in their proper forms the ques | which ought to be indubitable before in regard to God's character and ing them for sale.

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The coal mine owners and capitalists were condemned strongly, and the speaker asserted that their presence in the world can be dispensed with, whereas the worker, who is the producer, is a necessity.

Mr. Weinberg is evidently mistaken as regards the relations which should exist between capital and labor. We should not aim at the abolition of capital and capitalists, for these are necessary for the fruitful direction and em ployment of labor, but the solution of the problem should be sought by procuring for the workmen a sufficient recompense for their labor, so that they may support themselves and families in comfort.

SPIRITISM OR SPIRITUALISM.

Dr. Isaac Kaufman Funk, LL. D., a Protestant clergyman, and founder of the Literary Digest, publishes under his own name in several papers a curious statement in regard to the existence of a spiritual world which is attested by many incidents which he regards as sufficient to establish not only that there is a world of spirits, but that at times these spirits communicate with men on earth. In regard to the general fact that

there is or has been such communication, no Christian can for a moment en tertain any doubt, for Holy Scripture is clear on the point. It is not here a question of the manifestations of Him self which God has made to man by revealing Himself personally. This has been done many times, as when God revealed Himself to our first parents in the Garden of Paradise, and later on to Abraham, Jacob, Moses and the Prophets of the Old Law. Under the New Law also we have the account of how God revealed Himself to many of His faithful servants in connection with the Incarnation of Jesus the Son of God. Thus the birth of Christ our Saviour was revealed to the wise men of the East, and to the shepherds of Judea, all of whom verified the revela tion by visiting the stable or cave in which the Saviour of mankind was born, having come to earth " to save His people from their sins." Christ then remained on earth thirty three years teaching and preaching the Gospel of

But besides these mar ifestations and evelations of God Himself we read of the appearance of spirits of the dead. Such was the appearance of Samuel the prophet to Saul when God permitted the great prophet to advise that king to rule His kingdom justly and in accordance with the revealed law of

We cannot deny, therefore, the pos sibility of communication with the spirit world, and yet Spiritism, or the continual communication which so called spiritualistic mediums pretend to keep up with the spirits of the dead are undoubtedly for the most part fraudulent. Over and over again the most gross frauds have been perpetrated under this pretence.

More than half a century ago these frauds were begun by the Fox sisters, who went through the United States professing to be able to summon spirits of the dead at will, and to give their followers communications with the dead through mysterious knockings which were made by the supposed spiritual visitants who answered all sorts of questions, a code of signals having been adopted whereby the knockings spelled out the words by which their answers were made intelligible and were announced by the mediums in more or less intelligible though very often ungrammatical English, and frequently these revelations were in current slang.

It was afterward discovered that the pretended revelations from the spirit world were really produced by muscular movements of the joints of the fingers and other parts of the body and by mechanical contrivances which were concealed by the mediums, the leaders of whom were the Fox sisters, who however, instructed others in their methods so that any one with sufficient effrontery, powers of deception, and quickness of apprehension to draw inferences on facts which were known in other ways, could learn the trade. If some people were sharper than others and could draw their inferences readily, like Sherlock Holmes, from almost any trivial circumstances, they very soon became expert mediums, and devoted themselves entirely to this occupation, which became to thousands a means of

livelihood. The more lucrative the occupation of a spiritualistic medium became, the larger became the number who embraced it as their trade, and new methods were found to keep up the delusion. The spirits began to turn hats and tables chiefly by muscular action An instrument called Planchette was devised which being placed over sheets of paper wrote spiritual messages, and later on the spirits exhibited themselves on a dimly lighted stage and

tions which were put to them by eager enquirers into the nature of the future life, and especially into the state of the souls of departed friends of the dupes making these enquiries.

Spiritism now became a religious sect with its cwn dogmas concerning the nature of the immortality of the soul; but, for the most part, the existence of God was ignored. On many occasions, however, the supposed spirits admitted that they were spirits of evil, and it is sure that on some occasions they declared themselves to be devils when they we e closely interrogated.

In very great measure this so called spiritualism, which we prefer to designate as Spiritism, is undoubtedly mere ly a fraud. Spiritist pictures have been produced by the Bangs sisters of Chicago, the noted Vera Diss Debar of New York, and others, by the use of chemicals, and were made to appear suddenly on a plain surface of paper or canvas, and have been accepted as genuine spirit pictures by dupes who paid sometimes thousands of dollars to the mediums for them. It is a fact also that there are shops

in which the machinery necessary for the conducting of an elaborate medium istic show can be purchased at any price from \$50 to a \$1,000, and perhaps more. Most mediums furnish them selves with these aids, and can deceive the spectators to an incredible extent. There is no doubt that these exhibitions are mere frauds practiced upon the public. But we do not deny that there have been instances in which the tricks

of the mediums are such that it seems they must be attributed to preternatural powers exercised by these persons. In such cases, which we believe to be comparatively rare, this preternatural intervention must come from evil spirits or devils. The doctrines these alleged spirits teach are purposely made to correspond to some extent with the divin teachings of Christianity, as they would at once create suspicion if they were directly to contradict these teachings on evidently fundamental points. But they soon betray themselves by an exposure of the cloven foot in some way. They give a totally different explanation of the future life from the known teaching of the Christian religion, and thus they are known to be revelations of the evil one and not of God.

It is evident from what we have here stated that it is unbecoming and unlawful for a Christian, especially for a Catholic, to have any share in spiritualistic or spiritistic spance, which are always either mere frauds, or, when not entirely fraudulent, are diabolical man ifestations.

Professor Funk relates a strange psychic phenomenon of a New York physician who was attacked by paralysis in Florida, and was quite consciou that he was at death's door. As medical expert he watched the pro gress of his disease until he became un conscious, and shortly afterward thoroughly conscious and free from pain. He wondered if this was death.

While in this condition he thought of friend living a thousand miles away, and with whom he had been long exceedingly intimate.

He immediately beheld his friend and the members of his family surrounding him at home. He was conscious of what they said and did, and even spoke to them, but could not attract their attention. Suddenly the friend visited

fixed his eyes upon him and said: "Why, doctor, are you here? thought you were in Florida," and he stepped forward to greet him. The doctor who related this said " he felt repelled by his friend's approach." At all events, he disappeared from the friend as soon as the latter addressed and approached him. Then the doctor distinctly heard a voice which told him he might return to earth if he felt his work undone, or he might remain as he was-it being understood that he had

already entered into the future life. After much consideration and reflection he chose to return to earth, and he found himself in his bedchamber looking at the corpse of himself, which, to his experienced eyes, was that of a body from which the spirit had passed. " By a supreme effort of my will," he said to Professor Funk, " I re entered my body and found that the sun was up. and the whole night had passed since I had become unconscious."

There is surely no obligation for us to believe this history, as we are not certain whether the scle witness to the principal transaction was himself the victim of an hallucination or was merely playing upon the credulity of the pro fessor. It is most likely from our point of view that there was either a deception or a hallucination. But if this story were a certain truth it would only show that there is at times some inter communication between man on earth and the spirit world. This we are not disposed to deny, though we are in clined to the belief that in the present story there is a defect in the evidence.

we place faith upon it, or at all events before we should make it a basis on which to ground our religious faith.

We would not ground religious faith either upon these or any similarly at tested or insufficiently attested stories. neither would we do so on the basis of such stories as the records of spiritism have brought to our notice.

Professor Funk is himself of the beief that the stories of spiritistic reve lations from the other world should be very dubiously received. We are entirely in accord with him so far.

RELIGION IN QUEBEC.

There appeared a moderate and rea onable article in the Globe recently on the subject of Protestant missions to Quebec, wherein the editor reminded the ministers of certain Protestant Churches which have missionary establishments in that Province that they should not misrepresent facts by endeavoring to make it appear that the Province of Quebec has not the Gespel of Christ, and that it needs the light of the gospel as taught by the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist institutions which have been established for the purpose of enlightening the French-Canadians in the truth of the Gospel.

The Globe reminded these overzealous ministers that there is scarcely to be found a single child of eight or nine years of age who does not know the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Com. mandments thoroughly, and expressed grave doubt whether the Protestant children of Ontario of the same age are equally well instructed in divine truth.

The Rev. Dr. Ross, pastor of St. Andrew's Church in this city, took oceasion on Sunday, Nov 12th, to comment harshly on the Globe's statement in his evening sermon.

Dr. Ross quoted as his text St. Mark xvi 15: " And He (Christ) said unto them, go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

This text the doctor gives as the authority of himself and of his Presbyterian co laborers for carrying the gos pel as they understand it into Catholic lands, and endeavoring to force it upon Catholic people.

But these words might be as appro priately quoted by the Imaums of Turkey or the Brahmins of India as their auth ority for teaching their forms of worship: for the Rev, Dr. Ross and his colleagues are admittedly not successors of the Apostles to whom these words were addressed.

St. Paul says: " Every high priest taken from among men is appointed for men in the things that appertain to God that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins. . . neither doth any man take the honor to himself but he that is called by God as Aaron was." (Heb., v. 1.4.)

The Presbyterian ministers did take this honor to themselves without the divine call which God gave to Aaron and his successors in the priesthood of the Old Law, and it is for this very reason that after proclaiming the necessity of the ordination of priests (or ministers) as required by Scripture, the Westminster Confession admits that the ministers of the Kirk crept into their authoritative position not by the door but surreptit some "extraordinary" means, viz:

"There is at this time (as we humbly conceive) an extraordinary occasion for a way of ordination for the present supply of ministers.'

How applicable here are the words of Christ :

" Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the fold of the sheep but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep." (St. John, x. 12.)

The Presbyterian "French Evangelizers" may also apply these words. The shepherds who came in by the door were in the Province of Quebec long before the thieves and robbers climbed

in by some other way. Rev. Mr. Ross declares that the French people of Quebec are sunken in a darkness which permeates the people, being taught by the Roman Catholic Church.

In making this assertion the rev gentleman is most certainly misrepresenting these people, and it is all the more inexcusable because he says he knows the French people well as he lived amongst them. We know that all the children are carefully instructed in their religion, and, as the Globe said. all know the catechism more or less thoroughly, but the most essential parts of the catechism are known by all, among those parts being precisely the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Com mandments, which, as the Globe admits, are but imperfectly known to the Protestant children in Ontario

Rev. Mr. Ross says the French Evangelizers are frustrated by the priests, as far as possible. And why should not this be the case? These false Evangelists teach a false doctrine. They teach the Westminster doctrine

attributes, and which has already been repudiated by the Presbyterians of the United States, the Free Presbyterians of England, and the United Free Pres byterians of Scotland, a doctrine which even probably the majority of Canadian Presbyterians also reject, though it still has a place in their Confession of Faith.

Here is a religious darkness "taught by the ministers" who seem to be more in need of the light of the Gospel than do the people of Quebec, who know their religion, and believe in it firmly because it is the unchangeable truth, while Presbyterians " are car ried about like little children, by every wind of doctr'ns."

And the Quebec people are "forbidden to have the Bible in their nomes." This is also a misrepresentation. They are allowed and recommended to read the Bible, but not the wilfully corrupted version which Presbyterian colporteurs and ministers endeavor to circulate among them.

The rev. doctor told his hearers most ridiculous story of a colporteur who had to prove that he was not the devil, by showing a French farmer that he had not cloven feet. This rehash of an old story would have suited a saloon better than an edifice which is sup posed to be the House of God. At all events if such an incident ever hap pened the habitant was trying to have some fun with the "missionary." And the "missionary" was too serious a person to see the joke.

