

The Catholic Record.

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

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THRIFT ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.

Are we mistaken in contending that thrift is being relegated to the domain of the lost arts? We may be, but a survey, however superficial, of our methods of living leads us to believe that attitude is not altogether unjustifiable. We do not refer to the rich, but to the plain people who have to work for a living. They rarely save a dollar. Every cent they earn is given with startling prodigality to dress and amusements. We are not advocating thrift because it means the amassing of money, but because it stands for discipline of mind and heart—for character. The young man who can spend his income judiciously and say, "I can't afford" is a civilized man, while his companion who spends his all with never a thought of the morrow is nearer than he would like to think to an improvident savage. So is the young woman who puts all her earnings on her back.

Years ago our sturdy forefathers had a habit of putting a little by for a rainy day. The poorest among them managed to save enough for burial expenses. They lived in homely fashion—little troubled about making a display; they were good friends and neighbors and parents, blessed always with contented minds. It never occurred to them that because somebody else squandered they should do the same. When they had a few dollars they sank them in the homestead or put them in the stocking for the needs of the future. But their descendants have not inherited this habit and are not inclined to acquire it. They spend every cent they earn on themselves and their children. The little girl is burdened with finery and placed in a fair way of becoming a conceited maiden and a foolish and vanity-driven woman. Her brother aptly the standard of dress set in rich circles and we meet him later on waiting for something to turn up that will not endanger the beauty of his collar and cuffs. The mother, as it oftentimes happens, starts in to cut a wide swath in society, and she succeeds so long as she has the money. But when it disappears through death of the breadwinner she begins to realize that her popularity depends not on her qualities of mind and heart, but on her ability to keep open house and a free lunch counter for her acquaintances. Our readers probably know of some instances of foolish, wasteful wives who drive husbands to drink or to death, and all for the sake of a few fine feathers. Their peace of mind they give for a bubble, and their home is devoid of all elevating and strengthening influence. But if she lives judiciously, what an education in forethought and self-denial will she not be able to give her children! She will teach them the value of the real things of life—the dignity of being and not having. Instead of idle prattle about society and its doings, the children will have a chance to hear something about God and His saints. This is the custom of the women who are the salt of the earth. And it is only when a mother realizes that the sanctity of her friends should never be polluted by the world and its maxims, and is guided by the knowledge that her boys are given her to be prepared to inhabit God's Kingdom for all eternity, that she is in a position to do her duty. The home that fronts the world beyond the spheres is the one that turns out the right kind of men.

ALPHONSUS XIII.

The Madrid correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing in his paper, throws this interesting light on the character of the young King of Spain:

A characteristic little incident occurred on Saturday afternoon in Madrid. It is the custom for the sovereign to go in state with his family, the highest officials of his civil and military households, some grandees and ladies-in-waiting, to the suite which is chanted in the Church Queen Success. Afterwards, followed by a brilliant escort of horse-guards, the whole party drive through the principal streets and the park of Madrid before they return to the palaces. They were doing this last Saturday when suddenly they met the Host which was being carried by a priest to the house of some dying subject of his Catholic Majesty. The King himself gave the order to stop. He uncovered, got out of the carriage, and knelt on both knees in the middle of the street, and in a few seconds his mother and his sisters were all kneeling by his side with the whole of their brilliant suite. Alfonso XIII. placed his own carriage

at the disposal of the priest carrying the Host who, with his chorister boys and assistant bearing the bell, was thus conveyed to the house of the sick man. The King, Queen, and Princesses returned to the palace in another carriage without escort, as the King ordered his guards to accompany the carriage bearing the Host to the house of the sick and to the church.

The ages of Christian chivalry at their best have nothing to surpass this. From such manly action on the part of the young monarch—such manifestation of faith—it is safe to predict that the destinies of Spain are in good hands. In fact Alfonso XIII. has, from the very day of his accession, given his advisers to understand that he is King of Spain.

Recently the death of the Captain General of Madrid left vacant the most important military post in the kingdom. The Council of Ministers presented their candidate for the office, but the King turned their selection down, quietly remarking that he had thought the matter over himself, and that he wanted a general in whom he could place perfect confidence.

Alfonso XIII. will be no pliant tool in the hands of a Masonic Council of State.

THE WAY TO SUCCESS.

It will be admitted that the present Secretary of War of the United States started life tremendously handicapped. Any man with a name like Elihu Root might be pardoned for taking a farm in some backwoods district where he might pass his days unnoticed, and where his name would furnish no more copy to the comic papers than that of the other Reubens and Ezekias in Pumpkinville. One almost feels a personal animus against the elder Root for labelling any son of his with such a forename, as if the patronymic itself were not ill-sounding enough.

But our Elihu did not see matters in that light. He neither took to the woods nor did he apply to Congress for a change of appellation. He started in to study law, and stuck to it with such persistency that he has carried himself and his outlandish syllables to the highest pinnacle of eminence in his profession, among a population of eighty millions. We understand also that he was born poor.

Now all ye young John Smiths and Percy Vere de Veres who complain that the fates are against you, who sigh that you were not born with a bank account or a pull, who dawdle away your time in aimless idleness, take a long hard look at Elihu Root, and pull yourselves together. You cannot all be a Secretary of War, but you can make your name respected, and your influence felt in your present sphere, however modest that may be; and good influence, like oil, is always diffusive. Your sphere will go on growing. But here are the three rules you will have to observe: Be temperate. Be a worker. Be a practical, uncompromising Catholic. And you will not be a nonentity in any community.

LABOR ALWAYS ESSENTIAL TO PROGRESS.

At the meeting of Catholic educators in Chicago, Rev. Father Poland, S. J., pointed out a defect in most courses of teaching, namely, a tendency to eliminate labor on the part of the student. The kindergarten method in the primary schools, he declared, "has succeeded only too well in undermining the mental and moral powers of little children. The child who has been trained in a kindergarten can never learn to disentangle work from the mass of rubbish with which it was allowed to play at first. It has become a positive difficulty to get them to study seriously in the primary schools, and these dispositions they carry with them into the high schools and colleges."

We think the charge of the reverend gentleman is too sweeping. But we take pleasure in quoting the above sentences because they serve to show why we during school-time and afterwards are so ready to ignore the principle that labor is essential to progress of any kind. We understand it in matters pertaining to business, but not when there is question of the development of mental power. We are apt to point to the many branches which the modern boy has to "get up," as proof positive of our advance, and yet this waste of time and dissipation of mind. A student may be a storehouse of facts and be an infant in intellect. He may play a creditable part at "exams" and be far removed from the knowledge that is power. He may even sport an academic title, and be less fitted to do good

work in the world than the lad who has cut his intellectual teeth on the three Rs.

All our school work should tend to give us men who can think and judge. That was the aim of the old schoolmaster who believed in inducing his pupils to exercise their minds, and to look upon study not as an amusement but as work. Furthermore, the autocrat of the school-room had ways and means of making the most obstinate youngster come around to his way of thinking. But he lived in the days before those wonderful disquisitions on the child-mind.

A DANGEROUS PROPAGANDA.

Humanity is Not Ready to Give up its Individuality, Nor Will it Ever Be.

The aggressive war which Bishop Quigley of Buffalo is making against Socialism is one which must commend itself to every thoughtful man. Spreading as it is among non-Catholic laborers, there can be but one conclusion: Unless taken in time and reasoned with before it grows obdurate, it will become the peril of the future.

And if question is asked, why? as often takes place nowadays, the answer must be given, Because Socialism—radical Socialism, at least—is distinctly irreligious. It has been so since its introduction into the country with Robert Owen in 1824. Its poison is spread insidiously. Its most specious claim is that its principles are the same as those of Christianity. Next, it shows hostility to the various Christian denominations; later it attacks Christianity, and finally, one who embraces it finds himself wandering in the twilight of atheism. And still there are those who dare declare it harmless!

It is not only harmful, but rank poison. Whoever drinks of it five years becomes a dangerous revolutionist. It is true that, wherever the occasion does not seem favorable, reform by means of the ballot is talked of; but frequent the councils of the propaganda and you will hear revolution talked of quite freely by the long-initiated. The Catholic Church almost invariably is singled out for abuse by those people, irrespective of the fact that it is the truest friend the workingman has. So drastic are most of those utterances behind closed doors that every now and then you begin to wonder if red-handed revolution will not draw out of its lair to-morrow or next day. Some, day, perhaps, it may.

Suppose even this true, what would be the result? The United States Government is one of the richest and most powerful on earth. The Socialists as a class have nothing except frantic ideas. Suppose five million should revolt. Their revolt would certainly be short lived. They would be shot down in their tracks without mercy. There is no power on earth would care to take their part. Let those who think of accepting Revolutionary Socialism think of this before they do so. Whoever advocates physical force is advocating the murder of his fellow-creatures.

The nonsense of advocating Socialism of any kind, in a republic like ours ought to be apparent at a glance. In order to bring about needed reforms it is not necessary to embrace an irreligious propaganda. After one has exhausted the old parties the populist remains untried. It demands public ownership of public utilities, while condemning the Socialist notion of government ownership of the means of production. Many a man is a populist who imagines himself a Socialist. In any case, he would better stop at the former contention. Humanity is not ready, nor will it ever be, to give up its individuality and its right to the ownership of property, to suit the notions of a set of crazy doctrinaires.

Have never shown any special aptitude in the art of having a business of their own are minding it sensibly. The world has not much use for a propaganda that seeks to thrive, as in Buffalo, by arraigning Christianity.—Pittsburg Observer.

Catholic "News" in the Daily Papers.

The secular papers seem to have a happy faculty of blundering in regard to Catholicity events. The past two weeks have been unusually prolific of bulls on the part of the local press.

The accounts of the exhumation of the venerable Bishop Neumann's remains furnished several examples. Statements were made that at present at the ceremony were sworn to secrecy. Yet every daily published a report of the proceeding, and none were so eager to get details as those that told of the oath of secrecy. Subornation of perjury was evidently considered legitimate. One journal sagely informed its readers that the remains were exhumed to be buried. If so he "could not be canonized." Another told us twice that the remains were placed in a new casket preparatory to being sent to Rome to be canonized.

The terrible cigar factory accident was made the medium of another blunder. The priests went to the hospital to administer the last rites to the dying and to anoint the dead with oil. Then comes this gem in describing the Confirmation at the Italian Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel: "The Cardinal made the Sign of the Cross and Rev. Father Donovan gave the water dipped in holy oil."—Catholic Standard and Times.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSION.

Catholic Standard and Times.

Berlin Falls, N. H., July 14.—Father Sutton, the Passionist, opened a non-Catholic mission on Sunday evening, July 6, lecturing every evening until the 13th. This was the third non-Catholic mission given in this town. Rev. R. Barret having given the first about two years ago. So great was the success of his first efforts that Father Barret returned again after a couple of months but the second mission was not so well attended. Since these missions, however, as a result of Father Barret's work, eleven converts have been received into the Church. As the nights are cool and pleasant in July in this mountain country, Father Mackey, pastor of St. Kieran's, requested Father Sutton to give the mission at this season.

It cannot be said that this third mission was a brilliant success. The non-Catholics did not seem to take much interest in it. Very few questions were asked. Father Sutton announced every night that he had a dozen or more conversions from one person, but they were too low and vulgar to be read in the church, hence he would not answer them. Some of the Catholics were of the opinion that they came from a cheap Yankee who acts as Methodist minister in the town. When Father Barret was here he did the same thing. The Catholics turned out fairly well, but there was room in the church for more of our people had they come. Father Sutton was asked if he could assign a reason why the non-Catholics did not attend in greater numbers, and he answered: "Well, a frost of this kind may come when we least expect it, and like a late frost in spring, we cannot give any reason for it. I presume, however, that the non-Catholics do not wish to hear any more about the Catholic religion, lest they get too much disturbed in their minds. Many of these Yankees have no religion but to dislike Catholics, and they don't want to lose that. What would there be left?"

About twenty non-Catholics attended every evening, and as Father Sutton remarked in closing on Sunday night, "the work is in God's hands and results may obtain where we least expect them. Man is but a feeble instrument. Let us pray that He may give these people the light of faith."

"Is a saloon keeper a good Catholic and sure of heaven if his friends can raise money enough to say Masses for the repose of his soul? And will a good, upright honest, teaching Protestant go to the place pre-arranged for the devil and his angels, because he has no priest to pray for the repose of his soul and no money staked in the Church in his behalf?"

And this again: "Why has the Roman Catholic Church always thirsted for the blood of the thinker?"

"Why do you forbid your people from reading the Bible, when we are told to search the Scriptures, for in them we have eternal life. The Scriptures make wise unto salvation through faith in Jesus Christ."

"Will you kindly tell the faithful of your congregation where in all the world there is a country away from which the faithful are being driven out, why is the Catholic tide all and away to the Protestant countries? Why is the dense ignorance of the masses always in proportion to the influence of the Church?"

"One will notice that this individual has the favorite method—stating a falsehood as the truth, then asking 'Why is it?'"

"Why do you prohibit your people to attend Protestant churches? If there is no truth outside the Catholic Church, how is it that Catholics themselves become good citizens, honest, truthful and intelligent men as they become thoroughly influenced thereby?"

