

THE MAESTRO'S STORY

Signorino admires the outlook? Well, it is not to be despised. Look yonder across the valley where San Marco piles up its pink and lilac roofs against the purpling hills. Such lights!

But a thousand pardons, Signorino had laid aside his work and I had meant only to— So? Then I shall rest awhile till the great heat be over and gone.

Signorino finds it difficult, I suppose, to command his mood always. The past intrudes. Well, we are none of us masters of the heart in that respect. Our wistful eyes are forever turned toward the past gateway.

Cure! There is no cure. Only this morning I received a letter from a famous singer, an artist, whose voice thrills thousands; who has riches, health, a world at his feet, who, in his happiness, asks the same question. In spite of the gifts that fortune has pressed upon him, my Matteo is pursued, tortured by memory.

No; there is no cure. There are only now and then, blessed, moments of forgetfulness. One of us finds an hour's respite in this task; another in that. Signorino, for instance, is writing a romance. Then he is indeed favored. He can rest at will to an ideal world.

He thinks such work futile, thankless. I have a wise little book that I keep always near at hand. It was written by one of your own countrymen. Somewhere therein is the sentence—"The worst miser in the learned man that will not write." And it is so. A thought is gained here; a light there—who knows but that from the written page a principle, a standard is plucked. That a responsibility is the learned man that will not write.

But Signorino will forgive a garrulous old music master that chatters away such dressed words. Yes, it is always cool and pleasant there, while across the piazza our little church fairly bakes in the sunlight.

certain a dawn was coming when the mutual stress would burst forth into the air. The fact of the season, color and light, I thrilled at sight of things—Concetta and Matteo—sitting together at evening on this very bench looking over the valley. I knew that there shone for them something in these sunsets the fairy land with all its glimpes and once, to lose forever. All the romance that had ever been written was beguiling them with hopes and promises.

It was the following spring when we were much together that I noticed a change in Matteo. Sometimes in the height of his apparent happiness he would shiver as if a draught of cold air had suddenly swept over him. On these occasions he would turn to Concetta with inexpressible sad eyes. She would call him by name. It would be a mere whisper; but oh, the depth, the strength, the intensity of it! And she would smile up at him. And he would be himself again.

Oh, yes, I thought of many reasons; but never of the true one. Tell me, Signorino, these premonitions, these inexcusable sensings of disasters; these dark hints that flash upon the soul in the twilight of contentment—what is the truth of them? For years they absent themselves and then, suddenly they are upon us as fearsome realities.

I have only to close my eyes and that fatal October morning is before me. We were at Mass. Matteo's voice rising higher and higher, filled the church with wonderful music. Heaven seemed very near. Just ahead of me knelt Concetta. I heard the end of the service as she became restless, kept turning and glancing behind her. I was puzzled, for I saw in his eyes the look of some hunted creature. Suddenly I saw her grip the chair that was in front of her and sister, when Father Michele had given the blessing she arose and moved swiftly forward to where our Lady's statue gleamed in the candle light.

There, on her knees, with head bowed, she remained till the lights had been snuffed and the people gone. A touch on my shoulder caused me to start violently. I turned around. It was Matteo. His face was pale. He beckoned me to follow him. Outside in the piazza he asked huskily: "Have you heard the news?" "What news," I demanded. "Carl Vulpini has returned."

"No!" I cried. "How did he know?" The source of his words flashed upon me in an instant. "Are you certain that it was Carlo?" I asked. "Just then," said Matteo, "I saw him. He looked at me queerly for a moment and then demanded: 'How did you know?' He said, 'I know it is you.' The source of his words flashed upon me in an instant."

"Well, said I, 'and what of that?' He looked at me queerly for a moment and then demanded: 'How did you know?' He said, 'I know it is you.' The source of his words flashed upon me in an instant."

ing, sorrow, tenderness rose heaven ward through the silence. We were rapt out of ourselves. These few months after Concetta's death, some Americans from the Western part of your country heard Matteo sing at Vespers. It was the beginning of the end. Toward the close of that summer he left us to complete his studies in the musical centers of the North.

He came down here to my garden the day he was leaving. We spoke of many things that we had in common; but it was only when he took my hand for the parting that he referred to the unfortunate affair that was so much a part of his thoughts and life. Just before he turned away he pointed to the bench where we were sitting and said: "My heart is all there, Maestro, all there; nothing else matters. I loved her." And he was gone.

A fortnight later startling news flashed through the village. Carlo Vulpini, an artist, was in a gambling brawl at Naples! All the sordid details were laid bare in the journals that brought us the story. Concetta? But what, you shall hear. "Oh, yes," I thought of many reasons; but never of the true one. Tell me, Signorino, these premonitions, these inexcusable sensings of disasters; these dark hints that flash upon the soul in the twilight of contentment—what is the truth of them? For years they absent themselves and then, suddenly they are upon us as fearsome realities.

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THE STOLEN SOVEREIGN

By Sylvia Hunting, in Ave Maria A tall, portly gentleman from Australia, with curly hair, was one day walking through the streets of London. He was not particularly interested in London news, as he had been absent from that city for a great many years; and wandered rather aimlessly about, looking into shop windows here and there. Two boys, observing him, with that unfeeling instinct common to the tribe, at once recognized him as a stranger.

"I'm going to play a game on that fatterer," said one to the other. "What you go to do?" asked his companion. "I'll tell you," was the reply, and the two boys whispered together. "I'll bet you lose," said the second boy. "He's a big guy."

"He looks a bit soft, though," rejoined the other. "I'm so sure I can fetch him that I'll write to dump your papers onto him as well as my own, if he doesn't tumble, I'll just buy up the lot for my myself." "All right," said the other. "Try him."

The urchin approached the gentleman, a bundle of papers on his arm, which were further augmented by those his friend had been carrying. "O sir," he began in an appealing tone, "you are so good as to buy a paper? I've been trying to sell mine all day, and hardly anyone has bought. My mother's dreadful sick, and she hasn't one to earn a penny for her but me."

The gentleman looked down at the boy, ragged and pallid cheeked, and his heart was filled with pity. There was something attractive in the peaked little face upturned to his, though the twinkling black eyes were almost too sharp for those of an old man. Attributing their precocious glance, however, to the environment of poverty and wretchedness which had probably surrounded the child from his birth, the stranger did not allow this circumstance to influence him.

"Yes, my lad," he answered, putting his hand in his pocket. "I will take them, so that you may at once run down to your sick mother with some food." The sharp black eyes dropped to the ground; the boy, little trickster though he was, had not the effrontery to look into the face of the kind stranger, who drew forth a shilling and a penny, and said: "I find I have no silver with me, but I wonder if I could trust you to change a sovereign?"

"Yes, sir," was the eager response. "I will change it for you in a minute." The Australian hesitated. He knew he was plying a strong temptation before the boy, but his trust in human nature was great.

"No, sir, I'm just from the steamer." "I would see to it that you are lodged in a decent place. The mother of one of my clerks will take you, I think. Sit down a moment, while I finish a letter, and I will attend to the matter." The young man took a seat, well pleased at his reception, and with his new employer, whose age had a most boyish aspect, which augured well for his future. The moments passed. As Adam sat gazing at the profile and curly hair of the man before him a change came over his own countenance. It first grew puzzled, then astonished, then troubled and anxious. Finally he arose, walked to the window, stood there for some moments; and then turned to meet the smiling face of Mr. Wollstone, who had just risen from his chair.

"Come with me, Adam," he said. "I will introduce you to your fellow clerks and ask Jepson if his mother has room for you. I wish to tell you that so far as I know, I have none but exemplary clerks in my employ. I take it you are a Catholic." "Yes, sir, I am," was the reply. "Well, so much the better; though I bar no man because of his religion. Come now, Adam."

A deep blush overspread the face of the young applicant, as he answered: "A moment, sir, if you please! I would like to say a few words. I do not know—I do not believe—perhaps when you have heard me you will not think me eligible for employment with you. But I feel it is my duty to tell you." "What is it?" inquired Mr. Wollstone, seating himself.

"Were you not in London about ten years ago, sir?" asked Adam. "I was," answered the merchant. "Do you remember one cold morning, in the Strand, buying an armful of papers from a boy who went to get change and did not return?" "I remember it very well."

"That was that boy, sir," said Adam. "I recognized you as you sat there writing. I think I owe it to you, sir, to let you know who I am and what I was—a vagabond, without friends or home or restraints of any kind. I knew you were a stranger, and with a pitiful story to tell, I was also pleased to ask you to buy a paper. I felt certain you would take the whole bunch, as you did. But I never dreamed that you would trust me to find change for a sovereign, which you did. The temptation was too strong for me, sir. Shortly after that I came under the notice of Miss McDonald. Gradually I realized the wrong I had committed; and as I grew older, and reflected upon your kindness and trustfulness, I never expected to see you again, sir, but I hope you will believe me when I say that my being able to repay that money more than sets off my shame at having to confess it to you. Here it is, sir. And taking a piece of gold from his vest pocket he laid it on the desk near Mr. Wollstone.

