





College? What'd you go off to the woods for?"

"Ah'll get tire' fraum dat teachin'—read, read, read, h'all taim. Ah'll not lak dat so much. Rader be out-door—run around—paddle de canot—wid de boys in de woods—mek' dem dance as ma musique. A-ah! Dat was foul! P'raps you tink dat not good, hein? You t'ink Jacques one beg' fool, Ah suppose?"

"I dunno," said Serena, declining to commit herself, but pressing on gently, as women do, to the point she had in view when she began the tale. "Dunno's you're any more foolish than a man that keeps on doin' what he don't like."

But what made you come away from the boys in the woods and travel down this way?"

A shade passed over the face of Jacques. He turned away from the lamp and bent over the violin on his knees, fingering the strings nervously. Then he spoke, in a changed, shaken voice.

"Ah'll tole you somet'ing, Ma'am-selle Serena. You ma frien'. Don't you h'ask me dat reason of it no more. Dat's sometin' vaie' bad, bad, bad. Ah can't nevair tole dat—nevair."

There was something in the way he said it that gave a check to her gentle curiosity and turned it into pity. A man with a secret in his life? It was a new element in her experience; like a chapter in a book. She was lady enough at heart to respect his silence.

She kept away from the forbidden ground. But the knowledge that it was there gave a new interest to Jacques and his music. She embroidered some strange romances around that secret while she sat in the kitchen sewing.

Other people at Bytown were less forbearing. They tried their best to find out something about Fiddlin' Jack's past, but he was not communicative. He talked about Canada. All Canadian and he? No.

If the questions became too pressing, he would try to play himself away from his inquisitors with new tunes. If that did not succeed, he would take the violin under his arm and slip quickly out of the room. And if you had followed him at such a time, you would have heard him drawing strange, melancholy music from the instrument, sitting alone in the barn, or in the darkness of his own room in the garret.

Once and only once, he seemed to come near betraying himself. This was how it happened.

There was a party at Moody's one night, and Bull Corey had come down from the Upper Lake and filled himself up with whiskey.

Bull was an ugly-tempered fellow. The more he drank, up to a certain point, the steeper he got on his legs, and the more necessary it seemed for him to fight somebody.

But the majority of the audience gave him no support. On the contrary, they told him to shut up. And Jack faded along obediently.

Then Bull returned to the attack, after having fortified himself in the bar room. And now he took national grounds. The French were, in his opinion, a most despicable race.

They talked of the noble American race. They talked of the noble American race. They talked of the noble American race. They talked of the noble American race.

But he could not reach the enemy. Bill Moody's long arms were flung around the struggling fiddler, and a pair of brawny guides had Corey pinned by the elbows, hustling him backward.

There was a dead silence, a scuffling of feet on the bare floor; then the danger was past, and a tumult of talk burst forth.

but it was Hose Ransom who settled the case. He was a well-known fighting man, and a respected philosopher. He swung his broad frame in front of the fiddler.

"Tell yo what we'll do. Jess nothin'! Ain't Bull Corey the blowin'est and the mos' trouble us euss' round these hall woods? And wouldn't it be a fast rate thing of some o' the wind was let out 'n him?"

General assent greeted this pointed inquiry.

"And wa'n't Fiddlin' Jack peaceable 'nough 'a long 'a he was let alone? What's the matter with lettin' him alone now?"

The argument seemed to carry weight. Hose saw his advantage, and clinched it.

"Ain't he given us a lot o' fan here this winter in an innocent kind o' way, with his old fiddle? I guess there ain't nothin' on airth he loves better'n that holler piece o' wood, an' the toons that's inside o' it. It's jess like a wife or a child to him. Where's that fiddle, anyhow?"

Some one had picked it deftly out of Corey's hand during the scuffle, and now passed it up to Hose.

"Here, Frenchy, take yer log-necked, pot-bellied music-guard. And I want you boys to understand, of any one toches that fiddle ag'in, I'll knock hell out'n him."

So the recording angel dropped another tear upon the record of Hose Ransom, and the books were closed for the night.

CHAPTER III. For some weeks after the incident of the violin and the carving knife, it looked as if a permanent cloud had settled upon the spirits of Fiddlin' Jack.

He was sad and nervous; if any one touched him, or even spoke to him suddenly, he would jump like a deer. He kept out of everybody's way as much as possible, sat out in the wood shed when he was not at work, and could not be persuaded to bring down his fiddle. He seemed in a fair way to be transformed into "the melancholy Jacques."

It was Serena who broke the spell; it did it in a woman's way, the simplest way in the world—by taking no notice of it.

"Ain't you goin' to play for me to night?" she asked one evening, as Jacques passed through the kitchen. Whereupon the evil spirit was exercised, and the violin came back again to its place in the life of the house.

But there was less time for music now than there had been in the winter. As the snow vanished from the ground, and the frost leaked out of the ground, and the ice on the lake was honey-combed, breaking away from the shore, and finally going to pieces altogether in a warm southeast storm, the Sportsmen's Retreat began to prepare for business. There was a garden to be planted, and there were boats to be painted. The rotten old wharf in front of the house stood badly in need of repairs.

The fiddler repaired himself, and Jack-of-all-trades and master of more than one.

In the middle of May the anglers began to arrive at the Retreat—a quiet, sociable, friendly set of men, most of whom were old-time acquaintances, and familiar lovers of the woods. They belonged to the "early Adirondack period," these disciples of Walton.

They were not very rich, and they did not put on much style, but they understood how to have a good time; and what they did not know about fishing was not worth knowing.