It was, indeed, news to Father Sutton that what made Catholic men good citizens, honest, truthful and intelligent, was the influence of Protestant churches. But he is always willing to learn.

"If Catholicism is so superior to Protestantism, why is it that the average intelligence in any city in New England or anywhere else is so much lower where the Catholic element is dominant than in cities where the Protestant element is dominant?"

"This may be proven by any standard, such as the public school status, the sale of newspapers, etc. The universal testimony is 'More Pope, less progress.'"

"If the Protestants have no ground in the Bible and in reason for their positions, why do you not challenge them to meet you on your own platform that you may thoroughly whip them for their heresies before your large and intelligent congregation? It would pay you; they know nothing!"

"Because," said Father Sutton, "you would not meet them if they did; you are not men enough; you are cowards."

It is a blessing that Father Sutton does not meet many places so uninviting as this, or he might grow discouraged. It takes a strong heart to buffet against such opposition—an opposition inspired more by malice pure and simple than a godly though mistaken zeal to "put down the errors of Rome."

We are not called upon to leap and make ourselves laugh because the day is dark. Tears are good, and silence a blessing. Only we must not let our grief be bitter or selfish, and our dark days must never be days of gloom or complaint.

THE DOWNFALL OF RITUALISM.

Elsewhere will be found 'A Letter to an Episcopalian,' but the subject may be emphasized by a few remarks.

The country at large is familiar with the Protestantism, which at the end of three hundred years has put more than fifty of the seventy-seven millions of population under the pale of all religious organization.

The failure of the Protestant Episcopal body, particularly in the case of the Oxford Theology, is also clear. It started in 1783 with an opposing force of only three millions, and now finds itself confronted by seventy six millions, being composed of a variety of parties, as Bishop Potter puts it, forming a section of the Anglican body that is "without a head to think or a hand to act."

Doctrinally the Episcopalian have proved a failure, and in the general breaking up of the denomination the Ritualists were left by themselves. We now have to chronicle the failure of Ritualism. At the outset Ritualists were tolerably well united and rallied round a scheme of teaching embodied in the "Oxford Theology," gotten up by the Tractarians. By degrees, however, deep differences were developed and "schools" came to be recognized. This has gone on until at last the Ritual party has come to form a miniature Protestantism. Failing to observe the "middle way between Rome and Geneva," leaders are now boldly going over to the recognized Roman faith, completely abandoning the old views defended by Pusey and Keble. In fact, the conditions that prevail in Protestantism at large are now illustrated in the party of Ritual, known as the "Advanced."

Episcopalian have always boasted that their church was "roomy," and now the Ritualist body, if it is left, plumes itself in the possession of this proud distinction. With payment, so to speak, of initiation fees and annual dues, people in general may take up residence within the fold, where it is "think as you please," there being a range of teaching extending from that of Canon (now "Bishop" Gore in Lux Mundi), enjoying a veiled Unitarianism under the form of Kenosis, to the full blown Roman doctrine of the celebrated Rector of Batsford and Morten-in-Marsh, the Rev. Spencer Jones, who is supported by the august name of Lord Halifax, defending Papal Supremacy and Infallibility, with all that pertains thereto.

It is notable that Lux Mundi came out of Pusey House, Oxford, founded to support the system known as Puseyism, thus showing that Puseyism had no anchorage in Catholic ground.

All the while, as the Roman movement progressed, there was a notable weakening among them on the subject of Holy Scripture—a weakening painfully evident to those who have watched Ritual utterances during the last ten years, the disingenuous and cowardice coming fairly to the surface in connection with the Briggs case. In fact, the Ritual party has now developed a "breadth" and "roominess" that fills the "Broad Churchman" with amazement, who is rubbing his eyes, thinking much; wondering and asking, "What occupation is he really engaged in? How did he get into business with narrow views and a small capital. He was ready to take in Geneva, but did not think of cultivating Rome. The Ritualist thus appears to be bidding for popular favor as representing 'the Comprehensive Church.' The base of the Ritualist has now fallen down in ruins around him."

What is the explanation of this collapse of the party that boasted itself "Catholic?" This is given in the "Letter to an Episcopalian," which shows what perhaps few Ritualists would suspect, though Newman told them the truth when he left them—namely, that Ritualism is essentially Protestantism, having the same mental attitude and principle of action based on private judgment, the quicksand of dissent. It was the mental attitudes of Protestantism that framed the thought of the stubborn, rebellious Ritualist mind, and its principle of action has now brought upon it irretrievable disaster. Indeed the end was foretold from the beginning. All the issues of Ritualism have demonstrated its essential Protestant nature, whether it was the case of the Rev. Arthur Tooth incarcerated for rebellion in Carlisle jail, the Rev. "Father" McConachie fighting the Bishops in St. Alban's, Holborn, or the present case in London defying ecclesiastical authority. Their mental attitude and principle are one with those of the redoubtable John Kenosis.

Ritualists put themselves in training for their downfall at the start, and ever since have been warning themselves around the smouldering campfires of the Reformation.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Chinese Apostolate at Our Doors.

On the 10th of May last Father Martin Callaghan, S. S., parish priest of St. Patrick's, Montreal, baptized three Chinamen, a father and a son, and one of the former's employees. They knew how to speak English; were, of course, well instructed, and doubtless enjoyed very much the privilege of passing from paganism into the light and joy of the Christian religion. Father Callaghan informs us that there are many Chinamen living in Montreal who with a little effort could be led to receive instruction. That effort and more will at once be made. His converts just baptized are the first of their race to be made Catholics in the Dominion of Canada.—The Missionary.

AN EVANGELIZING WORK.

Effective Labors of the London Catholic Truth Society.

Some paragraphs of the London Catholic Truth Society's latest annual report are of intense interest to all Catholics. How gratifying, for instance, is the view here presented of the actual and the prospective spread of the most effective portions of the Word of God among the people!

The Penny Gospels continue to be much in demand; 10,000 of each have been issued, and an additional 5,000 of St. Matthew have just been printed. In response to this gratifying reception, we have decided to increase the number of our Scriptural publications. "The Book of Wisdom," edited and annotated by Canon McLartyre, is in the press, and will be issued immediately. "The Acts of the Apostles" is in preparation; and the Rev. Hugh Pope, O. P., to whom we are already indebted for editing the 118th Psalm, which has been published as a penny book, has prepared a selection of fifty Psalms which will be issued at 3d., or bound in cloth at 6d.

THE CHURCH'S CRADLE DAYS.

Among our larger issues, continues the reports, the most important has been the half-crown volume on "The Early History of the Church of God," by the late Bishop of Clifton. This work in its original form was issued by Dr. Brownlow before his conversion to the Catholic Church; the present issue was of course carefully revised by the author, and considerable additions were made from the more recently discovered Christian literature. The work is limited to the period of about one hundred and fifty years from the Ascension; about half is devoted to the lifetime and writings of the Apostles, the remaining part dealing with the more important literary monuments of the sub-apostolic age.

CONVERTING POPULAR FICTION.

The first volume of "The Antidote," edited by Father Gerard, S. J., will shortly be issued. Its object is to bring together from current literature the corrections of misstatements, the exposure of falsehoods, the clearing up of misunderstandings, which from time to time appear in various ephemeral publications. These are often very useful, not only for their immediate purpose, but for future reference; for everyone who has had anything to do with Protestant controversy knows the perennial nature of certain popular fictions. At present no medium exists for bringing the corrections together, and the work has thus to be done over and over again.

OLD WORLD ART WORKERS.

Among the Catholic Truth Society's sets of slides for magic lantern lectures a "special" set has been compiled of the Roman slides, in order that those who wish may be able to give in a single exhibition a fair idea of the Eternal City. A set on the jubilee has also been added to the list. A new and interesting departure has been made by the preparation of about eighty slides, illustrating Italian religious art. This is clearly as much within the aims and objects of the society as the views of great cities, Rome and elsewhere, on which much Catholic interest is centered. The slides on Catholic Italian art are of excellent quality; suitable lectures to accompany them are in preparation, and it is expected that they will prove to be among the most attractive of the society's collection. Already, during the past winter, Mrs. Crawford has visited several convents and high schools, and has in some of them delivered the full course of five lectures. The result has been the awakening of an interest in art among the elder pupils, to whom mainly the lectures were directed; and it is hoped that a like effect may be produced through these lantern exhibitions on the general body of Catholics.

STRENGTHEN THE SINEWS!

The Catholic Truth Society has received many additions to its membership during the year, but these are almost counterbalanced by losses through death. It is felt that the number of members might be considerably augmented if those who are interested in the work would send leaflets to their friends. A systematically promoted Catholic faith is misperceived; it would seem that Catholics might do more than they are doing to set before their fellow-countrymen the truth about the religion they profess. The special fund set apart for the free distribution of our smaller publications has never received the support to which it is fairly entitled. How many of our young people are slackening in their attention to their religious duties! How many are almost fallen away altogether! Here, in this work so near to the Saviour's Heart, is where a little alms would greatly aid Him "to destroy the works of the devil," and would richly elicit His converting grace.

Let Catholic clergy and Catholic laymen go hand in hand to war against every vice that tends to destroy the purity and sanctity of the home.

ESPIRITU SANTO

By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Suddenly God took me."—Browning. In spite of his great improvement, Maxine remained delicate, and the physician strongly recommended country life and sea-air.

But before they started for Genoa, Teodoro had his word to say. It was time that his claim to the gentle young girl was headed. For almost a year he had been patient, that she might fulfil her duties to her parents, but now they must listen to him and to the need that his young life had of her.

In the interval between Easter and Whitsuntide, Teodoro was to sing in a short season at Covent Garden, then he would join Adriano at Genoa and be near his little betrothed, so that he could carry on a happy courtship until the wedding-day.

"Do you remember the promise you made me then?" "Of course, I remember it, my Theodore, but you must not speak in such a gloomy way. That was a long separation of five years, with everything uncertain between us. This parting is only for five or six weeks, and everything is settled. We belong to each other forever now, and nothing can really separate us."

"I am not gloomy," he said. "I only wanted to remind you that the promise was to hold good for all our lives. The nearer we are to each other the more painful the separation of death would be. Sometimes it is well to dwell on such thoughts, for fear we should forget that this life is not all. But when we can think of an eternity together in heaven, then not even death will seem like a separation."

Teodoro's triumphs of the winter were repeated in London, where he alternated with Lennartsen in the leading tenor roles. But though rarely alone a moment he was always in a certain sense lonely. Espirito, Adriano, they were his world, his all; his heart yearned for them, and without them his life seemed empty. A thousand times he was tempted to give up the season, to fly to them from all the glory and applause and brilliancy that surrounded him, but he restrained himself. Week was the natural vocation of man; he must be a man and not yield to the weak pleadings of his heart. But it was with a sigh of relief that he saw the season come to an end, and with indifference, nay, impatience, submitted to the ovations with his farewell appearances closed. Even then his work was not over. Every pressure had been brought to bear to induce him to sing in a short supplementary season at Milan. He had persistently refused, for it would shorten the two weeks of courtship that he expected to pass so happily at Genoa. It was now six weeks since he had seen Espirito, and nearly six months since he had seen Adriano. What was a life more glory or a little extra money to him? But both the brother and the bride wrote, urging him to accept. "I shall be so busy, you would only be in my way!" wrote his little betrothed, gaily; "and after that you shall have plenty of time to grow tired of each other." "You have never sung in Italy, your father-land," wrote Adriano, "and the mother-country of song. It seems hard now to sacrifice the few days, but the little sacrifice is due both to art and to patriotism."

With a heavy heart, Teodoro accepted the engagement. He would and the Tuesday before Pentecost. He felt tired of the glare of electric lights, tired of the never-ceasing clamor of crowded audiences, tired of powder and paint and endless making-up. He sighed for a breath of pure mountain air, for the solitude of nature among the lonely hills of his beloved Apennines. As when they reached the spur of those picturesque mountains, and take a short walking-tour of three days

through the Pistoiese Alps, joining Bindo at the Baths of Lucca on Saturday morning and going on with the family to Genoa that same day. He could thus spend the feast of Pentecost with Espirito, and the following day would be their wedding-day. Adriano had arrived in Genoa direct from Algiers early in May. He felt that this city would probably be his headquarters for the near future. It was the home of Federici, and the great composer was anxious to secure his collaboration in the opera of "Imogen." He therefore established himself in a modest apartment in one of the smaller hotels with his valet, surrounding himself with his books and music. As his voice, the source of his income, had failed him, he felt comparatively a poor man, and had broken up his Paris establishment and sold his horses and furniture. He missed greatly his horses, but after all, what could be more beautiful of more to him than long walks over the olive-crowned cliffs environing the queenly city, or rowing on the stately bay?

One of his first cares had been to re-appoint himself for active service with the Confraternity of Mercy of the city. The pious laymen who form this society, go about in their errands of charity disguised by long, black dominoes, completely hiding face and figure, and thus unrecognized, humbly refrain from letting the left hand know the good works of the right. To give relief to the injured or bear them on litters to the hospitals, to do the most arduous and to bury the dead, these are the works that occupy them as they go on their rounds, always two together, chiefly among the poor and forsaken. Adriano was detailed with another Brother to attend sick-calls every alternate morning in the suburbs lying towards Pegli. He was rapidly recovering his strength in the bracing sea-air. With his mornings devoted to works of charity, his afternoons to recreation on the water or walks over the hills, and his evenings to revising the libretto of "Imogen," on which he was now at work, he was enabled to struggle with more or less success against the temptations to melancholy arising from his weakened physical condition, the disappointment of all his human ambitions, and the blighting of the tenderest hopes of his heart.

