

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1917

OUR HARVESTS

Not being agriculturists on a great scale, perhaps it is an impertinent pretension to speak about our harvests. No doubt the words suggest the clicking machine in the corn or wheat field with a man perched on a saddle kind of seat, and with a rake, as it were punting himself through the golden sea, while the machine passes on, leaving the sheaves behind it, bound and beautiful. Or perhaps it suggests the pleasure of the last load home, all golden in day, the sun still shining on the brown and red harvesters, who, with their rakes and forks, follow the creaking cart with its bulging yellow load. Or perhaps it suggests the battalion of round-paunched stacks which stand in the farmyard, shoulder to shoulder, under their snug thatch of golden straw. But though our harvestings are poor and small in comparison with the gathering in of the great golden ocean of grain, they are pleasant enough harvestings all the same. But even when these good times are over, there is still something to be gathered by the real harvester. The woods in the autumn are full of fallen branches, of the wreckage which marks the rough heel of the wind which has trampled on the trees, and for a modest man these dry sticks, too, offer a harvest; and the labor of gathering these and bringing them home is well repaid by the beauty of the fire they make when they are dry enough to burn, or the puffing and wheezing which they make if they are too sodden to take flame at once. Why, such a fire, although it does not last long, is worth a dozen of your mineral fires, which have been dug out of dark and dirty coals by men with black faces and davy lanterns.

BEING USEFUL

Here they burn in the grate with a clear, cheery, blade-like flame and crackle, and then, after a warm, friendly glow the golden caverns beside in white ashes, as an old head grows hoary, instead of the smutty ash of your boasted coal-fire. Besides, it is not merely the reward of the cheery fire that blesses the harvest; the gathering of itself is a pleasant labor, and if you have eyes to see you will perceive that some of the old wet sticks you collect are themselves really beautiful. Upon a black background one has a grey beard of moss, or another has some emerald lichens on it. But whether they are beautiful or only sticks, you have had the satisfaction of doing something useful, which is one of the great pleasures of life. It is the doing and being made to do something that is of no use that irks and annoys the soul. And that is why people who are always seeking for pleasure generally only find dullness; those who expatiate in leisure are always on the yawn. On the other hand, doing anything useful, knitting socks and comforters for instance, for soldiers in the war, that is twice blessed; and so it may be that the triviality of our harvest of sticks may not be so trivial after all. At any rate, we are proud of our harvests.

TAKE HEED

We pity the individuals who seem to think that if clerics would take their advice the Church would be better loved and extreme views would, in order not to offend tender susceptibilities, be placed under the ban. These Catholics hide their faith in order to deprecate the world's hostility. They do not deny it, but they are afraid of changing opinions, of social customs, of the many things that characterize the votaries of the world. They remain unmoved at the crudest outpourings of ignorant writers, but they are alarmed and shocked when a prelate presumes to condemn any evil which menaces the spiritual well-being of his flock. They regard him as undiplomatic—his pronouncement inopportune—and they would like to have him journey to the eternal gates in whispered humbleness. They would have him, like themselves, a thing of sweet words without salt or grit, with no

consciousness of his responsibility. And sometimes they take their hostility to the spirit of the Gospel—their ignorance and pride, and set it up on high that all men may see their dishonor. So did Herod, if we remember aright. The Baptist told him bluntly that it was not lawful for him to do this thing. That was very imprudent, but the Baptist preferred to obey God rather than men. He was not awed by Herod's soldiers or by the words of his sycophants and courtiers. Herod was jubilant, but it did not last long, for one day the anger of the Lord struck him, and being eaten up by worms he gave up the ghost.

The angel has stood by many doors since then. Our duty, then, is not even silent acquiescence, but generous and filial devotion to the prelates appointed by God to rule over us.

WHY NOT

It seems to us that the Protestants who think and have a bowing acquaintance with history should restrain some of their compatriots from running roughshod not only over truth but also over elementary decencies.

The constant repetition of antiquated charges of misrepresentation, indicate either an unbalanced mind or an ignorance that is truly preternatural. For all we ask is an open field and freedom to act. Our formularies of faith are accessible to all men. We have our newspapers and books from which they may learn our doctrines. The Church is a twenty-century old fact, and her history is the history of civilization. And yet they accept with a blind faith any idea, however preposterous, against her. Is this, we ask, complimentary to the intelligence and fairness and love of justice of the average Protestant? It may be due to inadvertence, but it is surely regrettable that in this day of enlightenment, editors should dip their pens in vitriol, and preachers fill their mouths with unpleasant words, lampoon and calumniate a monstrosity, born of overheated imaginations which they call the Church, without hearing a protest from the respectable Protestant.

We are concerned only for them because standing sponsor for childish abuse is scarcely indicative of either refinement or education or of the fairness which they profess. And we believe that many of these non-Catholics, generous and noble and fair, find it painful to differ with us. Environment, education, social position fix many minds in opposition not so much to us as to the Catholicity which exists only in their imagination. Show them what we believe and most of their objections will disappear simply because they are objections to things that form no part of Catholic doctrine.

To these we recommend the task of quieting some editors and preachers—the purveyors of calumny, of insinuation, of the many things that fire the imagination of the ignorant and set in motion to the distress, if not the disgust, of thoughtful Canadians, the machinery that plays havoc with common sense and amity. They could be settled in short order by their co-religionists. If they could be made to understand that the perpetuation of prejudice, and the repetition of oft repeated charges is unspeakably sordid and absolutely unnecessary, they might clear away the dank growths of bigotry and let the sunshine clean and tone up their distempered brains.

A suggestion only which, while it may not, if acted upon, conduce to cheap notoriety, must, however, be a potent factor in the development of manhood.

ARRAS BISHOP VISITS AMERICAN SOLDIERS

The Right Reverend Eugene Julien, D. D., Bishop of Arras, visited recently the Hon. William G. Sharp, American Ambassador to France, for permission to present a banner to a regiment of the American expeditionary force as an expression of the kindly feeling of the people of his diocese to America.

Bishop Julien's diocese is in the Artois region, and, as the Bishop indicated, the people of this section fitted out a ship for Lafayette in the days of his service to the cause of American freedom. A miniature of the ship can still be seen in the palace of St. Vaast at Arras, and it

bears the inscription: "Given by the state of the Artois for the Lafayette expedition to America."

The proposed banner will be adorned with a picture of this historic ship. It should be remembered in connection with the sympathetic and practical interest of France in the cause of American independence that money contributions came not only from statesmen and merchants, but from Catholics.

Ambassador Sharp had great pleasure in accepting Bishop Julien's offer. Major General Pershing will arrange the details of the presentation.—New World.

DEMAND APOLOGY

CATHOLICS OF BRANDON CALL UPON BAPTIST MINISTER TO MAKE GOOD OR RETRACT

N. W. Review
Brandon, Sept. 25th.—Statements made at Hartney by Rev. Herman Biggs, a Baptist minister, impeaching the loyalty of the Catholics of this city have moved the latter to action. In a public letter they call upon the Baptist minister to substantiate his charges or to apologize for his slanderous statements. The letter follows:

"We, the undersigned priests and laymen of the Catholic parish of Brandon, have read with amazement and disgust the foul and cowardly accusations which you made against us last Sunday at Hartney, and which are reported in The Winnipeg Telegram of the 18th inst. as follows:—"Speaking at a largely attended Sunday school festival in Hartney, Sunday night, Rev. Herman Biggs, Baptist minister declared that since the war began three carloads of ammunition had been smuggled into Brandon, and distributed among members of the Catholic Church. The day was not far off, he said, when they, the people of God, would be put to the sword for the sake of their religion. Seen after the service by a Telegram representative, Rev. Biggs who is a graduate of McMaster university, and studied in Brandon, said he was told by a nurse the name of the cartage firm which had unloaded the cars after dark."

"Men of similar mental and moral calibre have for two years or more been retailing like poisonous charges against the Catholic citizens of Brandon, but it has remained for you, sir, to attain the dignity of press notice.

"We one and all absolutely deny that we or any other Catholics have imported into Brandon any ammunition."

"We demand from you all particulars as to the railroad on which the same was shipped; by what carter conveyed from the railway station; to whom delivered; and by whom, when where and to whom distributed."

"We also demand from you a full and ample apology for your slanderous statements.

"We further demand that you place all the information you possess, or think you possess, in the hands of Mr. R. M. Matheson, the crown prosecutor for the western judicial district in order that the matter may be investigated and the minds of our Protestant fellow citizens set at rest, if any of them have been disturbed by the 'poisonous gas' launched at the Sunday school festival at Hartney. We regret that it is not in our power to remove from the minds of those innocent children the horrible impression and fears which must have been left by your blood-curdling stories. In conclusion we would draw your attention to the fact that our congregation has not failed in its duty in the matter of enlistment. The roll of honor in our church porch contains seventy-six names.

"Rev. Edward Wales, parish priest St. Augustine's Church, Brandon; Rev. George Engler, assistant priest; Rev. Denis M. Coll, assistant priest; Wm. de Manby, M. Ryder, P. A. Kennedy, F. E. Carey, C. C. Simpson."

Editorially the N. W. Review says: On another page will be found a letter of protest written by the Catholic people of Brandon calling upon a Baptist minister to either substantiate derogatory statements or to apologize for making them. For the sake of his own manhood it is to be hoped that he will accede to the request.

The laws of the country dealing with libel are all that may be desired so far as the protection of individuals are concerned. But in the case of organizations it is altogether different. It would seem that any venomous tongue or vitriolic pen is at liberty to slander a whole community and sow broadcast the seeds of dissension and disunion without there being any possibility of bringing a realization of the diabolic work home to the culprit. There is room here for improvement. A community should be as immune from slanderous attack as any individual no matter what station in life he may occupy. A people's faith is their dearest possession and no propagandist, even if masquerading in the livery of Christ, should be permitted to attack it unless prepared to substantiate his charges or suffer for his indiscretion.

It is gratifying to learn that Mayor Cater deeply resents the allegations made by the Baptist clergyman and is taking an active interest in protecting the good name of the citizens of Brandon. As in duty bound he insists upon knowing the facts and, we understand, has called upon the clergyman who made the charge to furnish them. But it is regrettable that the local paper, the Brandon Sun, should refuse space to the Catholics of the city to defend their good name. It smacks of pusillanimity, if not of prejudice.

TERRIBLE EXAMPLE

There could hardly be a better character witness for General Korniloff than General Alexieff, who explained that he resigned as Chief of Staff in order to express his dissatisfaction with the arraignment of General Korniloff as a rebel. Alexieff insists that Korniloff was not an adventurer, not a man who was selfishly seeking supreme power, "but a true patriot, who didn't desire to establish discipline by terrorism, but by rational means." And he points out that there can be no guarantee of fairness in a trial of Korniloff by undisciplined soldiers.

Yet apparently a trial by undisciplined soldiers is something even better than Korniloff can hope for. Advances from Stockholm indicate that the court martial before which he must appear will be composed of his enemies, of the very men who were trying to establish political control over the army, in the German interest, the men against whose designs of sedition and disorganization his "rebellion" was directed. Consequently, it is believed that Korniloff's trial will result disastrously for him, that the end will be a tragedy shocking to all loyal Russians and to the world.

Meanwhile Russia continues her rapid advance toward the very edge of the precipice of socialism, and no forces are yet revealed which give much promise of saving her from going over. The wild, irresponsible extremists are in the ascendant in Petrograd, they seem to be gaining ground even in Moscow. The Bolshevik demand a Government responsible to them, a Government of the proletariat from which all property owners, all men of sense and moderation, are in terms to be excluded. Kerensky, whose fatal mistake it was to continue all too long to treat with the extremists as equals, as a faction to be seriously admitted to Government councils, was interrupted and shouted at by their representatives when he addressed the Democratic Congress at its first session in Petrograd. It was a very solemn occasion, it was a critical moment for Russia. Kerensky was doing his best to present to the Congress the argument for a stable government possessed of authority and capable of exercising it. But it was apparent that he himself no longer had any authority over or influence with the reckless and conscienceless radicals who want to stop fighting Germany in order that they may more effectively fight the Russian middle class and 'capital.'

In England we are told that there is an alarming spread of socialistic doctrine and belief. Young persons of both sexes, uneducated, though they are described as "intelligent," are turning to the socialistic faith. The Socialists here insist that they are rapidly gaining in numbers, notwithstanding the withdrawal of so many of their hitherto influential leaders whose patriotism revolted at the pro-German activities of the rank and file. We are warned that after the war an immense wave of socialism will sweep over Europe and the United States.

Does that seem probable? In the early days of the temperance movement in New England and elsewhere lecturers enlisted in that cause were accustomed to hire the village drunkard to sit on the platform in order that he might be exhibited as a "terrible example" of the ruin wrought by rum. Those who believe that there is Providential guidance in the affairs of men and of nations might well hold the opinion that Russia has just now in a time of possible peril, been held up as a terrible example of the effects of Socialism. There were socialistic doctrines and practices being tried out on a large scale. There is no possible escape from the conclusion that the present frightful confusion and disorganization that prevail in Russia, the awful calamity that impends over that nation, are directly due to the radical Socialists. The revolution set up a Government in which, to be sure, Socialists had their share, but a Government of competent men of patriotic purposes and moderate views. Had they been left free to work out the national destiny of the people under their own-born freedom, we should have seen Russia still a great Power in the War, we should have seen her hopefully on the way to the establishment of a sound, representative Government capable of maintaining order at home and fulfilling her obligations abroad. But the Socialists, largely under German instigation, enlisted the proletariat against the Government, set up a

self-constituted Government of their own, and since then we have heard little from Russia save of progressive ruin. Russian credit is gone, the Socialists who are in control in Petrograd and Moscow are doing their best to break faith with Russia's allies. Only here and there is the army holding firm, soldiers are murdering their officers, and Kerensky is about the only man of sense and soundness who is still attempting to stay the destructive work of the radicals, and he has small success. Here we have set up before the whole world an example sufficiently terrible of the calamities that befall a nation which permits itself to come under the control of a Socialist and proletarian Government. We are of the opinion that with such an example full in its view the world is little likely to turn to Socialism.—N. Y. Times.

SCOTT ACT IN QUEBEC

INFLUENCE AND EXAMPLE OF CLERGY WENT LONG WAY TO SECURE VICTORY

(Special Despatch to The Globe)

Quebec, Oct. 4.—Quebec city has gone dry. By a majority of close to three thousand prohibition was carried today after the bitterest fight this city has seen in years.

No political campaign, even in the bitterest contests, took on the gait of the present struggle of bar licenses against total prohibition, and on both sides every sort of argument was brought into play. The clergy, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, took a prominent part in the fight, and a series of religious ceremonies in all of the fifteen Roman Catholic parishes were held every evening since Sunday, where preachers told the people that it was their duty to bring in prohibition in Quebec.

MONTEAL NEXT POINT OF ATTACK

The victory of the prohibition movement in Quebec city is no mean step towards a general prohibition movement throughout the entire Province, and it is a known fact that now that Quebec city has gone dry Montreal will be the next town to be hit by the prohibitionists, and it is estimated that there, as well as in Quebec city, the measure will pass.

But the victory of prohibition this evening goes a long way again to prove the extent of the influence of the clergy in Quebec city, for no one will refuse to admit that had it not been for the propaganda carried on by the clergy prohibition would not have passed here.

It will be remembered that in the Province of Quebec only a few score cities or towns still have license, over 1,100 municipalities having established prohibition.

CATHOLIC CLERGY VERY ACTIVE

Up to the very last minute no one could tell for a certainty which side would win. The prohibition campaign has taken in Quebec city proportions ever greater than the hottest Federal electoral election, and one thing which has never been seen in years is the vast number of Roman Catholic clergymen that went and cast their ballot to day.

His Eminence Cardinal Beign was one of the very first to bring his ballot to the polls early this morning, followed by all his immediate clergy, the Chapter of Canons, officials and priests of Laval University, and of the Grand and Small Seminary, so that in that ward the prohibition vote was huge.

In all other parishes every priest who had a right to vote went into the polls at an early hour, as an incentive to his parishioners to do likewise.

A COMPARATIVELY LIGHT VOTE

According to vote checkers standing at every poll, the vote was not heavy. Out of some 22,000 voters who had a right to vote at all of the 110 polls it is calculated that slightly over 12,000 voters cast their ballot.