Jacques fitted into their scheme of life as a well made reel fits the butt of a good rod. He was a steady artisan, a lucky fisherman, with a real genius for the use of the landing net, and a cheerful companion, who did not insist upon giving his views about artificial flies and advice about casting, on every occasion. By the end of June he found himself in steady employment as a guide.

song of Schubert—it was to her that he would play it first. If he would persuade her to a boat-ride with him on the lake, Sunday evening, the week was complete. He even learned to know the more shy and delicate forest blossoms that she preferred, and would come in from a day's guiding with a tiny bunch of belated twin flowers, or a few purple-fringed orchids, or a handful of nodding stalks of the fragrant psylla, for her.

So the summer passed, and the autumn, with its longer hunting expeditions into the depth of the wilderness; and by the time winter came around again, Fiddlin' Jack was well settled at Moody's as a regular Adirondack guide of the old-fashioned type, but with a difference. He improved in his English, which Moody called "mising quality," and which Hose Ransom gave the name of "imagination, seemed to awaken with in him. He saved his wages. He went into business for himself in a modest way, and made a good turn in the manufacture of deerskin mittens and snow shoes. By the spring he had nearly \$300 laid by, and bought a piece of land from Ransom on the bank of the river just above the village.

The second summer of guiding brought him in enough to commence building a little house. It was of logs, neatly squared at the corners; and there was a door exactly in the middle of the facade, with a square window at either side, and another at each end of the house, according to the common style of architecture at Bytown.

But it was in the roof that the touch of distinction appeared. For this, Jacques had modelled after his memory of a fine old Canadian roof. There was a delicate concave sweep in it, as it sloped downward from the peak, and the eaves projected pleasantly over the front door, making a strip of shade wherein it would be good to rest when the afternoon sun shone hot.

He took great pride in his effort; of the builder's art. One day at the beginning of May, when the house was nearly finished, he asked old Moody and Serena to stop on their way home, and he showed them the kitchen, and the living room, with the bed room partitioned off from it, and sharing half of its side-window. Here was a place where a door could be cut at the back, and a shed built for a summer kitchen—for the coolness, you understand. And here were two stoves—one for the cooking, and the other in the living room for the warming, both of the new-est.

An' look dat roof. Dat's lak' we make dem in Canada. De rain ron off easy, and de sun not shine too strong at de door. Ain't dat nice? You lak' dat roof, Ma'am-selle Serena, hein'?"

Thus the imagination of Jacques unfolded itself, and his ambition appeared to be making plans for its accomplishment. I do not want any one to suppose that there was a crisis in his affairs.

It is very doubtful whether anybody in the village, even Serena herself, ever dreamed that there was such an affair. Up to the point when the house was finished and furnished, it was to be a secret between Jacques and his violin; and they found no difficulty in keeping it.

Bytown was a Yankee village. Jacques was, after all, nothing but a Frenchman. The native tone of religion, what there was of it, was strongly Methodist. Jacques never went to church, and if he was anything, was probably a Roman Catholic. Serena was something of a sentimentalist, and a great reader of novels; but the international love-story had not yet been invented, and the idea of getting married to a foreigner never entered her head.

I do not say that she suspected nothing in the wild flowers, and the Sunday evening boat-ride, and the music. She was a woman. I have said already that she liked Jacques very much, and his violin pleased her to the heart. But the new building by the river? I am sure she never even thought of it once, in the way that he did.

Well, in the end of June, just after the furniture had come for the house with the curved roof, Serena was married to Hose Ransom. He was a young widower without children, and also, either the best fellow, as well as the most prosperous, in the settlement.

Each stood up on the hill, across the road from the lot which Jacques had bought. It was painted white, and it had a narrow front porch, with a scroll-saw fringe around the edge of it; and there was a little garden fenced in with white palings, in which three or four William and pansies and blue lupines and pink bleeding-hearts were planted.

The wedding was at the Sportsmen's Retreat and Jacques was there, of course. There was nothing of the discomfited lover about him. There was no confession to be made in a confidential moment of intercourse with his violin; but the adjective was not in his line.

The strongest impulse in his nature was to be a giver of entertainment, and a source of joy in others, a recognized element of delight in the little world where he moved. He had the artistic temperament.

In the most primitive temperance in the act of pleasing. Music was the means which Nature had given him to fulfill this desire. He played as you might say, out of a certain kind of selfishness, because he enjoyed making other people happy. He was selfish enough, in his way, to want the pleasure of making everybody feel the same delight that he felt in the clear tones, the merry cadences, the tender and caressing flow of his violin. That was consolation. That was power. That was success.

And especially was he selfish enough to want to feel his ability to give Serena a pleasure at her wedding—a pleasure that nobody else could give her. When she asked him to play, he consented gladly. The wedding guests danced as if they were enchanted. The big bridegroom came up and clapped him on the back, with the nearest approach to a gesture of affection that

backwoods etiquette allows between men.

"Jack, you're the boss fiddler o' this hull county. Have a drink now? I guess you're mighty dry."

"Merci non," said Jacques. "I drink only de mussek the night. Bef I drink too 'tins, I get drunk."

In between the dances, and while the supper was going on, he played quieter tunes—ballads and songs that he knew Serena liked. After supper came the final reel; and when that was wound up, with immense hilarity, the company ran out to the side door of the tavern to shout a noisy farewell to the bridal party, as it drove down the road toward the house with the white palings.

When they came back, the fiddler was gone. He had slipped away to the little cabin with the curved roof.