He had special need of occupation as the day drew nearer for Teodoro's wedding, and he needed the hour must soon come when he should meet Lady Ainsworth again. During the first month after his arrival in Genoa, Adriano had frequently found his way to the cottage where Espirito was established with her stepmother and her little brother. He had tenderly enjoyed the sweet companionship, and together they had triumphed in Teodoro's triumphs and consoled each other in his absence. Intimate as he was with the D'Usseglio family, Adriano could not fail on these occasions to stop at the villa where Gentile and Peppina, unconscious of any embarrassment, received him with the lightest cordiality, and introduced him proudly to the infant son and heir, the tiny Luigi. The Marchioness of Palafox, in the full enjoyment of her new character of grandmother, was considerate and kindness itself to Darvetti. But now Lady Ainsworth had arrived there with the younger boys, and the sweep of companionship, and together they had triumphed in Teodoro's triumphs and consoled each other in his absence. Intimate as he was with the D'Usseglio family, Adriano could not fail on these occasions to stop at the villa where Gentile and Peppina, unconscious of any embarrassment, received him with the lightest cordiality, and introduced him proudly to the infant son and heir, the tiny Luigi. The Marchioness of Palafox, in the full enjoyment of her new character of grandmother, was considerate and kindness itself to Darvetti. But now Lady Ainsworth had arrived there with the younger boys, and the sweep of companionship, and together they had triumphed in Teodoro's triumphs and consoled each other in his absence.

It was now within three days of the wedding, the Friday morning before the vigil of Pentecost. A joyous letter from Teodoro, in the best of health and spirits, had reached Adriano, and he was to go to the meeting that must inevitably come, sooner or later. "I am on my way on foot into the heart of the Pistoiese Alps, where he would be beyond the reach of letters or telegrams, but that he expected to arrive at San Marcello Friday night, and would start at dawn to drive to the Baths of Lucca, and join Bindo and Elena on their way to Genoa. Would Adriano have rooms ready for him by Saturday evening at the latest? Giving full directions to Simone, the new valet, for the necessary preparations, Adriano started out, while it was yet early, to go on his round of duties with his companion in the band of the Misericordia. As he slipped on the black domino over his dress he half sighed. With Teodi's arrival on the morrow he must perform leave his retirement, and before he donned his disguise again the wedding would be over, and with it that unavoidable meeting, with all that it entailed to him of bitter recollection and disappointment. On joining his companion at the rendezvous, he found that their first sick-call would bring them into the immediate neighborhood of the Villa Usseglio. What matter? Even if he met some of the family he would not be recognized under his disguising dress. Together they wandered on, gradually ascending the gray cliffs that reared their lofty, olive-crowned heads so boldly above the glittering expanse of waters. The companions bore a litter with them, for they were to carry an injured laborer to the hospital. They had not yet reached their destination when cries of distress met their ear. A young peasant girl had caught sight of the Brothers in their weird dress, and was signalling to them wildly. They caught up the litter and ran to the spot.

"The young lady has fallen on the rocks," she sobbed, wringing her hands helplessly, "and we cannot bring her to the little child had slipped, and she was trying to save him from falling when she slipped herself and is lying there unconscious."

They followed quickly as she led the way. Down among the broken stones at the foot of the rocks knelt Lady Ainsworth, as pale as death, trying to comfort the bruised and frightened child at her side, and at the same time laboring to restore some sign of life to the inanimate form stretched at her feet. She had sent the child's young peasant attendant in search of help, and the minutes seemed hours till her return. With a cry of relief, Margara saw the forms of two of the noble band of Mercy approaching. If ever there were angels of help and charity on earth it was these devoted laymen, who, under their quaint disguise, went about doing good.

She rose, the crying child clinging to her. The taller of the two dominos seemed to start at sight of her, and rushing forward fell on his knees by the side of the unconscious figure lying across the stones. "Espirito!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my God! Espirito!" There was no further disguise from Margara. The tones of that manly voice would have struck their note of recognition in her heart had she heard them in farthest desert land or unknown as she knelt by his side that, whatever happened, all would be well. The companions applied skillfully such simple restoratives as they carried with them, and had the satisfaction of seeing the eyelids quiver slightly and a smile pass over the sweet lips. These signs were no longer broken, what injury there was must be internal. They lifted her tenderly on to the litter, and bore her gently and swiftly towards her home, Lady Ainsworth following with the child in her arms.

The alarm was quickly given, and help was soon at hand. Leontine sobbed over her boy and rejoiced to find him without serious hurt. Disdier and Lady Ainsworth were by Espirito's side, and in a few moments Peppina and the Marchioness of Palafox had come hurriedly down from the villa. Adriano remained to give what help he could till his companion returned with the surgeon, and then both Brothers and he no longer hesitated to do their best, and to know if their services were further desired. It was even as Adriano feared. The injuries were internal, the physician said and the force of the concussion had affected both spine and brain. The lower limbs were wholly paralyzed, and he no hope of saving the fair young life. There were plenty of loving hands to nurse her, and there was no further aid that the Brothers could render. They picked up the litter and were moving off. Lady Ainsworth sprang after them.

"You will telegraph at once for Teodoro, will you not?" she asked of the tall dominos. "Pray take my carriage, which is at the door, and drive immediately to the office." "I fear, Lady Ainsworth, that a telegram would not reach him as soon as we could wish. The line goes no farther than San Marcello, and he is not likely to be at the office at all. I should almost have time to reach there by train and break the news to the poor boy myself, which is better than the shock of a telegram."

"The southern express leaves Genoa in half an hour," she cried, eagerly. "You will just have time to catch it if you take my carriage and the driver at once. Is there anything we can offer you for the journey?" "The other Brother made a slight sign. Adriano stood rigidly still for a moment, then he said, in a low, strained voice: "I cannot go at present, I am still on duty."

"Theodore must be reached immediately, there is no time to lose. Another train would bring you there too late." "I cannot go," he repeated hoarsely. "I am on duty for two hours more. We are on our way to carry a poor laboring man to the hospital."

To her excited mind it seemed that he did not realize the situation. That he could have his idolized brother brought through the shock of a telegram, when he might be at his support and comfort him, was not to be believed. "Count Darvetti," she exclaimed, "you do not seem to realize what your catching this train will mean to Teodoro!"

He turned fully towards her. "Do I realize it?" he cried, slowly, and there was no mistaking the anguish in his voice. "Lady Ainsworth, I appeal to you! Help me to do my duty, and leave Teodoro in the hands of the God of all consolation!"

The tears rushed blindly to her eyes. She seemed to remember the story of a boy who had left his adopted father dying on the field of battle to carry a message of succor to those in danger. The boy was father to the man. She took his hands and raised them humbly to her lips. "Do what is your duty and God will do the rest," she murmured; "and may He help me, who am so much weaker, who have so much less faith than you!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

A NON-CATHOLIC TRIBUTE TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Sacred Heart Review.

As next Friday is the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the August Lady Day, we have thought it opportune to quote at this juncture a non-Catholic tribute to the Mother of our Divine Lord, taken from an address made by Miss Lucy H. M. Soulsby before a meeting of the Teachers' Association connected with the Girls' Friendly Society, in England. These signs of devotion to her are good signs of the coming day, whose dawn we trust we see, when all Christians will be one in Catholic faith and practice. The words, thus spoken to a society of English teachers, were intended to carry their thoughts "to the Handmaid of the Lord," in whom womanhood was lifted to its highest point.

The speaker remarked, in beginning, that the Blessed Virgin's type of goodness was not the easiest at present, and perhaps not the most popular; because seeking virtues, like honor, courage, generosity, come more readily to our mere human nature, and do not require much self-mastery. But for women of to-day in order that the qualities of "emility, obedience, courtesy, refinement, and gentle breeding in trifles" may abound in her, she will need self-control, constant recollection; above all, a constant endeavor after "the practice of the Presence of God."

"If a girl or woman," said the speaker, "is brave and honorable, but rather noisy and unrestrained, it means that the animal nature, which is born strong in all of us, is still unconquered by the spiritual nature, which is born in us at our baptism, and which is a spark of grace, weak at first, but let us hope, growing stronger day by day. Let such an one rouse herself to love the highest; let her open her eyes to the glory and beauty of her who was found worthy to be the Mother of Our Lord."

"See what crude, harsh colors are the merely natural virtues compared to the harmonious beauty of the holiness of His Handmaid. The loving humility of women like the Mother of Our Lord is a deeper, more lasting power for good than the more active virtues which come to the front, and are so much easier to attain."

"Think of the old legend about St. John, the Eagle, the most fiery of all the apostles—eager to call down fire on His Lord's enemies—eager to get a first place in His Lord's kingdom. This Son of Thunder became the Apostle of Love—the old man whose one thought was to make his children love one another. And the legend says that it came from his living with the Virgin Mary after Our Lord's death."

"We never hear of anything she did—doubtless she pondered many things in her heart, and was, to her life's end, the Handmaid of the Lord. Yet, doubtless, also she seemed to herself to have done little for her Son, compared with St. Peter or St. Paul. A very beautiful and humble heart, gentle, pure and meekness was, all the time, doing a greater work than theirs, and moulding St. John to do his . . . work of understanding and revealing Him Who is Love. We shall never realize, till we get to heaven, what a pure and beautiful heart she had. It is a gift of God. Gentleness and humility like hers are the only true strength, the only lasting power, of any woman."

"We each of us approach the Crown of Womanhood in proportion as we approach, in however distant measure, to the Blessed Virgin, and we fall below it, in proportion as our character are discordant with hers. She alone, among women, is the universal type, the model for each, she alone is 'pure womanly.'"

The speaker proceeded to give, as an example of "one who most nearly resembles her (Our Lady) in being a universal type of womanhood," the Catholic Dante's beloved and beautiful Beatrice, that "a lady of all gentle memories," of whom it is recorded that when she "saw drew near unto any man, truth and simplicity entered into his heart."

"Not she herself alone was holier than all; but hers, through her, were raised above."

"Happiness and hope by speech of hers. Into the mind were brought."

"Even as an angel. Blessed by merely seeing God. Such power dwell over her that she is one."

"Perfect woman," continued the lecturer, "is a gift of God, and God's best gifts are all graces, i. e., they can be won by prayer and effort. Hence it is a duty to win them; and to remain without them is a sin of omission, not an injustice of fate!" She concluded with the assertion that our girls are to be taught so to restrain self, and so to transmute all hardness and selfishness into gentleness and loving kindness, that they will become like

The Heroism of Missionaries

There is much heroism of the most apparent sort where missionaries single-handed face with mobs of savage people and quell them by their presence, as in Armenia during the last seven years. Not infrequently they have been overcome by the savage multitudes, as in China during the last two years. But perhaps the highest heroism has been displayed at times of pestilence, scourge and plague, when the people die by thousands and only the missionary is at hand to give counsel and help. There is no doubt that it requires more heroism to face a pestilence than it does to meet a mob. In one case the blood boils and the heart is nerved by the attendant excitement, while in the other case there is only silent despair on all sides lurking in the darkness ready to strike in the back whenever it will. Every year missionaries not a few fall victims to the smallpox, cholera, or plague, yet whoever heard of missionaries running away from it?—June Woman's Home Companion.

Two Cardinal Truths.

A person might as well say that it did not matter what sort of companions he associated, as to claim that it does not matter what sort of papers he reads. The papers that print reports of crimes, foul advertisements and editorials promoting false principles, cannot fail to injure their readers. Better read no papers than bad papers.—Catholic Columbian.

Protecting the Children.

The women of New Orleans are taking up the matter of child labor, and several have volunteered to act as inspectors of the cotton mills and cigar factories of the city, where, it is said, the law is persistently violated. The law of the State prohibits the employment of girls under fourteen and boys under twelve in any factory, warehouse or workshop where the manufacture of any goods whatever is carried on or where any goods are prepared for manufacture. Notwithstanding this a little girl of ten was injured in a recent panic in a factory, proving that the law is not strictly observed.

Always Speak Kindly.

Many a friendship, long, loyal and self-sacrificing, rested at first on no thicker foundation than a kind word. Two men were not likely to be friends. Perhaps each of them regarded the other with something of a distrust. They had possibly been set against each other by the circulation of gossip. Or they had been looked upon as rivals, and the success of one was regarded as incompatible with the success of the other. But a kind word, perhaps a mere report of a kind word, has been enough to be the commencement of an enduring friendship.—Father Faber.

Better Than Sight or Feeling.

Because the fog is so heavy at times that we cannot see the mountains, we do not come to the conclusion that they have vanished. Because the subbeans fail to pierce the heavy clouds, we do not begin to fear that the sun has stopped shining. Is it not strange that we ever lose faith in God's love and kindness, just because clouds of trouble come between us and Him? Though we cannot see the proofs of His protection just at this time, have we not seen them many times before? And we know that He is as unchanging as the everlasting hills. We may not feel the warmth of His loving approval, but we know that clouds of anxiety cannot long hide Him from us. By and by the fog will lift and the clouds will scatter. In the meantime let us be happy in trusting Him. Sight and feeling bring joys of their own, but faith is more blessed still.