The clergy took such an active part in the campaign that the defeat of prohibition would indicate a defeat for the prestige of the clergy. This was understood by the clergy also, who, by the tenor of articles in their official paper, L'Action Catholique, made of this prohibition question more of a religious campaign than a civil fight for the passage of a civil law.

FOUR CATHOLICS, ONE A NUN, GIVEN NEW BRITISH HONOR

London, September 6.—Four Catholics figure among the first list of recipients of the Order of the British Empire, just instituted as an order of civility.

The first Catholic lady honored is Sister Pauline, a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul in charge of the nursing staff at the Italian hospital, London. She has been most devoted in her care of the wounded from the commencement of the War, and was most surprised when she heard of her appointment as Commander of the Order.

The three Catholic men chosen for the honor are all sound labor leaders. Mr. James Sexton, of Liverpool, is a

powerful organizer of labor. Mr. Milligan, a Derby man, is known as the "dockers' poet," and Councillor Fox is the leader of the Manchester labor party. The distinctions have given great pleasure to Catholic democracy in these islands.

A SOLDIER'S KIT

Within are none of those things which the soft fingers of some good woman have wrought, binding her love in every stitch. No little memorials of home, dear for their very triviality, are there; he who will bear it, treasure it, has no home except the place of duty, but presses forward to our lasting city, built near still waters in the fields of peace. But a white stone is in this soldier's kit, marked five times with the sign of our redemption, and vestures of silk and linen, a cup, a disc of gold. Some morning as the sun is darkened with the rising smoke that falls the bodies of stricken men, the Cup shall be ruddy with the Blood of Christ, and on the Disc shall rest the Body of the Prince of Peace, who torn and broken, threw back forever the hosts of hell, on the bitter hill of Calvary. From that rude altar too, shall be gathered the Bread of Life, to strengthen the souls of brave men against the last great journey into the other world, as the soldier of Christ and of his country goes out to give his fellow-men the Viaticum of the Body of Christ.

They build better than they know, those generous souls who give of their worldly goods to send forth God's soldiers, the Champions of our forces on land and sea, full equipped with the arms of the King's service. Because of them, many a Catholic soldier will fight with the valor begotten of confidence, and if he fall, will go to God with a soul at peace.

There on my tongue my Sacrament lies safe.

So, God, Thy presence comes; and, though I die, I do not die alone. Rushing comes The sound of myriad voices in mine ear Like falling water; and my place awaits Me there.

Deprived as they may be of many things, the great heart of our Catholic people will not suffer our soldiers to lose the saving ministries of the Church. God be thanked, this Catholic instinct is seconded by a country that has never made war upon God or religion.—America.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART IN THE ITALIAN ARMY AND NAVY

(From Roman Letter C. P. A.)

An interesting report has been drawn up by Don Gtmelli for presentation to the Pope regarding the promotion of devotion to the Sacred Heart in the Italian army and navy. Commenced in June, 1916, by the titular bishop of Tyrol, Msgr. Venturini, who is head of the military chaplains, the work has already enrolled two million soldiers and sailors. It began by the individual consecration of soldiers, who promised to frequent the Sacraments and have their homes and families consecrated on their return. The feast of the Sacred Heart, June, 1916, was so successful that it created an enthusiasm which led the chaplains to apply to the army chiefs for permission for a general consecration of regiments. This took place on the first Friday of the present year; the bersaglieri, the grenadiers, the artillery and the services behind the lines, such as postal, telegraph, sanitary and engineering, all being included. Sixty thousand ladies charged themselves with the making of emblems of the Sacred Heart, which were painted or embroidered on little Italian flags, in the centre of the white section. Over three million pictures, acts of consecration and flags were distributed on that occasion, the cost 8,000 lire, being defrayed by the funds raised at the church doors throughout Italy and by collections taken up by the Friars Minor. The whole navy participated in the act of consecration. Now a bulletin is issued to the chaplains and priest soldiers at the front, and a group of chaplains are endeavoring to arrange a monthly bulletin for the men at the front. The chaplains of the Cross of Malta, of the Red Cross and of the naval and military hospitals, also enrolled all behind the lines—reservists and territorials. Amongst the particular fruits of this work are five hundred troops, two hundred baptisms, and two thousand illicit unions regularized.

Bishop Venturini is delighted with the results of the devotion, which, he says, are as great as a successful Lenten mission. The devotion is practiced in order to proclaim the sovereignty of the love of the Sacred Heart, to bring about a victorious peace, and to promote the renaissance of Italy to a Christian life.

The English College, Rome, is losing its rector, but, happily, in a different way from the American College. When Msgr. McIntyre, Bishop of Lansing, was appointed to succeed Msgr. Giles, it was mainly through the desire of the Holy See that the college should have a bishop as its head. While Msgr. McIntyre seemed marked out among the English bishops for the post, everyone knew that the Archbishop of Birmingham was loth to part with him, that the Catholics of Birmingham hated to lose him, and that he himself had doubts. Now the Archbishop has pleaded urgently with the Holy See that Msgr. McIntyre may return to him and the Holy Father while he left the choice to the rector, fully concurs in his preference of allegiance to Birmingham, himself saying that he feels that it is in that wider sphere of work that the Church needs him. And as a special mark of appreciation the Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Birmingham is to be himself an Archbishop, Msgr. McIntyre having been appointed to the titular See of Ossitino.

It is well to stamp on every day the impress of a great thought.—Brownson.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Very Rev. Dean McCarty, V. G., of Melbourne, has been appointed Bishop of Sandhurst, Australia. He is a native of Clare, Ireland.

At Thurles Cathedral, Ireland, recently, the Archbishop of Cashel said he was pleased to inform the people that it had been decided to establish in Thurles the national college for the education of Irish priests for the missions to China.

Monsignor John McIntyre, Bishop of Lamas, rector of the English College in Rome since November, 1913, will leave the Eternal City and become Auxiliary Archbishop to the venerable Archbishop Hiley, of Birmingham, England, it has been announced in an internuntial camp. The monks of St. Bruno founded this abbey nine hundred years ago.

The famous French monastery, the Grande Chartreuse, from which the monks were expelled by the French Government in 1903, has been converted into an internuntial camp. The monks of St. Bruno founded this abbey nine hundred years ago.

At Indian Hill, near Syracuse, N. Y., a granite shaft marks the spot where the first Holy Mass was offered in the State of New York. It was solemnly dedicated September 23rd. The Knights of Columbus erected the shaft. An Onondago Indian village was located there, and in a bark chapel on Sunday, November 14th, 1655, Fr. Joseph Chaumonot, S. J., said Holy Mass.

The decree by virtue of which His Holiness Benedict XV. directed the name of Peter Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, to be placed on the list of the Irish martyrs, whose Cause of Beatification was introduced in 1914 to the Sacred Congregation of Rites by decree of the Pope, will soon be issued. Archbishop Talbot died a prisoner in the dungeon of Dublin castle in 1690.

The late president of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, George H. Hartford, was a devout convert to the faith. In 1866 he came to Orange, N. J., in the hope that Catholics would not settle there. In course of time he and his wife embraced the faith. He served as mayor of Orange thirteen terms in succession and thus helped to break down the prejudice and anti-Catholic spirit of the town.

The Mexican constitution was assailed at the recent meeting of the American Bar Association as "a worthless scrap of paper" in an address by William H. Burges of Chicago. "It closes Mexico to the world of Christian churches, to the civilizing influence of the Christian religion, and its uplifting agencies," said Mr. Burges, who declared that constitution had been framed by men "with no other thought than its financial value and the tribute they could levy through it."

Notre Dame, Ind., Sept. 25.—War conditions are effecting the attendance of students at the higher institutions of learning. Notre Dame University, the largest of American Catholic boarding schools, shows a ten per cent decline in attendance from that of last year. Most of this loss is in the upper college classes where most students are of military age. At Notre Dame, preparatory and lower college classes show an increase over last year. Holy Cross Seminary and Carroll Hall, for small boys, at this university have the largest enrollments in their respective histories.

In a locality of the north of France where there are a large number of British troops a magnificent procession has recently been held in honor of Our Lady. The fête was announced by placards and handbills, French and English. The cortege was composed of young girls of the parish representing religious scenes and sacred personages. These were followed by British soldiers, British military music, the British flag, the French flag, the Papal flag, the Cross, the clergy and the parishioners. The pageant was an imposing, picturesque and impressive one and has given great edification to the neighborhood, where the piety of the Irish troops is spoken of with admiration.

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AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANOTHER PHASE OF MAN'S HEART

On the evening of the day which witnessed her husband's return, Mrs. Courtney heard the strange and cruel story of his long absence. In her own dressing-room—to which, eager to bestow a confidence apart even from the hearing of his children, Mr. Courtney had early in the evening repaired—the devoted wife sat, drinking in the voice which was at once so sweet, because of her own wild love for the owner, and so harrowing, because of the cruel tale it recounted.

"The first month of your residence here," Mr. Courtney had begun, "my brother told me the story of your broken truth to him, allowing me to draw, as he described below, the most unfavorable inferences to yourself. He obtained from me a solemn promise never to divulge what he had told me; and in that promise, Mary, lay all the misery. If I could but have heard your story, then would not this cruel separation have occurred. When I read your passionate letters to him, I imagined that never had you used such tender language to me. And then I reviewed, with all the over care of a jealous man, your manner during our courtship. I knew that at times it had been marked by an evidence of attachment, but oftener it was shy, and as if it were constrained to be warm. Then your father's eager desire to have you wed me, your own kind attentions to Francis, all convinced me that you had given me your hand in obedience to your father's will, and that, while you would not swerve from your duty, your heart was still my brother's. I saw the agony of Francis—in a moment of frenzy he bared it all to me—and I accused myself of being the wretched cause of his unhappiness. I imagined that I had been grossly deceived, and I said to myself that I deserved it for having renounced my intention of studying for the Church. In the parting embrace you gave to Francis when he left us, I fancied I read more proofs to confirm my fears that your heart was not mine. I was maddened, I termed you false in my heart, and I flung your picture from my breast. I trampled on it, only the next moment to gather the fragments carefully up, and remove fully his from me—I could not put you out of my heart. My brother's letters came, and the loving messages you bade me insert in my replies added fuel to the fire of my jealousy. I shut myself up with my books, not to study, as you supposed, but to brood over my unhappiness, till it sometimes seemed as if I was going mad; then I would come forth, resolved to endure it, and to force myself to be satisfied with the semblance of your love, since I could not have the reality. But in the very midst of the affection I would lavish upon you, my miserable thoughts would rise anew, and send me back, cowed and despairing, to my solitude. Such was my life till Francis' letters ceased, and I was spared the pain of penning him kind messages from you. Howard was born. I fancied that event must help me to regain my peace of mind; but you so constantly spoke of my brother, wondering at his mysterious silence, and seeming so anxious lest some ill had befallen him, that my wound was kept constantly open. Still I struggled on, but it was a living death; and a little after the birth of Ellen, I concluded to put your affection for me to a test. I determined to separate from you a few months, possibly a year, leaving with you the impression that the parting was to be final, and that I would neither hear from nor transmit to you any tidings whatever. I was not prepared for the anguish which greeted that announcement, but I steeled my heart to it by imagining that it was not affection which produced it, but the thought of your approaching loneliness.

"You begged so piteously for the cause which led to so cruel a purpose that I gave the only one at my command—explanation for my broken resolve to enter the Church. You knew too well what passed in that interview for me to harrow you again by recounting it. I deemed what you uttered about Howard becoming a priest but wild, incoherent words, though I seemed to listen and approve, and I regarded the solemn promise you made as something the fulfillment of which would never be required. I consented to your appeal to appoint a means of communication by which you might know that I still lived, simply to allay the wildness of your sorrow, and not because I intended to employ such a medium of communication as I then devised, and I wrote the word *Moriae*, rather than any other, because it was in keeping with the suffering which I sought to inflict. With all the straining of my fancy to believe that it was not for love of me you grieved, I shrank from the suffering with which I felt you would receive my farewell, and to evade that I departed secretly, and in advance of the time I had mentioned.

"I little reckoned whether I vent, I had some vague idea of searching for my brother, and without any very defined aim I took passage for Europe. In London, where I sojourne'd for a time, I encountered in one of the streets a pitiable object, a poor wretched-looking foreigner,

clad in tawdry, tinselled garments, following a corpse that was on its way for interment. He was the only mourner, and his singular garb, and his still more singular demonstrations of sorrow had attracted a crowd of curious followers. That fact seemed to enrage his expressive and pathetic signs of bereavement he would turn and denounce the crowd in mingled English and Hindoostanee. His evident grief, the apparent friendliness of his position, attracted my sympathies—I used my efforts to deter the irritating curiosity of the crowd, and I accompanied the poor foreigner to ensure him in some sense protection. Never was mortal so wildly, so extravagantly grateful as was the poor Hindoo, and when, the interment having been performed, I brought him home to my lodgings, he told me his pathetic tale.

"The corpse, which had been interred, had been his wife, and the only relative, or even friend, the poor creature had possessed in all London. Some years before an English gentleman, residing for a time in Hindoostan, had brought the couple home with him, having been attracted to them by some signal service which Cawnor had performed for him; but the benevolent gentleman died shortly after his return to London, and the poor Hindoo was thrown upon his own exertions for the support of his wife and himself. Having learned a little of the language, he begged first; afterwards he grew detestable enough to do a little in the way of peddling. But his wife had suddenly died, and poor Cawnor was left as miserable as man could well be. He willingly accepted service with me, and never was a more docile, faithful, or affectionate servant. But no inducement could make him abandon his peculiar style of costume; he readily replaced the tinsel and the tawdriness by brighter, newer garments; but tawdriness and tinsel he would have. I turned my attention in earnest to searching for my brother; travelling from country to country of Europe, till nearly a year had elapsed. The excitement of the constant change, the intensity of the desire to find Francis, whetted because of repeated failure, kept me from reflection on the injustice of my conduct to you, and lulled me into a sort of rest which I mistook for peace. I determined to stay abroad still longer, but I could not repress my anxiety to know how you were bearing my absence, and, remembering my promise to send a messenger, I thought that Cawnor might serve the purpose. He understood enough of the language, and sufficient intelligence, to make the journey, and bring me word of all he saw. I gave him his instructions, and he departed to fulfil them. When he returned, he bore the news that you were all well. He said that you had asked no questions of him, though you had cried, and received him with every evidence of great joy. My jealousy was in wilder sway than ever. I imagined, from the very fact of your being well, that you were happier without me. It was nothing that you had cried, that you were dressed in mourning, as he reported—you had not even asked a question concerning me. I knew you had pledged yourself not to make a single inquiry, but I argued with myself that no true wifely love could keep such a promise. I said in my heart you desired my absence, and I endeavored to still every cry of affection.

"Turning aside, even from the desire to find my brother, I plunged into travel and study, in order to kill the gnawing unrest of my soul. We went to the East, and there obtaining access to archives which in my boyhood had passionately desired to reach, I endeavored to die to everything but the all-absorbing work of research. I sent Cawnor to you as regularly as I did, only that he might some time bring me news which would more surely verify my jealous fears and justify me in thus remaining from you. That he would tell me he had discerned in your appearance or your demeanor, or the changes in your surroundings, traces which would assure me that you rejoiced more than mourned at my absence; and the very fact that he never found you ill, and that you always forebore to make inquiries about me, nerve me to continue my stay abroad. Fourteen years passed. I had become a miserable misanthrope, fancying that if I was not happy, I was, at least, at peace with myself, and that I was acting with a noble generosity in remaining away from a wife whose heart was not mine. I imagined that my books filled the vacuum in my heart; but it was all a miserable sham, for when Cawnor, having returned from his annual visit to you, informed me that my children were in Europe, my heart panted to find them, to look upon them in secret, even though I would not discover myself to them; and to England—remembering you had many friends there—Cawnor and I turned our faces. The faithful fellow had told me that you had forborne to go yourself abroad, because of the pledge you had given me. Oh, Mary! that news steeled me still more against you. I said that you were wanting in motherly affection as well as wifely love; I gave you no credit for adhering to a promise which I fancied my true mother could have kept, and more cruelly still, I imagined that you had perhaps even taught my children to detest my memory. My soul was swept by the waters of a more bitter anguish than any I had yet endured.