All night long he sat there playing in the dark. Every tune that he had ever known came back to him—grave and merry, light and sad. He played them over and over again, passing round and round among them, as if on a stream of music. The eddies, now forming an echo of a certain theme from Chopin—you remember the nocturne in G minor, the second one? He did not know who Chopin was. Perhaps he did not even know the name of the music. But the air had fallen upon his ear somewhere, and had stayed in his memory; and now it seemed to say something to him that had an especial meaning.

At last he let the bow fall. He patted the brown wood of the violin after his old fashion, loosened the strings a little, wrapped it in its green baize cover, and hung it on the wall.

"Hang thou there, thou little violin," he murmured. "It is now that I shall take the good care of thee, as never before, for thou art the wife of Jacques Tremblay. And the wife of 'Ose Ransom, she is a friend to us, both of us; and we will make the music for her many years, I tell thee, many years—for her, and her good man, and for the children—yes?"

But Serena did not have many years to listen to the playing of Jacques Tremblay: on the white porch, in the summer evenings, with bleeding hearts in bloom in the garden; or by the winter fire, when the pale blue moonlight lay on the snow without, and the yellow lamplight filled the room with homely radiance. In the fourth year after her marriage she died, and Jacques stood beside Hose at the funeral.

There was a child—a little boy—delicate and blue-eyed, the living image of his mother. Jacques appointed himself general attendant, nurse in extraordinary, and concert musician to this child. He gave up his work as a guide. It took him too much away from home. He was tired of it. Besides, what did he want of so much money? He had his house. He could gain enough for all his needs by making snow-shoes and the deerskin mittens at home. Then he could be near little Billy. It was pleasanter so.

When Hose was away on a long trip in the woods, Jacques would move up to the white house and stay on guard. His fiddle learned how to sing the prettiest slumber songs. Moreover it could crow in the morning, just like the cock; and it could make a noise like a mouse, and like the cat, too; and there were more tunes inside of it than in any music-box in the world.

As the boy grew older, the little cabin with the curved roof became his favorite playground. It was near the river, and Fiddlin' Jack was always ready to make a boat for him, or help him catch minnows in the mill dam. The child had a taste for music, too, and learned some of the old Canadian songs, which he sang in a curious broken patois while his delighted teacher accompanied him on the violin.

But it was a great day when he was eight years old, and Jacques brought out a small fiddle for which he had secretly sent to Albany, and presented it to the boy.

"You see dat feedle, Billiee? Dat's for you! You mek' your lesson on dat. When you kin mek' mussek, den you play on de violon—lak' dis one—listen!"

Then he drew the bow across the strings and dashed into a medley of the jolliest airs imaginable.

The boy took to his instruction as kindly as could have been expected. School interrupted it a good deal; and play with the other boys carried him away often; but after all, there was nothing that he liked much better than to sit in the little cabin on a winter evening and pick out a simple tune after his teacher. He must have had some talent for it, too, for Jacques was very proud of his pupil, and prophesied great things of him. Indeed, he was so sure that he could have been a "Ose Ransom," the fiddler would say to a circle of people at the hotel, where he still went to play for parties; "you know dat small Ransom boy? Well, I'm t'ichin' heem play de feedle: an' I tell you, one day he play better dan de teacher. Ah, dat's gr-r-rat 't'ing, de mussek, ain't it? Mek' you laugh, mek' you cry, mek' you dance! Now you dance. You see your pardnerre. En avant! Kip' stop to de mussek!"

CHAPTER IV. Thirty years brought many changes to Bytown. The wild woodland flavor evaporated out of the place almost entirely; and instead of an independent centre of rustic life, it became an annex to great cities. It was exploited as a summer resort, and discovered as a winter resort. Three or four big hotels were planted there, and in their shadow a score of boarding-houses alternately languished and flourished. The summer cottage also appeared and multiplied; and with it came many of the peculiar features which man elaborates in his struggle toward the finest civilization—afternoon teas, and amateur theatricals, and lawn-tennis, and a casino, and even a few servants in livery.

The very name of Bytown was discarded as being too American and commonplace. An Indian name was discovered, and considered much more romantic and appropriate. You will look in vain for Bytown on the map now. Nor will you find the old saw-mill there any longer,



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There was a multitude of counsellors,

Chopin, some tender, passionate love-

proach to a gesture of affection that

old saw-mill there any longer,

old saw-mill there any longer,





THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCCLXXIII.

I have said that on the historical and political side of Medievalism Professor Emerton shows himself eminently competent, but that on the theological, or, more particularly, on the sacramental side, his incompetence is past description.

Next: "Now the only body capable of performing the sacramental acts had come to be the organized priesthood."

If the author had simply said: "Five of the seven sacraments can only be administered by priests," he would have been right.

True, the Church, while anathematizing those who contend that a non-sacramental Christian marriage is necessarily void, has not defined it as of faith that it is sacramental.

Secondly, while the sacrament of Baptism may be validly administered by any lay person, or even by any non-Christian, but is commonly administered by priests, the sacrament of matrimony can not be administered by priests, but only ratified.

True, the Church, while anathematizing those who contend that a non-sacramental Christian marriage is necessarily void, has not defined it as of faith that it is sacramental.

Therefore, concerning the sacrament of natural generation, and that of spiritual regeneration, the author is completely astray in confirming their administration to the priesthood.

The author is equally out in saying, on the same page, that only the organized priesthood was capable of administering sacramental acts.

Next, on page 511, come those statements which, as I notice, have absolutely paralyzed American Catholics with astonishment.