The merchant took up the sovereign, put it back in the boy's hand and closed his fingers upon it. "Let this be your first deposit in the savings bank, my boy," he said. "You are made of good stuff. We will not quarrel about the incident that has just passed. Come, Adam—first to settle in a lodging, and then to work. You may begin to-morrow morning. If you wish, I think, all things considered, my sovereign was well invested."

CHAPELS ON WHEELS The idea of having a chapel on wheels is by no means a new one in the British Isles, for even if the name of chapel can scarcely be claimed by the travelling vans belonging to Knott and the Protestant Alliance, no one will deny it to the "Little Ark" of Carrigaholt, that did so much to keep the faith alive in western Clare during those cruel years that followed the great famine in Ireland.

Religious tolerance has made such giant strides in the British Isles during recent years that some people will hardly credit the fanaticism and persecution that were rife sixty years ago. Ireland at that time was only emerging from the thrall of penal laws, and it was as yet impossible in the thickly populated districts of the west for the bulk of the people to be instructed in more than the absolutely necessary truths of religion. The National Board of Education was just coming into being, but its schools were few in number, and it was not only in religious but in secular knowledge as well that the people were lacking.

In the parish of Carrigaholt, a long narrow peninsula that lies between the Atlantic and the Shannon, the Board had but one school for a population of twelve thousand people, but of these a third were carried off by famine and by fever, and the remaining eight thousand were left in the most utter destitution. The parish was twenty miles long and there were three priests attached to it, but none of them occupied the parsonage. The parish priest, Father Malachy Duggan, having said Mass at an outlying chapel and administered the last Sacraments to no less than eighteen who were dying of cholera and fever on the very day he himself was struck down. The Bishop of Killaloe, a namesake of Father Vaughan's, appointed Father Michael Meehan in Father Duggan's place, and when the epidemic had abated he proposed, before the next parish priest was a serious one.

There had been a certain number of hedge schools in the district which were held mostly at night, and where some secular and a good deal of solid religious instruction could be obtained, but now some local Protestants, led by an agent named Marcus Keane, knowing that the people were hopeless and helpless after the famine and the fever, proposed themselves anxious to help them to recover from the effects of these double calamities, and their first act was to establish schools where the children would be provided with food and clothing as well as with free education. This was a bold step, when backed by an assurance that there should be no interference with the children's religion, was naturally irresistible to people who were still only one step removed from starvation.

This being so, even when the assurance of non-interference were disregarded, the doles of food and clothing were continued, though on the understanding that the recipients should attend the Protestant children with a cry upon their lips that was heard round: "Good-bye, God Almighty, till the potatoes grow again." The parents allowed their children to remain at the schools, that were now avowedly proselyting centres.

To combat the evil Father Meehan was at his wits' end. He had no school in his neighborhood, and he had no prospect of getting any, and though he tried to say Mass every week in one or other of the people's houses, he soon found that those who thus made him welcome did so at a heavy cost, and more than one of them had been obliged to leave their homes. Father Meehan then managed to buy the good will of a couple of cottagers from two families who were emigrating, and throwing them into one house he erected an altar, and so into their thatched roof of a barn, where St. Patrick came into being. Almost immediately however the priest's claim even to this miserable shelter was disputed, and the same fate overtook him as had overtaken those who had allowed him to say Mass in their houses, and meanwhile the work of the proselytizers grew and flourished, nourished on the starvation, spiritual and temporal, of its victims.

It was now, when everything seemed hopeless, that the idea of the little "Ark" came to the almost despairing priest. So it was built and placed on the foreshore, whence neither landlord nor proselytizer could dislodge it. On Sunday after Sunday, in the heat of five summers and for five wet, stormy winters Mass was offered in the frail movable chapel, with the congregation kneeling by the thought that the sand or the rain or the wind or the snow or the weather, but offering to God the one mile fable, the hundred thousand welcomes that were denied to Him elsewhere.

SKIN FOOD If you want one that runs in easily, is not greasy or oily, and leaves the skin clear, with that soft, velvety feeling, try CANPAX'S ITALIAN BALM, E. G. West & Co., Wholesale Druggists, 80 George St., Toronto.

garden of the British Church, has made well nigh impenetrable. It is in districts where there are already Catholic churches and Catholic congregations that missions to combat heathenism are needed. Father Vaughan and his companions have embarked on a different campaign. They are proclaiming the Truth where for generations no one has dared to proclaim it. Who funds has pressed hope that on his next visit he should find the people more ready to receive the Truth than he had found them on his first tour. Besides the altar, with its vessels, its candlesticks and vases, its crucifixes and pictures, it is well stocked with leaflets, pamphlets and books, for in these days of the ascendant of the press it is not wise to rely on speaking alone; even when the speakers are some of the best known of the time, the diffusion of literature is a most necessary part of the scheme.

Near by a rival "movable chapel," managed by the Protestant Alliance, displayed its old warning, "No Popery," but in spite of this, the hall in which Father Vaughan's lectures were given was crowded, and Fathers Herbert Vaughan and Norgate, with a lay helper, were kept busy in attending to the Question Box, wherein any written query might be placed for answer on the following evening. The Protestant Alliance had not been there, and on leaving the hall the Catholics were hissed and booed by an antagonistic crowd, but before the end of the week public feeling seemed to have changed, and Father Vaughan's clearly expressed views on the subject of the Heverhill would speak to them, not in a public hall but in a chapel of their own, was greeted by the people with cheers.

The second week's mission at Rveston, where Father Alton, himself a convert, was the preacher, was no less successful than the first, whilst for other weeks have the same reports to give, of missions preached by the fathers of the missionary society, by Father Nicholson, C. S. S. R., and by Monsignor Benson.

When the full programme of its summer and autumn campaigns have been carried out, the motor chapel will return to its winter quarters in London, and it is not now, but in the future, that the work it has done will be told. The seed has been sown, but no one can tell when or where the harvest will be gathered in.

But those who have assisted at a Mass said at that movable altar, the first Mass to have been said in most of the places since before the Reformation, have no doubt that the grace of God will linger round those places, and that His blessing is upon those who have carried the Truth or who have received it through the Motor Chapel—America.

WYCLIFFE NO MORNING STAR Let it be clearly understood, says Hilarie Belloc, in the October Catholic World, that in the particular form of special belief which was local, peculiar and contemptible, and which for instance, was no more the morning star of the Reformation than the capture of Jamaica, let us say, was the morning star of the modern English Empire. Wycliffe was many Proteus, and a great number of men who were theering up and down Europe upon the nature and fate of the soul. Such men have always abounded; they abound to-day. Some of Wycliffe's extravagances resembled what many Protestants happen to have since held; others (such as his theory that you could not own land unless you were in a state of grace) were singularly of the opposite kind. Wycliffe was not one of those with the whole lot, and he was hundreds of them. There was no common theory, no common feeling, there was nothing the least like the "morning star" of the Reformation. Indeed that spirit, and more, did not show in a moment, does not appear until a couple of generations after the fact.

A Marvel of Healing of Rheum of Ten Years' Standing Healed as if by Magic Hands Cracked so Could Not Work — Cures Effected by Dr Chase's Ointment It does not take long for Dr. Chase's Ointment to prove its magic healing power. A single night is often sufficient to produce the most startling results.

opening of there was an exacting temporal ST. J. A BRILLIANT ALUM BANG. Glorious successful who were the Academy. quot. We usually a gathering girl's unit. instead of wealth of crystal laid for the gleamed from the more with some worldly Joseph's warm he loving, years ago harvest that could be asserted. settle people who lived are fair. No. a certain of our y. probation. the when a woman smile, w power to hood. among able of thought rose and pe. brow." thought. St. Joseph. Without. lital no. det. After (drunk) spoke a. "Rev. Joseph, I am vol. of doubt nation. ous ways. Provide. We a. sile w. share in reaped. We feel. has done. as the Al. fraction. by the. I am. on this. of our. vey to. through. Alumn. I rec. tary, M. cently. with H. of the. direct. Mrs. I n. instru. not per. said: "a. to-m. many. It is th. of the. women. under. wash. We ma. are we. are mis. and le. lesson. selfish. ness in. selves. find o. oursel. ity, kn. nothing. I r. o-f. even. Spain. ing th. differ. of the. with. ing to. even i. chair. the k. dom. I req. M. Ca. Holy. in the.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 12th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

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 shows all that is united with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1910.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. D. FALCONE, Arch. of Lismore, Scot. Dioc.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1911

LOCAL OPTION

From Alberta, where there is a movement in favor of local option, we have received an inquiry from a missionary priest as to its value judged by the practical working out of the system in this province.