Again, the Rev. Dr. Ross rebukes the French-Canadian clergy for wasting fortune now to be associated in the the money of the people by building churches which cost thousands of dollars,

We have yet to learn that the French-Canadian people complain that their money is wasted which is spent in building churches suitable to the needs of each locality. That was virtually the complaint of Judas Iscariot, and the people of Quebec may well treat with indifference and contempt this gospel of Judas as preached in St. Andrew's church of London.

We have heard a good deal of recent

years from Protestant ministers how Protestant churches waste money by building too many churches in localities where one such building ought to be sufficient, and the fact has been used as an argument why the different sects ought to unite. They should have the nonesty to take the beam out of their own eye before jeering at the moat in their brother's eye. There are no more Catholic churches in Quebec or Ontario than are needed to

supply the spiritual wants of the people, and it will readily be found by estimating the value of the Catholic churches throughout both Ontario and Quebec that there has not been an excessive expenditure beyond the ability of the people, and indeed it will be found that if there is a waste anywhere it is in the building of more Protestant Churches than would be needed if Protestantism were the one Church which Christ established on earth.

In conclusion, we feel it advisable to call the Rev. Mr. Ross's attention to the proceedings of the Ottawa Ministerial Association held on November 13th. Rev. George Johnson stated that juvenile crime is increasing to a sad years old, was also near becoming a extent in Canada, especially larceny, convictions for this crime forming 78 per cent. of the convictions of boys under 16 in 1903. Mr. Johnson con-

"The Province of Ontario occupies an unenviable position in regard to juvenile crime, for while every million of the other Provinces shows 130 boy criminals, Ontario shows 267 per million. In other words, while Ontario has about one-third of the boys, it has over one half of the boy criminals of the Dominion. There is a striking disproportion of boy criminals to girl criminals. Out of 908,119 girls under fifteen in Canada in 1901, only 25 were these, Ontario contributed 18 out of 337,443 girls, while all other Provinces contributed 7 cut of a total of 570,714 girls of the age mentioned. Larency was also the chief crime with the girls."

Rev. Mr. Ross will thus see that Ontario has very much to learn from Quebec in the religious and moral teaching of its children.

As the rev. gentleman admits that the morals of the youths of Quebec are the fruit of the teaching of the priest, we may well ask if the Ontario boys and girls derived their morals from the teaching of the Presbyterian ministers.

REV. DR. Ross, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church of this city, having made the assertion that the Catholies of the province of Quebec are not permitted to read the Scriptures, we desire to draw his attention to the fact that in every edition of the CATHOLIC RECORD may be found an advertisement of bibles for sale. We are disposing of these books in large quantities in every section of the country. Most certainly if the Catholic people were not per mitted to read the Scriptures, a Catholic paper would be denounced for offer-

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

It has been announced that the mision of Bishop O'Connell to Japan has been undertaken for purposes of securing for the Catholics of Japan certain important liberties of which they are deprived by the existing laws of the Mikado's empire, but which are much needed for the successful carrying out of missionary work, and for the education of youth. The details have not been made known to the public, but it s believed that a Bishop from America has the best prospect of success at the present moment when America is held in special esteem by the Japanese authorities and people.

The Nippon, a Japanese journal, commenting upon the appointment of Bishop O'Connell by the Pope to this important post of Apostolic Delegate, states that the Catholics have more native adherents in Japan than any other foreign faith, as they number sixty thousand in the Empire; but whatever is being done by the Catholic missionaries is done without ostenta. tion, and without any opposition or annoyance from the Japanese people.

The Nippon continues: "The Catholic teachers work among the poor and humbly living people, while the rich Japanese seem to be more inclined toward Protestantism. The Protestant propagandists," the editor says, "are not men of great ability or personal magnetism, and no great teacher of this foreign faith is now in Japan. The Greek Church, which has met with some success in its work, has the misminds of the Japanese with Russia's policy of political aggressiveness."

These statements from the principal journal published in Japan are interesting, as giving us an idea of what the natives of Japan think of the operations of Caristian missionaries in their country.

THE EFFECTS OF DRINK.

We have frequently had occasion to record frightful instances of the evil effects of the excessive use of intoxicating drinks, and some of these have been peculiarly shocking to human sensibilities. But seldom has it been our lot to relate a more deplorable in stance of depravity than the following recent occurrence arising out of the abominable practice of the excessive use of intoxicants.

A Pittsburg woman named Mrs. John Leysick had a quarrel with her husband, during which it is said each one charged the other with drinking to excess, and indeed the woman had certainly been doing this, yet she took her husband's reproaches so much to heart that she locked herself in her bedroom with her six months' old infant.

Later on, when it was noticed that there were no signs of life heard from the room, the neighbors broke open the door and found the baby dead with the head almost severed from the body, while on the floor near by lay the lifeless body of the mother. In her hand was a bloody razor with which she had cut her own throat after killing the child. The name of this child was Annie.

Another child named Mary, three victim, as the mother led her to the bedroom before the double murder was perpetrated. She evidently then changed her mind, as she sent Mary down stairs, and then proceeded to her bloody work.

There were several razors open on the mantelpiece as if ready for murderous purposes, and it is noteworthy that after the death of the infant the mother used a fresh razor with which to kill

These and like shocking crimes which are perpetrated every week, and almost every day, should be an eloquent warning to young persons of both sexes never to indulge in intoxicating beverages, a habit which is sure to be followed by horrible results.

THE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIA-TIONS.

An interesting episode on the occasion of Archbishop Ryan's recent interview with the His Holiness Pius X. occurred when his Grace requested the Holy Father's blessing for the Priests' Total Abstinence League of America, of which the Archbishop is Honorary President, and likewise the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

The Pope granted his special bless ing to both associations, and renewed the Indulgences granted by Leo XIII. to these societies, remarking that they are calculated to do a great deal of

It is so universal a custom in Italy to drink light wines that it caused much surprise to the Pope when he learned that so large a body of both priests and laity pledged themselves against the use of all intoxicating drinks, including these light wines. He added that even though the priests generally might not need so strict a pledge, it is nevertheless an excellent example to give their selves, and ar doubtedly be There is branch of th ence League good fruit sp perceptible, pastor are su cious from t practices wh advises his

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There is a large and flourishing branch of the Priests' Total Abstinence League in this diocese, and the good fruit springing therefrom is very perceptible, as the advices of the pastor are sure to be much more effica cious from the fact that he himself practices what he teaches when he advises his parishioners to become total abstainers.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONS

An interesting statement was made recently in New York at the meeting of the Western or American section of the World Alliance of the Presbyterian and Reformed churches, by the Rev. Dr. S. H. Chester, who, speaking of the godless American or European residents of Asiatic seaports, declared that they were great obstacles to the spread of missionary work among the natives. "It is a most serious matter." natives. "It is a most serious matter," said he, "that the missionary societies do not recognize the necessity of providing for the spiritual needs of the an and American residents of the foreign seaports, but confine all their attention to preaching to the heathen." In the Philippines the American Protestant missionaries are not bothering their heads much about the heathen. To preach to them would be attended with some unpleasant possibilattended with some unpeasant possion-tities. They are working among a people already Christianized—the Catholic Filipinos. Meanwhile, they are also neglecting their own people resident in the Philippines. We have the testimony of many writers—notably the Presbyterian, the Rev. Mr. Devins—to show us what ungodly lives many of these people are leading. And at the dinner given to the Taft party a short time since in Manila, Senor Arsenio Cruz Herrera took occasion to denounce the class of Americans sent out to represent this country to the Filipinos. He said that a great many f the Americans who have had place of prominence and power under American domination—have been "grafters" and "virtue despoilers," and he asked the visiting Congressmen to send to the Island a better element of American Would it not seem more consistent for our Protestant friends to do a little work among their own countrymen in the Pailippines than to be com-passing heaven and earth to make a Filipino " convert "?-Boston Sacred

All of which is respectively submitted for the special consideration of Rev. Dr. Ross, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, London, Ontario.

IRISH POETS.

DR. J. K. FORAN HEARD AT GLOUCESTER ST. CONVENT .- SPIRIT OF THE NATION. THE CONTRIBUTORS OF CELTIC GENIUS TO THE WORLD'S LITERATURE.

The lecture on "The Spirit of the Nation" delivered in the afternoon of the 8th inst., by Dr. J. K. Foran, of the House of Commons staff, before a large and appreciative audience, at the Gloucester street Convent, was a fitting companion for the one on Scott and Campbell given two weeks ago. If any difference were remarkable it was that Dr. Foran was still more elequen; and captivating than on the former occasion
—not unnaturally so, for the thene of
Irish poets allowed of still greater enthusiasm on his part. There was also a new element—that of wit and humor aided to the lecture, which gave the speaker ample opportunity of moving from sad to gay, from pathos to mirth, and alternating these sentiments with such masterly skill that the audience vas at times actually smiling through tears. To appreciate that class of oratory one must have heard the lecture delivered; it is no exaggeration to say that it will long ring in the ears of the

andience that heard it.

The dominating note in all Dr. For an's lectures is love for Canada and the desire to draw from each element of our population that which is best and the desire to the second to the secon grandest in order to use it for the greater good and glory of our own Dominion.

After tracing the history of Irish music and song, from the days of bards that were the law-givers as well as the historians of the ancient Celts, down historians of the ancient Ceits, down to Ossian, and from Ossian to Carolan and Carolon to Moore, he came to the immediate subject of his lecture—the establishment of The Nation newspaper in Dublin in 1842. He told the story of how Dillon, Duffy and Davis created that splendid organ, gave it for a motto, Educate, that you may be free, through its instrumentality infused a

new spirit into the nation.
In language most graphic and tones most touching the lecturer related the most touching the lecturer related the short life of three years, as editor, poet and leader, of Thomas Davis, and his description of the death of Davis, in 1845, and the effects of that terrible blow upon the entire race, was a matter piece of word painting and pathos. Following the death of that young leader came the story of the numerous poets who sprang up, unexpectedly on all sides, to take his place. Fron each of these brilliant young writers the lecturer recited a poem; and the selections were so made that he covered selections were so made that he covered almost the whole range of human sentiments. Denis Florence McCarthy's Pillar Towers of Ireland; John Keegan's Casch the Piper; J. J. Callanan's Gougane Barra; Clarence Mangan's Time of the Barmecides; Davis, Man of Tipperary; Richard Dalton Williams' Sister of Charity and Adjen to Innifail, were amongst some Adieu to Innisfail, were amongst some of the most striking of those delightful-

ly rendered poems.