I dwelt on the thought of Ellen and Howard hating me, of their turning from me should I, having ascertained their whereabouts, proclaim my identity, till I grew morbid. I used to walk the streets of London in a state little short of insanity, and poor, faithful Cawnor, as if he read my melancholy thoughts, and feared that they might result in some desperate deed, would not leave my side. Though he had never asked a single question, and I had volunteered no information of my affairs beyond that which was necessary for the execution of my commissions, he seemed to comprehend the unhappiness of my life, and to have some singular sympathy with you, for he was always anxious to pay his visits to New York, and would frequently ask me if the time for paying those visits had not arrived.

"One day I entered a gallery, more to seek relief from my thoughts than to view the paintings on exhibition. My attention was attracted to a lady attended by a young girl and two youths. One of the latter was admiringly talking to some gentleman, and a singular feeling induced me to draw within hearing distance. I was surprised at the lady's remarks, as were those to whom they were addressed. They displayed such singular ability, and when he had departed with his companions, one gentleman asked the name of the able youth. I heard the answer. It was enough to make me know that I had seen and listened to my own son. I then recalled the features of the young girl, detecting resemblances to you which I had failed to discern when I was in her presence, and I knew also that I had seen my daughter.

"Love for my children—such wild, passionate love as I did not think I could be capable of—then absorbed every other feeling. It had been urged into being by that sight of Howard and Ellen, and it burned thus fiercely because it had been so long repressed; but I was rendered miserable by the horrible fear that they had been prejudiced against me, I ascertained their whereabouts, and maintained a secret watch upon their movements; but I would not discover myself, by some means, I could be assured of the reception they would accord me. When they went with the Grosvenors to Italy, I followed. To Italy I again pursued, Cawnor proving invaluable in learning for me when and where they were going to make their transits. How the faithful fellow did it I know not, unless he ingratiated himself with the servants of the mansion, and obtained the news first opportunity I made him aware, her endeavor to pursue him, were enough to make him elude her. By the constant watch which Cawnor maintained I was enabled to know when Howard entered the Propaganda, and I, too, made my residence in Rome. It was exquisite bliss to be thus near where my son was pursuing his studies. I fancied I must have opportunities of secretly learning his character—of ascertaining how he had been taught to regard me; but, believing that I had no place in his affections, I regarded not the hopes which you had excited. But my own hopes were doomed to disappointment. I was prostrated with illness, from which I recovered to find that Cawnor had never left my bedside; and when I sent him Howard, to again maintain his watch, Howard had left the Propaganda, and there was no trace of his whereabouts, other than he was presumed to have returned to New York. My disappointment was bitter. To such a pitch had my love for Howard risen, that I felt I could not exist unless I was near him, and I too, determined to return to New York; not to repair to you, but again to look upon my boy in secret. But when we reached France I was too ill to travel farther. I could not restrain my impatience, and I insisted upon Cawnor hurrying forward, and leaving me to be tended by strange hands. The poor fellow was loath to deprive me of his own care, but my determination was not to be altered, and he obeyed. He returned to tell me that my children were not home, but in Paris, where Howard was pursuing his wild career. Again I was animated—again I was impelled to exertion which my still feeble state would not warrant, and I bent every power of my soul to finding my son. One day I heard his name mentioned, but in connection with an agitating movement which could bode only disaster to those concerned in it. My fears were aroused. He would be snatched by the arm of authority ere my arms could enfold him, and once more I was distracted with mental agony. It told upon my health, and was a wild desire. My illness was renewed, more severe and more dangerous than it had first been. Thanks to the unremitting care of the faithful Hindoo, I recovered, but every trace of my boy had vanished.

"Sobbed, saddened, but not despairing, I still clung to the hope of finding Howard abroad. I imagined

I knew his disposition now; that it was of the ardent, ambitious kind, which is constantly plunging into foment, and I fancied that he was only concealing himself somewhere, to escape the consequences of his rash enterprises. I lingered in Paris for months, trusting to the Hindoo's singular sagacity to discover him; but every effort failed, and my anxiety became unendurable. I despatched Cawnor once more to America, to learn if the children were with you. You returned the message that one of them was in Ashland Manor, the other you knew not where. To Dublin then I directed my steps, and the Hindoo proceeded secretly about Ashland Manor, to obtain what information he might of my children. There he again encountered Anne Flanagan, but, as before, he deterred her from pursuing him. My own cautious inquiries soon elicited that the brother of the young lady who resided in the Manor had been compelled to fly the country, and that even she did not know his whereabouts. I did not believe that statement. I imagined she well knew, but that she had made that assertion in order to cover her unwillingness to accompany him into exile, and I deemed her my insanity, a mind had already painted you—heartless, for not having, since you knew not your son's whereabouts, come aboard, or in some manner used exertion to find him. I determined to go on the continent again to seek him, but some singular longing drew me to wander about the grounds of Ashland Manor, ere I finally left Ireland. There I met Ellen. She has probably told you."

Mrs. Courtney bowed her head.

"I forgot, when I looked at her, all my previous harsh reflections upon her conduct—everything but that she was my child—and my heart jumped wildly up to tell her so; but I restrained myself. I feared the very abruptness of the statement would ensure for a cold reception; and then I was not sure with what feelings she had been taught to regard me. I determined to wait until I had looked into the face of my son—till I had sounded his heart—and through him I would win his sister; for it always seemed as if I could more easily gain Howard's affections than Ellen's.

"I resumed my maniacal search on the continent. From his previous connection with political movements, I deemed that Howard's restless spirit would break forth in such organizations again; so, accordingly, my efforts were directed mostly among secret political societies. I never dreamed of his having re-entered college, and I continued to wait until I had looked into the face of my son—till I had sounded his heart—and through him I would win his sister; for it always seemed as if I could more easily gain Howard's affections than Ellen's.

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so I deferred my return home until to-day. But when I came, when you sprang to meet me, when you lay upon my breast, all the pride, all the sternness, with which I fancied I had fortified myself, all the feelings of the unhappy past, seemed to vanish. The first sight of you revived the love that I thought had been long dead; the first touch of your fingers recalled the old, old times when I thought your love my own. And that happy state of mind continued till you spoke of my brother; the very sound of his name recalled all I would forget, and froze again, as it were, my newly springing affection. But when he came, when he told his story, I saw in its true light my wretched, wretched course, and I have now, as I did below, to crave your forgiveness, my true and faithful wife, and to promise that my love in the future shall in some measure atone for the neglect of the past. You have already said that the past should be forgotten. Promise again to forgive and forget."

From his breast, to which she was clasped, she strove to utter her reply, but her heart was too full, and she could only look the answer he sought.

He pressed her to him, and murmured softly:

"Oh, woman, great is thy worth!"

Her happiness was no longer overcast by a single cloud.

TO BE CONTINUED

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES

By Riffman Patrick MacGill

The Ulster man and the men of the South of Ireland had made a great fight of it by the Zonnebeke River and the Pomer Redoubt, and now that a day's hard effort was at an end, the dressing station to rear of the line of battle was full of stories of the struggle. The wounded were still coming in, and the dressing station, once a snug little village home, was crowded with those who had been stricken in the fight. Men from all parts of Ireland were there, farmers from the North and Midlands, fishermen from the rugged West, and cattle dealers from the South. The Ireland of the dressing station was an Ireland purged of rival party and friction; an Ireland united in a great battle against a common enemy. Here in the little ruined French home blossomed a spirit of comradeship such as Ireland had never known before, Ballymena exchanged pleasantries with Ballinacree; Cushendall limped in from the conflict leaning on the arm of Corrymeela; Ireland was united again. Brotherly love between all parties was established in the furnace of battle. Long may such a love endure!

Near the door, a bundle of khaki which lay on a stretcher stirred itself and tried to sit up. Two brilliant eyes stared from a blood-stained face and looked round the room.

Who are you on the look-out for? enquired a man, who with his arm in a sling, was leaning against the wall.

"And is it you that's here, Eamon?" asked the man on the stretcher, fixing his eyes on the soldier with the wounded arm.

"It's me," was the reply. "And ye yourself, look to be in a fix, Sam Young. What have you got?"

Sam Young, the man on the stretcher, lay down again.

"I got a splinter full pelt across the back," he said, "and I lost my spectacles."

"Knocked off iv ye?" enquired Eamon.

"They were taken off from me," said Sam Young. "Twas when I was lyin' wounded."

"Be one iv the Jerrys?" asked Eamon. "If they did that I wouldn't put it past them, for they've got the dirty dhrop in them."

"The spectacles were taken off me by one of our own men, be an officer, and that officer was the padre, the Catholic priest."

Sam Young, an Orangeman, kept quiet for a moment, as if waiting for the disclaimer. "He stepped into the mind of a staunch Catholic, who happened to belong to the same battalion as Young."

"It's not a thing that I'd believe iv Father," said Eamon. "It goes against the grain in me to belie ye, Sam, but maybe it's yer mind that is wanderin'. But to think that that would be done by the priest and him one iv the first to get his feet over the bags when the whistle was blown! Nothin' could keep him back when the boys had to cross, for I was beside him when the C.O. was speakin' to him. 'Now, Father,' says the C.O., 'ye've got to stay behind here and ye'll have enough to do when the wounded come in and not to be goin' out into the open and riskin' yer life. D'ye know what I'll do to ye if I find ye out there?' The C.O. goes on to say, 'I'll send ye back under arrest and I'll get ye tried be court-martial when the job is finished.' But Father—"

But Father— went across all the same, for, as he said to the Colonel, his job was not so much with the men who were carried in as it was with the men who were lyin' out. But to take your spectacles, Sam Young! Ah! no, he wouldn't descend to that."

A third man spoke. He had a hole as big as a fist in his shoulder, and the doctor was dressing it. He was lying face down on the rude dressing table, and his remarks were punctuated by groans.

"I'm not holdin' to the same belief as Father—"

said the man, "but for all that I'm not goin' to hear him run down. Ugh!"

He found me lyin' me lone on the lip

iv a shell-hole and he helped me in to till the shelter and gives me a drink iv water. And the bullets were skippin' the ground all round him, but he didn't seem to care a hill or hair about them. Ugh! . . . He is a fine man, one iv the best. Bar to the church, I'd follow him anywhere else."

"So would I," said Sam Young, sitting up again. "But all the same, he took my spectacles from me. And this was the way iv it: I got hit and I was lyin' down on the ground lookin' up at the sky and feelin' as sorry as anything for myself. All at once I heard a voice behind my head and who was it but the padre?"

"My poor boy ye've got hit," he says till me."

"I have Father," says I."

"And ye haven't much shelter there," says he."

"That I haven't, Father, I say."

"Then he comes up till me and bends down and gets his arms round me shoulders and drags me into a shell-hole."

"Lie here till I looks round for a stretcher-bearer, and then maybe we'll get ye into our own trenches," he says, and just at that moment a shell burst very near and sends the dirt iv the field flyin' all over his face."

"Ye're not hit, Father," says I, and as I spoke he rubs his hand over his face and tries to clear the clabber away. As he did that, the spectacles that he was wearin' comes off in his hand and he looks at them."

"They're broken," says he, 'and without them I can't see me fingers in front iv me.'"

"But ye're bleedin' as well," says I, for the blood was runnin' down his face."

"Ah! that's nothin'," says he, 'it's not givin' me any pain. But my spectacles,' he goes on, 'I'm as helpless as a blind man now.'"

"Try mine," says I, and he tried them on."

"They're all right," he says, lookin' at me through them. 'Ye're not needin' them much now,' he says, 'and if ye give them till me, I'll get ye a new pair when I get in. I'd give ye the price iv them if it wasn't for me.'"

"Then he stops and I remembered 'hat he gave all his money to the boys last night afore they came up to the trenches."

"Don't trouble at all about them," says I. "If my specs is all I lose in this scrap it don't matter much."

"Then he goes away and leaves his spectacles come along and sets about takin' me in. But he took the spectacles all the same," said Sam Young who had a sense of the dramatic, looking round at the soldiers in the dressing room.

At that moment a wounded man came in with a bandage round his forehead. He sat down on the chair near the door.

"The poor padre!" he said.

"Not dead!" exclaimed Sam Young sitting up and looking at the newcomer.

"Dead, God rest him!" said the newcomer. "It was him that put this bandage on my head, and he's turned to go away to attend a young fellow next me he got hit. He fell without a word at all. One iv the best men that ever I've met. I was goin' to say a prayer for him, but then I thought that he is a man that's not in need iv our prayers, so I prayed to him to look down on us and help us. For I know that he's watchin' us still."—The Derry Journal.

BROKEN LILIES

Although it belonged to an enclosed garden you could peep into the garden by craning over a wooden gate that admitted the outside world to services in the chapel, and which was carefully relicted after worshippers had departed. Somewhere in the enclosure rushed a rivulet; although it was invisible you could hear its mysterious, alluring laughter, and hearken to a silken rustle as it swept over stones and water weeds.

Within the garden birds sang lustily: for them it was a sylvan paradise, guarded from interlopers by angels, armed, not with flaming swords, but Rosaries. The trees therein were, many of them, bearers of fruitful promise, and in the wilderness, were sighing beaded larches and wayward hazels. Roses and lilies thrived within parterres; Dolly scented the perfume and longed to gather.

She was an elfin maid, a tiny town-bred mite, all frills and flounces. And her mother was gowned as daintily as the elf in sprigged white muslin that blushed in vivid patches beneath the warm shadow of a scarlet sunshade.

"Hold me up!" commanded the imperious Dolly. Leaning her forehead against the gate, mother obediently did as she was told.

"Let us go in!" was demanded next.

"We cannot, dear, because the gate is locked."

"Bother!" the child drummed with her boots upon the barrier. "If nurse were only here she'd get in somehow. She'd put me over the top, and let me play about among those pretty daisies for a little while."

"Very likely: Nurse does things I wouldn't dare to do; there may be a dog about which would come and bite you."

"Only a very bad dog would bite a nice little girl like me," objected the sage Dolly, whereat her mother laughed.

The lady's laughter was as melodious as was her voice, soft, and yet ringing. So, at least, thought Sister

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Sacristan, who, at that moment appeared in the chapel doorway bearing a broom and dustpan. Her white habit was tucked up over a dark petticoat; the starched wimple encircled her neck, and bright brown, bird-like eyes, her face appeared to Dolly, and the nun smiled at the little girl: child-hearts and child souls greeted one another. "We would come in; may we?" asked Dolly.

"Why, certainly, of course!"

Keys rattled; the nun unlocked the gate; mother and Dolly walked into the garden.

"Is there a dog?" The child's voice quavered slightly.

"No, my dear," said the nun; then, turning to the lady, "You came, no doubt, to visit our Reverend Mother. Unfortunately she went to town this morning about some business."

"I thought that Benedictines were enclosed!"

The face of Dolly's mother twisted into a roguish smile; she arched her pretty eyebrows.

"Yes; but we Olivetans are not so strictly here in England as we were in France. Our Mother has permission to break enclosure when necessity demands it."

"You, surely, are not French?"

"No, madam, I am Irish. But, excuse me, what message may I give you to our Mother?"

"None! We are here on false pretences: serpents, I fear, though harmless ones, in Eden. I am an utter stranger to your Reverend Mother. The only excuse for my intrusion is that Dolly was simply longing to come inside your garden. She asked: you let us in; hardly my fault: surely you cannot blame me?"

"No, indeed; truly you are most welcome. Perhaps you would like to visit our little chapel: the door is open."

"I would!" cried Dolly.

Boldly running up the steps in she went accompanied by the Sister. Mother remained outside.

The child crossed herself at the step; genuflected to the Tabernacle, and said a "Hail Mary" before our Lady's statue.

"Nurse sometimes takes me to Mass and Benediction," she whispered softly, "and I like going."

"But I expect you love Holy Communion best, especially when you go with mother," murmured the nun, remembering the days of her own happy childhood.

Dolly shook her head:

"But mother never goes to church, only me and nurse. Nurse goes to Communion, never me."

"Oh, then you aren't Catholics?" Sister felt disappointed.