Happiness Through Affliction.

I have seen a human life crushed by a disappointment or by a bereavement or by some heart sorrow worse than death. It seemed as though all the light had gone out of it—a black night and gloom. And yet at a time when the stars came out, and when the soul had become accustomed to the new environment there was a peace, a calm resignation which yielded no small degree of actual happiness. The narrow circle gave more than the larger circle of other days, and the burdened life had flowers in it which do not blossom in soil which is rich with excitement and pleasure. Many a man has learned what life means through affliction, and I sometimes think that our sorrows are the best part of us. The man who has his own way has a very poor way, and the man who is led by God is on the road to heaven.—George H. Hepworth.

The Life of Christ.

The grandest and more inspiring thought with which we come in contact in the study of the life of Jesus Christ is the lofty ideals He constantly holds before us. In our quest for good we are to seek a kingdom and even the kingdom of God. All the lower, baser elements of our nature are to be brought under the dominating, transfiguring power of love. The standard or model of perfection held out before us is even the "Father in Heaven." Motives of the highest, noblest character are brought to bear upon us to incite to holy living. No person can strive to realize such ideals without experiencing a divine uplift that results in being blessed with all spiritual blessings in the heavenliest of Christ.

Father Elliot's Life of Christ—price \$1.00—for sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD office.

The Growth of Irreverence.

The New Century deprecates what it calls "a collapse of reverence" among Catholics. "We Catholics," submits our esteemed Washington contemporary, "have much to answer for in the little irreverencies that creep into our life. The symbolism of the Church is a sealed book to us. Its exquisite poetry—the garnered results of centuries of usage—its tender appeal—which Cardinal Newman found so poignant—is lost on us. We forget the meaning of the Sign of the Cross and the sublime fact that it typifies. We mumble over the Rosary and make of our genuflection gymnastic exercises. Our conduct at Mass is frequently unseemly; in the national psalm to material things that we perpetually send up we forget that mere brightness is not greatness, and that no statistical splendor is an indication of the true condition of Catholicity."

"But perhaps our conduct is most reprehensible at weddings. Not only do we seem to lose sight of the sacred character of the edifice, but we hood our eyes to the real significance of the marriage ceremony, of our wedding is growing year by year; the sense of sacredness has, at least to the eye of the observer, vanished. The spectacle of a host of young people, of both sexes, standing upon the pews and chatting carelessly is enough to disillusion the most sanguine believer in the triumph of the democratic idea applied to ecclesiastical functions."

The Moral Poison of Yellow Journalism.

The rage for sensations and suggestive illustrations in the daily press is bad for the newspapers and the public. There is an incredible amount of wickedness in certain newspapers and periodicals of the present day. Many of the journals which are scattered broadcast over the country seem to have for their sole object to pervert the minds and the hearts of men, and they are daily filled with misrepresentations, and calumnies, and falsehoods against our holy religion, and with everything that is calculated to stir up the worst passions in the soul. Such literature should not be tolerated for a moment in any Catholic household, but should be thrown into the fire. There is no death of good newspapers, and the same should be allowed into the family.—"Sacerdos," in American Herald.

The Hiring Fleet.

An idea of the sad fate which would be left a certain class of unfortunate, if the religious orders of the Catholic Church ceased to exist, has just been strikingly shown in the ultra Protestant town of Zaandam, North Holland, writes Rev. J. Van Der Heyden to the Catholic Sentinel. A number of patients taken down with contagious diseases having been brought to the city hospitals, the lay nurses went on a strike, refusing to attend to these stricken ones. The Mayor, after vainly attempting to secure the services of more willing mercenarics, telegraphed, as a last resort, to the Brothers of St. John of God, at Amsterdam. Two hours later two brothers arrived at Zaandam, and they entered at once upon their duties, taking full charge of all the departments, on conditions that Sisters would be secured to attend the female patients. The Mayor started off for Amsterdam to engage a corps of trained hospital Sisters. He was as successful in this second appeal as in the first. And now the good Calvinists of Zaandam feel, if they never did before, that there is something in the Catholic religion which Calvin, when he started to improve upon the Church founded by Christ, left out, to the detriment and shame of his present day followers.

The "New Woman" is Passing.

Baltimore, June 2.—In the course of a sermon last week at the closing exercises of the golden jubilee of Mount de Sales Academy, Bishop P. J. Donahue, of Wheeling, stated that the "new woman" is passing and that there are evidences of change in the masculine ideal of womanhood. "The ideal of the world vary," said the Bishop. "Like the compass, they seldom point exactly true." "For the last quarter of the nineteenth century a somewhat masculine ideal of womanhood obtained. Upon the threshold of this century, however, there are evidences that we are becoming weary of the steady, unshorn, short-skirted, mannish, muscular maiden. The 'new woman' is becoming wrinkled and old. She is passing. Mankind is slowly veering round to the bashful, blooming, dildid, changing maiden as affording greater opportunities for his lordly protection and care. The suspicion dawns upon the sterner sex that puff, lawn tennies, tanned shoes and a complexion still more tanned are not the whole law and the prophets. They are beginning to dislike a mannish woman only a little less than a womanish man. They want more of the home atmosphere and less of the race track and the platform. Without knowing it, perhaps, they are returning to the good, old-fashioned, pure, womanly ideals of women. This is your opportunity! Seize it and prosperity is yours and a mighty influence on the coming generations!"

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

That all Things are to be Referred to God as our Last End. My son, I must be thy chief and last end, if thou desirest to be truly happy. By this intention shall thy affection be purified, which too often is irregularly bent upon thyself and things created. For, if in any things thou seekest thyself, thou presently faintest away within thyself and growest dry. Refer therefore all things principally to me, for it is I that have given thee these all. Consider everything as flowing from the Sovereign Good; and therefore they must all be returned to me as to their origin. Out of Me both little and great, rich and poor as out of living fountain, draw living water; and they who freely and willingly serve me, shall receive grace for grace. But he who would glory in anything else besides Me, or delight in any good as his own, shall not be established in many ways shall meet with perplexities and anguish. Therefore thou must not ascribe anything good to thyself, nor attribute virtue to any man; but give all to God, without whom man is nothing.

FIVE LITTLE MINUTES.

FIVE LITTLE MINUTES are all the time Perry Davis' Painkiller needs to stop a stomachache, even when it is sharp enough to make a strong man groan. Don't be fooled by imitations. Beware.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as HIGGINS' Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many who were supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

DR. J. D. KALOGOS' DYSENTERY CORDIAL.

The superiority of Mother Grove's Warm Extremities is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial. Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, and in fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and in many persons are debarred from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain. Dr. J. D. Kalogos' Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water, cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

"Now," said umphant tone, sweep of her a Eleanor Lee, that would you see greens and purple clouds! "They clouds!" The two girls their bicycles elevation of the country hand the hills, green mountain heather, rose elevation; on a rocky coast that the restles Eleanor Lee, she years older and the strain a istic life made she really was spend her short land at her c treaty. Despi years, and also warm friendship two, though t Protestant town finding employ various illust Eleanor's influ "Yes," the la try is very be don't they for Hester looked "I think no walk down the rough." "Rather!" "Well, rough and after a "I can scarce since I was he Monte Carlo f "I know." "Poor Li grew a little o brother. I th London wareh table, and the "Yes, dear before heard brother, but others how business jour try his luck town; how I own money bu get by taking heard, too, th his beside words and clo "It was d hate the nam for a long tim "Yes. "The was clamor fro "Why it i shall be den "Are the ore asked. "Not one There is an c away; I thi can take she "Ten or tw two to Moun disuse, being sions a pla was partially it as the rail tormentor. "Well, w ter," Heste Eleanor! "I have church before avoid enteri "Oh, you Hester lau haven't w Eleanor—" "I supp bringing," don't think I like to s practice of may be." "And I one's relig ones," H womanish e "I wish rather sad sion—" Nev "Blessed I ligions, I "Well, "Nev small bu place seem "Mass of a femer A new ch so away." "And Eleanor p outside the Bless of art pos has been e erection of was worn lately gasted came then "No, n a statue o Madonnas on that p spoke in "If yo a man's stranger's pleasant rain was his long "Like "I have One need climate curate o "And Hester what mi She poi in the st "You piper qu

ANSWERED.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"Now," said Hester Deane in a triumphant tone, and with an extensive sweep of her arm—"now confess, Eleanor Lee, that I have not exaggerated the beauties of Ireland! Where would you see such coloring, such greens and purples? And look at the clouds! They are distinctly Irish clouds. The two girls had dismounted from their bicycles and stood on a slight elevation that commanded a fair view of the country around. On the right hand the hills, covered with the tender green mountain grasses and patches of heather, rose to a considerable elevation; on the left was the bold rocky coast, that is so characteristic of the West of Ireland, and beyond that the restless Atlantic. Eleanor Lee laughed. She was some years older than her companion, and the strain and worry of a journalistic life made her look less young than she really was. She had consented to spend her short annual holiday in Ireland at her companion's urgent entreaty. Despite their difference in years, and also in disposition, a very warm friendship existed between the two, though Hester Deane never guessed how much of her success in finding employment as an artist on various illustrated papers was due to Eleanor's influence. "Yes," the latter assented, "the country is very beautiful; but the clouds. Don't they foretell rain?" Hester looked up at the sky. "I think not, and we may as well walk down this hill. It is rather rough."

words: "I leave Michael to your care, Mother Bridget Joyce." "What do they mean?" Hester asked, bending forward to examine curiously the slip of paper in the priest's hand. The priest before answering, drew forward a rough bench. "Will you not sit down?" he said courteously; "the shower promises to be a rather lengthy one." "Thank you," Hester said. She had constituted herself spokeswoman, and Eleanor, naturally shy, and always distrustful of anything Catholic allowed her to do so. "To me," the priest began, "Bridget Joyce's simple faith and confidence is most touching. She was a poor peasant woman who had suffered much. Her husband had been evicted from his farm, and died from exposure to cold. Her one son, the Michael spoken of here,"—Father Greer touched the paper—"was rather wild, I am told. No one said there was much harm in the lad. He was a bit unsettled and very impulsive. Well, on one of his hunting-poaching, perhaps, I should say—expeditions, the son of the landlord who had evicted his father had him arrested, and Michael was sent to jail for three months. On his liberation he made use of many threats against Captain Deverill."

tary's willingness to give all the help and assistance possible, it was some considerable time before Michael Joyce was again a free man. Ere he was so, the police, started on a fresh track by Hester's photograph, and various items of news that had leaked out concerning Captain Deverill's life in his regiment, had managed to accumulate sufficient evidence to fix the guilt on a young soldier whom the captain had treated with considerable severity. The man had been dismissed from the service and had been seen in the vicinity at the time of the murder. When charged with the crime he had at once admitted it; and informed his accusers that his trial would take place before no earthly tribunal, for he was dying. Hester Deane found herself quite a notable person on her return to London, and very much enjoyed telling the story in which she was so prominent a figure. Lately she ends it with: "And would you believe it? Eleanor Lee—a most intense bigot I always told her she was—is now a Catholic. Religious! Oh, yes, she was religious in a stern, severe way of her own at times. Never and I have become a Roman wouldn't have been wonderful. But it was wonderful, you know, that poor old peasant woman's confidence in the Madonna, and the return made for that confidence! And I—oh, time will tell if I am to go over to Rome!" Eleanor Lee prays and hopes hopefully that her friend may do so.—Catholic World.

Father Power's Scheme. The following news paragraph from Edinburgh, Scotland, brings evidence of a new departure in modern missionary methods: Rev. Father Power, S. J., has again resumed his open air meetings in the Grassmarket on the Friday evenings. Friday night, shortly after 7 o'clock, his commanding figure might be observed hurrying down the West Port towards the Grassmarket. He gave an occasional decisive ring to a large bell which he carried and which was intended to gather his congregation as he went along the meeting in Regent's lodging house. Father Power started up the stairs, and in a few seconds reappeared on the Grassmarket with a large following from this eminently respectable house. Proceeding to the head of the Grassmarket, attended by a big gathering of people, he there and then, in rapid succession, preached a prayer and afterwards preached a characteristic sermon on devotion to our Blessed Lady. A unique feature of this meeting, valuable, we believe, in practical results, was the giving to all who cared to take it, a twelve hours' pledge in the most binding manner. This pledge is binding from Saturday at noon till midnight. A very large percentage of the meeting thus pledged themselves. HOLY COMMUNION. What a marvellous conception of love! The eternal God, not satisfied with becoming man in order to suffer for him, but in the excess of His love, called on His unsearchable wisdom to discover a means whereby He might unite Himself with us in the closest unity. He resolved to conceal Himself under the appearance of man, and to become one with us, one soul, one spirit with us, endeavoring to communicate to our heart and soul His own aspirations and tendencies. He knows our ignorance, our blindness, our weakness, but He, our Redeemer, is also our Physician and He will spare nothing to cure our ailments. All He wants is that we will accept His love and His grace, and He will communicate His sweet, heavenly peace to us. "Son, give me thy heart;" "peace on earth to men of good will;" "Wisdom hath built her house, she hath mingled her wine." She hath sent out her invitations. "Whosoever is a little one, let him come unto Me." Let us have invitation to the humble, but even the unwise are to be invited. "Come, eat my bread and drink the wine which I have mingled for you" (Prov. ix.) What an abyss of thought! What a world of reflections for a soul who wishes to make a good Communion! Holy! holy! holy! is he laden with the richest of desires. Desire that they are thine, hunger and thirst for His justice and thou shalt be filled. "He has filled the hungry with good things, but the rich He hath sent empty away." Receive in profound adoration, with boundless confidence and with a thirsting soul. Long to have thy heart resemble the heart of the flesh of thy Lord. Hear Him say: "My flesh is meat indeed and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath life in him, and I will raise him up again on the last day."—The Voice.