Though it may be unnecessary to notice the rather ludicrous fears of some timid Catholics, who see the germs of Mohammedism or Manichaeism in giving a municipality the right to do away with licensed liquor-selling within its limits, still it may be as well to forestall their objections on theological grounds.

The use of wine is not in itself illicit; so teaches St. Thomas, so Catholic theology. But it does not follow that every one may sell wine anywhere; the license law takes that right away from the vast majority; local option goes a step farther, and gives to the rate-payers of a certain district the right to say that it shall not be sold there at all.

Now with local option as we have it in Ontario, the voting must take place on the day of the municipal elections, and to carry must have sixty per cent of the votes cast. These provisions preclude the possibility of an active minority (as was the case with the Scott Act) imposing its will on an antagonistic but indifferent majority.

Both of these provisions we consider very important; and without them we might be compelled to modify our opinion of local option. Voting only on the day of the municipal elections ensures the largest possible vote; the sixty per cent clause ensures a very strong public sentiment in favor of the law, without which any law is useless and sometimes pernicious.

Just how effective is the 60 per cent clause may not be fully realized without some consideration. From the Parliamentary Guide we find that in 1908, though the Province of Quebec sent fifty-three Liberals to Ottawa and only twelve Conservatives, the Liberals polled only 55 per cent of the total vote of the province.

Sometimes we hear that this is an agitation gotten up by the Methodists, who think the whole law and the prophets depend on prohibition. This is hardly a theological objection, but it savors of theology. Well, there are in the province of Quebec nine hundred municipalities under local option, and they are not all Methodists down there. The parish and the township are often one in Quebec, and it is usually through the efforts of the parish priest that the no-license by-law is carried.

Years before Ontario followed the lead of Quebec in the local option movement, two townships, Douro and Ennismore, in the County of Peterborough, did away with licensed hotels and have never returned to the license system. So far ahead of the general movement were these two Irish Catholic townships that they are not listed with the hundreds of municipalities which have adopted local option.

Another wise provision is that a vote cannot be taken again until after the lapse of three years, thus making it impossible for temperance cranks to thrust this issue into every election, depriving the consideration which it merits. The interval has a sobering effect on those who may have been unduly impressed by the sometimes perivoid oratory of

Our correspondent, the good Alberman priest, says, in the straightforward way of earnest men, "If Local Option has proved a decided improvement in the present system, we should like to stand for it." But he asks some pertinent questions.

1. "Is it really so effective as is affirmed by its advocates?" In this township the writer can affirm that it is unquestionably effective. Eight bars, probably no better and no worse than the average, were abolished. There is now not a hint, not a suspicion of illicit selling. No one believes that there is the remotest chance of its ever being repealed; in the face of the practical unanimity there is not the slightest probability of a vote being taken or asked for repeal in this generation.

2. "Does it not develop whiskey drinking on the sly?" No. At least not in rural districts. Those who had the habit of drinking, still drink when the opportunity offers; but boys grow into manhood without forming the habit, and when they go elsewhere do not feel at home in a bar-room.

3. "Does it not substitute for the public bar, which is under the control of the police, a multitude of private bars to which the police with difficulty have access?" This was the case with the Scott Act in Ontario many years ago, and it was very difficult to convince those with that experience that Local Option would not have the same results. The advocates of the Scott Act promised in glowing terms a wonderful transformation. The Scott Act, which applied to a county, was passed, when it was found that instead of doing away with the abuses of liquor selling, it multiplied them, and added thereto hypocrisy, law-breaking which bred contempt for the authority of law, lying and often perjury.

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the campaign, and when the next vote is taken it is likely to record the deliberate conviction of the rate-payers whether they accept or reject the by-law. The indirect influence for good of the local option movement in this province has been very great. The liquor-dealers, at first, looked upon the movement as ephemeral and of little importance. They asserted that we had a good license law if it were enforced. And rather contemptuously they asked if you cannot enforce the law you have, how can you enforce a more stringent law? The retort was easy: Yes, we have a good law if it were observed. But have you observed this good law? Despite the law you sold on Sunday; despite the law you sold after hours; contrary to the law you sold to minors; when did you observe the law prohibiting the sale of liquor to a man already intoxicated? or observe the law when warned by the friends of the habitual drinker? Having violated every provision of the law for the minimizing of the evils of liquor-selling, you coolly tell us to enforce the law we have before looking for more law. No, we have come to the deliberate conviction that it will be more effective and less difficult, if we take advantage of a clause in this good license law which empowers us to do away with bar-rooms altogether.

And as township after township did away with license, it was borne in on those interested in the liquor trade that it was safer and more prudent to observe the law rather than to talk about enforcing it. They realize now that it was the abuses of the trade that gave such force and impetus to the local option movement, and that their only chance of withstanding it lies in the strict observance of the letter and spirit of the law. This is one of the great indirect influences for good resulting from the movement.

So far as we have been able to ascertain there is practical unanimity amongst priests in rural districts, where local option has been tried, as to its benefits and effectiveness. In cities there has been a gradual but constant reduction in the number of licenses in recent years; this is also probably due in a measure to the Local Option agitation. But there is as yet no reliable opinion in favor of Local Option with regard to cities, and but little disposition to bring the question to a vote. With regard to towns we are not prepared to offer an opinion; it will be some years yet before our experience will justify endorsing Local Option unreservedly as an effective temperance measure except in rural districts and country villages.

In the absence of the exact provisions of the Alberta Local Option law, we must leave our reverend correspondent to form his own opinion from our Ontario experience; but we might suggest that from the Province of Quebec, where the law is somewhat different, and where they have a longer experience of its working, he might obtain valuable additional information.

MAYOR FITZGERALD, of Boston, has placed the ban on stage marriages. He says: "The marriage service should be carried on with dignity and a proper appreciation on the part of those joining in wedlock of its solemn responsibilities. Any one who will take the pains to glance at the figures in our divorce courts must be convinced that it is time for those entrusted with power to curb the present tendency to make light of this most sacred obligation."

EDUCATION IN QUEBEC. We regret to be called upon to draw the attention of our Protestant fellow-citizens to the deplorable condition of education in the Protestant Elementary schools of the Province of Quebec. In the Montreal Star, of Thursday, Oct. 19th, appeared an article severely criticizing the authorities of the Protestant School Board because of the alarming increase of the number of unqualified teachers in the Province outside of Montreal and Westmount. "In the other portions of the province 40.6 per cent of the teachers in the Protestant Elementary Schools have not even permits, many of them having only grade three, model standing, or less. Of the 435 teachers employed in the Elementary Schools of Montreal and Westmount 30.3 per cent have less than three years' teaching experience, but of 799 teachers employed in elementary schools outside of Montreal and Westmount, 55 per cent have less than three years' experience."

With regard to the fact that teachers do not look upon teaching in this province as a profession." They take it up merely as present employment,

with a view to secure positions of a more lucrative character later on. We hope our non-Catholic fellow-Canadians in the province of Quebec will fully realize the gravity of the situation. It seems that, with the teachers they have at present on their staff, they cannot cope with the Catholic schools, for the reason that the teaching orders of the Church make the profession of teaching a life employment. It is their one end and aim, and as the years go by they attain by study and experience a greater and greater degree of perfection. Unfortunately it will be for the future of the Dominion were something not done to promote greater efficiency amongst the Protestant elementary schools of the sister province. At the annual conferences of the different Protestant bodies, which take place throughout the Dominion, this would be a moot question for discussion, with the object of promoting a greater efficiency in Quebec schools. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are wasted in missionary enterprises, the great bulk of the money being spent in expenses, and large sums are worse than wasted by the Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists in maintaining a few starving, soul-stealing establishments amongst the habitants. The funds would be more profitably spent in the employment of a better teaching staff amongst their children in Quebec. The Protestant children of that province have rights which should not be ignored. If they are to take their places in the different spheres of life in the country alongside their Catholic fellow citizens they should not be deprived of a good education. In this our day ignorance is inexorable. What say our Orange friends? A collection in the lodges, to promote the education of Protestants in Quebec, would be timely.