"Nurse is; I don't know what we are," said Dolly frankly, "and, please, may I go and gather a little bunch of daisies in your garden?"

Sister's heart was touched by this humble request; were not the June flower beds all ablaze with glory?

"Certainly, Come; we will gather a bunch of everything," said she.

Dolly's mother sat on a bench beneath an apple-tree; her polished shoes were gilded with buttercup and daisy dust; she had removed her gloves; the fingers of her fair hands glittered with gems that sparkled in the sunshine.

Idly she watched the nun and Dolly as they culled flowers together and arranged a pretty nosegay. Watching she hearkened to their conversation, sighing from time to time; for Dolly's mother had been brought up in a convent orphanage.

"Which are your favorite flowers?" asked Sister Sacristan of Dolly; she cut madonna lilies as she spoke.

"Poppies," replied the child.

"You curious little thing! Why poppies?"

"Because they're wild and red-faced, and peep from behind the wheat like playful pixies. Their petals stain your lips and cheeks, and make you look like a thesaurer lady. I used to play at hide-and-seek with them among the corn when I was tiny, and laugh when daddy couldn't find me. I love poppies best because they remind me of my daddy."

Sister Sacristan looked at the child in thoughtful silence. Then:

"Well, I expect mother loves lilies best," she said, and added, dreamily, speaking her thoughts aloud and thinking of the child:

"Lilies must often have touched the hem of Our Lord's garments when he walked in the fields, or stooped to bless the little children when mothers brought them to Him. Perhaps they were embroidered on our Lady's mantle. . . . Come, we will give these lilies—our blessed Lady's blossoms, blooms for motherhood—to your own pretty mother, little Dolly."

Suiting the action to the word, and holding Dolly by the hand, the nun passed into the shadow of the wide-spreading fruit tree, and handed her floral sheaf to Dolly's mother.

"As I have no rosemary to offer, please accept these lilies as a remembrance of our convent," she said with a soft smile.

Before the sweetness and simplicity of the nun's pure face the eyes of Dolly's mother quailed, her eyelids lowered. Momentarily uplifted into that rare atmosphere in which Religions live and have their being, the wings of her soul quivered like those of a joyously ascending lark. Then, suddenly, they grew still and outspread; her heavy heart sank once more earthwards.

"Ah, take those flowers away!" she cried with soft, sobbing laughter, "lilies are not for me! Look at my hands. You see they cannot, nay, they dare not, hold such chaste offerings!"

The slender fingers, beringed with many gems, showed no plain hand

among them, and the nun understood.

"I threw it far away when he divorced me," whispered Dolly's mother.

There was a moment's silence. Then:

"You take the lilies!" pleaded Sister gently, "for, like ourselves, they are our Father's children, though purer far, and never weary, never grievous to Him. Their sweetness will surely remind you of His love; and, when you lay them across your arm, you will remember that His arms are ever open, waiting to welcome and receive us when we return to Him. Surely the good God must love all mothers with an especial tenderness and understanding."

Thus speaking Sister Sacristan placed the sheaf gently upon the lady's lap, and then sat down beside her.

The face of Dolly's mother was shaded by a large hat; her breath came and went rapidly; her heart beat fast.

"They sew not, neither do they spin," she murmured, touching the lilies with her nervous fingers, "no more do I. I am an actress, Sister, a music hall artiste; painted, soured, creased; one of the devil's givers to a poppy in God's cornfield. Once, it is true, I was a Catholic—long, long ago, alas!"

Dolly was seated on the grass, some little distance off, well out of earshot; her thoughts and busy fingers were wholly absorbed in making daisy chains.

"The child spoke to you of her daddy," continued the lady quickly. "Dolly loved him; and so, indeed, did I, though I betrayed him. I love him still, in spite of my evil doings. He was generous to me—very. When, after the divorce, he joined the army, he let me keep my girle—conditionally upon my good behaviour!—for the duration of the war. He's somewhere in France now, I gather."

Caresing the blossoms she crushed them closer to her.

"I wish you hadn't given me these flowers: I've avoided lilies—always. So many, many memories hang about them. . . . Memories of past sweet-times. . . . The convent chapel. . . . Rouen. . . . But, of course, you have forgotten the orphan Ellen Clare whose confirmation name was Magdalen? I have changed out of all knowledge, Sister Sacristan; you, like all Catholics, are unaltered because unalterable."

"Ah!"—The nun drew her breath sharply, once, and then talked on calmly, as though discussing an everyday affair.

"But, indeed, you are greatly altered, Ellen, grown out of a lanky girl into a beautiful woman. Well I remember the sad day you left us to study singing in London. Why, 'twas the day after Reverend Mother Pauline was called home to God—and may He rest her soul! All too soon we were forgotten by you, dear Ellen; but I, who then was just about to enter the novitiate, loved you well, and have always remembered you in my poor prayers. They are answered: we can renew our friendship."

The nun drew the bent head of Dolly's mother down upon her bosom, and kissed a tear-stained cheek.

"Sister, I am unworthy. . . ."

The broken sentence was disregarded, and the nun continued:

"Do you remember the day of Corpus Christi when you and I each made our First Communion; how we strewed flowers in the procession? You had a great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament."

"Ah, stop, say no more—you hurt me!"

"And the Crucifix in our dormitory; have you forgotten how, by mischance, its nail loosened and it fell? The feet were broken. We asked permission to mend it, you and I. How the sight of those wounded feet saddened us! Yet it was but an image, not our dear Lord Himself."

"Hush, Agnes, I beseech you! I can bear no more! Let the past slumber."

"And Father Andre, whose severe sermons bored us, and who was so kind and different in the confessional that we believed his guardian angel spoke and not himself—do you remember? Well, he is here; he came to England with us refugees. Of course he is old now, indeed, very old. He is giving Benediction almost immediately. Will you not come, dear Ellen? See, here comes Dolly! Dolly, I want you and mother to stay to Benediction."

The daisy-chain was finished. It danced on the child's slight shoulders, as, like a gleeful lamb, she ran, with a skip and jump towards her mother.

"Oh, yes; do let us go. I love Benediction!" she exclaimed. "But, mummy, see how you have crushed those lilies; they've stained your dress with their wet, yellow pollen. Surely you're not crying, mummy, because you've bruised your lilies?"

"Agnes," said Dolly's mother with a sob, "you said you had no rosemary to give me, but you have twined it all about these lilies: its scent is too poignant for my soul to bear!"

"Rosemary! Why, there is none, and the lilies are all tumbled, they aren't tied together!" corrected Dolly.

Firmly she bound the blossoms into her poppy nosegay. Then, taking her weeping mother by the hand, she led her up the steps into the chapel. Already it was almost filled with worshippers. Conventuals from the local military hospital occupied many benches.

Dolly wondered why mother's tears fell even faster during Benediction. She never remembered to have seen her cry before. It seemed very baby-

ish to weep over faded blossoms, and yet no other visible cause for tears appeared. Dolly had often cried, missing her daddy sorely; mother, never. Was it possible—her little hands grew cold—that daddy had been killed? Perhaps the nun had heard so and told mother. Wistfully she peeped up into her mother's face:

"Is daddy dead?" she whispered.

There was no answer. Mother's eyes gazed steadfastly upon the Sacred Host; she did not hear or heed the questioner.

Among the wounded soldiers was one whose eyes were attracted to the child and mother. Ever and again he wiped his pallid brow beaded with perspiration. Perhaps, having been most severely injured, he still suffered pain. This officer had lately been received into the Church by Father Andre, who took much interest in his convert. At the conclusion of the service the soldier took up his station close to the chapel door; leaning upon crutches he waited whilst the congregation passed by. All pined the disfigured and mutilated sufferer.

Father Andre usually chatted with the soldiers after Benediction. He was moving down the almost empty chapel from the sacristy when Dolly's mother threw herself in his way.

"Father!" she panted, clutching at his cassock, "I want you to hear my confession now—at once! Of course you don't, you can't remember, but I am Ellen Clare whose first confession you heard years ago in the Rouen Convent. . . . Oh, Father. . . ."

"The confessional is in the sacristy, my child; follow me," said the old priest quietly. Raising his hand he checked her flow of agitated speech.

Left all alone the startled Dolly was momentarily uncertain what to do. Turning, she glanced towards the chapel door. Should she not return to the enchanting garden, where birds still sang, and evening sunshine lingered?

Just then a well-remembered, yet strangely altered, figure arrested her attention. Her heart came to a standstill, then bounded, beating time to waves of ecstatic joy that surged within it.

"Daddy!" she cried, and rushed with widespread arms to where, with trembling hands, the wounded soldier stood, eager to give him kisses.

"Daddy! Why did you not write and tell me where you were? I've been most miserable about you, darling daddy!"

"I am a horrid sight; too broken up for you to mend or care for me, but I was going to write to you—and to mother—this very evening."

"I never heard such nonsense!" exclaimed the little girl with trembling lips, "too broken up indeed!"

I love my broken toys the best, and mother made more fuss today over some broken lilies than she's ever made over any other flowers. Why she was crying all through Benediction. . . . Perhaps you'd better go after her—she's in the sacristy—and cheer her up. The old priest is in there, too, and he looks kind."

"Presently, I will go and see them both," replied the soldier. For, he thought, "perhaps we can begin our lives anew, leaving the past behind us. Maybe she will forgive my hardness and swift retribution, my violation of the law of Christ, even as I have utterly pardoned her frailty and fall under a dire temptation."

The alabaster box which Mary Magdalen brought to Jesus was doubtless beautiful. Perhaps, like the ornaments in Solomon's temple, it was "wrought like the flower of a lily"—yet it was far lovelier when broken, for then its fragrant tincture anointed and consoled the feet of Him who binds up the bruised and broken lilies of His Garden, refreshing them with Heaven's own gentle dew—mercy and benediction.

—Constant E. Bishop, in the English Messenger.

less than going directly against the teachings of Christ, Who came on earth to oppose that very idea. There were many religions at the time of Christ's coming, the Jewish, the Roman, the Greek, but Christ came to emphasize the fact that there was but one true religion.

"There are non-Catholics in this church to-day. They will admit that I have as much right to found a church as Luther, Calvin or Wesley. Would it be bordering on blasphemy for me to intimate that I could tell people better than Christ Himself how God ought to be adored? No man has such a right, and that is why Catholics do not take their religion from any man, whether he lived four or fourteen centuries ago. When Catholics take their doctrine from Pope or prelate or priest, they do so only because it is the doctrine of Christ, and neither Pope, prelate or priest has the right to add to or subtract from that doctrine.

"The saddest thing in New York today is not sin, not poverty; it is the spectacle of hundreds of thousands of Christians fighting among themselves, brother against brother, when sin is so prominent that sometimes it seems triumphant. Just stop to think of the sins committed in New York last week, the blasphemy, the drunkenness, the impurity; then consider the indecency of the publications that are on every newstand. If all Christians were one gigantic body, working in harmony, we would make New York a paradise! Yet, here we are, battling one against the other, agreeing on nothing, happy to drive a dagger into one another at every opportunity—simply holding ourselves up to the ridicule of the forces of irreligion.

"Catholic or non Catholic, we are all brothers, and we can at least unite in the prayer that some day we may all be one. There is but one God, one Christ; and there ought to be but one religion. There was such a time, four hundred years ago. Our ancestors all believed the same things, lisped the same prayers. Do you think that Christ is happy to see the divisions that now divide us and our strength?—The Monitor.



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THE BITTER FRUIT

Thinking that leads us only up against a black wall of despair is diseased. None are more loud in proclaiming the complete and hopeless shipwreck of modern "free-thought" than the eminent ones among free-thinkers themselves. Truth, we are now told, is to be attained, not by thinking, but by "willing." The Church was to contend against the "philosophy of Will." The conquest by man of the outer world has served but to make known to him his poverty of spirit. Writing of the results achieved by Science in the Nineteenth Century, Rudolf Eucken says: "The greatness of the work is beyond doubt. This work more and more opens up and conquers the world, enfolds our powers, enriches our life, it leads us in quick, victorious marches from triumph to triumph. . . . Thus it is true, our desires, objects have been attained, but they disclosed other things than we expected: the more our powers and ideas are attracted the more we must realize the neglect of the inner man and of his unappeased, ardent longing for happiness. Doubts spring up concerning the whole work; we must ask whether the new civilization be not too much a development of bare force, and too little cultivation of the being, whether because of our strenuous attention to surroundings, the problems of innermost man are not neglected. There is also noticeable and lacking of moral power; we feel powerless against selfish interests and overwhelming passions; mankind is more and more dividing itself into hostile groups and parties. And such doubts arouse to renewed vigor the old eternal problems, which faithfully accompany our evolution through all its stages. Former times did not finally solve them (?) but they were, at least to a degree, mollified and quieted. But now they are here again unmitigated and unobscured. The enigmatical of human existence is impressed upon us with unchecked strength, the darkness concerning the Whence and the Whither, the dismal power of blind necessity, accident and sorrow, in our fate, the low and the vulgar in the human soul, the difficult complications in the social body—all unite in the question: Has our existence any real sense or value? Is it not torn asunder to an extent that we shall be denied truth and peace forever?"

Hence it is readily understood why a gloomy pessimism is spreading more and more, why the depressed feeling of littleness and weakness is pervading mankind in the midst of its triumphs.

"A painful lament and longing pervades our restless and peaceless times," writes another. "The bulk of our knowledge is daily increasing, our technical ability hardly knows of difficulties it could not overcome. And yet we are not satisfied. More and more frequently we meet with the tired, disheartening question: What's the use? We lack the one thing which would give support and impetus to our existence—a sure and assured view of the world. Or to be more exact, we have found that we cannot live with the view of the world which in this century of enlightenment has stamped its imprint more and more upon our entire mental life. Materialism, in coarser or finer form, has penetrated deeply our habits of thought, even in those who would

IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER

That one religion is not so good as another, despite frequent assertions to that effect, was the statement made recently by Rev. John E. Wickham, at a mission for non-Catholics given in St. Leo's church, New York City. Father Wickham pointed out clearly and emphatically the reasons why Catholics could not subscribe to such a belief.

"One religion is not as good as another," said Father Wickham, "because the founder of one is not as good as the founder of another. Wesley was a good man, Calvin had firmness of purpose, Luther and Knox had their qualities but they are not God. Catholics wish the people of all religions well, but we cannot admit the equality of other religions with ours, because we can not admit that a work of man is the equal of the work of God.

"A man in trouble seeks the best lawyer; a man ill seeks the best physician; in having a prescription filled he seeks the best druggist; he will not listen to one who tells him that any lawyer will do in an important case; that any doctor is good enough to prescribe for him or to wield the scalpel if he needs an operation; or that any tyro drug clerk is good enough to fill his prescription. All of which is correct. We want the best. Yet, men who are so particular in these matters have no hesitancy in saying that one religion is as good as another.

"What does such a statement amount to? It is neither more nor

indignantly protest against being called materialists; the name seemed to imply scientific earnestness and liberal views. However, there are still left a considerable fund of old idealistic values, and as long as we could draw upon them we saw in materialism only the power to clear up roots and prejudices, and to open the road to progress in every field. To the newer generation, however, little or nothing is left of this old fund, hence, having nothing else but materialism to depend upon, they are confronted by an appalling dreariness and emptiness of existence. And ever since the man on the street has absorbed the easy materialistic principles, and looks down from the height of his 'scientific' view of life contemptuously upon all reactionaries, we have become aware of the danger that imperils everything implied by the collective word 'humanism.' This explains the plethora of literature

which in these days deals with the questions of a world philosophy." These are not the words of a believer. They are all the more significant for that. Do they not recall the words of St. Augustine: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and restless is our heart, till it finds rest in Thee!"—Truth.

A new mother house, novitiate and scholasticate for the Little Brothers of Mary was solemnly blessed by Bishop Shaw of San Antonio, Texas, in the presence of our Mexican bishops and a large number of priests. When the Brothers were driven out of Mexico, they rented a house in San Antonio until, with the help of friends, they secured a tract of land. The good Brothers did not wait for assistance from others, but by their own labor they erected a three story edifice, large enough to accommodate 150 persons.