Women's Rights and the Church. An indefatigable zeal for the sanctity of marriage and an anxious solicitude to carry the principle of female modesty to the highest degree of delicacy are the rules which have guided the Church in her efforts for the elevation of woman. These are the two great means she has employed in attaining her object of raising women above the rank of slavery. The Church, by her doctrines of fraternity in Jesus Christ and equality before God, gives a divine sanction to the true status of woman, and proclaims that she ought not to be man's slave, but his companion. Hence, the amelioration of woman's lot was felt whenever Catholicity was preached, and woman began to gather the fruit of a doctrine which made a complete change in her condition by giving her a new existence. The dignity of woman is incompatible with corruption and licentiousness, and the Church, by the severity of her morality as well as by the lofty feeling she affords to the delicate protection of modesty, corrects, purifies manners, and makes women worthy to hold their place in the divine economy.—American Herald.

Religion Begins in the Parish. The Sacred Heart Review makes a plea for a greater centralization of interest in the parish, on the principle, no doubt, that the parish is to the Church what the home is to the State. "If we work around the parish church, the parish societies, the parish interests, and appreciate the graces and blessings that spring from the parish Church," says our Boston contemporary, "we and our children will be a people who will desire to share our advantage with the less fortunate. Not the elders alone, but the young people and the little ones, will feel the wish to have such organizations as the Propagation of the Faith take form in their mother-parish; they will want to share in the work; for they will see that it is a part of the great whole at which we are aiming; namely, that God's kingdom may come, and that His cause may triumph everywhere. And naturally, if we may not rather say, with a supernatural naturalness, they will desire to see their own parish rank foremost in the diocese in all good works. They will become imbued with that spirit of chivalrous loyalty and ardent devotion that can rest content with doing out a stinted sum, but must lavish the ointment on the Saviour's feet."



How are You? Do you suffer from constipation? Does your liver need regulating? Is your digestion troublesome? Do you suffer from headache? If so, you should take

Abbey's Effervescent Salt every day. This harmless tonic and system cleanser will regulate every organ and will remove all the unpleasant features that attend a sluggish liver. Your health and spirits will be so improved that your friends will scarcely know you. Pleasant to take—surely beneficial, but be sure that you get the genuine "Abbey's."

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Conscience's Approval. Right is the normal heart-beat which indicates health and vigor, while wrong is that heart failure which foretells death. You can live without many things and still be comfortable, but if you try to live without the approval of your conscience, despite what creep over the earth at sundown. Religion teaches us to keep our faces toward heaven, as the mariner watches the pole star, and to steer by what we see. To be true, just, kindly, is to bring heaven so near that when you die you will have but a step to go, and that step will take you within reach of a welcome that will make you glad that you have sacrificed all else but kept your faith in the true and the right intact.—George H. Hepworth.

The Critical Habit. Do not drift into the critical habit. Have an opinion, and a sensible one, about everything, but when you come to judge people, remember that you see very little of what they really are, unless you winter and summer with them. Find the kindly, lovable nature of the man who knows little of books. Look for the beautiful self-sacrifice made daily by some men, who know nothing about pictures, and teach yourself day in and day out to look for the best in everybody. It is the every-day joys and sorrows that go to make up life. It is not the one great sorrow, nor the one intense joy, it is the accumulation of the little ones that constitute living, so do not be critical of the little faults, and be quick to find the little virtues and to praise them. So much might be gained in people-pleasing for want of encouragement. As I said before, have an opinion, and a well-thought-out one, about everything that comes into your life, but do not have too many opinions about people. Their hearts are not open books, and if you must be judged some day, give them the kindest judgment now.

Our Lord in the Tabernacle. Are you alone, weary heart, laboring in the great city? So is He who is hidden in the Tabernacle. Do you plead day and night for the best in everybody. It is the every-day joys and sorrows that go to make up life. It is not the one great sorrow, nor the one intense joy, it is the accumulation of the little ones that constitute living, so do not be critical of the little faults, and be quick to find the little virtues and to praise them. So much might be gained in people-pleasing for want of encouragement. As I said before, have an opinion, and a well-thought-out one, about everything that comes into your life, but do not have too many opinions about people. Their hearts are not open books, and if you must be judged some day, give them the kindest judgment now.

If you are lean—unless you are lean by nature—you need more fat. You may eat enough; you are losing the benefit of it. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will help you digest your food, and bring you the plumpness of health. Especially true of babies. SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND TRY IT. SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, TORONTO. 50c and \$1.00. All druggists.

VESTMENTS complete suits and separate articles in all Church colors. BIRETTAS of Merino Silk or Velvet. CELLULOID COLLARS, RABBIS, etc. Write us for anything required in Altar Supplies. WEST SIDE CATHOLIC BOOKSTORE 602 QUEEN WEST, TORONTO. Phone Park 882. Prompt Delivery a Feature of this Business.

THE BURNING LAMP. Morning after morning the priest comes forth to renew the oblation of the spotless Victim. A few there are who, with bowed heads and lowly hearts, kneel about the altar. Softly rings the bell, telling that once again the Saviour has descended to earth as He came long ago an infant to Bethlehem. See! It is all over. One by one the people silently steal away. The priest reverently departs. And He who wept is once more alone. Alone! A sympathetic friend out of all the multitude ever and anon finds his way to the feet and sooths as it were, as He once was, but as for all else Jesus is alone. Oh, may we not well imagine Him saying: "Man, man, why do you thus abandon Me? Why do you thus carelessly pass Me by? Why do you thus leave Me alone? Is it for this I consented to remain always on earth? This solitude crushes My heart. Me. This loneliness crushes My heart. Oh, man, man, come to Me, come to Me, for my comfort, now, and I will be your solace for eternity!" Hard indeed must be our hearts if we turn a deaf ear to this appeal of our loving Saviour!

TEMERITY, TIMIDITY AND SANITY. "We are narrow if we do, or certain to get the Church into trouble, or sure to injure our fellow Catholics' chances of success in some way. If we find our co-religionists deprived of their civil or political rights, because of their faith, we are urged to say nothing. If, as in the Philippines, we find a systematic effort made to deprive hundreds of thousands of our fellow Catholics of their faith, we are still urged to say nothing lest we may get ourselves talked about, or, in some way, involve the Church in politics."—Catholic Telegraph. This is true. And it has always been so, not only here, but in England, Ireland and other countries. O'Connell in his struggle for Catholic emancipation was referred to as "that rash young fellow" by Lord Parnell and other Irish Catholic peers. Temerity is rash; timidity is cowardly; but sanity is what we want. We prefer temerity to timidity, but we prefer sanity,—the sanity of moderation and wisdom,—to either. It is probable that because of much of the timidity we complain of in Catholic opinion we may find sheer indifference to Catholic interests. The remedy for this, of course, is largely through the Catholic press. Without a Catholic public press, Catholic public opinion is a shorn Sampson. The Catholic press not only educates, but it represents and gives force to Catholic opinion.—Catholic Citizen.

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SECRET HEIST REVIEW. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CC.

Thomas Hood, I believe it is, has said a large part of the cruelties in the world proceed less from want of heart than from want of thought.

Of course by far the most numerous and most iniquitous slanders have been circulated against the Church of Rome. This is chiefly owing to two things, first, her extent and great antiquity, but more than this the fact that Catholicism and Protestantism are not simple variations of Christianity, but absolute doctrines antipodes.

Even in a simple matter of fact, I know by experience how easy it is to set a mistake in motion that can then never be corrected.

One of Froude's felicitous variations of mendacity is to lie in the text and give the right reference, in some antiquated tongue, in the notes.

However, back of all controversies, we may see how easy it is to misunderstand an authority, then to misquote it, then settle the misquotations afloat beyond all possibility of recovering it to the original sense.

For instance, I lately noted from Dr. Ward of the Independent an allusion to Cicero's declaration, himself an arguer, that he wondered how two arguers could look each other in the face without laughing.

In the elder Cato's day Greek unbelief was just beginning to nibble at the sturdy faith of the Romans in their ancestral religion.

Cicero, I believe, reports this saying of Cato, which has naturally put the authorship upon him.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Thirteenth Sunday After Pentecost. HORROR OF MORTAL SIN.

"As he entered into a certain town there met him ten lepers, who stood afar off and lifted up their voices, saying, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

So the lepers in the Gospel "stood afar off and cried out." They did not dare to come in contact with any one, and did others approach them unawares they were obliged to cry out that they were unclean.

Every fresh blunder of citation supports the caricature stands self-supporting and permanent. Yet here are no religious passions concerned; only the inveterate habit of taking things at second-hand.

Of course the falsities are not all on one side. Catholics, too, can not only misquote but fabricate. Witness the forged letter you see circulating now which Cotton Mather encourages his fellow Puritans to kidnap William Penn on his way over.

Sympathy Seekers. Sympathy is a soothing balm for hurts of soul or body, a precious cordial for human ills, but one must be careful not to grow too dependent upon it and become weakly, unable to bear any hurt without its aid.

Labor and Liquor. "One of the healthiest signs of the labor movement in all lands is the insistence with which the labor organs and leaders discountenance drinking."

The Spiritual Power of the Pope in England. At the recent annual meeting of the English Church Union, Lord Halifax, the president, made an address in his usual earnest and hopeful spirit.

Tobacco and Liquor Habits. Dr. McTaggart's tobacco removes all desire for the weed in a few weeks, a vegetable medicine and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intention for August, 1902. CHRISTIAN HOPE.

Hope in the soul is very much like sunshine on the earth. All nature is bright in the warm, beneficent sun-rays. It is full of color and healthy life.

So the leprosy in the Gospel "stood afar off and cried out." They did not dare to come in contact with any one, and did others approach them unawares they were obliged to cry out that they were unclean.

Externally he goes about his daily routine of duties, but this external show covers but a mass of rottenness. Oh, dear brethren—have you gone into the dark and slippery path and thus contracted this terrible disease?

When We Need Friends. The strongest of us is not strong enough to be entirely independent. There comes a time, now and then, in everybody's life, when others must be near, when we depend upon them, their help and attention.

Good Advice. "You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right."

THE WESTERN FAIR Sept.

LONDON. 12-20, 1902

Exhibits further ahead than the times. Grounds inausidously beautiful. Buildings irresistably inviting.

A Medley of Spectacular Merit. Prof. Hutchinson, the Human Bomb, in a thrilling Balloon Ascension and Parachute Drop.

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Labatt's (LONDON) Awarded Gold Medal at Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N. Y. UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST OF BEVERAGES

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REID'S HARDWARE. For Grand High-Corner Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Sincere, the latest Wringers, Trampoles, Cutlery, etc. 181 DUNDAS ST. LONDON, ONT.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt. The Diastase in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hops insure sound sleep.

Allen's Lung Balsam. The best Cough Medicine. ABSOLUTE SAFETY should be the first thought and must be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine, for upon its safety depends one's life.

COWAN'S COCOA AND CHOCOLATE. THE BEST. TRY IT NEXT TIME.

The LONDON MUTUAL Fire Insurance Co. of Canada. Head Office, LONDON, ONT. Authorized Capital, \$500,000. Subscribed Capital, \$100,000. Business in Force over \$2,000,000.

CHATS WITH YOU

While one boy is regretting opportunities, his lack of a college education, ignorance, another with his picks up a good education and ends of time with the throw away.

Thought and labor, in these two human, in a point of quantity applied, and reflect upon small fraction of the lives the rest being devoted to prosecution of the program set before themselves.

It is a great mistake to allow himself to be devoured by tendencies, for the far-reaching and growth of the individual, indifference and partiality, makes no effort to enlarge his horizons. Shyness, too, of a person holding his world, and also later being the worst.

On Opportunity. Lord Strathcona, the of Canada, in the view which appears gives the following young fellows starting "Be content with but always be fitting er. Do not despise your satisfaction for the time and finding fault. If higher, to a better position perseverance will grubbing will not incl. Your future most entirely on yourself you like to make it impress this fact upon work yourself; don't to use their influence don't depend on the of course, opportunity, and it comes to frequently than to are very few whom at one time or another not ready for it and I welcome it, that I you are the loser.