But the lecturer also illustrated, especially in the works of Williams, the buoyant humor of the Irish under the most trying of ordeals. No words can describe the merriment created by the recitation of the parodies, perpetrated on his brother bards, by Williams over the signature of Shamrock. And still more laugh-creating was the recitation of The Misadventures of a Medical

Student, The Taxman and other samples of the refined wit, and crudite humor of that master of every string on the human harp. Dr. Foran then told of how Williams, discouraged by the failure of his paper and of the '48 move ment, emigrated to America, taught belles lettres in an Alabama univers-ity and finally died of consumption at the town of Thibodeaux, Louisiana. The poet died in 1862 at the outbreak of the American conflict, and in the hurry of that strugg'e was buried in an humble grave in a country churchyard. In 1865 an American regiment, coming home from the war, encamped near the grave of Williams, and when they learned who was buried there they raised a subscription and placed a mag nificent monument over the ashes of one of the sweetest singers of the English tongue. That noble deed stirred the heart of McGes, who was then laboring in Canada at the construction of the confederation. That gifted soul tuned anew his harp and sang one of his most noble songs as a tribute of gratitude to the brave soldiers who had

After reciting McGee's splendid poem, Dr. Foras said: "Davis, the founder of The Nation, sleeps under Hogan's masterpiece of sculpture in Mt. Jerome; Williams, his successor as poet of The Nation, sleeps beneath the granite monument raised by loving hands on the banks of the Mississippi, but McGee, who gave his harp to the same cause and fought the same battle, who, moreover, added to the gift of poetry those of oratory and statesmanship, and who consecrated his more mature years and more developed talents to the glorious work of building np a Canadian confederation—McGee has no monument, as yet, on the banks of the Ottawa, beneath the shadow of you Gothic pile wherein his voice made the echoes reverberate with the loftiest expressions of patriotism, with the most astounding predictions of political

prophecy.

o honored the memory of a brother

The closing passages of the lecture The closing passages of the lecture were of surpassing beauty, and the pity is that they cannot be recorded, word for word, for the edification and instruction of the rising generation. The lecturer depicted the harmonies of the universe, expressed in the babble of the brook, the sighing of the breeze, the rustling of the leaf, the song of the bird, the roll of the thunder, the roar of the cataract; and then the inaudible harmonies around and above the constellated swarms pealing down through Heaven's casemate unutterable songs, the unnumbered spheres of light re-sounding with adoration, reverberating with love; and finally the soul of man attuned in accord with those harmonies and expressing itself in music and song.

The songs of the poets of the nation did their work at a special time, but even though conditions have changed, nd the Ireland of to-day is not the Ireland of sixty years ago, and relics to be preservel and to be transmitted to future generations. They are like the splendid pillars and ich mosaics buried under the ashes of Pompeii, and the lavas of Herculaneum, evidences of the taste, the art, the culture of a former epoch, and models for the imitation of children yet unborn. The day of Ireland's legislative autonomy is at hand, democracy is abroad, even in Russia, and constitu-tional self government is the order of the day. And in the chorus of re-joicing over Ireland's triumphant cause no voice will be louder or much sincere no voice will be louder or much statere than that of self-governing Canada—Canada at whose birth as a confederation McGee, a poet of the nation, presided; Canada, whose voice has so often pleaded the cause of legislative autonomy for Erin; Canada, whose sons opened their arms and their hearts, their doors and their hearths to the exiled Irish in the days of famine, fever and expatriation. Gratitude be gets gratitude and love enkindles love ; in return for Canada's sympathies the children of the Celtic race will, each in his own sphere of usefulness, conse crates his energies, his talents, his every gift in the uplifting of this fair Dominion, so that, in the near future, this country may realize the dreams of her best statesmen and patriots and become, with her matchless constitu-

"The northern arch whose vast proportions Span the skies from sea to sea; From Atlantic to Pacific Home of unborn millions free."

Dr. Foran's next lecture in the series will be on Robespierre and the Reign

CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION. REV. FRANCIS C. KELLY, FOUNDER, EX-PLAINS THE SCOPE OF THE NEW MOVEMENT.

Through the courtesy of The Michigan Catholic, which has supplied an advance proof, the Catholic Standard and Times is able to publish the following timely and interesting article from the pen of Rev. Francis C. Kelly, of

Lipeer Mich.:
"I am glad of the opportunity afford. ed me to explain something of the general scope of the Catholic Church Extension Society, which was started so auspiciously on the 18th inst. in Chicago. Already there has been much misunderstanding of the founder's intentions, though that should he remuch misunderstanding of the founder's intentions, though that should be no great surprise, considering the newness of the work to our people. A Chicago paper supposed that we wished to cultivate the idea of spreading Catholicity amongst the negroes of the South. We do, but only indirectly. A society established for the preservation of the faith amongst the Indians writes a congratulatory letter welcoming us to the Indian field. We are in the field, but again only indirectly. The fact is that Church extension is intended for every field of missionary endeavor in the Catholic Church of America, because it is on a foundation.

endeavor in the Catholic Universe of America, because it is on a foundation that helps them all. The man who builds a strong wall upon which a large and magnificent palace is to be erected may not be, and usually is not, a good plasterer: but he shares in-directly in the plasterer's work. We

around which to build a parish, and parish organizations have been the time-honored centres from the apos tolic days, from which radiate the sav-ing power of the sacraments, from which the work of the Church is done. which the work of the Church is do.e. All other arrangements for carrying on that work have been but temporary strivings to reach the parish ideal. There are, in our Western Southern country especially, many little places with a few Catholics, poor in this world's good, and yet fairly rich in faith. The Catholic pioneers went to the new country in its early days. They faith. The Catholic pioneers went to the new country in its early days. They were obliged to borrow money to buy their farms, borrow again to secure machinery, and borrow again to build a modest home. They were not numer-ous enough to make their small relig-ions contributions count in a material way, so they struggled on without a charch, having a priest visit them occasionally and offer Mass in their houses. In this primitive condition the Church made no progress. By and by came the mixed marriage, with a conse

ciety; so amongst these people arose the steeple of a church—not the Church, but yet a temple of religion. "The old people who had kept the faith never went to the new temple. but still waited for the accasional visits of the priest. The second generation, however, did not see it that way, for though still Catholic, they were more or less liberal. It does not take much guessing to tell what the third generation will do. It is this second generation that we are meeting to day—a generation with the faith not so strong as in their fathers, but yet a plant sturdy enough for cultivation. Its quality is best seen from the facts its possessors are willing to make sucrifices for it and that they still cling to their Catholic name. The Church Extension Society proposes to foster this plant; proposes to place side by side with the other steeple one surmounted by a cross; proposes to give these few and scattered people that centre from which flows God's saving grace through the sacraments of His Church; pro poses to awaken in the few a pride in their heritage of religion that will nean better things for the future, and be a magnet to draw others to the fold of Christ. We seek to make the parishes upon which every other missionary work depends. We build

foundations.

quent weakness of the second generaion, and about this time, too, entered

the Protestant Church Extension So-

"A rather peculiar condition confronts our work in the South, where the artistocratic old faith has been dying hard. The Southern people are inclined to Catholicity as naturally as they are inclined to refinement and culture—we might even say because they are inclined to refinement and culture. It is the faith that best suits the peculiarly gentle character; hence, it has often been said by priests who live in Dixie that there is a great wide-open and inviting mission field there. Yet the Bishop of Mobile writes us that the conditions of the Church in many counties in his dioese is almost hopeless. But he adds that if little church centres could be formed and church buildings erected he would not only keep his own, but would attract others to the fold. The work of Church extension in the South, while it will do much toward saving the faith already there, will, in many cases, be more missionary than in the North, in that it will endeavor to give some of the clergy already at work the

means of living decertly and regaining lost ground. A GREAT NATIONAL CHURCH CHARITY.
"The Catholic Church Extension
Society comes before the Catholic pub-Society comes before the Catholic pub-lic in America with another and still a stronger claim for support. We Catho-lics of America have not had a great national Church charity, such as Pro-testantism possesses in the home mis-sion societies. We have no national effort that touches the very life of our Church in America and we need it for our own sakes—for the sake of the giver, as well as for the sake of the good to be done the cause. The Church here cannot prosper unless the mis sionary spirit is cultivated in us. We cannot plant ourselves upon the rock of spiritual selfishness. When St. Austin came to England at the bidding of Pope Gregory to begin the conversion of the Angles, he found the Church sion of the Angles, he found the Church well established among the ancient Britons, who had been driven into Wales; but, to his sorrow, it was a selfish Church. It was proud of its own possession of the faith, yet refused to aid in spreading the faith among its neighbors. The sal history of the once prosperous Church in Wales is known too well to be repeated here. However, the Church of the Britons had some ground upon which to base it refusal the Church of the Britons had some ground upon which to base it refusal of St. Austin's request—hatred of their Teutonic conquerors. No one claims that the Britons were right. Christian that the Britons were right. tians know they were wrong, so are not surprised that their Church has made so small a mark in history. Selfishness saps vitality. In America we are in a somewhat similar position, but we lack the excuse. We have the opportunity of spreading the truth, not amongst our enemies, but amongst our friends and brothers. We say we love our Church, but we do not often display a very practical demonstration of that love. Too much prosperity, history says, has not always proven the best thing for individuals, States or even religion. It is not always wise to lavish gifts where gifts are not needed and when crying necessities knock at our door. No one likes the truthful picture the newspaper artist often draws of the magnate enjoying good things within, while the poor laborer shivers, half-starved, in the cold with-out. When that laborer happens to be the magnate's brother the picture be-comes most disagreeable indeed. The Church situation in this country could not well be sketched by such a

picture, which would exaggerate some what, but one might be drawn akin to it, just as forcible and just as much of an eye-opener. Church extension has eler. Church extension has in her mind whether it was the Roman soldiers or the Roman Catholics.

most necessary local wants? Bless you, not at all! Conditions differ everywhere. What is luxury in the log cabin becomes contemptible in the palace. Every parish must have the baildings and the equipments that best enable it to do its work under the peculiar conditions which confront it. One of my fellow workers in the cause of Church extension elegantly puts it:
'We do not covet the gold in reliquary, nor the diamond in the monstrance God prosper the faith that gave them to His honor and glory! But let have the dist from the gold and the chips from the diamond, and we'll coin the gold into souls and from the jawels will come virtues.' Church extension asks only the crumbs after all, but with the crumbs see what we can do. Let me quote from our plans :

TWO CENTS A WEEK. sum, and no one sacrifices much in giving it or feels the loss when it is gone. However, were the 15,000,000 Catholics (more or less) in the United States o give this small sum to the cause o Church extension it would not just \$15,500,000 per annum. What could we do with such a sum! Just think of it, filteen million, five hundred thous and dollars per year to our poor mis sions. How could we leap ahead! What churches would be built! What what churches would be built! What schools would grow into being! Every little struggling parish would be helped to its feet, and in five years—but we dream. Let us sacriftee the 15,000,000. and just hope for 500,000. Even that is a potent sun. With it much could be done. It would surpass the annual home mission donations of any non-Catholic sect. How powerful is the two cent a week plan if taken up and encouraged! The Sunday school is a place for it as a generosity trainer for future young Catholic America And a gift of \$26 at one time makes any one man, woman or child a life contributor to the two-cent-a week plan, for the ciety would invest the money at 5 per cent. and the interest would pay the weekly offering. A father may found the gift for his children.'
"Now, if disposed to give a loaf in-

stead of a crumb, read this concerning

designated gitts:

"A sum, say \$1,000, is given the society to be lent by it to some small and needy parish for church building absolutely free of interest for a certain term of years. As it is paid back by instalments these are banked to the credit of the society, and when fully paid the whole sum again lent to another needy parish for church building on the same terms. A loan of this kind can often do as much good as a gift. The interest on the instalments, as they ar deposited to the society's credit while the loan is being returned, pays all costs of handling the fund. Thus the work of that \$1,000 does not die, but goes on long into the future. Hundreds of years from now will it be remembered and still be useful. It may be founded in the name of any person, parish or society. Surely such a fund ought to

benefit largely from legacies.'
THE TRULY CATHOLIC CATHOLIC. "Now, the leading question, How are we to get the money? Don't smile so wisely as you ask, for we will get it from you. Yes, from you, when you have learned what you must learn some the work of the day; fron you when you know of the missionary priests working for the bare necessities of life in neglected fields; fron you when you hear of the tumble-down churches, the poor cabins, the hear breaking loneliness of their existence; from you when your vision widens to the possibilities that lie far to ward the setting sun and are wafted on the breath of the south wind; from you when, thoroughly imbued with the idea of the Catholicity of your Church try, you will be truly a Catholic Catholic."