So far, so good. Professor Emerton, however, seems to imagine that Baptism, in Catholic estimation, is a merely negative sacrament.

What follows, however, leaves all this completely out of sight. Here it is:

"During his period of childhood he was theoretically without such sin as brought guilt with it, but at the age of puberty he was received into the full membership of the Christian community of potential sinners, by the act of confirmation, whereby his sinlessness for the moment was established."

It is hard to conjecture what under the sun the author can have meant by all this jargon, for in itself it means absolutely nothing.

What the author means by such sin as did not bring guilt with it, it is hard to understand. The author allows that children might sin, but not so as to incur guilt.

Conjecturally, however, the author means that children were held capable of venial, but not of mortal sin.

How long are children incapable of mortal sin? Catholic theology sets seven years as the term. At this age, it is held, a child is capable of mortal sin, and therefore of all remedial sacraments of confirmation, penance, Holy Eucharist, Extreme Unction.

Professor Emerton, however, extends the limit to maturity. Not till then, it is said, can a Catholic become a "potential sinner," that is, as the author must mean, if he means anything, then only can he incur the danger of eternal guilt.

By Confirmation, therefore, like every other sacrament of the adult, while it offers grace, can not force the acceptance of it.

We will next hear what the author has to say about the Eucharist.

CHARLES C. STARRUCK, Andover, Mass.

DRUNKENNESS. Take heed to yourselves, lest perhaps you be weary by overeating, with stuffing and drunkenness, and the care of this life.

These words of our Lord recorded by St. Luke contain a very direct admonition against intemperance and its associate vices.

There are many passages of Holy Scripture that show forth the dangers of drunkenness. In the old Testament we read that Noe and Lot were both taught by sad experience the shame and degradation arising from the loss of self-control through the excessive use of intoxicating drinks.

watch, because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion greth about, seeking whom he may devour."

St. Paul teaches the same lesson of personal vigilance in these words: "Let us watch and be sober, having on the breastplate of faith and charity, and for a helmet the hope of salvation."

A great doctor of the church, St. Augustine, in the fourth century declared that there were at that time drunkards, plenty of them, and that people had grown accustomed to speak of drunkenness, not only without horror, but even with levity.

Agan in a letter to a Bishop, written in the year 393, St. Augustine refers to the intemperance then prevalent in the city of Carthage.

From the words just quoted we see that St. Augustine was justly opposed to the indiscriminate condemnation of a multitude for the sins of a few.

His face lighted up at the proposal. He asked to have the room tidied up and a clean shirt put on him, and the visitor came, a tall, friendly, quiet-looking man about Jacques' age, with a smooth face and a long black cussick.

"I am comforted that you are come, mon pere," said the sick man, "for I have the heavy heart. There is a secret that I have kept for many years. Sometimes I had almost forgotten that it must be told at last: but now it is the time to speak. I have a sin to confess—a sin of the most grievous, of the most unpardonable kind."

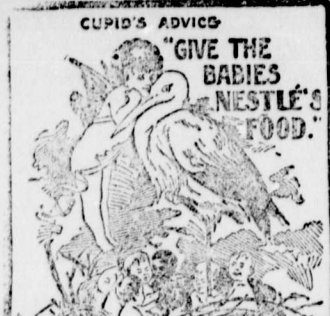
"I will speak as short as I can. It was in the camp of Polson Gaultier, on the river St. Maurice. The big Baptiste Lacombe, that crazy boy who wants always to fight, he mocks me when I play, he snatches my violin, he goes to break him on the stove. There is a knife in my belt, I spring to Baptiste. I see no more what it is that I do. I cut him in the neck—once, twice. The blood flies out. He falls down. He cries 'I die.' I grab my violin from the floor, quick; then I run to the woods. No one can catch me. A blanket, the axe, some food, I got from a hiding place down the river. Then I travel, travel, travel through the woods, how many days I know not, till I come here. No one knows me. I give myself the name Tremblay. I make the music for them. With my violin I live. I am happy. I forget. But it all returns to me—now what the last. I have murdered. Is there a forgiveness for me, mon pere?"

The priest's face had changed very swiftly at the mention of the camp on the St. Maurice. No one of the story went on, he grew strangely excited. His lips twitched. His hands trembled. At the end he sank on his knees, close by the bed, and looked into the countenance of the sick man, searching it as a forester searches in the undergrowth for a lost trail. Then his eyes lighted up as he found it.

"My son," said he, clasping the old fiddler's hand in his own, "you are Jacques Deslaine. And I—do you know me now?—I am Baptiste Lacombe. See those two scars upon my neck. But it was not death. You have not murdered. You have given the stroke that changed my heart. Your sin is forgiven—and mine also—by the mercy of God!"

The round clock ticked louder and louder. A level ray from the setting sun—red gold—came in through the dusty window, and lay across the clasped hands on the bed. A white-throated sparrow, the first of the season, on his way to the woods beyond the St. Lawrence, whistled so clearly and tenderly that it seemed as if he were repeating to these two gray-haired exiles the name of their homeland.

"Sweet—Sweet—Canada, Canada, Canada!" But there was a sweeter sound than that in the quiet room. It was the sound of the prayer which begins; in every language spoken by men, with the name of that Unseen



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tell you, 'Ose, but I can't. No, it is not possible to let dat, never!

He asked to have the room tidied up and a clean shirt put on him, and the visitor came, a tall, friendly, quiet-looking man about Jacques' age, with a smooth face and a long black cussick.