The Catholic Record

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**THE WORD "MASS"—AND ITS
USE**

In England a very active and powerful section of the Established Church openly proclaims itself Catholic. Its clergy have restored Catholic ceremonies, Catholic devotions, and above all the Catholic idea of the Mass as the great central act of worship, the Sacrifice of Christ's Body and Blood, offered to God by the priest for the living and the dead.

Indeed it is said that foreigners seeing altar, candles, vestments, incense, etc., in an Anglican Church find themselves in doubt, at times, whether or not they are in a real Catholic Church so closely are the ceremonies of the Mass imitated.

While there must be many here also whose religious sympathies are High Church or Ritualist or even "Catholic," a more robust, and unashamed Protestantism makes outward and visible expression of such tendencies difficult; so one might infer, at any rate, from recent correspondence in The Churchman. The editors of the Sunday school department included "Mass" as one of the titles of Holy Communion. Immediately there were vigorous protests. This, for instance, from "Anglicanus":

"Sir,—Permit me to emphasize your editorial paragraph on the use of the word "Mass" by Canadian Churchmen. I desire to call attention to some remarkable statements in the "Teachers' Assistant," for September. In the Lesson Notes for the 16th, "Mass" is given as one of the titles of Holy Communion, and it is significant that while the Scriptural title, "The Lord's Supper," occupies four lines, that of the "Mass" takes up no less than eleven and a half. But, worse than this, the writer actually says that the word "Mass" means "Feast," and may be taken to signify the spiritual feeding on Christ which takes place in Holy Communion." It would be interesting to learn who is responsible for this, for, of course, the word "Mass" means nothing of the kind. In view of the fact that, as your paragraph rightly says, the term "Mass" was omitted from our present Prayer Book (in 1552), after having appeared as the subtitle of the Communion Office in the Prayer Book of 1549, it is obvious that the use of it today by Anglicans is absolutely opposed to true Churchmanship, to say nothing of other considerations equally strong. But as long as such teaching as this is allowed to pass and be given to children the present disunited state of our Canadian Church will continue.

Now note the velvet tread of the "S. S. Institute Publications" as they appear on the scene—not apologetic—or retract—or to justify altogether—yet to venture to plead in extenuation—if not justification—considerations of "historical completeness." Nothing "Roman" meant we assure you—nothing "present-day Roman" connoted—but "historical completeness."

But let the mildly "Catholic" Protestants speak for themselves in their difficult situation:

"Sir:—May we ask space in your columns for our reply to the observations made with regard to the use of the term 'mass' in our publications for September?"

Note the fact that "mass" is spelled without a capital, though "Sacrament," "Holy Communion," "Lord's Supper" are all capitalized. That surely ought to be accounted unto them for righteousness.

you looked for the lesson for November 11th in this connection. The inclusion of the term mass in our lessons of September 16 was in no wise meant to seem to identify us with the Roman Church."

No really heartfelt recantation here such as would satisfy those for whom "Anglicanus" speaks; but an acknowledgment of their duty to "draw a cleavage," between "Anglican teaching as such," and "Roman doctrine;" and a promise to be more anti-Roman than ever in November.

"Secondly, though our limited space allowed us little more than an enumeration of the titles that have been applied to the Holy Communion, our reference to St. Ambrose shows that the inclusion of the term mass was not meant to connote the present-day (Roman) associations with the term. The actual word mass is innocent in itself, and its use was allowed to pass from reasons of historical completeness. We agree at the same time that misunderstanding might arise from our inclusion of the term, as we omitted to state definitely that 'mass' was no longer an authorized title in the Anglican Church by reason of its Roman associations."

The word "mass" (with a small m) is certainly innocent until proved guilty. But unfortunately for those who would put it back into a place of honor after having thrust it out with ignominy, the term "Mass" connotes now as it did a thousand years ago "present-day (Roman) associations;" but there is, we admit, an "historical completeness," about the innocent term which might go far to bridge an insistent historical hiatus—a great gulf fixed—between the Catholic Ecclesiae Anglicana and the present-day Church of England as by law established. The non-Catholic Professor Maitland is honest with regard to historical facts though he may be rather rude with "historical completeness." He writes:

"A radical change in doctrine and discipline has been made by the Queen and Parliament. . . . The service-book is not such as will satisfy all ardent Reformers but their foreign fathers in the faith think it is not intolerable, and the glad news goes out that the Mass is abolished."

Before this time the Christian altar, and the Holy Sacrifice were to the British Christian what they are to the Roman Catholic in this twentieth century.

The Venerable Bede, at the beginning of the eighth century, writes in words which neither lose nor gain a particle in their Catholic meaning twelve hundred years later.

In his commentary on St. Luke St. Bede says:

"To His priests Christ has said, 'thou art a priest forever according to the Order of Melchisedech, so that in place of the flesh and blood of lambs, we may now possess the Sacrament of Christ's Flesh and Blood under the appearance of bread and wine, which He Himself tells us is His very self'"

And though the term "transubstantiation," was of much later origin does it express Catholic belief with greater theological precision than these words of Bede written to a priest friend?

"At that time when thou shalt consecrate the bread and wine into the substance of Christ's Body and Blood, be not unmindful of me."

That English doctor of the Church speaks again and again of "offering up the healing Victim;" of "the Victim of the holy oblation;" of "our salutary sacrifice." The Mass then as now was the Sacrifice in which Christ is Priest and Victim, offered to God by the hands of the priest, who participates in the priesthood of Christ.

It may be worth while, for very obvious reasons, to quote a sentence from the Rev. Canon Plummer's article on Bede in the *Bettanica*:

when blessed, may pass into the substance of the Word."

It will hardly be denied that all this "connotes present-day (Roman) associations" with the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

In the English Communion Service, every care was taken by Cranmer and the other compilers to make it absolutely clear that the sacrificial character of the old service—the Mass—had been changed into a memorial of prayer and praise; and, while the general disposition of parts of it retained some outward resemblance to the old service, all mention of oblation and sacrifice was rigidly excluded.

Cranmer held that there was no difference between priest and layman save "in the ministration; that the priest doth minister and distribute the Lord's Supper unto others, and others receive it at his hands." Ridley declared there was no sacrifice but what Christ once offered; further that the Sacrament of the Eucharist had no grace except to such as received it rightly. He was most active in pulling down altars and setting up tables in their places in order to eradicate the very idea of the Sacrifice of the Mass. Hooper called the Mass a "horrible idol." The Reformers, ecclesiastical and lay, were loud in explaining that their ministers were no "Mass priests."

After an examination of the writings of those chiefly responsible for the liturgical changes in England, says an English writer, all that an unprejudiced reader can say is that if the old priesthood was not destroyed and the Sacrifice of the Mass eliminated as a result of their work, it was not the fault of the compilers of the new liturgy that they survived.

Then the xxxi. Article of Religion reads:

"The offering of Christ once made is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction, for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual; and there is none other satisfaction for sin, but that alone. Wherefore the sacrifices of Masses, in which it was commonly said, that the Priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."

Yes, between the old faith and practice of the centuries when the Mass was England's supreme act of worship, when its name was on every lip and its meaning unambiguous and undisputed in every mind and heart, when Christmas and Michaelmas, Lammas and Martinmas were the natural Catholic designations of feasts; between that time and the settlement under the Supreme Governor of the Church, Elizabeth, there is a great gulf fixed. If the old familiar term could steal in unobserved; if even with a small m the innocent word "mass" could be introduced to the young, in time its use might be made to serve as a bridge over that yawning gulf—and "historical completeness" might not seem so distressingly incomplete.

"It is the Mass that matters." Let them use the word, the innocent word, and in time. . . . In so great a cause they are ready to give the pill an anti-Roman coating. It is very interesting. Meantime the robust Canadian Protestantism aforementioned finds expression through "Anglicanus" who says:

"It would also be interesting to know whether any of our Church leaders have protested against the children being given this inaccurate information and doctrinal error. It is simply astounding that anyone writing Sunday School notes, intended to guide teachers in their work, should be able to say that the Holy Communion has been called a "Mass," or "Feast," because in Holy Communion the souls of those who believe are fed with the Body and Blood of Christ."

Anglicanus is not troubled about "continuity" or "historical completeness." Whether he will be satisfied or even mollified by the following "particular reason" advanced by the Sunday School Institute Publications we can only surmise:

"It may be asked whether historical completeness be a sufficient ground for our passing of the lesson. This brings us to the particular reason why the writer desired to include the term objected to. Protestant prejudice against the Roman Church has led in many quarters to an ignorant and superstitious fear of any Roman service or custom. Children brought up in small Canadian communities sometimes catch the impression that "mass," "patenosters," etc., mean wicked and unutterable practices that mark the Roman Church off from all decent humanity. The writer still remembers the relief experienced as a child when it was learned that mass was the rite in the Roman Church which corresponded with our Holy Communion. From that time it has seemed reasonable and desirable to try to remove the veil of fear and

misunderstanding from the minds of those who might have had the same misconception."

At the same time it is only fair to the writer who would dispel ignorant and superstitious fears about "mass," "patenosters," etc., to state that he claims to be always ready and willing and anxious to "differentiate the difference." As he says himself:

"At the same time there has always been the strongest desire to differentiate clearly and finally the difference in the Anglican and Roman positions."

The trouble with these good men does not appear to be in differentiating the difference which a straightforward 39-Article Churchman might well consider a "Work of Supererogation." And we can understand his indignation if he takes Article xxxi. in "the literal and grammatical sense" and holds with the Supreme Governor of the Church of England that, "no man shall . . . put his own sense or comment to be the meaning of the article." The difficulty is rather to get some decent excuse for falling into line with all Christendom, ancient, modern and medieval, schismatical and Roman, in the use of that innocent word Mass. "Historical completeness" seems about as innocent, ingenious, and unanswerable an excuse as could well be put forward when one must unhappily, even amongst "Churchmen," reckon with Protestantism naked and unashamed.

PRACTICAL MEASURES TO FOSTER FOOD PRODUCTION

At last we have a practical measure taken to foster and expand the production of food. It is briefly this:

A redistribution policy, which will provide for the movement of stock from areas where feed is light to areas where feed is plentiful.

Free freight policy in connection with the transportation of breeding cattle and breeding sheep.

Fifty per cent. rebate on the freight rate on carload shipments of feeding cattle from Winnipeg to country points in the Eastern Provinces.

Free shipments of carloads of breeding sheep and lambs from Toronto and Montreal to the west.

Over and over again the portentous truth has been proclaimed that there is a great world shortage of food; and that the grim spectre of famine hovers over many parts of the world. In Canada there will be no famine, but there may be famine prices. Farmers have been urged to increase production and the response, considering the handicaps under which agriculture labors, has been generous. Nevertheless there are 1,180,000 fewer cattle, sheep and swine in Ontario than there were in 1913, and in all Canada the decrease is 1,742,000. It may be questioned if the campaign for increased production has been intelligently conducted. Practical measures are imperative. Neither the press nor the platform nor the pulpit, nor all together can supply their place. Take one item. Canada has 935,000 fewer hogs now than in 1913. Unlike the other food producing animals hogs breed twice a year, and they increase and multiply at rates many times greater than cattle or sheep. There is a reason why there should be a million fewer swine in Canada than there were a few years ago. It is not merely the war-time prices; but the uncertainty of prices, the fear that the price of bacon may at any time drop back to the pre-war level. The present price of a brood sow in Ontario is equal to that of a horse a few years ago. Is it surprising that many farmers take advantage of the prevailing prices moved by the fear that otherwise they will incur a loss?

There is only one effective way to ensure increased production in this line—the easiest to attain and the quickest in returns—and that is by fixing a minimum price for pork. The uncertainty as to the duration of the War, the clamor as to the high cost of living, the political activity of the consumer, all combine to make the farmer hesitant and distrustful as to the wisdom of increased production of swine. It is true that even after the War is over the food shortage will not disappear immediately. But the hundreds of thousands of farmers in Canada make up their minds each for himself on such matters. Is it reasonable to try to convince each one of them that the facts are as stated when, if true, the government would run no risk whatever in fixing a minimum price?

It was high time that we should get down to practical measures, and now that a beginning has been made let us hope attention and effort will continue in that direction.

A minimum price for pork is an

eminently practical measure that would have immediately practical results.

A PROTESTANT ANGELUS

After generations of scorn and abuse Catholic practices are coming into favor with all sorts and conditions of Christians without the fold. We have recently had the Protestant observation of Holy Week and Passiontide; Protestant adoption of the cross which Catholics have always and everywhere upheld as the symbol of Christianity; prayers for the dead; Anglican imitation of everything Catholic; and now we have in Toronto a Protestant Angelus bell at noon.

Speaking to the Globe last night Canon H. P. Plumtree, rector of St. James' Cathedral, said:

"Beginning on Monday next and until the end of the war the bells of St. James' Cathedral will play the National Anthem, and the tune of some such well-known hymn as 'O God Our Help in Ages Past,' at the noon hour each day of the week."

"It is hoped that many thousands of citizens of Toronto, when they hear the bells, will raise their hearts in prayer to God for a speedy and victorious termination of the war, and for a just and lasting peace."

The old Church of all the ages and all the races has something to teach after nineteen hundred years experience of human nature, and her practices and symbolism will receive increasing attention from earnest and spiritual minded men. Perhaps it is an injustice to Canon Plumtree to assume that he has adopted any "Roman" practice, for, though he does not specifically repudiate the Roman Angelus as the source of his inspiration, he indicates another source which is beyond suspicion.

"I should add that the suggestion, though not exactly in this form, was made to me in the first place by the Mayor of Toronto, who has expressed himself cordially in sympathy with the proposed plan."

SEPARATE SCHOOL WINS SIGNAL LAURELS IN NEW SPHERE

On several occasions the attention of our readers has been called to the success achieved by Separate school pupils in the Entrance and similar examinations. In these tests the subjects were usually included in the three Rs. The Government very wisely opened up, however, some years ago, a new field of competition among rural schools by introducing the practical study of subjects tending to increase the children's interest in the home and farm, and to render them more competent as the future mistresses of the one or managers of the other. In connection with this study fall fairs are held each year under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture, at which the schools of a district compete. In the east riding of the County of Peterborough, the Provincial member, Mr. Thompson, in order to give added zest to this competition and to encourage the children, donated a silver cup to the school in his constituency that would win the largest number of first prizes in this annual contest. Furthermore he stipulated that, should any school win this prize three years in succession, it would become the permanent owner of the trophy. The pupils of St. Joseph's Separate School, No. 8, Otonabee, are to be congratulated upon having accomplished this feat, winning the largest number of first prizes at these fall fairs in the years 1914, 1915 and 1916. This year in their own district, which includes eight schools, at the fair held at Sion, the pupils of St. Joseph's won sixty-one prizes, capturing twenty-two firsts out of a possible forty-five, a record that is not likely to be reached in any other section of the riding.

A glance at the list of these prizes indicates not only the mental, aesthetic, physical, and practical advantages of the competition, but also the all-round efficiency of the school that emerged the victor. Under the head of the practical, St. Joseph's won the red ticket for plain hand sewing, patching worn garments, jar of preserved fruit, halter broken colt, corn, onions, collection of weeds, collection of insects, manual training (milk stool), etc. In the aesthetic department they captured the prize for drawing, water colors, and collection of flowers. A little girl, with a decidedly Hibernian patronymic, won the prize for the best five minute speech. Lastly, to show that study had not weakened their muscles, they overcame all opponents in running, high and standing jump, and the tug-of-war.

A significant fact in connection with this incident is that the convent has already claimed two of the young

ladies who had charge of this school during the years referred to, and whose interest in education and all that benefits Catholic youth will be but intensified by their sacred calling.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SIXTY-TWO YEARS A PRIEST, and for fifty-nine years pastor over one flock—such was the almost unique record of the Very Rev. Provost John J. Kyle, whose death is announced by our latest Scots exchanges. Though born in England, Provost Kyle's entire priestly life had been spent in Scotland, and since 1858 he had labored continuously in what is known as The Enzie (Inghy) in Banffshire. By the whole district, Protestant as well as Catholic, he was genuinely revered as was evidenced by the enthusiastic manner in which his diamond jubilee was celebrated two years ago. Dr. Kyle's paternal relations to his flock, his sympathetic and understanding bearing towards the laity, and his unflinching kindness and charity to non Catholics earned for him the love and respect of everybody. Notwithstanding his English birth he was regarded as a typically Highland pastor. His death removes one of the few links binding the Church of to-day with that of the old regime before the restoration of the Scottish Hierarchy. R. I. P.