THE HAMILTON SPECTATOR is one of those papers which sees danger ahead in the formation of trusts, or to give them the proper name, "conspiracies to unduly enhance prices." The Spectator says: "It is for us to see that these combinations, unfriendly to the people, are not permitted to gain a foothold in this country, which is as yet reasonably free from them. Through the King act, or other legislation, if that act is found to be insufficient, the Borden Administration has it in its power to keep Canada free, and prevent trust burdens from being placed upon the people. It should make haste to exercise that power." It is a pity that these enterprises were not nipped in the bud long since. The Captain of Industry who sets out to reap enormous profits by preventing legitimate trading, doing injustice both to the producer and consumer, should be severely dealt with. Already he has become a power in the land and we trust the people's representatives will be courageous enough to grapple with him in manly fashion. There is and there should be a stronger power in the country than the money power. When the money power goes wrong we should set it right, even if it were necessary to use houses of detention where the bill of fare is meagre. Too long we have been like that gentleman of the old days who played selections on the violin to his courtiers while Rome was burning.

REV. JOSEPH HOOKING, NOVELIST. Rev. Joseph Hooking, of England, late of Canada, writes fiction. His productions are received with favor and are circulated extensively by the Evangelical Alliance, by the son of the late John Kenist, dealer in immoral publications, and other people who have undertaken a militant attitude towards the Catholic Church. Rev. Joseph Hooking is a man who pays court to impure thoughts; his literature is akin to that which is refused a place in His Majesty's mail bags, and yet, strange to say, the productions of Rev. Joseph Hooking, Presbyterian minister in good standing we think, meet with much favor from that portion of the purchasing community who have a kindly eye for that class of reading matter which is never discussed in polite society. Rev. Joseph Hooking's fiction work has taken a place with the penny dreadfuls produced in England and the dime novels printed in New York, both of which do not a little to destroy healthy standards of morality in the minds of the rising generation. Strangest of all is it that even some non-Catholic religious publications have seen fit to publish the diseased outpourings of Rev. Joseph Hooking. The secret of the success, so far as sale is concerned, of Rev. Joseph Hooking's writings lies in the fact that the here and heroine of his publications usually are an imaginary priest and an imaginary nun. One of his latest shilling books coming from England has the picture of a nun on the outside cover; and the title is "The Woman of Babylon." The title and the picture are calculated to make the shillings jingle at short intervals in the tills of those who are low-minded enough to offer for sale Rev. Joseph Hooking's literature. His books may be found not only in book stores but in department stores as well. Catholics should remember that they are not under

obligation to give their custom to men who are so wanting in self-respect and who have so little regard for moral standards as to keep on sale the literature of Rev. Joseph Hooking. Some time or another the reverend gentleman might add largely to his store of ill-gotten wealth by bringing out books substituting for the imaginary priest and the imaginary nun as heroes and heroines, people of his own cloth who have become the talk of the day in the newspapers. Quite an up-to-date and exciting novel could be produced by making the Rev. Clarence V. T. Robinson, Baptist, now on trial for murdering his sweetheart, the hero of a shilling novel. This could be followed by another work taking Rev. Frank W. Sandford, of Portland, Maine, as the central figure. The Rev. Mr. Sandford has organized a new cult entitled "The Holy Ghost and Us Society of Shiloh." This Rev. gentleman is before the court on a charge of causing the death of a person named Charles Haghey by falling to provide proper and sufficient food when his yacht put to sea. The creed of this new cult could be made quite an interesting feature of a novel by Rev. Joseph Hooking. The Rev. C. E. Holland, who calls himself the Moses of the Sandford flock, says he believes that his superior tells the truth when he makes proclamation that God said unto him, "Elijah is here, testify," and again, "I have found David." By way of variety Rev. Joseph Hooking could bring out still another publication, the framework of which might have to do with the members of his own fold in Toronto who have a bogus Mass celebrated every Sunday. We could suggest many other subjects too; but enough for the present. Those who purchase and read the works of Rev. Joseph Hooking are people who like that kind of literature. They desire a characterization which would not look well in print. Let us repeat. Catholics are not under obligation to deal in stores where Rev. Joseph Hooking's works are sold.

THE CHIEF of police of the city of London, Ontario, holds a very poor opinion of some of the immigrants that come to us from England. "They come to us," he says, "from the old country and leave their wives behind them. Then they get married over here and the first thing we know we receive a letter from their first wife, asking us to locate their missing hubby. Of course we cannot do anything with them unless the first wife is in this country to prove the charge against him, and generally while we are awaiting an answer as to what to do with the man, he gets wind of it and leaves the country." The immigrants who are criminally inclined readily take advantage of the loose methods of the ministers of the sects in performing marriages. They go to no trouble to find out if the parties are free to get married. If the license is produced that seems to satisfy them. Marriages of this kind could not take place in the Catholic Church. Safeguards of a salutary character are employed. Yet our friends of the sects have but words of condemnation for the No Temere decree, which is primarily intended to guard the sacredness of the marriage ceremony.

ON A PEACE FOOTING. On Thanksgiving day our militia regiments had a sham battle in the vicinity of Hamilton. For our part we may say that we are always pleased to notice the brawny youth of our country engaged in military manoeuvres, so that, if time of need ever come, they would not be found wanting in those qualities which would ensure a manly and successful defence of our borders. Rev. H. S. McDougall, of the First Methodist Church, St. Thomas, holds an entirely different opinion. Here is his pulpit utterance: "Our volunteers and militia are to be called out to practice war on Thanksgiving Day," he remarked during the morning sermon. "I think it is an anomaly and a burlesque and a disgrace that soldiers should be called out to practice that which means hate and danger and death, on this day. God grant that this may be eliminated on Thanksgiving Day. I think I appeal to the best that is in you. Don't I? I hope the new Government will take it up."

Nor was Rev. Mr. McDougall alone. A brother clergyman of the Presbyterian denomination, Rev. E. A. Mitchell, pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, declared that he thought the absurdity of the present observance of Thanksgiving Day should be brought to the realization of the Government. On the eve of that great day I think the absurdity of sending men to take part in sham fights and training them in the art of warfare when men all over the world are praying for peace should be brought to the attention of the Government. I am not saying anything against sham fights, but it is not right to make Thanksgiving Day a day of sport."

We merely rise to remark that there would be much thunder and lightning in the Orange lodges, in the pulpits of the sects, and in certain of the newspaper publications, were a couple of Catholic priests to have delivered themselves in this wise. We would be told that they were enemies of the crown of Great

Britain; that they were traitors to their country, and that they desired to pave the way for the annexation of Canada to the United States. But there is another way of looking at the matter. The Bishops and priests of the Catholic Church have real power, which, we might say, is never abused, and their utterances are hearkened to. The declarations of the ministers of the different sects make newspaper copy for a day and are forgotten in twenty-four hours. Their deliverances are ranked as musty superfluities.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, a generally well-informed and influential paper, has made a curious slip in regard to the divorce question. It says that "divorce is a social ailment of the poor and ignorant, not of the well-to-do and well-educated classes." This will be news to the poor and ignorant. Divorce is a modern luxury beyond their means, even if they were ever so disposed to indulge in it. The plaintiff and the defendant in divorce cases are usually found to be those in middle and higher ranks of what is sometimes falsely called "high society"—society of the champagne, cocktail and cigarette variety, where there is voluminous clatter about the latest scandal. The divorcees, as a rule, have a plentiful pile of Uncle Sam's greenbacks. They comprise business men, professional men, millionaires with a yacht, etc., etc. The poor and the ignorant in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are quite content with one wife and have no longing for the infinite variety sought by those soulless, legalized Mormons of the Republic.

THE VERY LATEST. An account of one of the latest devices to encourage attendance at church comes to us from Brantford. They are called "Up-to-date Features," and are about to be introduced into the Park Baptist Church, of which Rev. Mr. Kelly (O) is pastor. Conveyances will be supplied, on request, to old members who are unable to walk, and the care of young children will be undertaken by the church board, either in the basement of the church or by sending a nurse to their homes. Care of the sick will also be attempted under church supervision, those who are unable to secure the services of a trained nurse being supplied one for a limited time at the church's expense. Oul dear, dear! So these things are called a new departure. Why, bless your soul, Rev. Mr. Kelly, the essentials of your up-to-date scheme have been part and parcel of the Catholic Church for almost two thousand years. You will find in every part of the world institutions established by the Catholic Church whose objects are to solace the sorrowful, to tenderly care for the orphan, to nourish and shelter the aged, to nurse the stricken ones back to healthfulness, to take wayward sisters off the street and give them comfortable homes and direct their thoughts to the Crucified. These are not fitful enterprises that may flourish to-day and decay to-morrow. And the work is done quietly and piously for the love of God. No press despatches are sent forth to glorify the work and the workers in the morning paper at the breakfast table. God help you, Mr. Kelly. When and how did you or your forbears stray from the sheepfold?

A FEW WEEKS ago we published a paragraph stating that the Toronto Saturday Night had printed an interview with Rev. Mr. Knowles, of Galt, and that Rev. Mr. Knowles had declared that such an interview had never taken place. It turns out that it was a joke. Rev. Mr. Knowles, however, did not see it that way. Neither did the editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD. The real culprit is in the Canadian press service. For having misrepresented Saturday Night we express sorrow and apology.