THEIR QUESTIONS DIED ON THEIR LIPS.

RESULTS WHEN INQUISITIVE NON CATHOLICS FOUND THEY COULD ACTUALLY CONVERSE WITH "THE VICTIMS OF

PRIESTLY TYRANNY. " In Canton, Ohio, there is an auditorium with a seating capacity of 4,000. It costs a quarter of a million of dollars, nd is the finest place of public assem blage in the State. Some one looking into this hall one day last spring said : "What a splendid place this would be for a non-Catholic mission!" The idea was taken up at once, and a few days later the auditorium was engaged for the third week of October and a guarantee given to cover the rental of

Nearly all of the 4 000 seats were taken on the opening night and on the closing Sunday many were obliged to

The mission was conducted by the Apostolate bard of the Cleveland Dio cese. In the Catholic Universe, of Cleveland, we find a characteristically breezy account of the work from the pen of Rev. W. S. Kress, one of the missionaries.

missionaries.

"A motorman on the Canton-Akron line," writes Father Kress, "gravely assured a fellow-workman that the Pope was on the platform on Tuesday night. It was not the Bishop of Rome, however, but the Bishop of Cleveland, however, but the Bishop of Cleveland who honored the mission with his pres ence. The purple cassock, in contrast with the plain black of the missionaries looked grand enough to this spectato to suggest the head of the Church him-self. Though the Bishop had confirmed about 600 on that day and preached both morning and evening, he made an other address in the auditorium, which reached every part of the large hall and was favorably commented on by non-Catholics as well as Catholics.

"Many questions were asked; more in fact, than could be even read within our allotted time. * * * While so ne of the questions were of the fool variety, none was quite so deliciously naive that of an old Bellaire lady, two weeks before, who knew that the Romans crucified Christ, but was not quite sure

good plasterer: but he shares inlirectly in the plasterer's work. We
re to work on foundations.
WITHOUT A CHURCH.

"A little church is the best nucleus"

"A claim on us because it presents the chance to do our duty.

"But does all this mean, then, that the new movement asks for all which is fested on this point that we asked a balf dozen Sisters of the new Academy

Truit-a-tives At druggists-50c. a box. Manufactured by PRUIT-A-TIVES Limited, Ottawa

we expected to meet non Catholics in private conversation, and answer for themselves as to why they went to the convent, and why they cannot go home to visit their relatives, and why they are not allowed to communicate with any one outside the convent, and why they are not allowed to see the light of day, and why they are not permitted to their peculiar garb, and which among them has the third weil, etc., etc. When our inquisitive non Catholics found that they could actually converse with the 'victims of priestly tyranny,' their ques-tions died on their lips."

CATHOLIC SNOBS.

Thackeray is the great authority on snobs, as Carlyle is the great authority on shams. But there is one type of snob which was unknown to the great English caricaturist. The Catholic snob is generally a man of great wealth, no spine, vulgar manners and seized with an irresistible yearning to move in a social firmament where he deems that it would be better for him to veil his Catholicity. He generally seeks the society of man of strong character who are either heretics or without faith of any kind; and while in their company he is perpetually blacking their boots or dusting their clothes in his mind and heart. His enjrit of waco. mind and heart. His spirit of syco-phancy would be scorned by the colored porter who does his honest toil from worthy motives. The Catholic snob advertises his Catholicity when he is running for office, but he conceals it studiously on all other occasions. He proclaims it while anything is to be gained and he hushes it if there is any sacrifice in sight. It is the snobish Catholic that prides himself on being "broad," by which he generally means that the Catholic religion no longer in spires any enthusiasm in his desiccated nature. He does not know what real breadth of judgment means, and, to use Robert Hall's words, his petty soul, if were imprisoned in a nutshell, could escape through a maggot hole. What fellowship can such men have the spiritual heirs of those who braved the lions in the Flavian amphitheater and confronted the wrath of the Crears with out flinching? Do they confess Christ before men? Such persons coming too frequently into contact with educated Protestants inspire our separated brethren with disgust for the Catholic character. Snobbishness is not con-fined to the male sex in the Catholic Church. We all know Catholic ladies Church. We all know Catholic ladies whose social set is exclusively non-Catholic, and who, no matter how recently their social elevation may have originated, are as frigid as an iceberg in Puget Sound in the presence of their less favored Catholic brethren, only thawing into cheerfulness when they bask in the smiles of heretics, agnostice and Freemasons.—Chicago New tics and Freemasons. - Chicago New

THE HOLY FATHER AND CATH-OLIC TRUTH SOCIETIES.

World.

At a recent meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, held in Dub-lin, Cardinal Logue, who presided, read the following letter: Rome, the 3rd day of Oct., 1905.

Cardinal: The Sovereign Pontiff has received with gladness the welcome intelligence that in conjunction with the Irish hierarchy the chief representative Catholic laity from every part of Ire-land will very soon meet at Dablin to hold, under your Eminence's patronage and direction, the annual conference their seciety for the publication and diffusion of sound and wholesome liter-ature. This movement affords splendid evidence of the paternal and far seeing solicitude which actuates the pastors of the people in their strenuous endeavors to safeguard their flocks as well from the baneful spread of lurking error as from the open inroads of depravity. This, indeed, has become one of the most important duties of the episcopate since the general public is wont to mould its principles and to shape its actions in accordance with the ideals it so eagerly assimulates in its perusal

of the Humility of Mary to come to the auditorium on Sunday afternoon, when we expected to meet non Catholics in effective measures you adopt to stimunivate conversation, and approximately according to the provider of the daily press. The Ho'y Father therefore, is delighted to observe the effective measures you adopt to stimunivate conversation. any one outside the convent, and why they are not allowed to see the light of day, and why they are not permitted to grow old, and why one never hears of a nun's funeral, and why they wear their peculiar garb, and which among the distates of the untainted morality and sovereign wisdom of Catherine peculiar garb, and which among olic truth. Meanwhile in token of good will and as an earnest of the favors which he implores the Father of favors which he implores the Father of Lights to bestow on these who come together to join in the conference, His Holiness, with loving affection, sends them his Apostolic Benediction. I glidly avail of this opportunity to again express my feelings of deepest veneration with which I kiss your hands. Your Eninence's most humble and truly devoted servant. de voted servant.

R. CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

WHY HE BECAME A CATHOLIC.

Lord Brampton, better known as Mr. Lord Brampton, better known as Mr.
Justice Hawkins, celebrated his eightyfifth birthday on September 14. He
was appointed a judge in November,
1876, and resigned the post in January,
1899. He was created a peer under
the title of Baron Brampton immediately
after his retirement. Lord Brampton
became a Catholic when he was about
eighty. Asked soon after as to the eighty. Asked soon after as to the reasons which led him to become a Catholic, he replied as follows:—

"It is not very easy to write a definite reply to the question—Why I became a Catholic? I will not, therefore, make the attempt. To reason the matter out would require much more time than I have at the state of the time than I have at my command, and I would not undertake the task unless I felt that I could accomplish it thoroughly and with satisfaction to myself. To undertake and fail to perform it would distress me.

Those, therefore, who look for my reasons for taking the important step I took so late in life can not have their expectations satisfied by me. It must suffice them to know that it was the result of my deliberate conviction that the truth— which was all I sought—lay within the Catholic Church. I —lay within the Catholic Church. I thought the matter out for myself, anxiously and seriously, uninfluenced by any human being, and I have unwavering satisfaction in the conclusion at which I arrived, and my conscience tells me it is right."

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OLD TIMER TO LECTURE.

SUBJECT:

Personal Recollections of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Irish Patriot, American Editor and Canadian Statesman.

Mr. William Halley, of Toronto,

well-known as "Old Timer," will lecture this winter on the above subject; and is now prepared to enter into arrangements with societies, committees or individuals, for the delivery of the same. Address, care of "Catholic Register," 9 Jordan St., Toronto.

The first of the series was delivered under the auspices of St. Peters Temperance and Ilterary Society, Toronto, Nov., 7; the second before the St. Patrick's Literary and Athletic Society, Hamilton Nov. 10th. Arrangements are now making for lectures in Esst and Centre Toronto, Dandas, St. Catheriaes, Thorold, Niagara, Brantford, Paris, G alt, Guelph, Stratford, Toronto, Dandas, St. Catheriaes, Thorold, Niagara, Brantford, Paris, G alt, Guelph, Stratford, Elora, Arthur, and other places. Would be pleased to hear from those who would like to secure his services as soon as possible in order to fix dates.

Mr. Halley has written a short life of McGeo with regard to which the Catholic Union and

Mr. Halley has written a short life of McGeo with regard to which the Catholic Union and mee of Buffalo, N. Y., has remarked: "Thomas D Arcy McGee is one of the most interesting characters in modern Irish history.

"Thomas D Arcy McGee is one of the most interesting characters in modern Irish history.

Brilliant romantic, unfortunate in his life and doa'h, the story of McGee has a charm far surpassing that of the most noted characters in flexion; but there is no fiction in Mr. Halley's portrayal; the author knew his hero well and tells his sad life-story with a fidelity that will be recognized by hundreds wno are still young enough to live again scenes and times in which they bore a part."

From the Catholic Bestiater Terranto Catholic Resister.

From the Catholic Register, Toronto, Oct. 26.

From the Catholic Register, Toronto, Oct. 25.

"Fifty years ago the lecturer was himself a leading spirit among the enhusiastic young men of Toronto, who organized societies and broughs forward lecturers for the instruction and entertainment of the public. Now after half a century of absence he terms and is to present himself on the platform with the slory of olden days. Return after a long period is always saidening; familiar faces and grasps of friendly hands are asidom entered. This must be saidening; familiar faces and grasps of friendly hands are asidom entered. This must be saidening; familiar faces and grasps of friendly hands are asidom entered. This must be saidening; familiar faces and grasps of the younger generation may do much to brighten his return by gathering around the veteran speaker who he tells the story of him brighten his return by gathering around the veteran speaker who he tells the story of him brighten his return by gathering around the veteran speaker who he tells the story of him brighten his return by gathering around the veteran speaker who he tells the story of him brighten his return by gathering around the veteran speaker who have tells the story of him brighten his return by gathering around the veteran speaker who have tells the story of him brighten his return by gathering around the veteran speaker who have tell as the veteran speaker.

It will be recalled, too, that D'Arcy Medee was chosen by the law Very R.v. Recover of the Carlotter of his occurrence of the story of him brighten his return by the law Very R.v. Recover of the carlotter of his occurrence of the story of him brighten his return by the law Very R.v. Recover of the carlotter of his occurrence of the story of him brighten his return by the law Very R.v. Recover of his occurrence of the story of him brighten his return by the law Very R.v. Recover of him brighten his return by the law Very R.v. Recover of his occurrence of his occurrence of the story of him brighten his return by the law Very R.v. Recover of his

NOVEMBER 25,

TY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCCLXXIX.

The correspondent says: "Early Christianity, so far as we know anything about it, was a reaction by the powerless in worldly things against the " Early

werful." Here we have this writer's evident animus towards Christianity, the disposition to represent it as growing up one hardly knows how, out of some ob-scure root, embodied under the half-detitions name of Jesus of Nazareth, until at last, about the middle of the and century, it comes more distinct

ly into view, under the government of the body of Bishops.