WE MET WITH a good story recently concerning Dr. Benjamin Jowett, the celebrated Master of Balliol College, and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. His passion for work was common knowledge, and his impatience under interruption was equally well-known. A party of American tourists were being shown about the University, and coming to Balliol, the guide who took them in hand thus delivered himself:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is Balliol College, one of the very oldest in the university and famous for the hereditary of its scholars. The 'ead of Balliol is called the Master; the present Master is the celebrated Professor Benjamin Jowett. Those are Professor Jowett's study windows, and there, here the man took a handful of gravel, and threw it against the panes, bringing the poor professor livid with rage, to the window, 'ladies and gentlemen, is Professor Benjamin Jowett himself.'

REFERRING TO recent remarks in these columns on *bibliophiles* in general and on Henry S. Huntington, the New York multi-millionaire, as the reputed chief of the tribe in particular, the following definition of terms often misapplied and very much misunderstood, may be useful to some of our readers. A *Bouquinieur*, a familiar French term, is one who loves old books and who places his happiness on the search for and discovery of a cherished volume. He delights in hugging, handling, reading his pets. He is above all a ferretter. An admirable specimen is depicted in a well known picture, which, having been reproduced time and time again, is probably familiar to many of our readers, in which a gray haired old book-lover on the top of a step-ladder is so intoxicated with the sight and handling of the priceless treasures before him, that he cannot bear to put one of the books back after having taken it from the shelf. Consequently, he is represented with one book open in his hands, a volume under each arm, and several more between his legs—loaded with as many as he can possibly hold at one time.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHER, on the other hand, writes about books, and treats them from the intellectual standpoint—analyzing and discussing them like a literary or scientific theme. He is a critic and is almost always also the double of the *Bibliophile*, who engages himself mainly with the material volume, with its typographical character, its shape, its illustrations, its binding, and its value as a rarity. First editions of the elect, and the productions of the early masters in the printers' art are his especial delight. Usually, too, he delights in exhibiting his possessions and involuntarily allows others to profit by them. The *Bibliomaniac*, on the contrary, cares little for possession. He has no discernment, prefers quantity to quality, and usually hides his books as a miser his treasure. Happy he who possessing knowledge and discernment, finds his chief joy in the substance of a book while not oblivious to the charms of the material volume and its associations.

IN DR. FRYDE'S book, "Pleasant Memories of a Busy Life," issued some years ago by Misses Blackwood, a story is told of the late Adam Black, Member of Parliament for Edinburgh, and founder of the well-known publishing house, Adam and Charles Black. One day, soon after Mr. Black commenced business as a bookseller, a suspicious looking man came stealthily into the shop, and leaning over the counter whispered into his ear: "I've got some fine smuggled whisky, which I'll let you have at a great bargain." "No, no," said Mr. Black indignantly, "I want nothing of the kind; go away." The man, evidently not believing in the sincerity of this righteous outburst, leaned further over the counter and whispered: "I'll tak Bibles for't."

HERE IS a rather diverting page from the diary of a New England preacher—the Rev. Mr. Emerson of Conway, Mass.—early in the nineteenth century. "Jan. 1, 1860—Had much company. In the evening married a couple; fee, \$1.25. Had a cheese given me; value, \$1. Deacon Ware, a present of beef; value, about 20 cents. Jan. 4—Attended to study. Bottle rum, 50 cents. Jan. 23—married three couples; fee, \$6.25. Feb. 4—Paid a woman tailor for one day, 25 cents. July 3—Bottle rum at Bardwell's store, 50 cents. Aug. 12—Two quarts of rum at Williams' store, \$1.50. Paid for killing hog, 17 cents. Oct. 12—Put in cellar for winter use 38 barrels of cider; value, \$32. Dec. 29—Lord's day, Preached from 2 Samuel i, 27, 'How are the mighty fallen!'"

ON THE BATTLE LINE

This is the interpretation of the submarine situation today as expressed in an interview with Lord Northcliffe, head of the British War Mission:—

"The most urgent news that has crossed the Atlantic since I arrived in this country at the beginning of June," Lord Northcliffe said, "is the official statement by Sir Joseph MacLay, the British Controller of Shipping, to the effect that unless the United States faces the shipping problem and constructs 6,000,000 tons of shipping annually the military efforts of the United States will be crippled from the start.

"Set aside all German boasts, put away from you the idea that Great Britain, who is increasing her own food production, can be starved out. The writing on the wall should arouse every thinking American to the greatest problem the world has ever faced—the transport across 3,000 miles of water of the new American army, which already amounts to more than a million of men; its cannons, shells, locomotives, railway track, munition plants, airplanes, observation balloons, hospitals, ambulance convoys, doctors, nurses, machine guns, butchers, bakers, shoemakers, men of every trade, railroad engineers, interpreters, organizers and distributors of stores, clothing, horses, mules, fodder, bookkeepers, complete telephone and telegraph equipment, with operators running into thousands."

"The whole system of publishing the figures of submarine sinkings by the Allies is misleading and I have protested against it ever since it was adopted. I do not believe that any substantial progress has been made in stopping submarine depredations. Last week we were told officially that the submarine sinkings of British ships were the lightest since the policy of ruthlessness commenced. Within a few hours cables flashed the news that the sinkings of French ships over the same period were the heaviest yet recorded."

"In other words, it is probable that part of the submarine force of Germany that is fighting the greatest naval battle of the world off the south coast of Ireland was sent to the French coast to stop the arrival of urgent necessities from America for your daily growing army."

"Admit the comparative success of the convoy system; admit the bravery and ingenuity of the British and American Captains of destroyers; admit the worth of some of Mr. Edison's ingenious devices."

"There yet remains the serious statement by the greatest authority on shipping in Great Britain, that the United States requires 500,000 men to be engaged in shipbuilding; that you must build three times more than the British have ever built in one year, and five or six times what you have previously accomplished in like time."

"OUR ATTACK this morning . . . has been completely successful. All our objectives have been gained, positions of great importance have been won, and over 3,000 German prisoners have already reached the collecting stations." These striking words from the official report of General Haig emphasize the vital nature of the battle in progress east of Ypres, and which has lasted in its present phase from September 19. While there has not, of course, been persistent infantry fighting since that date, the artillery never ceased its pounding, and the superiority of British guns and gunners has made possible such advances as that re-

corded by General Haig in his report of last night. The net result of the British effort at the time the report was sent was an advance on a front of over eight miles from south of Tower Hamlets to the Ypres-Staden Railway, north of Langemarck, and at many points it reached a depth of one mile. The British are now masters of the main ridge to a point 1,000 yards north of Broedseinde, an important point on the crest. In other words, they now have possession of almost all of the portions of the ridge necessary to give them the dominating positions in regard to the Plains of Flanders, and from which they would be able to launch attacks that will, if successful, enable them to proceed against Lille, to the south, and Roulers, to the north, and thus turn the positions of the Germans on the Belgian coast. Gheluvelt, on the Menin road, is a strongly fortified position on the southern end of the line that the British still have to carry, and when it falls the road to Menin is practically open.

THE BRITISH CRUISER Drake has been torpedoed and sunk, with a loss of one officer and eighteen men. The vessel was torpedoed off the north coast of Ireland on Tuesday morning, but was able to make harbor, where she went down in shallow water. It is probable that the Drake will be refloated. She was one of a class of three armored cruisers completed in 1903, and was of 14,100 tons displacement. The Drake carried sixteen 6-inch guns and a number of smaller batteries, and her best recorded speed was about 26 knots an hour.

RENEWED ATTEMPTS by the Austrians to recover their positions on the Bainsizza Plateau and on the slopes of Monte San Gabriele have once more met with defeat. It is noticeable that the failure of the Austrians to check the development of the Italian plans is accompanied by a desperate plea for peace by Foreign Minister Czernin.

DEVELOPMENTS in aerial warfare continue to be a feature of the war news. The French have again raided a German town in reprisal for raids on French unfortified municipalities, and the British have made a number of attacks on German military stations and posts in Belgium. The British squadrons, in their raiding operations during the last three or four days, have dropped bombs by the ton on their objectives. In this connection it is of interest to note that the idea of reprisal raids against Germany is said in despatches from London to be almost universally hailed with approval.—Globe, Oct. 5.

RUSSIAN MENTALITY

Correspondence of the Associated Press

Paris, Aug. 25.—Robert de Fiers, associate editor of the Figaro and now attached to the headquarters staff of the Rumanian Army, has had months of study of the Russian troops serving in conjunction with those of Rumania. Here are some anecdotes from his latest article:

There is a fine lake somewhere in the south of Russia which is connected by a channel with a smaller lake, where huge carp are raised. The channel was barred by nets to prevent the carp from passing into the larger lake, and, as food does not reach the troops in the district too plentifully nor in great variety, the officers were glad to vary their mess with the fish.

One day some hundreds of soldiers were gathered in a meeting—one of those meetings which have become a regular institution in the Russian Army this year—plunged in deep discussion. Suddenly there was a rush toward the lakes and, with cries of "Sloboda!" "Sloboda!" ("Liberty!" "Liberty!"), the men began to pull out the barriers and nets and destroy them. The officers wished to prevent the destruction, but the soldiers took little notice of their reprimands beyond crying "Sloboda! Sloboda for the fish!"

A noncommissioned officer explained the matter. "Fish are God's creatures as men are. Like them, they have the right to liberty. But men can talk and so have made the revolution, while fish are dumb and can never make theirs. It is, therefore, our duty to aid them because it is contrary to nature to pen them up in order to capture them and easily kill them."

A middle class functionary, a man who occupied a modest position in one of the tax collecting offices and who was imbued with the narrow, bureaucratic, reactionary spirit generally found in that class, chanced to go out one day with a red umbrella under his arm. A group of manifestants going to a meeting begged him to open his umbrella. He willingly complied, and at once found that his bright umbrella—red being the revolution's color—made him a personage. Women threw him flowers, children were lifted up for him to kiss, and he was at once made President of the meeting.

When that was over he was conducted in triumph to a banquet, and there, too, he made an eloquent speech, having discovered himself an orator without having ever suspected it. Finally he was conducted to his home at a late hour by several thousands of his free if not enlightened fellow citizens. From that day, after inscribing his name on the revolutionary committee, he has never gone out without his red umbrella, always open.

A certain General was suspected

by his men of being only lukewarm, toward the new movement, so a delegation of soldiers waited on him to ask him his real opinions.

"I'll tell you just what I am," he said to them, "and you can tell it to every one. I look upon my men as my children and so have no reason not to tell them the whole truth. I am a Maximalist anarchist. After that I am sure you won't want any further details."

The men went away delighted. They declared to the regiment that had sent them: "The General is absolutely all right. He is so tremendously revolutionary that we couldn't even remember the name that he said."

LOGIC OF FREEDOM

Two soldiers had happened to speak to a General and one had used the term, "Your Excellency," as was the custom before the revolution. The other soldier afterward rebuked his companion for such a lapse from new principles.

"You said 'Excellency'!"

"Well, of course I said 'Excellency.'"

"But don't you know that now you mustn't say 'Excellency'?"

"And why mustn't we say 'Excellency' any more?"

"What? Why? Because we have made the revolution, and now we are all free."

The first soldier was silent for a minute, and then remarked:

"But since we are all free, we are free to say 'Excellency' if we like to."

The other soldier, in turn, reflected for a minute, and then declared:

"That's true, after all. The moment we are free we can do what we like. It's that, you see, that's so difficult to understand. But as that's really so, I am going to say 'Excellency' myself." Then he added:

"But, all the same, it won't be the same thing as before."

The Petrograd soldiers anxious to instruct themselves and occupy the leisure that the revolution has given them, are great visitors to the museums. Their anxiety to investigate everything leads them to pass their hands over the pictures and caress the statuary, often marking it with their nails. Notices have been put up begging comrades to touch nothing.

The founder and curator of the "Ethnographic" Museum recounts that his staff, caretakers, cleaners, &c., has petitioned the Government for the suppression of his office, on the ground that a curator is useless in a museum, that he does nothing, costs money, and is of no service, as they who carry the keys, wield the feather brooms, and clean the floors are the real curators.

HOW TO BE A CIVIL ENGINEER

In a manufactory the workmen in a body waited on the civil engineers to tell them that "the old order having passed away, there must be no more slavery. Every one must work in turn. So you will kindly come of you go down into the mines, and others follow the engines."

"And who will do our work?" asked the engineers.

"Some of us will take turns in your offices."

"But what will you do there?"

"The same as you—sit around, sharpen pencils, and smoke cigarettes."

On Sunday, July 8, M. Naudeau saw a crowd moving along the Nevsky Prospect, carrying banners, half blue, half yellow. "That's all right," said a middle class citizen to him.

Revolutionary red seems to be going out of date. When the column had approached, it proved to be composed almost entirely of soldiers, enough to form two or three regiments. Their banners for the inscription "Long Live the Government!" which seemed to show that it was a patriotic manifestation, but others had "Long Live the Government of Kiev!" "Long Live the Ukraine!" "Long Live Independent Little Russia!" "Long Live the Independent Ukraine!"

The soldiers belonged to the Petrograd garrison and were natives of Little Russia, manifesting their desire to be enrolled as soon as possible in the purely Ukrainian army that is being formed in the south. No one interfered with their separatist demonstration.

These illustrations of Russian temperament are declared to indicate the difficult task Kerensky confronts, to direct such a people and to keep them steadily in the path that he would have them follow.—N. Y. Times.

DISHONEST CRITICISM

The Church today is confronted by a criticism that boasts of monopolizing the spirit of truthfulness. It has not, it cannot afford to give Christianity a "square deal." Canons of criticism are used against her which the critics themselves would not dream of using in any other field of study or research. "As

a matter of fact," says Donat, "it uses all scientific devices to shirk the truth and to disguise its effort. In loquacious protests it rejects the 'rigid dogmatism' of the fixed views of the Christian faith, and proclaims experience and reason as the sole criterion of scientific cognition; yet it always stands upon the platform of rigid presumptions, that are derived from no experience, and which no reason can prove. It clamors for research free from presumption, and, without winking an eye, substitutes its own presumptions, secretly or openly. It is dishonest."

"It promises to preserve for man the highest ideals and blessings for which his mind is yearning, yet it has no religion and no God. It recalls to mind the words spoken by St. Augustine of the philosophers whom he had followed in the days of his youth: 'They said: truth and always truth, and talked much about truth, but it was not in them. . . Oh, truth, truth, how deeply my inward spirit sighed after thee, while they filled my ears incessantly with thy bare name and with the palaver of their bulky volumes!'" (The Freedom of Science, p. 260)

To sum up in the words of Chesterton, we may say that: "The most characteristic current philosophies have not only a touch of mania but a touch of suicidal mania. The mania questions and knocked the head against the limits of human thought, and cracked it. This is what makes so futile the warnings of the orthodox and the boasts of the advanced about the dangerous boyhood of free thought. What we are looking at is not the boyhood of free thought, it is the old age and ultimate dissolution of free thought. It is vain for bishops and pious bigwigs to discuss what dreadful things will happen if wild scepticism runs its course. It has run its course. It is vain for eloquent atheists to talk of the great truths that will be revealed if once we see free thought begin. We have seen it end. It has no more questions to ask; it has questioned itself. You cannot call up any wilder vision than a city in which men ask themselves if they have any selves. You cannot fancy a more sceptical world than that in which men doubt if there is a world. It might certainly have reached its bankruptcy more quickly and cleanly if it had not been feebly hampered by the application of indefensible laws of blasphemy or by the absurd pretense that modern England is Christian. But it would have reached the bankruptcy anyhow. Militant atheists are still unjustly persecuted; but rather because they are an old minority than because they are a new one. Free thought has exhausted its own freedom. It is weary of its own success. If any eager free thinker now hails philosophic freedom as the dawn, he is only like the man in Mark Twain who came out wrapped in blankets to see the sun rise and was just in time to see it set. If any frightened curate still says that it will be awful if the darkness of free thought should spread, we can only answer him in the high and powerful words of Mr. Belloc: "Do not, I beseech you, be troubled about the increase of forces already in dissolution. You have mistaken the hour of the night, it is already morning." We have no more questions to ask. We have looked for questions in the darkest corners and on the highest peaks. We have found all the questions that could be found. It is time we gave up looking for questions and began looking for answers.—Truth.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B.
TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

REMEMBRANCE OF DEATH

"Redeeming the time, for the days are evil."
(Eph. 5: 16)

On time depends eternity. On the manner in which we spend our lifetime depends our happiness or our misery for ever. So, to spend our time well is no small or unimportant thing. In fact, it would be a great lesson to learn how to "redeem the time"—that is, to make amends for the past, to be careful for the future.