HAILEYBURY EXCITED. A hand bill, printed in Orange color, has been sent us from Haileybury. It tells us that a special address will be delivered in the Orange hall in that place to the Orangemen and Young Britons on Sunday, Oct. 29th, by the Rev. W. Peer, who styles himself the old Baptist pioneer missionary of Temiskaming. The subject of the address, which is rich and rare, we copy exactly: "The Baptist Home Mission Board defrauding Mr. Peer out of \$1500.00 of salary, and Dr. Norton, Superintendent of Baptist Home Missions, with Rev. E. T. Fox, Rev. P. A. McEwen, Rev. Carkner, Rev. Brown, Rev. Coumans, Rev. Cole and other Baptist Ministers in a 'Hole and Corner' Meeting in Haileybury, made a most Jesuitic, Hypocritical effort to murder Mr. Peer as a Minister of the Denomination."

We offer Rev. Mr. Peer, the old Baptist pioneer missionary of Temiskaming, our heartfelt sympathy. No doubt in the world have we but those reverend gentlemen, whose names he has given, are engaged in a Jesuitic plot to capture his \$1500. We trust the outcome of the meeting in the Orange hall will promote his interests. At all events that was a good place to hold the gathering. Warm deliverances from a few grand masters and a refer-

ence to Pope and popery thrown in once in a while as a condiment, would make not only the reverend preachers alluded to shameful and afraid, but would cause the silver in the mines to part from its moorings. We hope Mr. Peer will get his money.

WE PUBLISH elsewhere some information in regard to the Toronto Catholic Debating Union. In the work they have in hand we wish our co-religionists of the Queen City abundant success. Organizations of this kind are amongst the most fruitful auxiliaries of the faith. They promote not only an interest in, and attachment to, the Church, but lay the foundations for a citizenship that counts for much in the hereafter. If boys and young men will fritter away all the golden hours of youth in amusements that leave nothing but a memory of time wasted there is nothing for them but a place on the back benches in the civic life of the community. We may be told that there is no harm in such and such amusements. We are quite willing to admit that such is the case. Neither are such amusements sinful in themselves, but is it not a criminal waste of numberless hours that might better be devoted to storing the mind with intellectual equipment from the best works which would be a splendid asset that would remain with us while we live? All honor to the gentlemen who have this splendid work in hand in Toronto. May every blessing be theirs and may the good work spread abroad over the country.

NEW CHURCH FOR LONDON. With admirable foresight His Lordship the Bishop of London has initiated the work of forming another parish in this city. The north end is growing apace and many Catholic families have lately settled there. This makes it advisable to provide for their spiritual wants. Property at the corner of Maitland and Chesapeake streets has been purchased and in the near future a beginning will be made. The parish has been placed in the care of Rev. J. Handolph, until lately parish priest of Biddeford. As to the success of the undertaking we have no doubt. Father Handolph's work in other places gives us assurance that he has capacity and to spare for even greater undertakings. We wish him abundant success. "Build and build quickly" seems to be the motto of our good Bishop. However, he is but carrying out that splendid system of organization and progress which has characterized his work in Ottawa and Buffalo.

JOSEPH PULTZER publisher of the New York World, died a few days ago. Blind for twenty years, yet he succeeded in making his paper one of the most talked-about publications in the United States. His father was a Hungarian Jew and his mother a Catholic; but no mention is made as to his own belief. The World was known as a yellow paper, its columns teeming with sensationalism and padded accounts of the lowest criminality. There yet remains others of the same stamp in New York. Pity it is, too, that a vitiated public taste gives them an enormous commercial prosperity. We hope Canada will be spared such an affliction.

ELIZABETH WEEKES, a Cleveland heiress, has discovered in a young man, of no particular account and no particular means, her soul-mate. The young man is nineteen years of age and the discoverer of her soul-mate seventeen years. Let there might be any obstacle in the way of their getting married in the United States they hied to Windsor, Ont., where they easily procured a license, and as easily procured a minister to declare them man and wife. All which is respectfully submitted to the consideration of Mr. S. H. Blake, K. C., of Toronto, who, in thundering accents, denounced all and sundry who had to do with the No Temere decree, whose purpose is to do away with scandals of this kind.

THE TORONTO GLOBE says that "when our long suffering neighbors get angry they do things. Two violators of the Pure Food Law in New York have been sent to gaol and a large number have been heavily fined. The offenders included butchers, bakers, grocers, restaurant-keepers, fish dealers and candy sellers." It would seem that in the work of finding and punishing those guilty of fraudulent transactions the Americans have forged far ahead of the Canadians. We are furnished at regular intervals by the Inland Revenue Department reports on the adulteration of food. But there the matter rests, and adulteration goes on.

Beware of the man who listens much and talks little; he is getting your thunder and saving his own lightning.—Scharnel Ivis.

That time is his own employed which we give up to regrets, unless we learn from them lessons for the future.—Duo de Levis.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

PRAY FOR THE DEAD

"Lord my daughter is even now dead, but come lay Thy hands upon her, and she shall live." (Matt. 10: 8)

The ruler of whom we read in to-day's Gospel possessed a great love for his child, otherwise he would not have come to Jesus for aid...

Even under the old dispensation there was, besides heaven and hell, another place for the departed, called Limbo...

These poor and suffering souls in purgatory can do nothing to shorten their time there, or to lessen their suffering; for them the night has come, in which no man can work...

These poor and suffering souls in purgatory can do nothing to shorten their time there, or to lessen their suffering; for them the night has come, in which no man can work...

My dear Christians, would it not be heartless and wrong of you to pay no heed to the supplication of your parents, relatives, friends, not to stretch forth your hand to alleviate their sufferings...

Horse Badly Cut on a Barb Wire Fence

Mr. L. J. Carter of Roslin, Ont., had a horse very badly cut on a barb wire fence in the fetlock. He doted with the best veterinarians in his section for three months, but the wound stubbornly refused to heal...

It is the best guarantee of the continued happiness of the normal, decent man and wife. It is true, of course, that the duty of motherhood does not square with the horrid ambitions of the debased creature who loves their country for its easy divorce laws...

THE MOMENT OF CONSECRATION

Rev. Chas. Coppens, S. J., in The True Voice. No wonder that the golden tongued doctor of the ancient Eastern Church, St. Chrysostom, wrote in his treatise on the priesthood: "During that time angels stand by the priest, the whole order of heavenly powers fervently pray and the sanctuary is full of choirs of angels come to honor Him Who is offered up in sacrifice..."

Methods of Modern Gospellers. While Pastor Russell would deplore the Pope, he would at the same time give himself similar office. Rev. Albert Muntch, S. J., St. Louis University, in the Catholic Fortnightly Review.

PILES

Don't run the risk of Fistula and Cancer long, but let us send you Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Soothing Treatment NOW TO TRY FREE

Just Mail the Coupon To get every sufferer from Piles, Ulcers, Fissures, Protrusion or other Rectal Trouble to try Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Remedy NOW, we will send a regular 3-fold package prepaid to you...



A GROWING EVIL. It is a striking commentary on the Pagan spirit of the times that the following words from the lips of a woman could find place even in a yellow journal: "Mothers cannot afford to rear families, because in the attempt they will lose the affection of their husband, squander their beauty, break their own hearts, and receive no reward for their pains..."

FREE \$1 COUPON. Send for \$1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-fold Treatment to be sent Free on Approval, as explained above, to Name: Address: Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck, P.O. Box 5, Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring you the \$1 Package on Trial.

who, as explained above is merged in Christ during the consecration. Thus St. Philip Neri was several times seen by the faithful present raised above the ground while he said Mass, at other times with rays of glory around his head...

INDIFFERENTISM - THEN WHAT?

We hear a great deal these days about "tearing down the barriers of creed and dogma." Indifferentism in religion is popular among our non-Catholic friends. "One religion is as good as another" is their slogan. Only the other day we heard a representative of the Volunteers of America, (a secession branch of the Salvation Army), declare in a public address: "Be putting up the barriers of creeds and theological opinions! Let us unite!"

It may be all very well for Protestants to talk about uniting, on the last shred of revelation on which they can agree. They have little enough at best. But, we confess, we prefer the man who has religious convictions, however erroneous, and who is not afraid to stand up for his convictions, if necessary. We prefer a sincere and earnest Episcopalian or Lutheran, to a "liberal non-denominational" who has no religious convictions worth mentioning.