This style of talk might have been more effective fifty years ago, when the Tubingen school was still in its prime, which accommodated the first history of the Church to an a priori theory of the church the school was a still a published by the church the school was a still a published by the school was a still a school was a still a published by the school was a still a school was a school was

Hegelian philosophy.

This began by putting the whole
New Testament, except Jude and Revelation, into the second century. The
fourth Gospel it put as late as A. D.

Soon, however, reflection began to show the absurdity of governing history by theory, instead of theory by history. As soon as the spell of the Hegelian formula was broken (which is of value in its place): "First Indifference, then Antagonism, then Reconciliation," scholars began to find themselves at liberty to draw conclusions according

to evidence.

Thus left free, there was a rapid re version towards the original dates. The critical school, as represented by Adolf Harnack, while still clinging to some of the old opinions, now puts almost the whole of the New Testamen into the first century, and even dates many books earlier than tradition has Such an approach of the critical to the original schools would have been thought almost impossible a few years ago. Professor W. M. Ramsay of erdeen, the eminent archæologist, began by putting the whole New Testament be dily into the second cen tury. However, the farther he carried archaeological, and historical, and geographical research, the more flagrant he found the contrast between the atmosphere and conditions of the New ent and those of the second century. He has ended by replacing all the New Testament books in their original dates, not under any doctrinal or ecclesiastical pressure but under pressure of three different orders of facts, concurrent in results. He evidently agrees with the learned Quaker scholar, James Rendel Harris, that "the Catholic traditions have an obstinate way of verifying

Indeed Renan himself, who began by disbelieving the very existence of Jesus Christ, ended by presenting a figure of Him, which, however distorted and defiled by the sickly and prurient sentimentalism of Parisian semi-atheism, evidently rests upon the reality of the majastic original.

Here then, whatever scope any one may choose to give to the legendary imagination of the first Christians, we are in full possession of the original archives of the Christian religion, written during the first two generations after the Ascension, from their early specifically Jewish form, as found in the first chapters of Luke, and of Acts, in St. James, and in the Revelation, through the half rabbinical half-Hellenic style which St. Paul's intermediate position made it expedient for him to use, to the Platonizing tone which St. John thought best to employ when the Greek philosophy began to be powerfal, and dangerous, in the Church, and needed to be met on its own ground, partly for refutation, partly for assimilation. We have, besides, the serene simplicity of Peter's first Epistle, breathing an atmosphere of undisputed ascendency.

Quadratus, Aristides, Hermas Athenagoras, Diognetus Papias, Hegesippus, Justin Martyr and Tatian, and others, until, with the Catholic bishops Iren wus and Hippolytus, and the Montanis presbyter Tertullian, we are fairly ushered into the light of the third century. If anybody, with all this accumulation of evidence, will still have it that we enjoy only a dim, half conjectural knowledge of early Christianity, he seems to be reserving certain convenient nooks of assumed obscurity, to which he may retreat if pressed by disagreeable facts. There are many details of the early Church which we are imperfectly in-, but the essence of original Christianity is distinctly enough before

Was the Church originally a conspiracy of the poor against the rich and powerful? What else can be meant by calling it "a reaction" against them? The Church might have been a reac tion against the powerful in one of two

It might, in the first place, have been a secret league, like some of our Anarchist sects, for the overthrow of the wealthy by using all convenient op portunities of fomenting disorder, in pe of securing a larger share of good things out of the general chaos.

I need not say that the early Church

was anything rather than such a confederacy. In the exultation of the new deliverance, there were undoubtedly incipient stirrings of disorder, but thes were promptly checked by the Apostles. St. Paul bids believers remember that the constituted authorities, although heathen, and although often evil men, were God's own delegates for the main-tenance of social order, and exhorts Christians to give the Emperor and his viceroys no occasion to suspect them of seditiousness. St. Peter says: "Sub mit yourselves to every ordinance of men for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the King, as supreme, or unto gover-

your liberty for a cloak of malicious During the three hundred years o

persecution as we know, no rebellion is ascribed to the Christians, while accounted by them mortal, and by the rigorists, a hardly remissible, sin

Again, the Church, leaving the world Again, the Charch, leaving the world to go its own way, might have required all her own neophytes, at baptism, to surrender their estates, and to re nonnce all eminent rank.

Of this, too, there is nothing, except

in peculiar crises of the cause. The Saviour enjoys a free communicative-ness of soul, and indignantly denounces ness of soul, and indignantly denounces the contemptuous indifference of Dives towards Lazarus as worthy of damnatien. Yet, as we see in St. Luke xvii., 7.10, the Lord assumes that even the Twelve might have servants, and land, and eattle, and in Chap. xxii., 25 37, as a size that they might be income. and cattle, and in Chap. Mil., 28 by, recognizes that there might be inequal-ities of means among them. Yet St. Luke is precisely the one that brings out most distinctly the communistic side of the Gospel. Nevertheless, in speaking of the temporary socialism of the Church of Jerusalem, he emphasizes the fact that it was purely voluntary and shows that it was transient, soon mentioning "the poor of the saints," as distinguished from those who had no

need of help from abroad.
St. John also, as we know, did not take the Virgin to an apostolic phalan-stery, but "to his own home." As the son of the prosperous business man, Zebedee, and friend of the High Priest, he was probably of abler means than some of his brethren, even had he not been the son of the Virgin's kins-

We will consider some additional

CHARLES C. STARBUCE. Andover, Mass.

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON

Twenty Fourth Sunday After Pentecost JOY IN GOD'S SERVICE.

Let the peace of Christ rejoice in your nearts, . . , and be ye thankful. (Col-Of the several great lessons con

tained in to day's Epistle, the one most insisted on and brought out is that of thankfulness and joyfulness in the

In the labors of St. Paul (and his labors were more abundant than all the Apostles), in his frequent tribulations and crosses, he never ceased giving thanks in all things—nor did he ever tire of inculcating this same duty on the first Christians. If, then, my brethren, thankfulness and joyfulness are such a great part of religion, it would be well this morning to see if they be characteristic of our service. We have a multitude of reasons for being thankful to God, if we but thought of them—the gifts of nature life, health, strength, the pleasures and gratifications of the mind, learning, objects of interest, of study and beauty, both in nature and art, the pleasures of home, the joys of friend These are real and great bene ship. fits; they are the causes of joy and motives of thankfulness. Our good God intended us to find enjoyment the moderate use of them, not, indeed, the moderate use of them, not, indeed, as ends in themselves, but as means to our one great end. And so he has spread the charm of beauty over this place of our sejourn and made it pleasure. ant and interesting, lest we lose heart and become sad, and languish on our

But to speak of higher gifts and benefits: What motives of joy and thankfulness ought we not to find in the knowledge of G. d, H struth, mercy and goodness as made known to us in the Scripture and in His Divine Son, our Saviour and friend, the God-Man: in the gift of the faith, the spiritual the Church and the sacraments, His mercies to us personally blessings on our labors, the removal of dangers from our paths, His gracious forgiveness of our sins, time and again. Then, too, what we expect and through Then we have, almost before the canonical writings are completed, the non-canonical namesake of St. Barna bas, Clement, the teaching of the Twelve Apostles, Igratius, Polycarp, Occupation thankfulness. Surely, thea, this life should be a figure and fore-taste of it; and so St. Paul thought, for he bids us "be thankful," and rejoice always": singing in grace in our hearts, and in every word and

journey to heaven.

work giving thanks to God.

It is plain that, since God has done
His part in bestowing the benefits in such abundant measures, we should do ours in returning thanks, for gratitude is the correlative of benefit. It equally plain that the true religion is joyful. Now, is such our religion? Is this the way we act? Is it the way we consider God's service? We see, I think, more anxious and sad faces than thankful and glad ones; and I fear that the joyfulness of the latter does not come generally from the reasons I have given. It comes too often from world ly causes, from success in tempora things, from hopes and prospects which relate to indifferent things, if they are not dangerous and positively bad. Whereas the common idea of religion Whereas the common idea of religion is that it is an unpleasant, and up hill sort of a thing, which imposes re traints upon us, and, far from being a cause of thankfulness and joy, is a great interference with the pleasures of life. Pious people, too, are regard of and ult simple spirities, weatures. of life. Pious people, too, are regard ed as dull, simple, spiritless greatures, quite the opposite of joyful.

This is all wrong, all false, and, if it

be our religion, then we have not the true religion, at least practically. For as God's benefits are real and great, so our thanks and joy should be in them and correspond to them. Religion, being our highest duty, should be and can be our highest they, should be and can be our highest pleasure. God says it is, and He is Truth; those who have tried say the same. "What shall I render to God for all He hath rendered to me?"—" better one day in thy courts than a thousand years in the tasts of singers."—" tasts and see her. tents of sinners "-" taste and see how sweet the Lord is." Our consciences and experience bear out the same truth for surely evil cannot be compared to good in fulness, in intensity; and, above all, it will not wear, it will not nors, as sent by him for the punishment above all, it will not wear, it will not of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well. As free, and not using ful, sad. The pleasure and joy of a

good life to a good man even here are iar greater than the pleasure of sin to a sinner. Let us, then, make up our minds, once for all, that not only in religion the most necessary, but the wisest and the happiest thing for us. Let us serve God with thankfulness, both for what He has done and will do for ns, much in this state of probation, exile and punishment, what will He not do when the time of reward and enjoyment arrives. Surely, considering what we are and what we have done, the pains and crosses bear no propos tion to the benefits, and we have cause even in present labors to be thankful and in every word and work to give Him praise through Jesus Christ our

TALKS ON RELIGION.

ECANDAL, SACRILEGE AND SIMONY. A large and an extensive business is generally promoted and propagated by a number of agents. The kingdom of God is advanced by the clergy, the religious and the zealous faithful. The work of satan is pushed and propagated by his agents. There are a great many who, though they have made no special compact with the devil, are yet zealous in his service and in opposing God and in promoting evil.

People who give scandal are agents of

the devil. Scandal is like a stumbling block placed in the pathway of the innocent, causing them to fall. the innocent may not fall, the scandal giver is guilty of having placed such a ause, or for having given the bad ex

The scandal may be given by words as by cursing and by blasphemy. It may be given by deed, or by omission, as by indecent dress, or bad conduct or by omission of some duty, as then gleet to hear Mass. Then the spreading of bad literature or bad pictures is an other fruitful source of scandal. Per-sons who advise others to steal, or parents who direct; or who teach, or induce their children to lie are to be numbered among the scandal-givers.

The murder of the body is a great crine, but it is not a crime so great as is the murder of the soul, and scandal murders the soul. Hence our Lord says: "Woe to the man by whom scandal cometh." "It were better for him that he be drowned in the depth of the sea." Along the same lines are the the sea." Along the same lines are the words of St. Paul: Destroy not him for whom Christ died." (Romans xiv.,

Since each one is bound to save his Since each one is bound to save his own soul it is sinful to take scandal or to become its victim. We should avoid those who habitually give scandal-ize thee cut it off," which clearly in dicates that we should not permit any over to endanger the loss of our soul one to endanger the loss of our soul St. Paul says: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." S. Cor. xv.

Weak brethren are apt to take candal from things that are not really scandalous to persons better instructed and of better judgment. Of those St. Paul says: "Put not a scandal in your brother's way." (Romans xiv. 13.) And again the Apostle of the Gentiles says: "From all appearance of evil re-frain yourselves." (1 Thess. v. 22.) It is quite plain that all those who

are doing the devil's work, either by design or by carelessness, are really his servants and his agents. If they continue in his service they will event-ually get their portion with him.