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One who rules over life's chances, and pities its discords, and tunes it back again into harmony. Yes, this prayer of the little children who are only learning how to play the first notes of life's music, turns to the great Master musician who knows it all and who loves to bring a melody out of every instrument that He has made; and it seems to lay the soul in His hands to play upon as He will, while it calls Him, Our Father!

Some day, perhaps, you will go to the busy street where Bytown used to be; and if you do, you must take the street by the river to the white wooden church of St. Jacques. It stands on the very spot where there was once a cabin with a curved roof. There is a gilt cross on the top of the church. The door is usually open, and the interior is quite gay with vases of china and brass, and paper flowers of many colours; but if you go through to the sacristy at the rear, you will see a brown violin hanging on the wall.

Pere Baptiste, if he is there, will take it down and show it to you. He calls it a remarkable instrument—one of the best, of the best sweet.

But he will not let any one play upon it. He says it is a relic.

There cannot be a warfare between science and religion; there has always been a conflict between science and ignorance.

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"I never fail," says a writer, "for my orders are quiet, but only to fight, I do conquer also, that I do conquer above." This is the motto: "Duties are God's." To accomplish the other is often our power, and in that case, no sense responsible for accomplishing it should be regarded as failure.

Failure, as we would often high testimony to work, showing him too world and much better a next.

True happiness here place in heaven hereafter who fall in this way. C it is sheer laziness or dence, patience, and which is at the root of a quite a different line of success. They were too particular, too caring and staining their feet contentedly in root pushed to the front.

Even the longest life while the day lasts we strenuously to do so of men and Christians aid in making the life sweeter, brighter and ordinary virtues will no who wish to fulfil the There is a demand for time has come when whether they are rich or they be employers or know how to be her- estors were in other in history—Jean Dar- ent L'Univers.

A Christian will for- pardon than to re- saves the expense of a hatred, the waste of puts the soul into a fr- the practice of other Hansa More.

One of the secrets hievement lies in gi- mind to the details themselves, never them, even in the small- gan.

The true gentle- character is upright- are not entirely earth- not self, while ignor- others. The perfect of nature's noblemen.

Thoughts must be affect a man's charac- in the secret of his m- President Garfield- erty is uncomfortable but nine times out of that can happen to be tossed overboard sink or swim."

The health of the mind depends up- let the memory of words, and then men- rankle in your men- dissipate your mental react upon the body- splendid mental cali- medicine for the bod-

Incapacitating On- Before two prize- other in the r- months in training- storing up the great- of physical reserv- will not allow them- to overexercise. Th- mind of food that wit- tissue without incre- They are not allow- lants, and must re- tire early, and sle- words, the objects- ing is to store up t- amount of force fo- They would not tr- ring for the fray in- dition, when they- food or sleep for a- they had been over-

But a success- think that, someho- success goal, no m- cal, mental, or m- be. He starts off i- and haggard, per- debauch or the loss- the arena with f- flabby, exhausted- wonders that he is- ring.

Half the secret- is in keeping one- by systematic- We know some b- not naturally ver- yet, by systemat- lar diet, and plant- age to accomplish- many men who ar- and much stronger- they always ma- business from vig- the day's routine, anything to break- sleep or interfe- lity of their meas- know of a wealthy- nary party in his- attended by mil- society" people

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Success in Failure.

"I never fail," says a well known writer, "for my orders are not to conquer, but only to fight, and whenever I do conquer also, that is so much over and above. This is in line with the motto: 'Dulce est curare; eventus autem non est.' To accomplish this, that is God's will, is often wholly beyond our power, and in that case we are in no sense responsible for it. The not accomplishing it should not for a moment be regarded as failure. The high aim is the only essential thing. He who is true to the best he knows and carries out daily the orders of God, does what God purposes to do through him, does really all that he plans or wishes; hence truly succeeds, however little he has to show.

Failure, as we would measure it, is often high testimony to a man's real power, showing him too good for this world and much better adapted to the next. All success in this low sense often arises from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. Many men have been thrust into the background because they were not brazen-faced enough to push themselves forward.

Many have remained at the bottom of the ladder because they would not stoop to the tricks and arts by which others rose. They were too refined, too particular, too careful about soiling and staining their souls, so that they remained contentedly in the rear and soot pushed to the front.

True happiness here and a high place in heaven hereafter is for those who fall in this way. Of course, where it is sheer laziness or a lack of prudence, patience, and perseverance, which is at the root of the ill success, quite a different line of remark is in place. But they whose character is a success need have no envy for those who have merely achieved the lesser goods of wealth and fame. They will receive all respect from the discriminating of earth and lasting praise from the God of glory.

Some Helpful Thoughts. Even the longest life is so short that while the day lasts we should all strive strenuously to do something worthy of men and Christians—something to aid in making the world around us sweeter, brighter and better.

We are living in a time when ordinary virtue will not suffice for those who wish to fulfil their whole duty. There is a demand for heroism. The time has come when true Catholics, whether they be rich or poor, whether they be employers or employees, will know how to be heroes, as their ancestors were in other critical periods in history—Jean Daniel, correspondent L'Univer.

A Christian will find it cheaper to pardon than to resent. Forgiveness saves the expense of anger, the cost of hatred, the waste of spirits. It also puts the soul into a frame which makes the practice of other virtues easy.—Hanna More.

One of the secrets of successful achievement lies in giving one's whole mind to the details as they present themselves, never slighting one of them, even the smallest.—Angela Morgan.

The true gentleman is he whose character is upright, whose thoughts are not entirely earthly, and who loves not self, while ignoring the feelings of others. The perfect gentleman is one of nature's noblemen.