METHODS OF MODERN GOSPELERS

While Pastor Russell would deplore the Pope, he would at the same time give himself similar office. Rev. Albert Muntch, S. J., St. Louis University, in the Catholic Fortnightly Review. Pastor C. T. Russell of the Brooklyn Tabernacle is carrying on an active literary propaganda in favor of the books and of the Tract Society whose destinies he directs. His publication People's Pulpit, is distributed gratis all over the land.

A glance at the article in question shows that this criticism is more than justified. For the whole sermon is a report of federation, by the free oldest Church (of which Mr. Russell, no doubt, would be the head and guardian). The opening sentence gives the keynote: "We meet to-day to consider what sacrifices would need to be made in the interests of federation by the three oldest denominations of Christendom."

Before giving Pastor Russell's suggestions as to the methods to be employed by Catholics for falling in line with the new Federated Church, I wish to offer some straightforward testimony as to what church of this kind—made up out of the "dissected membra" of denominations at variance with one another—really is an what sensible people think of it. A year or two ago, had an excellent opportunity to talk to a great many men confined in one of our state reformatories. A kind of "Federated Church" had been inaugurated by the Methodist chaplain for all the prisoners, and attendance at the services meant a better standing with the prison officials. Now from my talks with the men, Catholic and non-Catholic, Jew and Gentile—I learned that the "federated Church" is a big humbug. Most of the prisoners attended to please the wardens and to get "a good mark" and afterwards had huge sport at the "federated" attempts of the chaplain to get them on the road to heaven. The Catholics went there to get out of their cells and perhaps hear the organ, the Protestants ditto, and the Jews ditto. For all they knew that no "Federated Church" had the power or wisdom to meet their various spiritual needs and felt that there was more of the human than of the divine in its foundation. Be it remarked, also, that membership in the Federated Church was denoted by a special button which, we noticed, was conspicuously displayed by those who expected to reap the hundred-fold reward of their church allegiance here below.

And now what must Catholics do to enter and secure heaven in the Federated Church? The preacher of the People's Pulpit is quite specific in telling us what to do. "For Catholics to join the federation would signify the surrender of a great deal, and yet, in the light of the twentieth century, surely much could be surrendered without any sacrifice of manhood—merely with sacrifice of little pride. For the Church at Rome to

Preston Steel Ceilings. You would not think of living in a house with bare floors that couldn't be washed! But do you live in a plaster-ceiled house? You cannot, of course, expect cleanliness in any room ceiled with plaster. But you can in rooms ceiled with Preston Steel Ceilings. Wash it as you would a window. Use powerful antiseptics when necessary. It retains its beauty: it is fire-proof: it cannot crumble nor crack nor harbor germs. And it ENDURES—outlasts the structure itself. Yet, even in first cost, plaster hardly compares with these really modern ceilings that perhaps you don't half-know the advantage of. A word from you outlining your possible needs will bring from us most complete ceiling information. Write today to The Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Ltd., PRESTON, BRIT. BRANCH OFFICE AND FACTORY—MONTREAL, QUE. 35

Well, Well! THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use. I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used DYOLA. CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use. NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Dyeing or from the FREE Color Chart are guaranteed. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

WANTED - A WIFE. I want to hear from some good woman who is tired of doing the washing. I will take the first train and be on hand in time to be doing the next big washing. Will pay all my expenses for four weeks. She is dead sure to fall in love with me when she finds out what I can do. I am the famous 1900 Gravity Washer. I make clothes clean in double-quick time. I'm the greatest invention of the age for doing quick and easy washing. I'm a star performer—the only washer in existence that can wash a tubful of dirty clothes spotless clean in six minutes! Housewives everywhere are delighted with my work. They tell how I save work and worry, banish "blues" and make washday a genuine pleasure. It's almost fun to do a washing with my aid. The 1900 Washer Co. will send me free of charge, I might say, on four weeks trial in your home. Don't send money. Try me first. See the wonders I perform. If you fall in love with me after four weeks' acquaintance, you can pay for me in little easy payments out of the money I save you. Write for fascinating free book on the 1900 Gravity Washer. Tell others about this wonderful offer. All correspondence should be addressed to C. R. B. Bush, The 1900 Washer Co., 337 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Emerald rod and Towel drier—found Only on Pandora. When a knife is dull a Pandora owner never wastes time hunting for a "steel." She just walks over to the emerald rod attachment to Pandora, gives knife six or eight passes over the high-grade emerald, which puts on the keenest kind of an edge. This combined emerald rod and towel drier is a patented attachment you cannot secure on any other range. Just one of the many improvements that go to make Pandora the handiest range you can buy. 14

McClary's Pandora Range. The combined emerald rod and towel drier is a patented attachment you cannot secure on any other range. Just one of the many improvements that go to make Pandora the handiest range you can buy. 14

A Man's Value. North American Life Assurance Company. Home Office Toronto. A sure friend is best known in an adverse state. We know not whom to trust till after trial. There are some that will keep us company while it is clear and fair who will be gone when the clouds gather. That is the only friendship which is stronger than death.

For Policyholders Only. Mutual Life OF CANADA. During the past five years the Mutual Life OF CANADA has earned in profits for its policyholders \$2,262,158. Being 23.43 per cent. of the premiums received for that period. Profits Earned Per Cent. of Premiums Received: 1906 \$325,325 1906 20.9; 1907 \$381,146 1907 21.96; 1908 \$428,082 1908 22.26; 1909 \$501,922 1909 24.49; 1910 \$615,083 1910 27.39. Head Office WATERLOO - ONT.

Compare This Piano With Others. You'll choose the Sherlock-Manning Piano after comparing it, because you will then appreciate its superfine quality. All its goodness—(beauty, power of expression and a wonderfully sweet tone) is built into the Sherlock-Manning Piano to stay. This is the piano with the famous Otto Higel DOUBLE REPEATING ACTION—the piano in which Poehlmann Wire (the best piano wire made) is used exclusively—the piano with Weickert Felt Hammers. Let us explain to you more fully what these add to piano value. Ask us. Don't take our word alone for Sherlock-Manning excellence. See for yourself or write for our latest catalogue. If you cannot visit the factory we will give you the address of a wareroom near your home. If you do not know the Sherlock-Manning dealer near you, write us and we will gladly introduce you to him or we will give you full information by mail direct. You will save money by writing NOW for our catalogue.

Sherlock-Manning Piano & Organ Co'y. LONDON, CANADA. (NO STREET ADDRESS NECESSARY). The Old Reliable CHURCH, Manly Foundry, CHIMNEY, established 1874, BELL'S, School, & OTHERS. The Old Reliable CHURCH, Manly Foundry, CHIMNEY, established 1874, BELL'S, School, & OTHERS.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ONE MAN'S STEADFAST COURAGE

A short time ago hundreds of newspapers printed the story of a man who was relieved of the burden of an unjust suspicion which he had borne for thirty long years. As a young lad he was a registry clerk in a post office. A man came to the office with over \$3,500 which he wished to send by registered package. The clerk advised him against it, and urged him to deposit the money in a bank. The package was made up, properly registered and placed in the mail bag, and from that time all trace of it was lost for thirty years. The man who sent the money was not the least vindictive against him, except that he knew that the money was sent. The postmaster believed him innocent, and did not dismiss him; but suspicion lingered in the minds of many; it was frequently whispered that without doubt the clerk had the money.

The finding of the money after thirty years was the point that was emphasized as the remarkable thing in all the newspaper reports. An old and battered mail bag was sent out for repairs. It had made hundreds of trips, and afterwards perhaps it had remained idle for years in a heap of other old bags. When the workmen cut open the bag in the work of repairing, between the heavy leather linings he found an old Manila envelope containing the \$3,500 which had disappeared so mysteriously thirty years before. The news was instantly telegraphed to the press, and reporters went to interview the registry clerk, now the pastor of a church. They congratulated him on the clearing away of all suspicion, and they brought him to tell again the story of the way the money was lost; but none of them seemed to realize that there was a point in the story more interesting and inspiring than the remarkable way in which the lost money was found. It was the way with which that young man pressed forward in life with the heavy, cruel burden of unjust suspicion resting upon him. Many a young man would have broken down under it, would have given up defeated in the battle of life. Some would have done worse than that; they would have become embittered against society, and would have taken the position that if they were suspected of the crime, they might just as well be guilty; there are criminals to-day, the beginning of whose downfall was in some unjust accusation.

But the young registry clerk was of better material than that. He remained in the post office, and attended quietly and faithfully to his duties; he looked steadily into the faces of those who suspected him of stealing the money; he completed his college and theological education, and was ordained as a clergyman.