Sacrilege is a sin which springs from the violation of a person, place or thing which has been consecrated to God or to His service. Violence offered to any one consecrated to God is not merely a sin against the in-dividual, but it is an affront offered to God. An insult offered to an ambassador of a king is taken as an suit offered to the king himself. ess ample apolegy and satisfaction be less ample apongy and satisfaction be given, nations justify the avenging of the insult by war. God is not less jadous of His own honor in the per-sons of those who represent Him. "Touch ye not My anointed, and on to

evil to My prophets." (Psalms civ., 15.)
When King Jeroboam stretched forth his hand from the altar in Bethel against the prophet of the Lord saying: 'Lay hold of him; his hand he stretch forth against which he stretch forth against him withered, and he was not able to draw it back again to him."—3 Kings xiii. 4.

We have here an example which shows that God miraculously avenged to the state of the

the violence which the king offered to the prophet who had spoken to him in God's name.

The honor due to God requires that those who are charged with His min-istry should be treated with respect, not merely for their own sakes but out of reverence for the office they hold. "Thou art a priest forever ac-cording to the order of Melchisedech." Any act of violence against a priest is a sin of sacrilege. The Church herself punishes the person guilty of such a sin with the penalty of excommuni-

Places solemnly set aside for divine worship should be treated as sacred "If anyone violate the Temple of God, him shall God destroy." (1 Cor. iii. 17.) We know that Our Lord drove the money changers from the Temple saying "My house is the house of prayer." If such safeguards were saying prayer." thrown around the temples of the old law how much more sacred are the temples of the new law, since they contain the Real Presence, Christ Himself.

Without moral as well as mental training education is incomplete. Catholic parents, therefore, ought to so appreciate our Catholic schools that they would not be satisfied with any would not be satisfied with any other.

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"The Catholic Church has favored and blessed the stage, whenever and wherever the stage was kept within the bounds of sound morality," says the Catholic Transcript. "She had no sympathy for the Puritanical rigor which prescribed every actor as the son of the devil. She had no part, on the other hand, in the depravity of the Restoration, when playrights seemed to vie with one another in flinging filth into the faces of the groundlings For the morally clean and wholesome stage, the Catholic Church, let it be beated, has nothing but admiration

and encouragement. . . Far from condemning the stage, the Church rightly claims to be the mother of the Erglish drama. The miracle plays were her begetting. So were the were her begetting. So were the moralities. She would employ the stage to inculcate historical and moral truths, and she scorned not to make it her handmaid in the edification and education of her children. So long as the English stage remained true to its birth right, it was the much its birth right, it was the favored offspring of the Church.

BAD KIDNEYS.

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Bad backs—aching backs—come from bad kidneys. Bad kidneys come from bad blood. Bad blood clogs the kidneys with poiscnous impurities that breed deadly diseases. And the first sign of that latal trouble is a dull, dragging pain in the oack. Neglect it, and you will soon have the coated tongue, the pasty skin, the peevish temper, the sa ankles, the dark rimmed eyes, and all the other signs of deadly kidney disease. Piasters and liniments can never cure you. Kidney pills and backache pills only touch the symptoms-they do not cure. You must get right down to the root and cause of the trouble in the blood-and no medicine in the can do this so surely as Dr. Williams Pink Pills, because they actually make new blood. This strong, rich, new blood sweeps the kidneys clean, drives out the poisonous acids, and heals the deadly ir flammation. That is the only way to rid yourself of your backache and have strong, sound kidneys. Mrs. Paul St. Onge, wife of a well known contractor at St. Alexis des Monts, Que., says:—"I suffered for upwards of six years from kidney trouble. I have dull, achier suits access the leine. had dull, aching pains across the loins, and at times could hardly go about. and at times could hardly go about. It lost flesh, had dark rims below my eyes and grew more wretched every day. I was treated by different doctors, but with no apparent result. I despaired of regaining my health, and was becoming a burden to my family. I was in a deplorable condition when one of my friends advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking them and after using three or four boxes, I began to feel better. I continued the treatment for nearly three months, when every symptom of the trouble had vanished and I was again a well woman I feel justified in saying I believe Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."
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on the ground failure on the ground doomed by the pards w doomed by the cards we him, that he must pict play the game, and however great, on he materially change the oung friend, the Fate eards is in the main you The result of the game with Fate or Destiny, You will take the trick superior energy, abilit tion requisite to take i within yoursel power within yoursel value of the cards whi has dealt you. The upon your training, upon disciplined to sei opportunities, and up to put grit in the ladvantages.—Success.

The Value of There are three w value of a dollar. The nd is to earn it an and yearn for all the buy if you were weak In What True Man

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STORIES By Loui "The guvnor getting this 'er

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tion '' (illustrated). coud," by Mrs. Francis a brief account of the lary (illustrated). Satan:" a Ghost Story ed).

a Tale of the Netherof the Year 1904 1905.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Many a man has tried to justify his failure on the ground that he was doomed by the cards which Fate dealt doomed by the Bards which Fate dealt him, that he must pick them up and play the game, and that no effort, however great, on his part, could materially change the result. But, my joung friend, the Fate that deals your young friend, the Fate that deals your cards is in the main your own resolution. The result of the game does not rest with Fate or Dastiny, but with you. You will take the trick if you have the superior energy, ability, and determination requisite to take it. You have the tion requisite to take it. You have the power within yourself to change the power within yourself to change the value of the cards which, you say, fate has dealt you. The game depends upon your training, upon the way you are disciplined to seize and use your opportunities, and upon your ability to put grit in the place of superior savantages.—Success.

The Value of a Dollar There are three ways to learn the value of a dollar. The first is to spend it and see what you get for it. The second is to earn it and see what you

give for it. The third is to save it, and yearn for all the things it might buy if you were weak enough to spend

In What True Manhood Consists. "True manhood consists," says the Providence Visitor, "not in becoming a successful president of an insurance company or the morally erratic director of a national bank. These are, after all, only of secondary importance; for what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?' What is essential in the matter of education is that children grow up to be good citizens, good fathers and mothers, and good Christians."

Always In Demand. Progressive employers are always looking for the exceptional man, the one who can step out from the crowd and do things in an original way, who can economize in processes, who can facilitate business. They are always facilitate business. They are always looking for the earmarks of leadership, of superior ability. They are looking for the progressive employee with new ideas who can help them to be more of a success. They know very well that they can get any number of antomatous,
—multitudes who will do a thing just well enough to keep their places,they are looking for orginality, individuality, for up to date methods. They want employees who can put things through with vigor and determination, without lagging, whining, apologising, or asking questions. Nothing can bar the advancement of employees of this kind. Nobody can keep them lown.—O. S. Marden in

One of the most Important things to Learn. If you are doubtful about your persistence, tell somebody about your plans—somebody who is apt to poke fun

and jeer at your failures.
You'll hate so to give him a chance that you'll keep on long after you've tired of the whole business.
Persistence is, after all, the key to

almost everything, and the great majority of us are very deficient in it.

More people fail because they lack stick-to-it-iveness than for any other reason. If you're one of the many, set about acquiring persistence first of all. You'll never add much to your neglectrou il never add much to your neglected education, or become a good musician, or advance in your work, or accomplish anything worth while, unless you have persistence. People with brilliant gifts often fail because with brilliant guts often an behave they lack it, while others who have only mediocre ability do wonderful things, simply because they have per-sistence. The encouraging thing about it is that you can acquire persist things, simply because they have persistence. The encouraging thing about it is that you can acquire persistence if you haven't it. It comes by trying, and of all things it seems most worth trying for. No, dear skeptic, it isn't taught in the correspondence schools exactly, although you may make them help you to learn it. You must be both teacher and pupil. The easiest way, and the hardest, too, perhaps, is to set yourself a small disagreeable task each day, and to do it completely. Don't begin with too big a bite, but make yourself finish what you've begun. Every one of us, knows dozens of little things we have to do give haven't definish what you've begun. Every one of us, knows dozens of little things we have to do give haven't do good many them of as long as we can, and shove one of us, knows dozens of little things we hate to do; we put them off as long as we can, and shove them over on some one else, or trade them off for tasks disliked by other members of the family. Now, instead of postponing the divergence do it. members of the family. Now, instead of postponing the disagreeable, do it the first thing, and do it thoroughly and promptly, and above all, do not leave it until it is finished, and do it every day for two weeks. Then try another disagreeable. That seems simple and easy, but try it. Cultivate the habit of not leaving the thing you are doing until it is finished, no matter how attractive something else may be, and you have learned persistence. The habit of sticking at a thing until it is done is one of the most important things to learn. The eurlier it is learned the

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

learn. The earlier it is learned the better. Children cannot be taught too early not to give up readily.—Sacred

Heart Review.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE.

The Presentation in the Temple. COUNT LUGI. "The guvnor's been very keen about getting this 'ere house finished for a

getting this ere nouse initiated for a gent—one of your tip top swells, you know—what's took it, so we've put in long hours. 'Lisbeth!''
"Well?" inquired 'Lisbeth demurely, the weekin lower slowing on her be uti-

well?" inquired Lisbeth demorely, the paraffin lamp glowing on her beautiful hair threw out its glories, all lost, however, on Jo, who had no artistic tastes, and was as practical as he looked.

"How much do you think I've been able to put in the S. B. (he meant the Savings Bank) this quarter—eh?"

"I am sure I don't know," said 'Lis-

beth laconically.

"A fiver. There—what do you sye to that? One o' these days, 'Lisbeth you and me'll set up a tidy little place and what with your money and mine we'll get it furnished first-rate style, all pyed for right down cash—none control of the control

yer three years' system or pay by instalments for me. We'll start fair."

yer three years system.

stalments for me. We'll start fair."

'Yes,'' said 'Lisbeth.

'Got another bit o' news for yer,

'Lisbeth." said Jo, who did not notice

'Lisbeth's manifest want of interest in

Lisbeth's manifest want of interest in

Lisbeth's manifest want of interest in

Ransomers. his communications. "Two bits, so to speak. I've joined the Ransomers peak. I've joined the Ransomers. We had Father Lester down our wy was all rather Lester awar our ways. It was Al style—none o' yer jaw with nothing in it, but a kind o' straight talk on each of us doing our best for the conversion of England. Mother

gave me a poke at the end and said she j'n, and I said I would too. You'll have to jins too, 'Lisbeth, i's-'' "I am perfectly certain as I shan't,'' said' Lisbeth; "I am sure I don't care

a brass farthing if people is converted or not. They can look after themselves it ain't no business of mine."

"Den't speak that wye, "Lisbeth," said Jo; "of course if we've got the good fortune to be Catholies we should good fortune to be Casuarus try and do something or other for—" "Oh, bother, don't preach," said Uliabeth with a sigh; "well. what's

'Listeth with a sigh; "well, what's the other piece of wonderful news you've got to tell me?"

"Oh, only that our cricket club beat the A — club Saturday," said Jo, at last feeling damped by 'Lisbeth's want of interest

of interest.
"I wish you didn't belong to that
there club," said 'Lisbeth, " nothing
but a lot of common fellows in it."
Jo reddened. "As good as me any-"Here I am back agaia!" It was Mr. Baxton who entered at that moment, a basket containing grocery

and vegetables on her arm.

"Evening, Jo. I've been walking that fast I reckon my face is as rel as a brick wall. I hadn't got no umbrella and it's just begun to rain. No one would have thought it, and I dassay. 'Lis beth, you've never given a thought to the clothes 'anging out to dry. No! Thought not. Well, I suppose I must not say too much, for I dessay you and Jo had a deal to talk about. I'll go and get 'em in myself."

and get 'em in myself."