Thoughts must be guarded. They affect a man's character. As he thinks in the secret of his mind, so is he. President Garfield once said: "Poverty is uncomfortable as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to sink or swim."

The health of the body as well as of the mind depends upon forgetting. To let the memory of wrong, of angry words, of petty meanness, linger and rankle in your memory, not only will dissipate your mental energy but it will react upon the body. Forgetting is a splendid mental cathartic, and a good medicine for the body.

struck ten, he arose from the table, bade his friends good night, and, according to his custom, went to his room, and slept until six the next morning. Nothing could induce him to interfere with his programme or schedule. His life-engine must run on schedule time in order to avoid collision with nature's locomotive. He must not overfeed his engine, he must not let it run out of steam; he must regulate it and keep its horse power down to an average speed all along his journey.

Regularity in living accounts for one's power of achievement. You must try to come to each day's work as the prize-fighter enters the ring, in superb condition. Nature makes no exceptions in your case. She does not take into consideration your loss of sleep, lack of exercise, or wretched diet; she demands that you shall ever be at the top of your condition. No excuses or apologies will go with her. If you have violated her law, you must pay the penalty.

Many a man would not think of starting out on a day's journey unless his carriage wheels were well oiled; he would not think of starting his complicated machinery in the factory, in the morning, until the bearings were in good condition, and all possible friction guarded against; but he thinks nothing of starting up the greatest piece of machinery the Creator has made, with ten thousand complications and conditions, without proper lubrication, with no oil and no sufficient supply of fuel, or rest, or of motive power. In the first place, delicate machinery, when improperly lubricated will soon wear out. The man knows that his intricate mechanism will not only do poor work when out of order, but that it will also soon be completely ruined beyond repair. But still he thinks he can start the cogs of his brain into action without proper re-education by sleep, recreation, rest, and a crowd through the day with heated bearings, with friction in the journals, and still hopes to do perfect work.

He expects to start his complicated, delicate digestive apparatus in the morning in perfect condition, when it was insulted, the night before, by a conglomerate banquet composed of all sorts of indigestible, incompatible dishes; and if it fails to take care of this hideous mass without a groan or a scuffle, he resorts to his physician and expects that without removing the cause, a drug will set him right. He might as well administer castor oil to a thief, expecting it to cure him of dishonesty.—Success.

The Ideal of True Manhood. Rev. Morgan M. Shedy. All of us have had, some time or other in our lives, an idea of what true manhood means; and we have had moreover, a strong desire to attain it. There is born in us that feeling which prompts us to do what is great and good and noble. To rise above the common level, to excel our fellows, to secure, at least the approval of our own self, if not to win the applause of others—this is a natural instinct.

Have we stifled that instinct? No. It is still within us. All that is needed is to arouse it. The age of chivalry is not gone. While we cannot help admiring virtue and noble deeds in any man, in the Christian man and in him alone, virtue reaches its highest excellence. Hence we look for the best type, the true man among the sincere believers in Christ—the perfect, the Divine man; among His earnest and devoted followers we will find the true ideal of manhood. Why? Because the true Christian man practices virtue not merely for the love of virtue itself, nor to win the applause of men, but to please the Author of his being—God Himself—who implanted the idea of virtue in his soul.

Since a model is necessary, we have that model in Him, who is the Way, the Light, and the Truth. He will us to be true men whose good works shall be seen by all and bring glory to our Father in Heaven. We must be true to ourselves. There is much philosophy as well as religion in the saying of the poet:

"This above all—To thine own self be true; And it must follow as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

We are true to ourselves when we set before us that standard of duty which God Himself has framed, and rigidly conform to it under all circumstances. Each of us, then, should propose and set himself manfully to be:

"An active doer, noble liver, Sincere to labor, sure to conquer."

Thus we shall not only all well our place in Church and State, but help to increase the sum of human happiness. These things are required as essential to make up the true man. These are character and conduct. Without them there can be no excellence. Any man may possess them. The peasant as well as the prince; the young as well as the old; the unlettered man as well as the most eminent in science; the day laborer and tradesman as well as the man of leisure and the gentleman who fill the various professions—all true men need these two qualities, and they are within the reach of all, the humblest as well as the most exalted.

What is character? It is the firm habitual disposition to truthfulness, honor, integrity, generosity, and resolute energy of purpose, without which no man ever was or ever can be a true man. These qualities are formed in the child by the teaching, and still the child by the example of his parents. They are the home virtues, and should be diligently cultivated by every parent.

A few examples. Of a prominent man who died at the age of thirty-eight years, it was said by one of his contemporaries that the Ten Commandments were stamped upon his countenance. He was respected, esteemed and honored by all. Why? Because of his sterling character. And what is of much importance for us to know is that this character was not impressed upon him by nature, but formed out of no peculiarly fine elements in himself. Do you not each one of us know men in every walk of life who by cultivating truthfulness, integrity, and goodness—

qualities that hang in no man's breath—build up the strongest character? The word of these men is their bond; they would rather be right than be raised to the highest honors; they are what people call Nature's noble men. Christians call them saints.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY

BY LOUISA EMILY DOHRKE The Nativity of our Lord. NO ROOM.

Betty was busy planning out the new work she had named to her sisters. It was a club for the sale of cheap clothing among the poor, and when Betty had made out some accounts of probable expenditure and receipts she felt more and more certain that the plan was workable, and she was soon so engrossed in figures and calculations that she was quite oblivious to the remarks of her sisters, which were spasmodic, as the conversation in a family is apt to be.