He "lived down" the false suspicion just as far as it is possible for a human being to do that by a noble and useful life, yet he was never quite free from it. Here and there he had a glimpse of a serpent in the jungle. But it never made any difference with his purpose in life; he kept steadily onward, though often he suffered in his heart as only those can suffer who despise dishonesty, and yet know that some suppose them guilty of it. And it is this resolute determination to go forward in spite of the burden that constitutes the splendid lesson and inspiration of his life. There are other young men who are under a handicap in the journey of life. It may be an unjust suspicion; it may be some fault of another; it may be one of a dozen other things which cannot possibly be escaped. But none of these handicaps need mean defeat or ruin; they hinder, but they do not overcome those who press forward with undaunted courage and faith. The removal of the burden may come some unexpected way; it may be that, knowing himself to be innocent, he should strive for. The registry clerk would have borne his burden to the end of life if the missing package had not been found. Don't give up. Take up your burden, carry it as well as you can, and do not let it hinder you. Helpfully while you bear it.—J. Mervin Hill.

A KNIGHT'S PRAYER

Who has not heard of the Chevalier Bayard, called the knight "without fear and without reproach"? French history is full of his brave deeds, and when he was killed in battle as he was, fighting the rear guard of the retreating French army, even his enemies regretted his death. Although he was the man that most dreaded to meet in a fight, his honor and chivalry had won the love and admiration of all, and his kindness to prisoners taken in battle was remarkable in that age of brutality.

This knight was as humble as he was brave—and the two qualities are very apt to go together. It is related of him that, knowing himself to be dying, he commanded his soul to God with these words: "I know well that I will remain in the desert for a thousand years and live on bread and water, but I would not give me the right to enter Thy kingdom of Paradise, except Thy great and infinite goodness were pleased to receive me into it; for no creature in this world could merit so high a reward. My Father and my Saviour, I implore Thee not to regard the faults that I have committed, but let Thy great mercy be meted out to me instead of the rigor of Thy justice."

HOW STRUGGLE DEVELOPS CHARACTER

I do not believe it is impossible for a man to put forth the same amount of exertion, to struggle with the same desperation of purpose as when he feels that all outside help has been cut off; that he must stand or fall by his own exertion; that he must make his own way in the world or bear the ignominy of failure.

There is something about the situation of being thrown absolutely upon

one's own resources, with no possibility of outside help, that calls out the greatest and noblest thing in a man; that brings out the last reserve of effort. Just as a mighty emergency, a great fire, or other catastrophe calls out powers which the victim never before dreamed he possessed. Power from somewhere has come to his relief. He feels himself a giant, doing things which were impossible for him just before the emergency. But now his life is in peril. The wretched car in which he is imprisoned may take fire, or he may drown as he clings to the wrecked ship. Something must be done instantly; and, like the invalid mother who sees her child in peril, the power, the force which comes only in sheer desperation, rushes to him, and he feels a strength which he never before felt aiding him to escape.

Men has always remained close to the brute where he has not had to struggle to supply his necessities. Want has ever been the great developer of the race. Necessity has been the spur which has whipped man up from the Hottentot to the highest civilization. Inventors, with pinched, hungry faces of children staring them in the face, have reached into the depths of their being and laid hold of powers which brought miracles. Oh, what has not been achieved under the pressure of want, of stern necessity! We never know what is in us until we are put to the test, until some great crisis unveils the hidden power which lies so deep in our beings that no ordinary occasion can call it out. It responds only in emergencies, in desperation, because we do not know how to reach deep enough in the great within of ourselves to lay hold of it.

ACCOMPLISHING THE "IMPOSSIBLE"

A boy was telling his father of seeing a woodchuck up a tree. His father told him that that was impossible for woodchucks did not climb trees. The boy insisted that a dog got between the woodchuck and his hole and he just had to climb the tree. There was no other way out of it.

We do "impossible" things in life simply because we have to. Self-reliance has been the best substitute for friends, influence, capital, a pedigree, or assistance. It has mastered obstacles, overcome more difficult duties, carried through more enterprises, perfected more inventions than any other human quality.

There is something in human nature which loves the genuine, the true, the man who has an opinion of his own and dares to assert it, who has a creed and dares to live it, who has convictions and dares to stand by them.

There is a power in him holding the conviction that you are in the world for a purpose; that you are there to help; that you have a part to perform which no one else can take for you, because everyone else has his own part to fill in the great life drama. If you do not act your role, there will be something lacking, a want in the production. No one ever amounts to much until he feels this pressure—that was made to accomplish a certain thing in the world. Then life seems to take on a new meaning.—O. S. M., in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"GIVE ME A JOB, BOY"

"I want a job." The head of the electric lighting concern looked up from his desk and saw a gangling boy of seventeen facing him with a look of quiet, respectful determination that carried conviction. "But," he said, "at any position that you could possibly fill, and right now I'm so driven that—"

"I want a job interrupted the boy with an odd smile that didn't detract from the earnest determination of his gaze. "I'll work for six months without a cent of pay."

"Well, that's rather a new one," exclaimed the owner of the lighting plant. "But," he said, "I'll find something to do that will help you. There's always work to be done, and that I'm going to be started in it. It has a great future, and I want to understand it and make it my line."

His eye was kindling with enthusiasm as he looked at the desk opened with another "But"—

He didn't get an inch beyond that depressing qualification, for the boy shot into the sentence with—

"I'll work for nothing, and keep just as careful hours as your foreman or anybody else on your payroll. You've got a good plant, sir, and I see that it's bound to grow a lot in the next few years. Electric lighting has just started, and I'm going to learn it from the ground up. I want a job with you. No pay for six months."

"But I don't see how I can possibly use you," responded the man of the plant, "although I'm bound to say that I like your grit, and I think you are on the right track—and—"

"You just give me the job, sir," cut in the boy, "and I'll find something to do that will help you. There's always work to be done, and that I'm going to be started in it. It has a great future, and I want to understand it and make it my line."

"I look here," suddenly interrupted the man at the desk, "you certainly do have a job. And you're going to get it. I can see that right now. When you first spoke I knew you reminded me of somebody; but I couldn't think who. Now I know, when I was a boy we had a dog that used to go off into the woods and hunt about all day long. If he hunted him up and kept at it till somebody hanted him up and chopped the tree down. You've got a sort of family resemblance to that dog. I'll give you a letter to the superintendent."

"Say, that boy you sent out here's the oddest duck you ever saw. He takes

his job just as hard as if he were drawing profits or his salary instead of working for nothing a week and paying his own car fare.

Why, his aunt died the other day, and he didn't come for two days; but he sent a substitute and paid him out of his own pocket. He's the first man on the job in the morning and the last to leave at night. From the minute he gets here till he leaves he's as busy as a boy at a circus. That boy is certainly struck on his job."

A few weeks later the boy spoke to the man who had given him a job. "A little testing department would save you money," said the boy, "and it wouldn't cost much either. You buy a lot of material, first and last, and I've found out that some of it isn't up to the standard. They're working considerable off on you."

"How much will it cost?" asked the owner of the plant. Instantly the boy drew from his pocket a list of every item needed in the equipment of the testing laboratory. He had it all ready, waiting for the question.

"Get it and go ahead," said the man, after he had glanced over the list. The laboratory was installed, and saved the business a neat sum of money. The day that the boy's period of gratuitous service was up he appeared again at the proprietor's desk and said, "My time is up, sir."

"But you stay," was the quick answer. "And the salary you get is going to cover the unpaid time in which you've been serving me."

And it did. That wasn't so long ago the electric lighting plant grew until it was big enough to be "absorbed." It has been absorbed several times since; but the boy who struck for a job stuck through every change. Each set of absorbing capitalists was waiting to accept the one man who couldn't be spared. They saw that he knew the business as well as he knew his old shoes. They played him for a favorite, and to-day he could buy the man who gave him his first job for a head of a big electric lighting concern, and gets a salary of \$12,000 or \$15,000 a year, besides profits in half a dozen thriving interests.

Any boy who will stand in him to play the game to-day as that boy did it will win out. You couldn't keep him if you buried him under the dead weight of a skyscraper. There are plenty of boys who are waiting to be taken up when it comes to boys who go out and beat the bushes for a job—just a plain job in which they have a chance to make good without regard to pay—there are many such boys.

Nothing can stand against a boy of this kind. The give-me-a-job boy is sure to be distributing jobs all over the place. And generally it comes sooner.—Chicago Tribune.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE

Grandmother always knew just the proper thing for a boy to do, and sometimes she would get her grandsons together, and peering over the tops of her glasses severely, would say to them: "Boys, if you want to be known as little gentlemen remember that the following things should be done:—

"Hat lifted in saying 'Good by' or 'How do you do?'"

"Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or to someone in a public place."

"Keep step with anyone you walk with."

"Always precede a lady upstairs and ask her if you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place."

"Half the fun in most you enter a street door and when you step into a private hall or office."

"Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her."

"In the room is seated, and every lady who enters the room is seated and after you are seated and stand until she takes a seat."

"Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to."

"Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them."

"In the dining room take your seat after the ladies and elders."

"Never play with knife, fork or spoon."

"Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand."

"Eat as fast or as slow as others and finish the course when they do."

"Blow the ladies leave the room and stand till they are out. If all go out together gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass."

"Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smoking of the pipe should be avoided."

"Cover the mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it."

"Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always."

"Always knock at any private room door.—True Voice.

THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE
ROYAL BREAD
THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE
MOST PERFECT MADE

A FRENCH PHYSICIAN'S CONVERSION

Dr. Amieuz, physician-in-chief of the Menier houses, in a letter which has become public, wrote to Marc Sagnier and made known to him the principal motive of his conversion. They are worth being treasured up by the apostles. "My dear friend, I am to be a Catholic. I come to ask for your prayers. I cannot do without the Sacraments. You did well to submit to the authority of our Holy Father the Pope. Had you done otherwise, I would not very likely have become a Catholic now, for I have confidence in you, and you would have ruined my conversion, and this would have been a great loss to me. I have studied the doctrine point by point. I have prayed to God. Our Lord Jesus Christ, and I have also implored the aid of the Blessed Virgin. After an incessant labor, and an effort of religious experimentalism which God alone knows; it is full of faith in all my responsibilities, I want to be a Catholic."

"With the new power that is in me, I believe in the Revelation, in the Trinity, in the Incarnation, in Grace, in the sovereign and inflexible authority of the Pope in matters of faith. I believe in the real presence of Jesus Christ,—born of the Virgin Mary, and risen on the third day,—in the Sacred Host, and in the efficacy of all the Catholic Sacraments."

"The philosophy of Sabatier or Harack or the variations of Protestantism do not satisfy my deep religious needs. It is a duty for me to glory in God for my accession towards, and my possession of the Light, the absolute Truth."

When Dr. Amieuz was writing this beautiful letter, two other great physicians were dying in Paris: the one, who had been a Protestant, was Dr. Raynaud, and the other, who had been a Catholic, was Dr. Sagnier. Both of them had been converted to Catholicism, and their conversion was the result of a long and painful struggle.

When recently the death of Dr. Raynaud was announced, it seems that a point was left in the dark, which deserved before all else, to be put in full light. This illustrious physician, whose lights and various other experiments in psycho-pathology, has lived as a practical Catholic, and has a most Christian death. This shows how impudent are those materialists who declare that the Christian faith is irremediable with the study of psychological manifestations as if science should result in doubt but in confirming solidly established convictions.

Still we were told in the time of Charcot, that from the Salpêtrière would arise the light which would destroy all faith in the supernatural. And now we see that Charcot's successor has died as a believer in the existence of the soul and as a Catholic.—Freeman's Journal.

WHISKEY HOLDS ITS VICTIMS

Until Released by Wonderful Samaria Prescription

Liquor sets up inflammation and irritation of the stomach and weakens the nerves. The steady or periodical (spree) drinker is often forced to drink even against his will by his unnatural physiological condition.

Samaria Prescription stops the craving, steadies the nerves, builds up the general health and makes drink actually distasteful and nauseous. It is tasteless and odorless and can be given with or without the knowledge of the patient.

Thousands of Canadian homes have been saved from misery and disgrace by this wonderful Canadian remedy. The money formerly wasted in drink has restored happiness, home comforts, education and respect to the families formerly in want and despair.

Read the following one of the numerous testimonials received:— "I can never repay you for your remedy. It is worth more than life to me. My husband has been offered liquor see at times but would not touch it. He has had to give up his work. God's great blessing ever rest on you and yours as my prayer ever. No one knows it but those who have tried it. As soon as I can I will see others that I know would give anything to stop their husbands from drink. I will give them your address. M. K.—Dewinton, Alberta.

Now, if you know of any family needing this remedy tell them about it. If you have any friend or relative who has formed or is forming the drink habit, help him by relieving himself from its grip with Samaria Prescription. It is used by physicians and hospitalists.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription with booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free from its grip in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sincerely confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Co., Dept. 11, 49 Colborne St., Toronto, Canada.

Truth is immutable. When the factors are the same there can be no change in the results. This applies to God, the human race and the link that binds them together. Therefore there never has been, and there could not be but one true religion. That religion has not changed since time began. Christ taught no new religion. His mission was not intended to teach, establish or introduce a new religion. Much less did He intend that any antagonism would exist amongst His people? His people. His mission was not to introduce or establish a new religion, but to suffer according to the decrees of His Heavenly Father, to fulfill the promises made to the prophets of the old law and secure for all men their union with God. Hence the futility and absurdity of the prevalent notion that religion must change to suit the spirit of the age and the customs of the nation in which it is preached.

TOO MANY CHURCHES

Our esteemed correspondent, Nom De Plume, who contributed several articles to this journal last May and June, again writes. This time it is not the Trinity, or Faith and Reason, that burdens his conscience, but a surplus of churches. A friend complains to him of being "obliged to contribute to several churches and of being very sore over it." Our correspondent, while agreeing with his friend, is unable to solve the problem or unravel the difficulties presented. We here give the letter in full.

"To the Editor of The Intermountain Catholic: Several days ago a leading business man called at my office and, with some heat, remarked:— 'The business men of this town ought to get together and serve notice on the church people that they must close up all but three or four churches. I am now contributing to several churches and I am getting very sore over so much church business.'

"Very good," I replied; "you are right in principle, but who is to yield the proper city and do the killing? The Roman Catholics will never surrender their faith, so we shall leave the Catholic Church where it is. So much should be said about that. Now, how about that handsome building on the corner of Dufferin and Bank avenue? Your wife, I believe, is a member at that corner. Down the avenue a little way there is another stately edifice, where some of my most devoted clients worship. I should raise my hand against them if I would have a bed in the hospital before sunset. Yes, by all means let us clean out a dozen or more 'churches,' and I hope you may call a public meeting for this purpose. For my part, I am willing to abide by the decision of the majority. When shall you begin operations?"

"I reside in a Protestant community that is sadly over-church-ed; the religious bodies waste energy in salaries, fuel, lights and various other expenses. I do not call in question their sincerity of purpose, but I do doubt their display of common sense. Bryan says something of a man who might be able to add a story to the Tower of Babel, but the genius who can unravel the tangle of Protestant confusion will rank with Christopher Columbus and Sir Isaac Newton as a discoverer. Certainly I do not suppose that Christ ever intended any such antagonism to exist amongst his people."

Sneer it at, or showing the inconsistency of Protestant Christianity does not invalidate the argument against true religion. The true religion is necessarily Catholic for there is only one God, who is always and everywhere the same. The human race is one, and Science has attempted to destroy the unity of the race, or that all have sprung from Adam and Eve. But have their theories materialized into science? Certainly not. The relation between this one human race and one God is always and everywhere the same. Therefore, religion, which is in expression of this relationship, and prescribes the right and duties which arise from it, must be always and everywhere the same, and that same that is, Catholic and universal.

This was written more than half a century ago. If true, then, how much more applicable to-day, when the revealed word is cast aside by professing ministers of the gospel, churches are abandoned and the overwhelming majority of our people professes no faith.—Intermountain Catholic.

BUST AND HIPS
Every woman who attempts to make a dress or skirt want to really fit, should know how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trimming" method, with benefit for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.
"HALL-BORCHERT PERFECT ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORM"
do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and consider the work of dressing like at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to suit different shapes and sizes, bust, neck, shoulders, hips, etc., and is made of light material, very easily adjusted, can be put out of sight, and will last a lifetime. Write for illustrated booklet containing complete line of Dress Forms with prices.
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This coupon when mailed to Maple Foot Dress Co., Dept. 11, 49 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont., will entitle you to a \$1.00 Coupon for the purchase of any of our Dress Forms.
If You Have Rheumatism Sign and Mail This Coupon Today

My unbounded faith in Maple Foot Drains is built on my own personal experience. If you could see the thousands of letters I get telling of cures at every stage in the progress of the most torturing kind of Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc., you would be led to believe. I send you my Drains to speak for themselves. Send my coupon today. You will get a \$1.00 Coupon for the purchase of any of our Dress Forms. Write for my Drains to-day. They are the only Drains that will cure you. I have cured thousands of people. I have cured my own Rheumatism. I have cured my own Sciatica. I have cured my own Neuralgia. I have cured my own Migraine. I have cured my own Headache. I have cured my own Stomachache. I have cured my own Nerve Pain. I have cured my own Back Pain. I have cured my own Hip Pain. I have cured my own Joint Pain. I have cured my own Bone Pain. I have cured my own Muscle Pain. I have cured my own Tendon Pain. I have cured my own Ligament Pain. 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