It is not a lesson you will care to learn. But, though it is a lesson that no one likes, it is the best means, the only means, to a necessary end.

The Holy Spirit teaches it; the Saints teach it; common sense teaches it. We cannot help ourselves; we must learn it. What, then, do they teach us?

The inspired Word tells us: "In all thy works remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin." (Ecclesi. vii. 40) And the whole practice of the saints may be summed up in those oft-repeated words of St. Benedict: "Day after day, keep death before your eyes." And common sense? Does it not tell us that, when an important action must be done, and done only once, we must prepare to do it well? There is no point in which the folly of men is more apparent, than their disregard and even careful shunning of the thought of death. It is folly to act, through mere cowardice, in direct opposition to the counsels of God, the saints, and reason.

Now, my dear brethren, though it is natural to wish to shun the thought of death, we do not come to the Church to do what is natural, but, by the help of grace, what is supernatural; not what flesh and blood, but what God would have us do. So let us here examine what reasons we have to fear death.

We fear two kinds of things—those that may deprive us of good, and those that may afflict us with evil. Let us see whether death does either. Deprive us of good. It can separate us from the joys of this world, and from the joys of the next. But is it so bright and happy? Do not most of us have more sorrows than joys? What with all the labor, sickness, false friends, disappointments of this world, is it so very hard to leave it? Oh! it is not the leaving this world merely, but the going, we know not whither, that frightens us and makes us fear death. Then it is the second reason; but with what evil can it afflict us? None; death is simply a gateway. It opens heaven to the good, but alas! hell to the wicked. It is not death, then, that we should fear, but sin. "For the wages of sin is death," St. Paul says. (Rom. vi. 23) and again, "The sting of death is sin." (1 Cor. vi. 56) And St. James: "Sin, when it is completed, begeth death." (James i. 15)

So here we have at last the real reason why we fear death—because we are in sin. Oh, the craftiness of the evil one! He has clothed death with all the horror and dread, whereas he should have clothed sin—mortal sin—and he has decked out sin in the stolen garments of innocence and pleasure. So we have no fear of sin, the real cause of all misery, but foolishly dread the thought of death, which, instead of being an evil, is the great means to help us to heaven.

For regard the advantages of remembering death. It makes us see the past in its true light, and the consequence is repentance.

The past! How much is contained in that one word! How many errors, frailties, deeds of malice and perversity; how many wanderings from God; fixing our heart upon anything rather than on Him! Look at our sins; which one of them should we have dared to commit, if death had been standing by? The sinful past is what it is, because we did not remember death. And now, when we begin to think of death we are led to repent.

Death, secondly, teaches us the value of all things here below. Vanity of vanities! Death opens our eyes to see through the hollow pleasures of the world, and the ways and needs of bad companions.

And the third advantage of the thought of death is that it nerves us with a new energy, and puts us on the way to God. It is hard to go on always doing little things well; that makes the monotony, the weariness of a good life. Remember death. Little things look important, and they are so, viewed in the light of death. How many, after starting on the right road, on the narrow path of a good life, have yet become discouraged and weary, have sat down and slept? Why? They forgot to remember death. Let us not do the same. But when we are weary and well-nigh spent, we must think of death. And the end of the road will seem much nearer, and perseverance will be ours. The best means to make us redeem the past, be careful in the present, and anxious for the future is the continual remembrance of death. Have death ever before your eyes.

[See, then, under what a mistake and a delusion of the devil we have been laboring. We thought death was to be feared, whereas it is sin; for sin robs us of the Supreme Good, and afflicts us with the evil of eternal punishment. Get free from sin, and you will not fear death. Death has few terrors for a good

conscience. Rather shall we find the remembrance of it a cause of comfort. It will be to us a true friend. It is no flatterer or deceiver. It will not play us false at the end. No; cherish the remembrance of death now; make it the guide of your life now, and it will prove to be the gate of heaven.

TEMPERANCE

THE UNDOING OF THE PROFESSOR

What drink can do to transform a man is set forth graphically in the following incident that Dr. Sheehan recalls, in his book "Paraga."
"I am curiously reminded of an acquaintance, who has long since passed beyond my ken, but in whom at one time I felt some interest. When I first knew him he was a gentleman—graduate, B. A., or possibly, M. A., of Cambridge; and in dress, manner, deportment, all that could be expected of a scholar and gentleman. I was a young missionary in an English city, and had not even a nodding acquaintance with him; but the glamor of a university education hung around him; he was one to be addressed with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness.' I little thought that the day would come, and come swiftly, when he would be glad to get a sixpence from me to buy bread, or—drink! That word explains all.

"He had come down, or, rather, rushed down the declivities of life pell-mell, and now lay a broken and distorted wreck amongst the human debris cast out by fate from the urn of necessity. The silk hat had given way to a broken bowler; the shining boots to patched and broken shoes; the morning coat, without fray or crease, to a wretched blue serge jacket with broken button holes, tied with a piece of cord, and badly concealed, or half-revealed by a long, grey, dustcoat, whitening under time and use.

"When I first made his acquaintance, he had tumbled quite amongst the potatoes. "He was bruised and beaten, but not a conquered spirit. I cannot remember now how I struck up an acquaintance with him, but I will remember how deeply I was impressed by the wide range of his acquirements, and, above all, by that peculiar pronunciation of Greek and Latin which seems to be the cachet of a university training. Yes! there was the educated gentleman seen through all the sad disguise of rage and penury. Nothing seemed strange or unfamiliar to him in all ancient and modern literature.

"He was eking out a wretched subsistence at the time, in a narrow room in a squalid back lane in the city, by teaching a few little schoolboys at night a little writing, a little geography and the rule of three. He took his professional fees modestly in drink. I could have cried for him. . . . I was one day deploring his misery when, at a certain railway station which he frequented for obvious purposes, he accosted me for a shilling.

"The shilling was given, and the priest asked the professor to talk with him until the train would arrive. The fallen gentleman willingly complied.

"Oh, my day's work is done," he said. "You have given me a shilling, and sufficient for the day is the good thereof. But," he hesitated a little, "and I thought I saw a faint pink blush steal up on his pallid face—you, eh? are not ashamed to walk up and down such a public place with me?"

"Not in the least, my dear fellow, I am known pretty well here. So are you; and I won't affect either of us materially." An energetic discussion ensued, the professor striving to maintain that he had had much out of life.

"Look at me," he said.

"I looked," says the narrator of the incident. "He was not an attractive object. The electric bell at the Northern Hut marked the approach of my train."

"Would you believe that I used to dine with great people at the Criterion, London? Yes, sir! I drank champagne at six pounds the dozen, and never smoked anything under a shilling cheroot. . . . Here at the Crown, with a clay pipe, a glass of Cognac, and a clientele of half-drunk laborers, I reason, argue, talk—am a king."

"I bade him good-by! and took my seat. Two fine ladies dressed like peacocks, and probably with the intellects of oysters, looked askance at me. As the train glided from the platform, I looked out. I thought I saw the frayed skirt of a broad overcoat vanishing through the door of a third-class refreshment room."—Sacred Heart Review.

A RELIC OF PAGANISM

People with pet dogs will be interested in the remarks of Dr. James J. Walsh contributing an article to America on "Animal Pets and Human Needs." The Doctor has no sympathy with those who lavish on dumb brutes the affection and care which at present are denied so many human beings. He believes that "the food wasted on pet animals would save the lives of many starving children. Recently a young woman was heard to remark: 'I must have a young chicken sent home; my Pekinese will eat nothing else. Poor thing, he is not himself these days.' The time and affection wasted on dogs, would, if properly spent on human beings

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do a great deal to solve some of our most clamorous social problems. Surly no one with any serious purpose in life can justify this waste of time, of money, of human energy and above all, of God given human affection. It is thoroughly pagan in itself and is too injurious to character."—Catholic Transcript.

TEST OF CHRISTIANITY

The divine character of Sacred Scripture is never more convincingly attested than by the fresh, reviving power possessed by passages whose use seemed exhausted when the occasion of their utterance was ended.

"Take the Advent text which Christ bids the disciples of John the Baptist to carry back to their imprisoned master as testimony of the messianic ministry of Jesus. 'The blind see; the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed; the deaf hear; the dead rise again; the poor have the gospel preached to them.'"

To all seeming these words were employed by the Lord for the sole purpose of testifying to the messengers of the Baptist concerning the nature of the mission of Jesus. This single purpose obtained, the words might be considered as having fulfilled the design for which they were used and would then cease to be of pertinent application to other days or needs. But these simple sentences, spoken ages ago, intended to convince a few waverers in the faith, are so applicable to present times that one might be tempted to think that they were addressed to this age alone.

There are doubters today, men who waver in the faith, question-askers and those who demand a precise answer to their inquiries about the truth. There are thousands of wanderers in the midst of uncertainties who are groping for the path leading to sure light. They demand a sign—the test of Christian spirit—and seek for undoubted evidence as to whether lies the road leading to the Lord.

The answer is contained in the words which the ambassadors of John heard fall from the sacred lips of Jesus Christ. They must find Christ where the afflicted are; where the poor are; and adding that other sentence of the Saviour, where men are not scandalized in Him, where they are not ashamed of their religion.

The test, as is evident, is a threefold one. Jesus did not stop with the corporal works of mercy, as some are inclined to do today; He added the preaching of the gospel to a certain class and the resistance to scandal.

There is a tendency in our time to center the whole value of Christianity in the help given to the needy.

That one element of Christianity takes into reckoning those who may need our assistance is not open to dispute.

From the very beginning the religion of Christ has taken thought for those who required sustenance and bodily relief. The hospitals, the orphanages, the homes for the wayward, the thousand and one institutions whose purpose is to care for those abandoned by friends or fortune, bear witness that corporal works of mercy are no inconsiderable part of the religious duty of those who claim Christ as their Master. But the oft-repeated challenge of our age that churches are useless only in so far as they cultivate this charitable spirit and plan for the building of such refuges loses sight of the fact that Christianity has a spiritual side.

The supreme test of divine character is not that bodies are cared for; but the success with which the deeper needs of the soul are assuaged.

The curing of bodies was secondary

with Christ, whose real mission was the redemption of immortal spirits. So He drew the preaching of the gospel into consideration when He was dispatching His credentials to John. The significant phrase of this part of His message emphasizes the thought expressed above. The world today might ask: what need have the poor of a gospel? Feed them; clothe them; visit them in their affliction; but it is the summing up of all religious obligation. Not so, says Christ; there is something more demanded.

What is proposed is to be recommended within proper limits; but further religion proceeds, to carry to the self same poor whom you nourish with charitable aid another message far more important. There is a divine message to which they must listen: a gospel of faith and hope to which they must turn a heedless ear; religion is robbed of more than half its substance if, over and above bodily succor, it bring not the tidings of a spiritual communication.

More remarkable still is the mention of the single class to whom the gospel must be preached. Christ makes a special and exclusive reference to the poor. It is true that He echoes the words of Isaiah which forecasted the characteristics of the Messiah who should be sent Israel. But the confirmation of the prediction, as now emphasized by Christ, is the more worthy notice since all men were excluded except those judged unfortunate because shut forth from the favor of the world. Recently a thought-provoking sermon called the attention of the sects to their false assumption of the Christian name because in their temples, at least in the larger cities, no room was found for the poor.

This minister was driven to admit that the church which boasted of being the church of the employers, the prosperous and the millionaires, by that very boast denied its connection with Him who commanded that His gospel should be carried to the poor. So times are changing. It is within the memory of men not so very old when the Catholic Church was forced to listen, to assault because she was willing to give shelter within her walls to men unblest by earthly fortune. The test men loved to adduce for proof that their distinctive form of faith was heaven-born began with the evidence offered that the nations which professed it were prosperous and aggressive. With scornful finger they pointed to the poverty and backwardness of Catholic countries. With loud voice they praised their religious foundation because it preached a gospel to the favored sons who basked in the sunlight of worldly greatness. Out of their own mouths were they condemned, for they rejected the test of the Lord—the preaching of the gospel to the poor. They are growing wiser, hence the anxiety to call in the poor before the hour of final reprobation.

Whereas the commission has no true ever to her policy at any stage of her career, since the test of the Master, whenever and wherever applied, discovers her bearing the divine message to the poor.—The Guardian.

ROSARY MONTH

The beads are so eminently a Catholic form of prayer that Protestants generally have come to look upon them as an unmistakable badge of Catholicism. It is well known that during the Penal Days in England and Ireland the possession of a rosary was sufficient ground for prosecution. And in our own day, no priest would hesitate for so much as one moment to give absolution or Catholic burial to an unidentified individual upon whose person a pair of rosary beads had been found.

From the beginning the Church has favored in a special manner the devotion of the Rosary. Scores of Popes, in official documents, have not only recommended this form of prayer but have showered upon it the richest indulgences. They have especially praised it because it is a prayer which occupies the entire man—the oral prayer of the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" engaging the body, so to say, whilst meditation upon the mysteries holds the attention of the mind. Surely, then, no better prayer could be devised for the man who wishes to offer to God a complete and entire service.

Furthermore, the component prayers of the Rosary are the most hallowed orisons that it is given man to utter—the "Our Father," which was taught us by our Blessed Lord Himself who surely would not give us less than the best; the "Hail Mary," which was first uttered in heaven by God to the Angel Gabriel, and first spoken on earth by the angel to Mary; the "Doxology," or "Glory be to the Father," which is a canticle of praise to the Blessed Trinity, from whom all graces flow.

No wonder, then, that the Catholic instinct has found in the Rosary a prayer that answers the deepest longings of the heart. There is no condition or vicissitude of life over which the Rosary does not throw the aroma of inspiration and blessing. In joy and in sorrow alike it is a sweet whisper from the eternal hills. To the tepid heart it brings the fire of an all-consuming love of God. In youth it speaks to the Christian heart of great exploits of a spiritual kind to be performed for God; in old age, it instills into the heart confidence to meet the all just God.

Owing to its intrinsic merits and the rich indulgences attached to its recitation, the Rosary should be the chosen prayer of every loyal Catholic. It is Mary's gift to man, and

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BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN

surely, being the Mother of us all, she gave us in the Rosary the best she had, after her Divine Son. Just to show our appreciation of this great gift of her motherly heart, we should not allow a day to pass by during this October month—set aside especially by the Pope as a chosen time to recite the beads—without gathering around the feet of the Rosary Queen to weave the garland which she would have us weave for her.—Rosary Magazine.

WHERE FAITH IS MENACED

"I went to college an Episcopalian and left college an agnostic," writes a young woman, relating her experiences in the Independent, New York. A college professor discussing religious beliefs in American colleges, in the Hibbert Journal, comments on the scores of young men in universities and colleges "who have struck out boldly into the ocean of doubt and reflection and have reached havens of positive and decidedly univ. belief." Very seriously the professor remarks: "One of the doctrines of these young intellectuals is that the preaching heard in the churches does not square with the conclusions of the laboratories and the expressions of the poets and philosophers in the university library. Of this these college men seem positive, and they prefer to believe the experiments, the poets and the philosophers. Indeed it must be admitted that they imply, if they do not openly express, considerable scorn for the average preacher, whose training in literature and especially in the sciences strikes them as scarcely on a par with that of a sophomore, and whose delivery and keenness of thought are not equal to those of many of the professors whom the students hear daily."

There was a time when the preacher's voice was the voice of God; to this generation of college students it is the voice simply of a man whose intellect, training, knowledge of the laws of life, and ability to interpret are no better than those of the students themselves.

"Hence the average man student strikes out for himself in the matter of beliefs."