Says Father Rath. The recent Y. M. C. there was a view we take of the members. We kindly and sympathetic abuses, for fear of the moderating influence general chaplain call Human nature is Many of our members strict poverty—often into the snares through life. It is keep a watchful eye brethren, to prevent possible; to help them, have fallen, attached to the society a man has proved a danger to others grace to the society separation should word in session will money in amusement in time, in breaking of cursing or swearing checked, and become where, if the member from the Society, chaplain applies but equally truly, Society and to the long connection with tried them to younger or more We have to deal and we must have fact if we are to and under the go society. We must and try to estimate amount of good occur in the day Young Men's Soc then, be recreation of every possible as may be to the

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

While one boy is regretting his want of opportunities, his lack of means to get a college education, and remains in ignorance, another with half his chances picks up a good education in the odds and ends of time which other boys throw away.

Thought and Action. Thought and labor, idea and energy—by these two human, life is governed. In point of quantity and of time occupied, thought and reflection represent a small fraction of the lives of most men, the rest being devoted to the active prosecution of the programme they have set before themselves.

Folly of Morbidity. It is a great mistake for any one to allow himself to develop unsocial tendencies, for the results are often far-reaching and grow beyond the control of the individual, who, partly from indifference and partly from inherent laziness, makes no effort to keep his friends or enlarge his social acquaintances.

Reasons of Business Success. When one man grows wealthy or achieves an independence in business, it is a common saying that a hundred fail. The great successes are known because they are few in number. The defeats are unknown because their name is legion.

On Opportunity. Lord Strathcona, the grand old man of Canada, in the course of an interview which appears in Young Man, gives the following practical advice to young fellows starting in life: "Be content with your present lot, but always be fitting yourself for higher. Do not despise what you are. Be satisfied for the time, not grumbling and finding fault. If you want to get higher, to a better position, only cheerful perseverance will bring you there; grumbling will not help you on an inch. Your future really depends almost entirely on yourself, and is what you like to make it; I would like to impress this fact upon you. Do the work yourself; don't wait for friends to use their influence in your behalf; don't depend on the help of others. Of course, opportunity is a great thing, and it comes to some men more frequently than to others. But there are very few whom it does not visit at one time or another, and if you are not ready for it and have not prepared to welcome it, that is your fault, and you are the loser. Apart from that which we call genius, I believe that any man is as able to do as well as any other, provided the opportunity presents itself and he is blessed with good health. Much of what I would advise young men to do is contained in the old counsel: "Trust in Providence, and keep your powder dry."

In the Club Room. Says Father Rathe in a paper read at the recent Y. M. I. conference: "There must be moderation in the view we take of the various amusements of members. We must look with a kindly and sympathetic eye on small amusements, for fear of driving members from the rooms and into more dangerous places. It is here, again, that the moderating influence of a kindly and genial chaplain can make itself felt. Human nature is weak and wayward. Many of our members are rough, ignorant men, and often err from the line of strict poverty—may, even often fall into the snares that beset our path through life. It is for the chaplain to keep a watchful eye on these weaker brethren, to prevent them from falling, if possible; to help them up again when they have fallen, and to keep them attached to the society. It is only when a man has proved himself incorrigible, a danger to others, or a constant disgrace to the society, that the sword of separation should be used. A kindly word in season will often prevent a man from spending too much of time or money in amusements which will succeed in time, in breaking a man from habits of cursing or swearing, and from obnoxious temper which would go unchecked, and become stronger elsewhere, if the member were expelled from the Society. What I say of the chaplain applies in a less degree, but equally truly, to the officials of the Society and to those whose age and long connection with the society has entitled them to respect amongst the younger or more unstable members. We have to deal with average men, and we must have infinite patience and tact if we are to keep them together and under the good influence of our society. We must take a broad view and try to estimate the vast general amount of good done, in spite of occasional defects, errors, and blemishes that occur in the daily workings of the Young Men's Society. Let there, then, be recreations and amusements of every possible kind, suitable as far as may be to the respective branches of

the society; let true, gentlemanly, and sportsmanlike habits be taught by the chaplain and encouraged by the officials, and the grand aim of the Young Men's society steadily kept in view, viz., to promote mutual improvement, and the extension of the spirit of religion and brotherly love.

Learn Something from Everybody. One of the most useful success-habits one can form is that of learning something from everybody with whom he comes in contact. No information which can be acquired is too trivial to be ignored. Constantly measure yourself with the men you meet. You will find that everyone can teach you something which you did not know before, and which perhaps, you would never have a chance to learn again if you did not acquire it from him.

Daniel Webster once made a great hit, in arguing a case before a jury, by repeating a story which he afterwards said he had not thought of since he heard it fourteen years before. But Webster was always picking up something for future use. His famous reply to Hayne the greatest speech ever delivered on the American continent, was largely made up of little reserves which he had picked up here and there in his reading, from studying men, and from observation.

Many a prominent novelist has collected material for his stories by making notes of his conversations with those he has met and by observation. Charles Dickens got a great deal of the matter of some of his novels in this way.

One young man will go to a lecture, and, after spending an hour listening to the helpful, inspiring words of some prominent man, will leave the hall or lecture room without having derived any benefit from the address. Another young man will attend the same lecture with an ambition to learn something. He will drink in the speaker's sentences as if he were never to hear such words of encouragement and inspiration again. At the conclusion of the address, he will determine that he will make more of his opportunities in the future; that he will read more, think more, study more, become more than he ever was before. Such a young man has a purpose and is determined to learn something from everything he comes in contact with, and from everybody he talks to. The other has no ambition, does not throw himself into what he does, lets his mind wander hither and thither, so that he never wholly understands what people are saying, and therefore never derives any benefit or information from those with whom he converses.—Success.

He and Maurice De Nuse, whose age was the same, lived in the upper part of New York City. Both were looked upon by their associates as expert wheelmen, and some of their friends declared them rivals. All the boys numbered forty, and they were just about to organize a union for social and sporting pleasures, to be named the Young Manhattan Club.

Instead of choosing a president by vote, they decided that their two candidates, Ben Markham and Maurice De Nuse, should contest for the office through means of a bicycle race. As Ben Markham was modest and unassuming, Maurice De Nuse was to the same degree vain and pompous. He yearned for the presidency with violent ardor, and the thoughts of disappointment made him miserable. Furthermore, he wished for victory because it would bring him the championship; and it was his intention, if he won, to see that every one was made aware of his laurels, he thinking they would point him out as a boy of importance.

Saturday afternoon finally came around. In a large area of ground, inclosed by a high fence, was a broad asphalt track. It had been laid out at one time by a prominent club of men, the members of which had since disbanded. The place was seldom used now save by the young people of the vicinity, who occupied the round space inside the track for tennis and golf. Permission in each case had to be obtained of the owner, a jolly fat old gentleman, who never refused without good reasons.

He and the boys were on the best of terms with one another, so they had found no difficulty in securing the privilege. And old Mr. Padwick had even gone so far as to announce his intention of being on hand to see the fun. And sure enough, Saturday afternoon found him there on the crowded grandstand, fanning himself vigorously, for he felt very warm.

"Are they going to shoot a gun off when they begin?" he asked of a small boy by his side. "No, sir. They have decided to use a whistle this time. At one race they used a pistol, but the trigger would not work at the proper moment. "They are wise not to use firearms," observed Mr. Padwick, with a shake of the head. "They won't be in danger of burning their fingers, and folks won't think it's Fourth of July."

Mr. Padwick entered into closer conversation with the small boy and attempted to draw from him some information concerning the bicycle.

tional conditions. Nor is pain altogether an evil; it is rather a salutary warning. It tells us that we have transgressed some rule, violated some law, disobeyed some physical obligation. It is a monitor which warns us to amend our state of living. It virtually says, "Return to nature, observe her laws, and be restored to happiness. Thus, paradoxical though it may seem, pain is one of the conditions of the physical well-being of man; as death, according to Dr. Thomas Brown, is one of the conditions of the enjoyment of life.

To enjoy physical happiness, therefore, the natural laws must be complied with. To discover and observe these laws, man has been endowed with the gift of reason. Does he fail to exercise this gift—does he neglect to comply with the law of his being—then pain and disease are the necessary consequences.

Man violates the law of nature in his own person, and he suffers accordingly. He is idle and overfeels himself; he is punished by gout, indigestion or apoplexy. He drinks too much, he becomes bloated, trembling and weak; his appetite fails him, his strength declines, his constitution decays, and he falls, a victim to the numerous diseases which haunt the steps of the drunkard.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE BICYCLE PRINCE.

BY EDWIN ANGELOE.

"Do you think you will win the race on Saturday afternoon, Ben?" "I can't say, Fanny," laughed Ben. "It's a question whether I shall or not. Maurice De Nuse is a very clever rider and I expect it's going to be a close race between us."

"I suppose all the boys are awaiting the race with great interest," said his cousin. "Oh, yes," returned Ben. "When it is over they are going to start a little social club and make either Maurice De Nuse or myself president."

"It depends on which of you wins the contest? Is that what you mean?" "Yes, and," laughed Ben, "they are going to confer on the winner the title of the 'Bicycle Prince.'"

"Will there be a medal?" asked Fanny. "Of course. It will have the winner's name and the title engraved on it."

"I imagine you must be fairly dying to win!" exclaimed Fanny, rapturously. "I should like to win, the same as any fellow would, but I'm in no great enthusiasm over it. I'm quite willing to take defeat if it comes to me. If Maurice De Nuse wins, very well—he's welcome to it. But I'm going to strive my best just the same."

"Did you ever win a prize before?" asked Fanny. "Oh, yes," said Ben, going to a closet and taking out a shotgun. "I won this at the last bicycle races held at the County Fair. It's a beauty, and Rover and I have had some rare sport with it. No, no, doggy," said Ben, as he dog looked at him wistfully, "we ain't going shooting."

Just then his mother came in and he put up the gun, as she was dreadfully afraid of firearms.

Benjamin Markham, or Ben as the boys called him, was a good-looking fellow of fifteen.

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Mr. Padwick entered into closer conversation with the small boy and attempted to draw from him some information concerning the bicycle.

But the small boy yielded to the old gentleman's desire by explaining things in such simple vernacular as "machines, creeping tires and vulcanized tubes."

This was too much for Mr. Padwick. "Don't!" he exclaimed. "Don't tell me any more. I didn't think they were such deep mysteries."

Preparations were quickly being made for the race to begin. Finally everything was ready and the cyclists took their places.

The next minute the shrill sound of the whistle pierced the air. The race was started.

It was to consist of fifteen laps. Once around the track showed Maurice De Nuse in the lead.

The second lap found Ben Markham ahead of him.

De Nuse led again in the third. Ben caught up in the fourth and left De Nuse behind in the fifth and the sixth.

In the seventh, eighth and ninth both were equal.

The tenth and eleventh put Maurice De Nuse ahead.

Ben swept past him in the twelfth. In the thirteenth and the fourteenth De Nuse was just the least distance ahead.

Wild cheers were ringing on the air for both riders. Each seemed to have as many friends as the other.

Old Mr. Padwick was cheering as loud as any one, but he differed from the rest in the fact that he had no particular favorite.

Della De Nuse, Maurice's sister, was applauding her brother wildly, hoping ardently that Ben would lose. Having a nature that was no better than her brother's, she would have been glad had some accident arisen to dash him from his wheel.

As Fanny Markham's eyes followed her cousin, she was most anxious to see him win; but her eagerness was of the innocent sort and not the least tainted with evil. She applauded Ben enthusiastically, but had no spark of ill feeling towards Maurice De Nuse.

As the two riders passed the grandstand for the last time, the cheers were fairly deafening, and old Mr. Padwick slapped his sides.

Maurice De Nuse was still ahead. Suddenly, like a flash, Ben Markham made a phenomenal move and gained an equal line with his rival.

Now the heat of all hearts grew more intense, for a few seconds would tell the story.

Faster and faster sped the riders, while every one awaited the finish with breathless interest.

Fanny Markham was happily trembling.

Della De Nuse was like a little fiend. Mr. Padwick was beside himself.

On, on, spun the two machines. On, on, on, and then—the race was over.

"Hurrah!" people began to shout.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Padwick. "I can't tell who has won."

Then turning to the small boy he asked: "Who is being cheered? Who is the victor?"

"Ben Markham!" "It was indeed so. Ben had triumphed. But he bore his honors modestly, and when the boys sang out that he was the Bicycle Prince, he colored somewhat and laughingly made them be quiet.

Maurice De Nuse took his defeat as if some heavy thing had crushed him, and his sister shared his feelings.

"I'll get even with Ben Markham for this," he said to her significantly. "He'll pay up well for his luck to-day. I'll fix him soon."

"And I'll help you to do it," said she spitefully, "for I hate the sight of him."

A pure hard Soap. SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY.

He was none too soon, for the next instant he was startled by a girl's scream and a terrible crash.

A collision had taken place between the De Nuse carriage and another vehicle.

Great excitement prevailed and Ben joined the gathering crowd.

He was amazed at seeing Maurice De Nuse and his sister lying senseless in the dust.

She had not suffered beyond a severe shock, but blood was flowing from her brother's temple and his face was horribly bruised.

Strange to say the driver of the other vehicle got all the blame. His intoxication, the people said, was the means of almost killing two inoffensive young persons out for innocent pleasure.

He remonstrated that the opposite carriage was more to blame than his, and in truth it was, but nobody would heed him or his companion riders, who were also under the influence of liquor.

All of them were drunk, the people said, and that was enough explanation. They were wretches, all, and the poor boy and girl were the victims of their devilry.

Maurice and Della De Nuse were taken home.