Agnes who was much depressed about the fact of her wood carving not having gained the prize, was making rough sketches of a frame which she felt she would like to carve. She saw it all before her mind just as it ought to look in wood and she determined to do it soon and show the school that if she had not won a prize she could do good work. Susie was busy correcting proofs and when she had finished she packed them up, and went off to post them. She was out longer than she intended as she met a friend also engaged in journalistic work who wanted to talk over several matters with her. So Susie returned to Nellie Barton's home and the girls sat talking until the clock struck half-past six.

"How late it is! I had no idea of it!" "Must you go? Can't you stay and dine with me? I am sure there is enough for us all," said Nellie, who lived in lodgings with an elder sister.

Susie shook her head. "To much to do to begin with Nellie, and then Peter's coming home to-night, and I can't be out, as he has been away some weeks."

"Then I won't press you." "God bye," said Susie, and she was soon off.

As she opened the hall door with her latch-key she almost ran upon Betty, whose face she could see was very white.

"What's up?" "Oh, Susie, Peter has come back so ill! He was seized with some sort of an attack in the train, giddiness, and I don't quite understand all about it, and he came back with Dr. Preston, who happened to be in the same carriage with him. He thinks it is in fluenza, and he made him go to bed at once."

"But he is not really very ill?" "Betsy nodded. "Dr. Preston said he must be taken the greatest care of."

"Let me go up to him," exclaimed Susie, "don't hinder me—what do you mean, Betty?" For Betty stood before the foot of the staircase to prevent her sister going up.

"You must not go. Dr. Preston said only Aunt Angela was to go to him."

"Rubbish!" "If you go, Aunt Angela won't let you in, he must be kept so quiet. It seems he caught a severe chill crossing from Dublin, as he got very wet and sat in his wet clothes."

"Let me pass then—I won't go to his room," said Susie, and she went up to her own and shut herself in, then she remembered it was time for dinner and she went down, and the sisters had their dreary meal in almost complete silence.

The days that followed were very anxious ones, for Mr. Vavasour became dangerously ill, and a great shadow hung over the household. Two days before Christmas all hope was nearly given up, and the doctor looked very grave.

During all these days Susie had been in a wretched state, for she was very close before her mind her last talk with her father, his words and tones and her own. The former so gentle, wise and fatherly, the latter so imperious and angry and her refusal to return his farewell kiss.

As Susie did her work, which she could not leave off, for they were very busy at the office, between her and the pietistic she corrected mechanically, came the remembrance of her father's face, and the thought that she might never be able to ask his forgiveness was so awful that she hardly dared to dwell upon it.

When she got home that afternoon she heard that there was no change. "I wish we could do something," said Betty, whose eyes were red with weeping.

"We can't unfortunately. Oh, it does seem hard," said Ida piteously. There was an unspoken thought in Agnes' mind, but she had not the courage to put it into words. To her astonishment Susie did so.

"We might say some prayers—eh?" Betty instinctively looked up in astonishment, the other two were silent.

"Of course I know what you all think and it isn't much in my line, but still—let us go to church together—our father."

"Yes do," said Agnes in a low tone of voice. "Ought we to leave the house?" said Ida, and the others knew what she meant.

"Let us ask." At that moment Miss Vavasour came in from the room looking worn and pale. "He is asleep, dear; he has had an opiate and the doctor is a trifle more hopeful. I came at once to tell you."

"We were going round to the church," said Betty, who would not have owned that it was not her first visit there that day. "Do go, dear girls, it is the best thing you could do," said Miss Vavasour, and presently the four girls started off for the church, which was close to

their house. There was a novena going on as a preparation for the Feast of Christmas, just the Rosary, and little Meditation and Benediction.

They instinctively slipped into seats all away from each other, and in that Holy Presence of God their lips formed the old Rosary words, which of late years had been very seldom upon them. TO BE CONTINUED.

TALKS ON RELIGION.

INDIFFERENTISM—"ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER."

Catholic Universe. The liberal non-Catholic who is a church member is quite willing and outspoken for the unification of Church membership on the principle of indifferentism. His cry is: "What does it matter about trifles in religion? How can anyone be so bigoted as to make a fuss about trivial differences? One religion, after all, is pretty much the same as another religion. Let us fraternize and get together on these principles."

These principles would logically argue that no religion is true. Truth and falsehood cannot be equally good, nor equally acceptable to sincere men. To speak about "trifling differences of creeds" means that God never made any revelation or that it does not matter to us if He has.

Any false religion is a crime, and hence it must be an insult to God. Since it is untrue it must be, in itself, an abomination in the sight of God. We may distinguish between such a form of religion and the person who practices it. Sincerity and good will may excuse the individual from crime, but it does not make the bad act good. An innocent person may have had a counterfeit dollar palmed off upon him for a genuine bill and he may pass it on not suspecting that it is bad. But his sincerity never makes that counterfeit good or equivalent to the genuine.

Almighty God never demands an impossibility. Some good persons may be so surrounded, and so situated that they never had an opportunity to be the true Church and to know it to be the true Church. If they have used all reasonable diligence in seeking it, such people are not responsible for being out of the Church. But it is not sufficient excuse to say: "I went on as my parents went on. If that were a proper principle we might all be pagans because our forefathers were."

When God establishes a religion, He lays down regulations all should practice that religion and observe its rules. St. Paul says: "If any one, even an angel from heaven, preaches another gospel, let him be anathema." This indicates that it matters what religion we practice. It must be the true one.