"No-no, mother, I'll go," said
'Lisbeth, as if anxious to escape.

"As you can't go out you may as well stop and have a bit supper with us. Always a knife and fork for you, Jo, you're one of the family you know," said Mrs. Baxton, and in a short time supper was laid. They sat down to it, but neither 'Lisbeth ner Jo was conversationally inclined, and it could not be described as a lively meal.

When 'Lisbeth got to her room she locked the door and swiftly got into bed without saying any prayers, but not before she had bent over Katie's little bed and satisfied herself that the child was asleep. Then lifting her mattress she drew out from between it mattress she drew out from between It and the framework of the bed several paper-covered books, all of which had evidently been well read.

Elfridina's Revenge had a larid out-

side picture done in colors of a young lady in a ball dress stabbing what the Americans call "a colored gentleman." The Murder at the Moated Grange showed two men fighting on a parapet, while an excited girl looked out from an upper window of a turret. The Duke's Choice bore a picture of an elegantly attired man stopping to speak to a girl who was cleaning steps, and this last choice work of fiction was and this last choice work of fiction was the one to which 'Lisbeth's attention was given that evening. The print was small, the pages soiled, but the contents fascinated her, and when at last her candle gave cut, she closed the book with a sigh and slipped it with the others into its hiding-place.

The next day she was in a very absent frame of mind, and her mother, who was quite in her element when

18

that day she knew that there was no bope of a chance half hour in her room, and she dared not produce the books before the children, who would be sure sooner or later to make inconvenient that the respect they requested the product of the children and the statement of the children are respect to the children and the children are respect to the children are respect to the children and the children are respect to the chi

THE OUGHT TO BE'S.

I have often wondered if all who have given up the laich be as unhappy as those with whom I have personally come in contact. I have met many of them, and I have never met a happy man or woman amongst them. The first sick call I ever had was to a young woman who had shot herself whilst lying by the side of her husband, who was a divorced m m at the time of their marriage. The poor girl had evidently

States a Bohemian secret society com-cosed chiefly of renegade Catholics. The spirit of this society is aggressive ly atheistic and anti-Catholic. Wherey atheistic and and Catolice. Meets ever it exists it has manifested a characteristic which has attracted general attention. A large percentage of the members die by their own hand. Here

Catholics of the different nationalities.

Bohemian perverts are, as a rule, very bitter in their antagonism. This is accounted for largely by the fact that infidel newspapers have a wide circulation. lation amongst such people. As a rule the priests of this nationality frequent ly find their tasks a very difficult one. The majority of their countrymen are faithful and devoted to their religion, but there is an active minority, at least here in the West, which is anim-ated by what appears to be a diabolical spirit. Germans and Irish of Catholic extraction always retain a warm place in their hearts for the old Church long after they have ceased to practice its

I remember with much pleasure an I remember with much pleasure an experience I had some years ago with a small colony of German "ought-to-be's' in Central Nebraska. When I first began attending them there appeared to be only about a half-dozen families, and these not very devout. In the face of many difficulties a little church was built, and shortly afterwards a zealows young Dominican pave the first mission ever held in the place. The result far exceeded cur expecta-The result far exceeded our expectations. On the last day of the mission some twenty men approached Holy Communion, and it was publicly known that not one of them has been to confession since the day in which they had settled in the place, some twenty years before. When I turned the little con-gregation over to its newly appointed pastor, shortly afterwards, the member-ship had increased to forty-nine familship had increased to forty-nine families. Since that time muth has been done in a spiritual way amongst them. They are loyal and steaffast, and a striking proof of the assertion that American "ought to-be's" furnish the greatest field for missionary effort in the whole wide world.

whole wide world.

And this brings me to another point to which I believe it is well to fre

finish. With her mother indoors all same. In this respect they frequently

hand in hand.

Such people come back sooner or later to make inconvenient comments on them. However, that time she went to work at Miss Ferrars' the lady's maidlent her another supply, which she slipped into the pocket of her under-skirt, and so was able to bring them home unnoticed by any one TO BE CONTINUED.

hand in hand.

Such people come back sooner or later unless they are visited with a strange retributive punishment of the lady's maidlent her another supply, which she slipped into the pocket of her under-skirt, and so was able to bring them home unnoticed by any one as to the uncertainty of a death bed as to the uncertainty of a death bed repentance

THE PULPIT OF THE FUTURE. THE OUGHT-TO BE'S.

[Written for The Cathelie S andard and climes by Rev. J. T. Roche, author of "The Diligation of Hearing Mass." 'Our Lady of Janabaune," 'Month of Sc. Joseph," "Belief ind unbelief "etc.! I stop of Cathelic literature in Cathelic homes. In

was a divorced min at the time of the ramarriage. The poor girl had evidently not found the happiness for which she had sacrificed faith and conscience.

There is in many parts of the United States a Bohemian secret society composed chiefly of renegade Catholics.

The defenders of the Church, strong in their fancied security, received many their fancied security, received many their fancied security, received many their fancied security. of his attacks with contemptuous sil-ence. It was a silence fraught with fateful consequences for religion and civilization. It demonstrated to a cer-tainty that henceforth the Church in attention. A large percentage of the members die by their own hand. Here in Nebraska it is commonly called "The Bohe mian Suicide Club."

I have notized that there is a vast difference between the fallen-avag Catholics of the different nationalities. Bohemian perverts are, as a rule, very the dissemination of truth will become less and less important as the years go by. The press is the great pulpit of world, and will become more and more so as times advances. Through it accordingly must the future preacher impart to souls much of the message which has been committed to his keep

> A Catholic home destitute of Catho-A Catholic home destitute of Catholic literature, in this day and age is an anomaly. It is worse. It is a fortness of the faith, destitute of weapons of defense and open on all sides to the attacks of the enemy.
>
> UNBELIEF'S PROPAGANDA.
>
> I was sitting in front of a hotel at

I was sitting in front of a hotel at Denver one evening several years ago when my attention and the attention of those present was suddenly attracted by the noise of shooting in the immediate vicinity. It was a saloon brawl, conducted in the typical Western way and when it was over a young man lay breathing his last. I pushed my way through the curious crowd to his side, in the hope thal I might be of some serthrough the curious crowd to his suce, in the hope that I might be of some service to a dying man. He was unconscious, with blood pouring from several bullet wounds in his body. I administered conditional absolution, and in the presence of the police, who were already on the grounds, I searched his pockets of some warks of identificaon. In those pockets I found some bauchery and unbelief, the great trin-ity of the generation of young men who look up to ingersoil as their leader and

I do not believe that we Catholic

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

Do you know, my young friends what a precious advantage is the Communion of Saints? Often, at the moment when we least think of it, there are good souls praying for us without our knowing it: asking of God the graces most necessary for each according to their position. Thus it is that in the night prayer we pray for trav-elers, prisoners, the sick and the dying. Speaking of prisoners, hear what oc-curred to St. Peter, prince of the

Apostles.

Herod Agrippa, King of Judea, had him put into prison at Jerusalem and proposed to deliver him to the Jews at the fastival of the Pasch. Meanwhile, the Church ceased not to pray for him; all of the faithful of the city were interested in his fate and St. Peter knew all of the faithful of the city were interested in his fate, and St. Peter knew nothing of it. But he was not long left in ignorance, for the very night preceding the day on which Herod was to have him put to death, an angel suddenly appeared in his prison, tapped him on the shoulder to awaken him, and said: "Arise quickly," (and his chains fell off of themselves), "take thy girdle, put on thy shoes, and thy garments, and follow me." In a few tainutes the holy Apostle was ready, and followed the Apostle was ready, and followed the angel, not knowing what he was about. He thought himself in a dream. They passed through the middle of the guard, through the iron gate, which opened of itself, and soon found themselves in the street, without anyone having seen them. St. Peter them having seen them. St. Peter then came to himself, the angel left him and he succeeded in making his way to the house of Mary, mother of John Mark, where several of the faithful were at the moment assembled praying for him. It being in the middle of the night, the servant who came to the night, the servant who is door prudently inquired: "Who is there?" 'It is Simon Peter." No sooner had she recognized St. Peter's sooner had she recognized St. Peter's voice than she ran in haste to tell those within without even thinking of opening the door. They treated her as a fool. Everyone said: "It cannot be Simon Peter; it was his angel guardian who spoke." Nevertheless, on opening the door they found that it was no other than the holy Apostle himself, and they gave thanks to God, Who had heard the prayers of the faithful. Such, my young friends, is faithful. Such, my young friends, is the Communion of Saints.—Baltimore Mirror.

Anglicans Nearer Rome.

The Pope, in the course of a conversation with Archbishop Bourne of Westminster, commenting on Dean Stanley's book on ritualism, said that the Anglican ritualists were neared to Catholicism than to Protestantism. He expressed the hope that there would be a religious fusion into one fold under one shepherd.

A LITTLE TYRANT.

There is no tyrant like a teething There is no tyrant thee a tectains baby. The temper isn't due to original sin; the little one suffers worse than the rest of the family. He deesn't know what is the matter—they do. But baby reed not suffer longer novolopes bearing his name, of indecent photographs and a lecture of Robert Ingersoll's, entitled "The Mistakes of Moses." The lecture of Ingersoll's told the whole story. We could picture the rest for ourselves. In the wreck of that young man's life and be plainly read drunkenness, decould be plainly read was advised to try Baby's Own Tablets, and from almost the first dose she began to impreve, and there was no further trouble. She is now in the best of health, thanks to the Tablets." The tablets cure all the minor ailments of children, and are a blessing to both mother and child. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. Try them and you will use no other medicine for your little one. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents



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A FRW CONVERTED MINISTERS.

The following are the names of emi-ment converts (as given in the Calendar of the Paulist Church, Chicago,) who, before their conversion, were ministers in one or other non Catholic denomina-

James Roosevelt Bayley, who became

James Roosevelt Bayley, who became Archbishop of Baltimore. Levi Silliman Ives, who had been the Episcopalian Bishop of North Carolina William C. Robinson, formerly judge of the Connecticut Supreme Court, then for nearly thirty years professor of law at Yale, now head of the law department the Catholic University at Washing

Calvin White, grandfather o! Richard Grant White, the author.

Jesse Albert Locke, head master of
the Newman School at Hackensack, N.

James Whitfield, who became fourth Archbishop of Baltimore.

Samuel Eccleston, who succeeded Archbishop Whitfield in Baltimore.

Dwight Lyman.

Frank Monroe, grand-nephew of Pres

dent Monroe.

Alfred Curtis, now coadjutor Bishop to Cardinal Gibbons. Right Rev. Monsignor Doane, son of the Episcopalian Bishop of New Jersey. James Kent Stone, formerly head of

Hobart and Kenyon Colleges, Ohio.
Augustine F. Hewit, who became the second Superior · General of the Paul

Daniel Barber, a Revolutionary

Virgil Horace Barber, son of the preceding.

John Thayer of Boston. A peculiar interest attaches to the Rev. Mr. Thayer's conversion from the fact that he had been extremely bitter against

Oatholicity.

Edgar P. Wadhams, who became the Catholic bishop of Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Henry Van Rensselaer of New York.
Thomas S. Preston, late Vicar-

Thomas S. Preston, late Vicar-General of New York. George F. Haskins of Boston. The Rev. Benjamin F. De Costa of

Other eminent converts who became Thomas A. Becker, who be-

George Desbon, Lieutenant in the United States Army, who became the third Superior-General of the Paulists. Richard Gardner, who became Bishop of Cleveland.