She experienced a long spell of nervous prostration and Maurice lay in a high fever.

Maurice had violent fits of delirium in which he believed he had run over Ben and killed him.

He would shriek wildly and they could only pacify him by promising to fetter Ben to the bedside.

Ben came before he was asked and the sight of him cooled the sick boy's brain.

"You must hurry up and get well," said Ben one day to Maurice. "The fellows at the club are anxious to see you again."

"I shall never get well," he said despondingly. "O, yes, you will. You are badly shaken up, I know, but you'll get over it soon."

It was indeed a long time before Maurice De Nuse was able to be about, and when he was his face showed sad marks of disfigurement that were never to leave him.

Both he and his sister, who recovered her usual appearance, kept the real cause of the accident a secret, and it was generally believed, even by Ben, that they had suffered through other people's recklessness.

But later on the two made a confession of the whole affair, for it troubled them to remain silent.

Maurice De Nuse could never afterwards be induced to mount a bicycle. The sight of one filled him with a horrible feeling, he said.

His was an excellent wheel, but he determined to rid himself of it, and accordingly he gave it to a poor washer-woman's son, who was delighted to get it.

Ben's term as president in time expired.

The boys wanted to put him up for a second run, but he wouldn't have it.

"No," he said, "Put up Maurice De Nuse instead."

The boys agreed to this, but Maurice himself objected.

However, they finally urged him, and he allowed himself to run against one of the other boys who was not over-anxious for the office.

The outcome of the election was that Maurice got the chair, and no one envied him.

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MANY A PROVERB long accepted and often quoted, fails to stand investigation. How frequently is it said "You cannot have too much of a good thing." But what about medicine? You know the medicine is good, but you seldom wish the dose were larger; you generally wish it were smaller. IRON-OX TABLETS are exceedingly small, but they are also exceedingly effective. They are a gentle laxative. They are a nerve tonic. They cure indigestion. Fifty Tiny Tablets—So Easy to Take Twenty-five Cents

A PUN WITH A PEARL OF TRUTH IN IT.

There is much point in the old saying that "many a true word is said in jest." Mr. Morgan, the colossal speculator and multi-millionaire, has furnished the best example of its force in a remark he has been credited with making to Mr. Wyndham, the Irish Chief Secretary. This functionary had at a dinner asked, by way of a joke, whether Mr. Morgan form a trust to buy up the Irish question, and the answer of the great commercial magnate was as felicitous as it was prompt. "Yes," he said, "a trust would do it right enough; but in its spirit it is thoroughly American, not only in its happy wit, but in its weight in gold, were the words to whom it is given only honest and manful enough to take it. Ireland would instantly and forever cease to be a trouble to the British Empire and her own people had the wooden-headed statesmen of England only the courage to take it. But what can be expected from those fossilized Tories as Salisbury's and Balfour's? The uncle's panacea for Irish turmoil was "twenty years of resolute government" for a nation of "Hotentots," and the nephew's is the same—only more so. Wyndham's supercilious snigger of the outer circle—and, strangely enough, a descendant of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—is improving on even the methods of the two Balfours in the Chief Secretary's office. Trust the people, indeed! When did the British Government ever do that, in any place outside England? When, indeed, did it ever do it in England itself? Trust the people—the Irish people! As well talk—to a British Tory—of trusting a dangerous lunatic.

We would respectfully invite the attention of Irishmen in the United States to the crisis with which the Irish people are face to face. The British Government is openly in league with the combination of Irish landlords to throttle the people's movement and to get rid of their leaders by landing them in jail, under the new trick of "contempt of court." Mr. John Redmond, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. John Dillon and Mr. Michael Davitt, the most able and active chiefs, are confident that they will be incarcerated in the course of a fortnight by means of this clever trick. Mr. O'Brien in the House of Commons denounced the two principal figures in the landlords' combination as perjured Privy Counsellors, and for this he was called to order by the Speaker. Yet the description is strictly accurate. A Privy Counsellor is sworn to administer the laws impartially, and here are these precious pair of exterminators putting their names as Privy Counsellors to a proclamation extending the Coercion Act to those portions of Ireland in which their own vast estates are comprised, for the corrupt purpose of reducing their tenants to seeking a reduction of their rack rents by peaceable and lawful agitation. Can such a scandalous spectacle be witnessed in any other region where civilized rule exists?

To those unacquainted with the actual conditions of life in Ireland under English rule, it is well nigh impossible to realize those wrongs which make Irishmen rebels and which fill the immigrant ships with the best blood of the country, from the labor point of view. Two three facts gleaned from the chronicles of the last couple of weeks will enable a better conception to be formed than a whole volume on political economy—and yet they all form linked portions of a problem in economy—for this is what the Irish problem is, practically speaking. One relates to the police spy or agent-provocateur. Sheridan whose remarkable career was referred to in our issue of the week before last. The subject was brought up in the House of Commons, and the Government did not attempt to deny that Sheridan had tried and had been convicted in Ireland, in order to give an excuse of coercion. But as Sheridan has threatened to tell the names of the superiors who got him to perform the villainy, the Government declined to take any steps to secure his extradition for the purpose of punishment. A second instance of the foul in justice which in Ireland stands for law was afforded at a meeting of the Abbeyfeale branch of the United Irish League. There Father Casey, the parish priest, brought before the public the facts of a prosecution that took place so far back as the year 1881, over an attack that was made on a bailiff serving writs. About a dozen persons had been arrested, tried, and convicted for this offense, and all but two had died in prison or as a result of prison treatment. Father Casey showed how the convictions had been obtained. Two lawyers had so worked on the fears of a provincial judge, a woman, that they got her to swear what was false. There were hundreds of respectable people ready to testify that none of those convicted had had anything to do with the case. But the jury had been so carefully packed with the Orange and anti-Nationalist element that no evidence exculpatory of the accused weighed, and so on perjured testimony the dozen innocent men were sent to penal servitude, and most of them, as a result, to the grave. What the spy and crime instigator fail to do, the packed jury and the perjury-procuring Crown lawyers will look after in other parts of the country. The partisan judge and the packed jury are always to be found at work, in the miserable story of Ireland's daily misgovernment. Yet these are not enough for the wretched crew of Irish landlords for whose sake the name of English justice is thus dragged in the gutter. Freemasonry and Liberal Catholicism are founded on an absurd error concerning the origin and the destiny of created things. The former wants to take the place of the Church of God, while the latter tries with sacrilegious hands to do so fashion and mould the teachings of Jesus Christ that they may not clash with what they call "science," "progress," "civilization," and other vaguely splendid generalities. We pray that God may open the

eyes of all "Liberal Catholics" to the iniquities of Freemasonry, and lead them back to the fold from which they so foolishly wandered. When Catholics become Freemasons they do so for some political or business end, and for filthy lucre, cut themselves off from the Church of their Baptism.—American Herald.

What if Your Lot is Hard? That submission to one's lot means that one should sit helplessly before sorrow and disappointment while weeks and months pass by, is a terrible misapprehension. Life should be growth. These trials come to us which we may conquer them, wrest power from them. To yield faint-heartedly is surely ignominious, for there is no life so barren, or hard, or sorrowful, that it does not hold some door to wider living, if we will but seek it.

Is it loneliness that closes about us and shuts joy from our days? Have we tried honestly and patiently to touch our lonely lives? Is it because we have no time for study that life seems so hard and barren? A friend of working girls advised them to learn a poem as they went to and from their work instead of simply reading street car advertisements. A good line of poetry, a single noble thought every day—who of us could not make time for this, if we would? And how rich a harvest one short year would give us! Is it poverty that is eating the gladness from our days? It is hard; but there are things within our reach, that no gold could purchase—friendship, the power of an upright life, the joy of earth and sky. Dare we, with all we have within reach, bemoan our poverty?—Frank H. Sweet, in Home and Flowers.

Jerome Mary Cardinal Gotti. Cardinal Gotti, prefect of the organization of bishops and regular assistants, was appointed by the Pope to succeed the late Cardinal Ledochowski, as prefect of the Propaganda Fide.

Jerome Mary Cardinal Gotti is a Genoese by birth, and a member of the Discalced Carmelites. He has 97 years of age on March 29, 1902. Choosing the religious career in life, he joined the Barefooted Carmelites in his boyhood at Genoa, and showed such promise and abilities that soon after his ordination he was called to the mother house of his order in Rome, Santa Maria Della Scala, and intrusted with important duties regarding the order. Little by little Fra Gotti rose in rank and honor until he became the head of the Barefooted Carmelites. Then Leo XIII. called his services and abilities into requisition and sent him, when Don Pedro reigned, to Brazil, and a republic followed, to remain to look after the interests of the Church in that Catholic country as internuncio.

When he returned to Italy from South America he was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and even the Italian government, which had taken note of the great amount of good which he accomplished, in American lands, among the large Italian population there, thanked him for his good offices. The Pope honored him by making him a Cardinal in the consistory held Nov. 25, 1895.

The new prefect is very modest in his manner, wears still the brown and white robes of his order, and dislikes to be brought into prominence. Physically his Eminence is small of stature, of pleasing countenance and easily approached. He lives still the austere life of a Barefooted Carmelite, albeit his cardinalial rank compels him to occupy quarters in a small palace which overlooks the Trajan Forum.

CATHOLIC FREEMASONS. A correspondent writes to say that two well known Catholics are members of his lodge, and asks if the Pope has removed all censure from Freemasonry. We suppress the names of the "Catholic Freemasons," and in answer to our correspondent, say American Freemasons are as much under the ban of the Church as their brethren in Europe. We know that it has been the fashion here with some "Liberal Catholics," who know little or nothing of the doctrine held by the Pope, to say that the Popes condemn Freemasonry as it is on the European continent, but not as it is in the United States. The miserable dupes, who, in a desire to conciliate the enemies of Catholicism, would fear and patch the seamless garments of Catholic doctrine, forget, or at least try not to remember, the teachings of the Popes on this subject are addressed to the entire Christian world.

But lest any one man be made the dupes of men who compromise truth with error and vice with virtue, we would point to the doctrine held and promulgated by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States. The prelates of the American Church, in solemn council assembled at Baltimore, Md., in 1866, devoted much time to the consideration of this subject, and, quoting the Pontifical constitutions, they warn of at least a mortal sin, if a Freemason, under the awful penalty of the greater excommunication.

As a matter of fact Freemasonry is based on "Naturalism." The theory of both Freemasonry and Liberal Catholics is that nature was created for an end which it is quite capable of attaining by the mere development of those qualities, which, once supposing the first cause to have determined to create it, belong to it of right. Modern paganism, having deprived man of his religion, proceeds to remodel society. According to the principles of Liberalism, human society has no divine sanction, and may be set at defiance when ever it is possible so to deal with it. In other words, men may do as they like so long as they are strong enough to do it; and if they are not strong enough, they are justified in the use of any means by which they may become so. Hence we have secret bands of assassins in every country in Europe. Freemasonry and Liberal Catholicism are founded on an absurd error concerning the origin and the destiny of created things. The former wants to take the place of the Church of God, while the latter tries with sacrilegious hands to do so fashion and mould the teachings of Jesus Christ that they may not clash with what they call "science," "progress," "civilization," and other vaguely splendid generalities. We pray that God may open the

eyes of all "Liberal Catholics" to the iniquities of Freemasonry, and lead them back to the fold from which they so foolishly wandered. When Catholics become Freemasons they do so for some political or business end, and for filthy lucre, cut themselves off from the Church of their Baptism.—American Herald.

What if Your Lot is Hard? That submission to one's lot means that one should sit helplessly before sorrow and disappointment while weeks and months pass by, is a terrible misapprehension. Life should be growth. These trials come to us which we may conquer them, wrest power from them. To yield faint-heartedly is surely ignominious, for there is no life so barren, or hard, or sorrowful, that it does not hold some door to wider living, if we will but seek it.

Is it loneliness that closes about us and shuts joy from our days? Have we tried honestly and patiently to touch our lonely lives? Is it because we have no time for study that life seems so hard and barren? A friend of working girls advised them to learn a poem as they went to and from their work instead of simply reading street car advertisements. A good line of poetry, a single noble thought every day—who of us could not make time for this, if we would? And how rich a harvest one short year would give us! Is it poverty that is eating the gladness from our days? It is hard; but there are things within our reach, that no gold could purchase—friendship, the power of an upright life, the joy of earth and sky. Dare we, with all we have within reach, bemoan our poverty?—Frank H. Sweet, in Home and Flowers.

Jerome Mary Cardinal Gotti. Cardinal Gotti, prefect of the organization of bishops and regular assistants, was appointed by the Pope to succeed the late Cardinal Ledochowski, as prefect of the Propaganda Fide.

Jerome Mary Cardinal Gotti is a Genoese by birth, and a member of the Discalced Carmelites. He has 97 years of age on March 29, 1902. Choosing the religious career in life, he joined the Barefooted Carmelites in his boyhood at Genoa, and showed such promise and abilities that soon after his ordination he was called to the mother house of his order in Rome, Santa Maria Della Scala, and intrusted with important duties regarding the order. Little by little Fra Gotti rose in rank and honor until he became the head of the Barefooted Carmelites. Then Leo XIII. called his services and abilities into requisition and sent him, when Don Pedro reigned, to Brazil, and a republic followed, to remain to look after the interests of the Church in that Catholic country as internuncio.