Possibly King Saul thought that it was only a trivial matter to take the place of Samuel in offering sacrifices when the prophet was late in arriving. For that usurpation of the priestly office Saul was deposed. The Lord said: "Thou hast done foolishly and has not kept the commandments of the Lord Thy God; and if Thou hadst not done this the Lord would have established Thy kingdom over Israel forever." (I Kings xiii, 13.)

To have the true religion implies that a person has the true faith—a correct knowledge of God in as far as He has been pleased to reveal Himself to man. St. Paul says: "Faith is the substance of things to be hoped for." Hence faith must be the foundation of religion. To have a mere agreement about the forms of prayers and external observances would be like erecting walls without foundations; it would be a mere pretense of religion, and that religion would be false and a sham.

We must give to God the kind of prayer, of praise and of worship which He demands. If God has established a sacrifice on earth—and He has—every kind of religion which ignores that sacrifice is necessarily false. If God has established a particular organization or authority to carry out and provide for that sacrifice, and He has—that authority must be recognized. If you have a thing to do, the way to do it is the right way. If you have a journey to make, the way to make it is by the right road. You would not think of maintaining that any road would do as long as you meant to take the right road.

Why should people seeking heaven be less careful of the way than travelers are to reach their earthly destination? Why should they, seeking the greater end, exercise less common sense?

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in a field, which a man having found hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath and buyeth that field." (St. Matt. xiii, 12.) The truth of this is often realized by those who find the true faith and become Catholics. A man must sell nearly all he has to get it. He must sometimes separate from his relatives and friends and suffer loss in business and undergo persecution. But the true faith is "the pearl of great price"—the treasure of unspendable value.

In maintaining the unity of faith, some call the Catholic Church "bigoted." She is as bigoted as truth—and truth is always "bigoted" or uncompromising. It cannot possibly be otherwise. We cannot tamper with the faith; therefore we cannot sympathize with systems of religion that are in opposition to the religion which Christ Himself has established. These systems may have something of good in them and in their teachings so good that they are essentially in opposition to the true Church, and, as systems, in rebellion against God.

Some men drink a little every day, but as they do not get drunk, people do not know it. But this taking of a little, daily, brings on sickness sooner or later, and if the doctor should tell the family of the man that he was suffering from a form of delirium tremens they would want him arrested for a slander.—Sacred Heart Review.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF NOT SEARCHING INTO HIGH MATTERS NOR INTO THE SECRET JUDGMENTS OF GOD.

My judgments are to be feared, not to be searched into; for they are incomprehensible to human understanding. In like manner, do not inquire or dispute concerning the merits of the Saints—which of them is more holy than the other, or which greater in the kingdom of heaven. These things oftentimes breed stifes and unprofitable contentions, and nourish pride and vain glory; whence arise envy and dissensions, whilst this man proudly seeketh to prefer his saint and another man is for preferring an other.

Now to desire to know, and to search into such things as these is no profit, but rather displeases the Saint; for I am not the God of discussions, but of peace (I. Cor. xiv. 33), which peace consists more in true humility than in exalting one's self.

Some are carried by zeal of love towards these or those with greater affection, but this affection is rather human than divine.

Judas was Willing. Strenuous efforts made by William A. Brady, the theatrical manager, to secure the original Oberammergau Passion play for Brighton Beach next season have resulted in failure. Mr. Brady has written his New York agents that, despite the greatest care in approaching the religiously inclined peasants and the most tempting bait held up to entice them to make the trip, only one member of the famous organization could be induced to come to America—the man who was cast for the part of Judas Iscariot.

IT'S IN THE BLOOD. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS DRIVE OUT RHEUMATIC POISON. Rheumatism is rooted in the blood—any doctor will tell you that. Nothing can cure it that does not reach the blood. It is a foolish waste of time and money to try to cure rheumatism with liniments, poultices or anything else that only goes skin deep. Rubbing lotions into the skin only helps the painful poison to circulate more freely. The one cure, and the only cure for rheumatism is to drive the uric acid out of your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood, and the new blood and the new blood sweeps out the poisonous acids, loosens the stiffened, aching joints, cures the rheumatism and makes the sufferer feel better in many other ways. Mrs. Jos. Perron, Les Echaulements, Que., says: "I suffered from rheumatism in a chronic form for nearly twenty-five years. I spent much money in liniments and medicines, but without avail until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Some times I was so stiff I could hardly move. The trouble seemed to be growing worse, and finally seemed to effect my heart, as I used to have pains in the region of the heart, and some times a smothering sensation. I grew so weak, and suffered so much that I began to consider my case hopeless, telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, fell into my hands, and I learned that they would cure rheumatism. I sent for a supply and in about three weeks found they were helping me. The trouble which affected my heart soon disappeared, and gradually the pains left me and I could go about with more freedom than I had done for years. I still take the pills occasionally, as I now know it is wise to keep my blood in good condition."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood that they cure such troubles as rheumatism, anaemia, indigestion, kidney troubles, backaches, headaches, and sideaches, neuralgia, erysipelas, and the special ailments. I still take the pills occasionally, as I now know it is wise to keep my blood in good condition. People on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

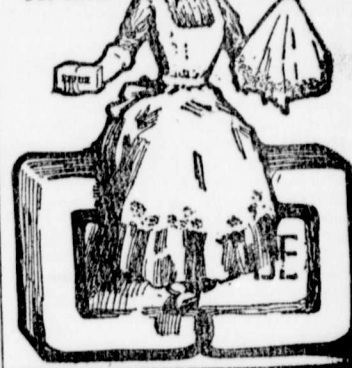
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