Isaac Hecker, founder of the

William Tyler, who became Bishop of Hartford.

James Wood, later Archbishop of

Philadelphia.
George M. Searle, present Superior of the Paulists.

Bylvester Rosecrans, brother of General Rosecrans, later Bishop of Columbus.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

The Catholic opponents of Catholic education "know not what they do," in "forbidding the children" the educa-tional way that leads to the Master. The mother in the home, the Sunday School teacher in her weekly work of spiritual mercy, may do their best for the children and yet fail immortally, if the external educational influences of

the box of the part of the control o

lins, (late Mayor of Boston), succeed in life just about as well as if his name had been Clarence or Egbert or some other one of the fancy names which foolish Irish parents in this country give to their children, fearing to "handicap" them with names too utter-ly Irish? Success is in the man, not in the name.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

NEW SEPARATE SCHOOL AT WALLACEBURG Wallaceburg Herald Record. Nov. 15.

The new Separase school at Wallaceburg is a substantial, well built two storey red brick building with concrete basement. facing Duscan street. Tae large school comous extending on very side gives to the building a lofty yet massive appearance, and the isolated look the building. The subdued red of the brick work obtained by using colored mortar, gives a most pleasing color effect, and the frame work and concrete is in striking contrast to the brickwork. There are thirty-eight windows It is a two storey building with hipproof. The tower, in he i wer part of which is the vestibule rises 35 feet above the eave of roof, and on top of the tower is a large arched entry and in the bell tower arched windows. A glimpse of the large spacious well lighted hall, impresses one with the fact, hat the trustees had carried into effect the principle han nothing is too good for the children. The contract price was about \$5.00. which does not include extras or soats. Father Brady and the trustees ear bosst of having the most advanced, the most comost horough it is part of the country. The form appeals were the contract price was about \$5.00. Which does not include extras or soats. Father Brady and the trustees ear bosst of having the most advanced, the most comfortable school building in this part of the country. The form appeals were the elebrated as 9 by Vicar Georgia Meunier, who, in the absence of His Lordship the Bishop conducted the coremonies. He was attended and assisted by Rev. Fathers O'Donobue of Port Lembon, L'Heureux of Belle River, and Brennan of Corunna.

After Mass the children conducted by the eachers Missee Downs and Scanlon, marched

Corunns.

After Mass the children conducted by the teachers, Misses Downs and Scanlon, marched from the church to the school, attended by the priests, trustees and a large number of the parents. The ceremony of blessing the school was very impressive and was followed with deep interest by children and parents sl.ke.

with deep interest by children and possible is it.

Afterwards all present gathered in one of the large and pleasant class rooms where a motpleasing programme was carried out. The foom was prettily decrated with Union Jacks. The interest exhibted by the children their close attention and excellent conduct speak very highly for the training they are receiving.

receiving
Rev Father Brady, P. P. made an excellent chairman, and, after thanking the people
and the School Board for their or operation and
generosity, called upon the Vicar General as
the representative of the Bishop for an ad-

and the school Board for their ro operation and generosity, called upon the Vicar General as the representative of the Bishop for an address.

The Vicar General said that he came from Windsor, where they had had a hard fight in the interests of S. parate schools, but was glad to report that everything was now going well with them. He congratulated the Wallaceburg School Board upon having such a fine school, so well fitted, and spoke kind and encouraging words to the children and teachers. He thanked Father Brady for his kindness, and said that all the fault he had to find with Father Brady was that he almost killed him with kindness. Father O'Donohue in a few well chosen and appropriate words congratulated the trustees, paren's and children on their having such a fine school building and gave the children some sound advice. He congratulated the trustees upon being liberal enough to built such an edifice and told a story of what had occurred on one occasion in his experience which is well worth repeating. "A school supporter" said the Rev. Father. "was once complaining bitterly about the amount of his school tax's and upon being asked what they were said that he had to pay 22 a year. His friend could scarcely believe him, and asked for the tax notice. On seeing his be enquired how many children he had and how long they went to chool each year. He was told 'hat he had two children he had and how long they went to chool each year. He was told 'hat he had two children he had and how long they went to chool each year. He was told 'hat he had two children and 3 for taxes because you keep a deg," The grumbler grumbled no more to that friend.

Rev. P. L Heureux, of Belle River, con gratulated 'he people of the Wallaceburg parish and gave some kindly advice to the children.

Rev. Father Brennan of Corunna thought that as everyone had bad enough of praise it.

gratuated the people of the wallaceburg parish and gave some kindly advice to the children.

Rev. Father Brennan of Corunna thought that as everyone had had enough of praise it was left for him to scold, but this was not the occasion and he would have something else to say at some future time.

An excellent programme was then rendered by the pupils of the school. In closing Father Brady spoke a few kind words for the pupils and teachers, and mentioned the fact of the care which had been exercised in the building of the school, both by the contractors and by the brard and touched upon the pleasant relations which had always existed batween himself and the people.

Mr. Thos. Forban, chairman of the board, gave a short history of the Separate school, and described their struggles from its founding. They expected that the building would be raid for without any higher tax than was now impo ed.

Spain had finally won its emancipation from the Moors.

Cervantes' six years service in Italy ended untappily in his being taken prisoner by the Moors and brought in captivity to Algiers, where he spent newly five years in the awful experience of galley-slave His family was too poor to ransom him, and the petitions to the king on his behalf were unjustly discarded, while two attempts to eas pe resulted in failure. But they sears spent in captivity were not lost, for it was during this time that he became convinced of his real dramatic ability, and he was given many opportunities to display it in writing and setting plays for the entertainment of his Moorish masters, who were fascinated with their captive and would have kept

him forever. They even endeavored, contrary to their custom, to make him change his religion for theirs. At last he succeeded in obtaining his freedom through great secrifice on the part of his mother and sister. It is interesting to note that the ransom was raised by the needle-work of those devoced relatives and the efforts of their old parish priest. The dramatic career of Cervantes will next be considered.

and the efforts of their old parish priess. The
dramatic career of Cervantes will next be con
sidered.

A very delightful criticism written by Rev.
Father Johnston on the Snakespeare heromes
chosen for the year's work, was read and
greatly enjoyed by all the members. Some
very beautiful comparisons were drawn and
many bright and new things said on this old
but eternally fresh subject of interest.

The contemporary productions reviewed
were 'sly What Authority, 'a very careful
soudy in novel f.rm, of the complex times of
Queen Edz. beth, by the Rev. Robert Hugh
Benson, and St. Cuthbert's, by the Rev. Robert
E Knowies, former, of Otawa. This story
of South mysticism, pathos and hard common
sense, though very good, is surpassed in interest and merit by the deligh ful series of character sketches which put the book on a level
with those of land a claren, J. M. Barrie,
Semass McManus, Father Sheeban and others.
Father George Tyrell's art cle in the October
and November numbers of the Dolphin were
commended for spritual reading, and acknowledgment was made to the November number
of the Cacholic World for the kind words
about the Circle.

A beautiful photogravure copy of the world
famed painting of Holman Huats. The Light
of the World, has been presented to the library
by Miss A Heney, a pupil of the seventh form.

The next meeting will be on 28 h.

M. DONNELLY.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER DOYLE.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER DOYLE.

By the death of Rev. Father Doyle, which occurred as St. Vincent de Paul Hospital. Brockville, on Thursday, the Archdiocese of Kingston loses a devoted and zealous priest. Though his death was not wholly unexpected it has caused widespread and profound sorrow. The sympathetic words heard on all sides are not by any means confined to adherents of the Chuich of which the dead priest was so devoted a son, but includes all classes, many of whom had learned to esteem the deceased for his kindly ways and gendemanly manner. During his residence in Brockville Father Duyle had not only endeared himself to he members of St. Francis Xvier Church, but to alliclasses in the frommunity, who could not help but admire bim for his upright, serling character.

The late Father James Doyle was a native of the parish of Carrick on Suir, in the diocese of Water ford and Lismore, Ireland. He was born thirty six years ago. When quite young he evidenced a disposition towards the religious life, and after attending the schools of his native place, entered the famous seminary of Mount Melary, where he took a classical course and graduated with high honor and marked distinction. He then went to the celebrated missionary college, all Hallows, near Dublin, where he pursued a philosophical and theological course. He afflicated with he Archdioces of Kingston, and in Ireland received minor orders, the subdesconate and dravonate. He came to Canada in October, 1898 reaching King ton the day be fore His Grace Archishop Gau hier was consecrated. On December 4th of the Archdioces of King ton the day be fore His Grace Archishop Gau hier was consecrated. On December 4th of the Archdioces of King ton, At the same time. Rev. Father Mead of Kingston, was defaired.

Smith a Falls, it being the first ordination coremony that His Grace Archbi-hop Gauthier conducted after becoming the head of the his toric Archbicorse of Kirg-ton. At the samitime Rev. Father Mead of Kingston was ordshed.

After his ordination, Father Dayle was stationed at St. Mary's cathedral where he won the respect of his ecdesia-tical superior and the people to whom he was delegated to minister, by his unitring zeal in the cause of promoting Christ's Kingdom on earth. As a reward f r his arduous duties he was appointed parish priest of Yonge Athens, Rockport, and white performing the onerous labors there he was taken sick. The long term in college had held on him, and though he tossessed a splendid physique, pulmonary trouble developed which insily was consummated in death. Though in it health he was snkious to perform the sacred duties of his sublime calling, and after a short stay in the hospital at Brockville, he resigned his rural charge to become curate to Very Rev. Vicar General Mesterson, at Prescott. He remained there for some months, and finally osme to Brockville as assistant to Very Rev. Dean Murray. While there his health grew worse, and he took a trip to his old home his rural in the hope of restoring it, but sgain returned to Brockville last October. He effected St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, and despite the best medical attendance and careful nursing, the maindy steadily increased, and in the ord he passed peac fully away surrounded by Very Rev. Dean Murray, Rev. Father Crowley, Trevelyan, and the Sisters of the hospital and developed the death of Father Doyle, not only his Brockville lost a good citizen, he Archdoced of Kingston a noble prices, but in far awdylreland developed mother and two sisters

McCARTNEY —Of your charity pray for the soul of Mr. George McCartney, who died on Sunday, Nov. 12th at Chelsea Green, London, Ont. Aged eighty nine years,

WHYTE—In Westport, Ont., on Oct. 30. Mr. Paul Whyte native of the County Wexford, Ireland, aged seventy-three years. May his soul rest in peace!

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Matonna di San Sisto
Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Sacred Heart of Mary,
St. Joseph John Comforting Mary,
Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me.
Glad Tidings of Great Joy,
Help Lord or I Perish,
The Good Shepherd
Christ on the Way to Emmaus, The Good Shepherd. Christ on the Way to Emmaus, The Holy Night. Christ in the Temple. The Holy Night.
Christ in the Temple.
The Holy Night
Christ in the Temple.
The Holy Night
Christ Before Pilate.
The Magdalen.
Madonna di San Sisto. (Detail square)
Madonna
Christ and the Rich Ruler.
The Soul's Awwkening
Christ Healing the Sick Child
Madonna (Figure only)
Head of Christ.
Christ in Gethsemane
Madonna della Sedia (Ulrole)
Christ's Entry into Jerusslem.
Christ Preaching by the Sea.
The Holy Night.
The Holy Night.
He is Risen.
Jesus and the Woman of Samarla.
Christ Blessing Little Children.
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