When he returned to Italy from South America he was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and even the Italian government, which had taken note of the great amount of good which he accomplished, in American lands, among the large Italian population there, thanked him for his good offices. The Pope honored him by making him a Cardinal in the consistory held Nov. 25, 1895.

The new prefect is very modest in his manner, wears still the brown and white robes of his order, and dislikes to be brought into prominence. Physically his Eminence is small of stature, of pleasing countenance and easily approached. He lives still the austere life of a Barefooted Carmelite, albeit his cardinalial rank compels him to occupy quarters in a small palace which overlooks the Trajan Forum.

CATHOLIC FREEMASONS. A correspondent writes to say that two well known Catholics are members of his lodge, and asks if the Pope has removed all censure from Freemasonry. We suppress the names of the "Catholic Freemasons," and in answer to our correspondent, say American Freemasons are as much under the ban of the Church as their brethren in Europe. We know that it has been the fashion here with some "Liberal Catholics," who know little or nothing of the doctrine held by the Pope, to say that the Popes condemn Freemasonry as it is on the European continent, but not as it is in the United States. The miserable dupes, who, in a desire to conciliate the enemies of Catholicism, would fear and patch the seamless garments of Catholic doctrine, forget, or at least try not to remember, the teachings of the Popes on this subject are addressed to the entire Christian world.

But lest any one man be made the dupes of men who compromise truth with error and vice with virtue, we would point to the doctrine held and promulgated by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States. The prelates of the American Church, in solemn council assembled at Baltimore, Md., in 1866, devoted much time to the consideration of this subject, and, quoting the Pontifical constitutions, they warn of at least a mortal sin, if a Freemason, under the awful penalty of the greater excommunication.

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OBITUARY.

Mrs. JOHN BOURKE, NORTH BAY. On Saturday, 19th inst., Mrs. John Bourke, of an esteemed family of North Bay, got up as usual and while going around the house, she was seized with a sudden attack of apoplexy, of which she died a few hours later. Mr. Bourke, who was away in Toronto, was at her bedside in 1898, where she has since resided. Mrs. Bourke (nee Coghlan) was born at Calumet, near Pembroke, in 1831; came to North Bay with her husband in 1858, where she has since resided. Her husband, Mr. Bourke leaves six sons and five daughters to mourn her death. All her children, except one who is attending the convent in Toronto, were present at the funeral, as well as many friends of the family from a distance. The funeral took place at 3:30 a. m. on Tuesday, 24th inst. Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. D. Scully, at 10 o'clock, and the remains were conveyed to the cemetery, followed by a large concourse of mourners. To Mr. Bourke's family we beg to extend our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement. May her soul rest in peace! L. K. July 3, 1902.

JAMES MURPHY, SPICER, COLO. We regret to announce the death of Mr. James Murphy, Spicer, Colorado, which occurred at Laramie city, Wyoming, on the 24th of an esteemed family of Spicer, Colorado. He was born in China Point, Prince Edward Island, on the 24th May, 1844, and emigrated to the United States about thirty years ago, where by his kind and gentle disposition and Christian charity he made many friends. He leaves to mourn his loss a wife, two sons and one daughter, three sons and one daughter. One brother, Joseph A. Murphy, Spicer, Colorado; P. J. Murphy, Vernon River, Prince Edward Island, and another brother, A. C. and Catherine on the old homestead. He was attended in his last illness by the Rev. Canon, and the home life of the deceased was a most happy one. He was a member of the 5th St. Mary's church, and a loving husband and father and faithful friend were left to mourn. May his soul rest in peace! Mrs. Wm. Lee, Bathurst.

The saddest funeral procession ever passing through the streets of Perth, occurred last week. The funeral of a young man, a few years were dimmed when the funeral cortege passed by. About six months ago Miss Lee of Bathurst, and the home life of the deceased was a most happy one. He was a member of the 5th St. Mary's church, and a loving husband and father and faithful friend were left to mourn. May his soul rest in peace! Mrs. Wm. Lee, Bathurst.

A Youthful Genius. Little Malcolm Rabb Gerlach, five years of age of Allegheny, Pa., can play the bass, snare or kettle drum as the occasion demands. He began playing two years ago on a toy drum, but a year ago Malcolm began following his older brothers in their rehearsals of orchestration. The older brothers, two in number, are skilled musicians. The boys saw that their baby brother was apt and they taught him some notes, and in six months the youngster could play the trap drum in all of the standard orchestration. But he did not stop there. When the older boys got new music Malcolm gets his score, too. He has now acquired the art of reading and in six months the youngster could play any trap drum could. Seldom does he make a mistake. No matter how difficult the music or how fast it has to be played the young drummer is equal to the occasion. He is too small to sit and play, but he leans against a chair and with his right foot on the bass drum pedal, and the drum sticks in his hands he watches his score and his brother Eugene until the sign to start is given. Then he applies himself intently to his work and his eye never leaves his music until the piece is finished.

DIocese of Hamilton. Special Intention for the exercises in preparation for the indulgence of the Porziuncula in St. Mary's Cathedral this year by the Rev. Father, during the Triduum the Rev. Father besides hearing confessions and administering the sacraments, will also be in the evening at 7:30, and in the morning at 10 a. m. The Rev. Father will also be in the evening at 7:30, and in the morning at 10 a. m. The Rev. Father will also be in the evening at 7:30, and in the morning at 10 a. m.

DIocese of Peterborough. BISHOP O'CONNOR OF PETERBOROUGH, VISITS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND BLESSES A WELL FOR ST. ANNE'S. Bishop O'Conner of Peterborough, accompanied by Archbishop Casey, Fathers Mackenzie, Kelly and Collins and Mr. Crowley last week paid a visit to the Muskoka lakes, and while enjoying the beauties and pleasures of the lake country, he visited the Muskoka Hotel. On Tuesday he opened a new church at Muskoka, Lake Rosseau, and gave confirmation to the children of the Muskoka Hotel, and will be a great blessing to visitors on Lakes Rosseau and Muskoka. Bishop O'Conner was accompanied by Mr. Deane's private steam launch, and the Bishop with the priests, reached St. Anne's Point, Muskoka Lake, on Tuesday morning, and on Wednesday morning he was in Muskoka. The Bishop was accompanied by Mr. Deane's private steam launch, and the Bishop with the priests, reached St. Anne's Point, Muskoka Lake, on Tuesday morning, and on Wednesday morning he was in Muskoka.

More Honors for Our Separate Schools. "We Lead, Others Follow." Ottawa August 2, 1902. The highest marks earned at the recent Entrance Examination were 980 by Otto O'Regan of St. Patrick's School, twelve wrote and eleven passed. Otto O'Regan was followed by Charles Buckley, Thos. Hickson, Frank Lynch, Emmet Murphy, Joseph O'Connell, Charles O'Connell, Walter McMillan and John Lynam (equal).

INGERSOLL SEPARATE SCHOOL. The Separate School of Ingersoll, in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, continue to sustain its good record at the Entrance Examination. The following are the names of the pupils with their marks and places: (No. 9) Michael Conroy 68 marks (No. 8) Helen McCherry (No. 14) Margaret Howes 68 marks (No. 18).

There is nothing like K.D.C. FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA. HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, ETC. HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, ETC. HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, ETC. HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, ETC.

THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S HYMN BOOK. BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS. CONTAINING THE HYMNS OF THE SEASONS AND FESTIVALS OF THE YEAR AND AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF SACRED MELODIES. TO WHICH ARE ADDED AN EASY MASS, VESPERS, MOTETS FOR BENEDICTION, A GREGORIAN MASS FOR THE DEAD, QUINCE, A GREGORIAN MASS FOR THE DEAD, QUINCE, A GREGORIAN MASS FOR THE DEAD, QUINCE.

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THOS. COFFEY, Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA (Sole Canadian Agent)

ONYKARA. (The Indian name for Niagara.) CHAS. J. PHILLIPS, IN THE AUGUST ROSARY MAGAZINE. Onykarra! O Niagara! mighty, wonderful, thundering water, plunging in your foaming, billowy beauty down your tatarous of stone! Here have listened to your thunder as you did the rocks around. Ayes I stand alone. On these rocks, wet with your foaming. Down these paths where I am roaming, Years ago the red man trod: Then, as now, your roaring, tumbling, living, moving, rolling, tumbling. My jesty spoke of God! O God! O your voice so full of virtue, strong and solemn, deep, pulsating. Tho' the silence of the ages, echoing, reverberating, the soul of savage, pagan darkness. With your melody of thunder, ever one grand song of wonder! And the soul, unshowered, darkened. To your voice in trembling harkened, Singing deep of God! O God! O your voice so full of virtue, strong and solemn, deep, pulsating. Dawn, unshowered, joyous bounding, with your sweet melody of thunder, ever one grand song of wonder! Onykarra! Onykarra! mighty, wonderful, thundering water, plunging in your foaming, billowy beauty down your tatarous of stone! Singing ever, God! God! God!

A GARDEN PARTY. A very successful garden party was given on the grounds of the old St. Mary's church in this city on Tuesday evening of last week. Judging by the attendance and the warm interest taken in the event by the people of St. Mary's and the Cathedral parishes, and indeed by many non-Catholic, there seemed to be a general desire to aid in every possible way the parish of St. Mary's, which has now in its possession such a handsome new church. The garden party was a very pleasant occurrence, and those who attended thoroughly enjoyed the choice music of the 2nd Battalion Band and the vocal and instrumental numbers of the ladies and gentlemen who were kind enough to assist. Mrs. J. P. Murray presided at the piano. The refreshments were well looked after by the ladies and gentlemen of the congregation. Also, the event has a great social, financial, and moral success. The proceeds of the party were placed in the hands of the Rev. Father, who was in charge of the party, and who also presided at the piano. The refreshments were well looked after by the ladies and gentlemen of the congregation. Also, the event has a great social, financial, and moral success. The proceeds of the party were placed in the hands of the Rev. Father, who was in charge of the party, and who also presided at the piano.

MARRIAGE. MORAN, QUINN. On 4th inst. Rev. D. J. Scollard, P. P. of North Bay, joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, Mr. Robert Moran, dispatcher C. P. R., and Miss Helen Quinn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur. The bride was her sister, Miss Mary, of the American Soo. The ceremony was performed in the morning at 10 o'clock in the presence of many friends and relatives. The bride and groom were accompanied by their parents and other relatives. The ceremony was performed in the morning at 10 o'clock in the presence of many friends and relatives. The bride and groom were accompanied by their parents and other relatives.

IRISH BENEVOLENT PICNIC. Port Stanley, Thursday, Aug. 7th. Seventh Regiment Band by Kind Permission of Lieut. Col. and Officers; 26 Battalion Band. Dayton's Orchestra. Largest prize list in picnic's existence. Gold medals for dancing, presented by the Mayor, Mayor's committee, and other prominent gentlemen. Committee have been granted perfect train service. 1241-2

TEACHERS WANTED. WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 6, RALPH, A FEMALE teacher for S. S. No. 1, Ennis, to begin August 15th. Applicants will please state salary expected and address the undersigned at W. P. Fitzpatrick, J. P. 1238-9, Simons, Ont.

FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL NO. 12, Killalea Station, Hagersville, Ontario. Duties to commence on the 3rd Monday of August, 1902. Applicants stating qualifications and salary to be addressed to Wm. M. Scullion, Killalea Station, Ont. 1242-3

PRINCIPAL FOR R. C. SCHOOL. A male, one holding second class professional certificate. Applications received until July 31, 1902. Duties to begin September 1, 1902. Applicants to state experience and salary expected. J. FAY, Secretary Treasurer, Simons, Ont.

A MALE TEACHER HOLDING PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATE FOR S. S. No. 1, Ennis, Ontario. Services to begin on Aug. 22nd. Applicants enclosing testimonials, stating salary and experience to be addressed to W. P. Fitzpatrick, J. P. 1238-9, Simons, Ont.

ASSISTANT FEMALE TEACHER FOR A junior department of I. C. S. S. No. 3, Dover South village. Must be able to teach French. State qualifications, salary and salary expected. Marcel Bechar, Sec. Treas., Dover South, Ont. 1241-2

WANTED AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER. Male, preferred for the senior department of I. C. Separate School, No. 2, Beechwood. Salary for balance of year \$130. (one hundred and thirty dollars) beginning on August 1st. Apply stating salary. Address Thos. J. Moran, Sec. Beechwood, Ont. 1242-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR LOWER FORMS. R. C. Separate School, No. 1, Ennis, Ontario. Duties to commence August 1st. Apply stating salary and qualifications. Michael Donnelly, Sec. R. C. S. S. No. 1, Ennis, Ont. 1241-2

FOUR NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teachers for the lowest school. Good salaries. Two must have a knowledge of French. Apply Northwest Teachers' Union, Box 45, K. G. G. 1241-2

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LONDON, SATU

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We suppose the only ones a retailer or from the cess-poles to attempt their own opinion perior persons. They are also, honest and have encountered individuals who scruple about reputation, first miss a girl, prefer not only woman who is more or less a the men also spect in a way tenanced by a

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DEATH OF Death has the English figure in the Paul, the He was born town, Somers father was He himself ministry until convi Newman ar