Contrast this floundering in the sea of doubt, and individual striking out for something to cling to amid the flotsam and jetsam of beliefs, with the certainty of Catholic teaching. There is a note of warning in such sentiments as these writers express, that Catholic parents should hear and heed. Those who favor the secular college for their sons and daughters should consider the vital issue of daily association in an atmosphere of spiritual unrest and shifting belief.—Sacred Heart Review.

HOW SHE MAY RULE

Whatever one thinks of votes for women, he should not accept as solid the argument that the ballot ought to be denied them because they cannot be used as soldiers, policemen, coal-miners, sailors, or bridge-builders.

They are able to make as good a showing in the various lines above named as men would, in house-keeping, child-nursing, child bearing and taking the unqualified abuse of the bumptious and the illogical.

Some better reasons must be demanded for denying them the right of suffrage. Prove that women can make a common sense use of the ballot and it will not be hard to see that the vast majority of them have a better right to do it than the thousands of anarchists and peace disturbers that come here from the Old World to sow the seeds of discord and strife.

There are some naturally anarchistic women, just as there are some naturally anarchistic men. The chief trouble with most of our women's rights champions is that they came from the number of the anarchists. They make themselves conspicuous on occasion, and they have the fatal faculty of choosing the wrong occasion. Why they should be especially aggressive now that the country is engaged in serious warfare and suffers no man to take liberties with tongue or pen, is something that sane people cannot understand. Nothing could be possibly better fitted to prejudice their cause.

The contention that woman is intended to adorn the domestic sphere, and that she will lose the ascendancy which is so cheerfully accorded her here in America, were she to go down into the political forum is something for her to consider with all solemnity. As a public official she does not wear well. She is easily beguiled with the sweepings

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MY TROUBLES!
I wrote down my troubles every day;
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heart-aches
passed away,
I read them with smiles, not tears.

THE GIFT OF BEING INTERESTED
The power to take a wholesome, hearty interest in the persons, events and things that have become common to us is a gift from heaven.

One means of attaining it is never to indulge in any pleasure to the point of satiety and to be alertly attentive in many things. It is wonderful the interest that can be found in almost anything if even slight knowledge of it exists as a basis for investigation.

THE LEGEND OF THE TWO SACKS

An ancient legend describes an old man travelling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him. In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, which were soon quite hidden from view and forgotten.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man coming slowly along, also wearing two sacks. "What have you here?" asked the old man.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger, "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

WHAT SAVED HIM FROM DEFEAT

During a great financial panic an influential Western business man was so harassed by the troubles threatening him that he felt he could no longer keep his hands on the helm or prevent the work of years from going to utter destruction.

In the darkest hour of his discouragement a business appointment took him to a large publishing house, where he had occasion to telephone. As he stood waiting, his eye was caught by this quotation on a card which hung beside the telephone desk:

What had happened in that moment of enlightenment at the telephone desk? Not one external circumstance had changed. As far as outside factors were concerned the man's problem was as insoluble as ever, the outlook as hopeless.

man's problem was as insoluble as ever, the outlook as hopeless. Nevertheless a vast change had taken place but it was within. The man had stopped worrying. Faith had driven out fear, and the change in his mental attitude eventually wrung success from apparent failure.

Fear and worry have wrought more destruction in human lives than all the wars that have decimated the world since the birth of the race.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

QUEEN OF THE ROSARY

Fifteen minutes had passed—minutes which seemed an eternity to the man pacing the floor—before a nurse appeared in the doorway. Words were unnecessary, for he read in her pale drawn face the answer to his unspoken question.

Mr. Wainwright stumbled blindly toward the bed of his dying child and knelt to kiss the little hands which still grasped a pair of small pearl rosary beads.

"My God!" he whispered hoarsely, "is she dead?"

The nurse could not answer and the doctor's voice was scarcely audible as he said: "No, she is not dead, but she is dying. There is no hope, she can not—she has not the strength to pass the crisis."

"No hope," echoed the stricken father piteously. "My little girl! The only thing I have in this world to live for. I cannot—I cannot give her up. Dorothy, Dorothy, don't leave your daddy all alone." And bowing his head in his arms, he sobbed convulsively.

To Mr. Wainwright, the grace of Faith had never been given. While he openly professed great admiration for Catholics, he was too strongly principled to profess himself a member of any church in which he could not wholly believe.

An hour passed. The room was still, except for the heavy breathing of the dying child. By her bedside the father knelt with the little rosary in his hands.

A THANKSGIVING STORY

I wish we lived on a farm and could help get ready for Thanksgiving," said the little girl seated on papa's knee. "I wish I could see grandma, and get her to make me cookies!"

"Well," said papa, "why shouldn't we?" The children fairly held their breath. Could papa mean it! But mamma looked at baby and shook her head smilingly.

and the Church has ever since preserved it. All historians, Protestant as well as Catholic, agree that the complete preservation of the Charter of Christianity through the barbaric ages is miraculous.

"We will, oh, we will!" they chorused, and in five minutes the thing was settled. They were to start on Wednesday morning and "creep in at the kitchen door" by 10 o'clock on Thursday.

You can imagine the excitement during Monday and Tuesday. The children were obliged to go to school, but small good it did. John, Jr., when asked the cause of the Indian War, answered: "Coasting and eating mince pie," while the little girl who had instigated the trip would have fallen utterly in her spelling, but that "doughnuts" learn that one word.

Such fun as they had packing "grandma's trunk," which was mamma's idea, and every one was to put in what they wanted to give to the dear one who had been "mother" to papa when he was a little boy.

Wednesday morning they started, such an excited, happy party! Thanksgiving was written all over their faces. Conductors, brakemen and porters were all interested.

"I s'pose I was kind o' foolish, father, but it's given me a deal of pleasure, and you don't begrudge it me, do you? I only spent the money John sent me last August. I tell you when I was cutting cookies yesterday afternoon—now don't laugh at me, father—I actually forgot the boys had grown up, and I made some of those cookie dolls they used to dote so on! Well! well! We've got a good deal to be thankful for, father. The boys are well and thriving, if we can't have 'em here. Now, if they was in want, we might feel to scorn Thanksgiving."

"That's so, mother," said the old man. "I dunno but you'd better spread your table, and, instead o' takin' the dinner to the poor farm, I'll hitch up and bring a load of the folks up here."

The old lady drew her chair to her husband's side and laid her hand on his knee; her heart was too full to speak. It was at this moment that the travelers reached the kitchen window and peeped in.

"We've come to dinner, grandma!" Behind her was John, Jr., then Margaret, next Norton, Mrs. Long with baby, and papa.

It was almost too much for grandma. But joy never kills; and though the old lady was rather shaky as to dishes, there were plenty of strong young hands to carry out her orders; and, as grandma kept saying again and again, "dinner was nigh ready afore you came."

What screams of delight when grandma brought out the cookie dolls! Papa insisted on having the biggest one. The trunk was almost forgotten, but came in splendidly when the excitement of "waiting on themselves," as Goldie called it, was over.

"At last all set round the hearth, watching the drift-wood fire grandpa had built for them. The old gentleman always kept a barrel of drift-wood for special occasions, his father having been a sea captain, and the colored flames recalling memories of home."

THE BIBLE

The Bible is a composite book. The greater part, viz., the Old Testament, was written at various times in Hebrew and other dialects for the Jews. The New Testament, containing the Gospels, or Life of Our Lord, and the Epistles, was written by the Apostles, whose names are identified with each Gospel or Epistle.

A FALSE ECONOMY

"The valiant men ceased, and rested in Israel." Shall this be the pitiful summary of the history of American Catholics of to-day? The answer to the question depends upon the support they are willing to give to an enlightened and energetic Catholic press.

The army of Sisara is gathering its chariots, as in the days of old, against the children of God. The convent inspection bills, the political attempts of prohibitionists to prevent the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the cowardly blows aimed in the dark at our Catholic charities, the slow but certain throttling of the Catholic Foundling Hospital in New York and of other similar institutions, and the financial aid to be given in an indirect way to the murderous Carranza Government are but a few of the latest instances.

To begin economies at the present critical moment by cutting off subscriptions to Catholic papers that are manfully serving the cause of the Church and continuing their struggle often heroically, in the face of countless disheartening difficulties, must seem to sturdy Catholics little less than disloyalty. It would be to lay the faithful guardians of the flock that a handful might be saved, while the whole flock is heedlessly exposed to ruin.

The thought of retrenchments is naturally uppermost in the mind of everyone. But the Catholic paper is neither a luxury nor a superfluity. It is with these latter we are to begin our sacrifices. The Catholic journal is a necessity hardly less urgent, and in some ways even more so, than our daily bread. It may seem trite to refer here to the warning of Pope Pius XII that churches, missions and schools will be all in vain if we have not at our command an able Catholic press, offensive as well as defensive in the cause of truth.

Catholic journals are therefore to be reckoned neither as a luxury nor as a superfluity. They belong, in our day, to the absolute necessities of Catholic life. Souls might once have been saved without them, as Pope Pius X. said, but there was then no evil press to spread the poison against which an antidote is now constantly needed. The Catholic press must not be sacrificed.—America.

HARRIED MEXICO

Mexico is still breaking the bitter bread of the thraldom imposed upon it by the assistance of the United States. The tyrant, Carranza, is working his arbitrary will in violation of both the natural and Divine law, and the people are in despair over the result.

"We all love to think of home," said grandpa, as the purple and bronze flames shot up. "I remember many a happy Thanksgiving, but this beats 'em all, John, my boy, this visit will give us talk for years to come."

"Till we go to our Father's house and keep an eternal thanksgiving," said grandpa, softly.—Selected.

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Pay Will Be The Same
Men selected under the Military Service Act will receive the same pay as those now on active service receive. Pay will start from the time a man reports for duty. Money from the Patriotic Fund and Separation Allowance will also be available for selected men.
Canadian soldiers are well paid. The fact that wages in Canada are generally higher than those paid in Europe is recognized in the system of remuneration for men on active service. Clothing and all equipment in addition to food is also supplied to the Canadian soldier, leaving him with no expense except personal incidentals.
The rate of pay for men in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, other than commissioned officers, is as follows:
Field Allowance 30 cts.
Warrant Officers 1.85 20 "
Regimental Serjt.-Major, if not a Warrant Officer 1.80 20 "
Quartermaster-Sergeants 1.80 20 "
Orderly Room Clerks 1.50 20 "
Orderly Room Sergeants 1.50 20 "
Pay Sergeants 1.50 20 "
Squad, Batt., or Co. Serjt.-Major 1.60 20 "
Colour-Sergeant or Staff-Sergeant 1.60 20 "
Squad, Batt., or Co. Q.M.S. 1.50 20 "
Sergeants 1.35 15 "
Lance-Sergeants 1.15 15 "
Corporals 1.10 10 "
Lance-Corporals 1.05 10 "
Bombardiers, or Second Corporals 1.05 10 "
Trumpeters, Bagpipers, and Drummers 1.00 10 "
Privates, Gunners, Drivers 1.00 10 "
Sappers, Batmen, etc. 1.00 10 "
As in the case of those already gone overseas, Separation Allowances will be available for those dependent for livelihood upon selected men. The Separation Allowance is \$20.00 per month for the rank and file, \$25.00 for sergeants and staff-sergeants and \$30.00 for warrant officers. The experience is that many men can afford to assign half their pay to dependents, in addition.
A considerable number of men who have enlisted in the Canadian forces have found themselves better off under the army rate of pay, which is granted in addition to board, lodging, clothing, equipment, transportation, etc., than they were while in civilian positions. Their wants are provided for, and they receive a steady addition to the bank account each month.
Issued by The Military Service Council.



walk with rigorous strictness in the footsteps of the Crucified. Joined with this leadership of our beloved Saint in the most active and at the same time the most meditative of divine vocations, she was granted by God to sit among the Doctors of heavenly wisdom. In her writings she exhibits an easy familiarity with all the degrees of prayer, both in expounding principles and in guiding practice; an eloquence of precept and a brilliancy of illustration, a clearness of definition and a force of activity, possibly only in one whose mind was of the highest order, and whose experience in the ways of God was the most intensely personal. She wrote extensively. And taking her stated works together with her letters—which are the artless outpourings of a spirit brimming with celestial truth—we have what Pius X. calls the collation into comprehensive order of “that which was vaguely taught by the Fathers of the Church here and there in their works; it is now gathered together by this saintly woman and arranged systematically. And it is very worthy that in all of which she wrote not one word conflicts with exact Catholic theology.” And to that unprecedented praise of a woman the Sovereign Pontiff adds: “Whoever will reflect on these teachings of St. Teresa, will come to understand how deservedly have writers on these difficult subjects acknowledged her as a master, and have followed her guidance; and, furthermore, with what justice the Church pays to this virgin the honors given to Doctors, and in the sacred liturgy prays ‘that we may in her heavenly doctrine find food for nourishing our souls, and that we may be inflamed with the ardor of her tender devotion.’” (Apostolic Letter of Pius X., for the Third Centenary of St. Teresa).

The Pontiff also directs attention to what is too little known, namely, that our Saint is not only the spiritual guide of choice spirits drawn to unusual flights of prayer, or of matured contemplatives, but that she is a “mistress of piety and points out a safe path of Christian living from the very beginning of a virtuous career up to the consummation of perfection; she sets down accurately the ways best suited for scourging vicious habits, quelling boisterous passion, and by penitential exercises, effacing the last defilements of sin; meantime fascinating the reader with the enticements of virtue.” All this is from the highest authority in holy Church and should set at rest definitely and finally the notion of many even devout Catholics, that Teresa is a Spanish ecstatic who wrote incomprehensible rhapsodies about visions and revelations. Nothing of the kind. Whatsoever she writes about has some message for every intelligent Catholic if he be but a fervent soul; and most of what she writes bears with more or less directness on the daily problems of a life of honest service of God in all states of life and all grades of guiltless aspiration towards God.

There is a token of special Providence in a spread of devotion to our St. Teresa in this country, for she is an apostolic saint, and our American vocation is the conversion of America. She has left more than one explicit statement that she started her Reform of monastic life to offset by the prayer and penance of the cloister the foul hurt that God's Church was suffering from the heretics of her own times. God put this apostolate of souls into her heart when she was but a child of seven years, whilst she ran away from home to preach Christ and to shed her blood for Him among the Moors. This initial glory of her life shines true and constant to the end. She was ever expressing her fervent envy for the preachers of Catholic truth among heretics and heathens. Hindered by her sex from this outwardly militant apostolate, she adopted for herself and propagated everywhere for others the no less aggressive one of apostolic austerity and angelic prayer in cloistered seclusion. It was by no happy accident that she was made a Carmelite, but by a proper dispensation of Providence, Elias, the founder of the Carmelites of old, was the most zealous of all God's prophets, being fitly chosen by heaven as the type of the inspiration that should inspire her and her disciples in the spread of Christianity and the salvation of souls.

It was for this end, the conversion of heretics, unbelievers and pagans, no less than for the closer union of souls personally with God in sacred solitude, that Teresa received all her endowments from heaven, even the natural ones, to which we may again usefully advert. For she had from her Creator a marvellously keen intellect, her mental glance instantly separating the false from the true; her soul was naturally noble and generous, and her motives always supremely Christian were revealed by a tone and manner so frank as to be a crystal medium of instruction, yea of fascination; her sure judgment; her marvellous prudence in affairs from the lowest to the highest; her quick reading of character; her utter disinterestedness—all this she possessed in an atmosphere of the gentlest, sweetest and purest womanliness. No wonder that it gained for her the affections of everyone she met, from terrible King Philip down to the merest malodriver along the weary ways of her many journeys. We believe that we cannot do our Saint better service than by asking our readers to dwell for a moment in conclusion upon the following extracts from Richard Crashaw's wonderful hymn to St. Teresa. The poet first portrays her childish heroism:

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Catholic Mission, China, Taichowfu, June 18, 1917.

Dear Friends,—I wish to acknowledge the receipt of a check from the CATHOLIC RECORD for \$313.75, being amount kindly contributed by you for my mission from March 1st, 1917, to March 31st, 1917, inclusive. Accept my heartfelt thanks. I read all your names and donations in the weekly list in the RECORD, note your intentions and pray God to grant them. Since I wrote last I have procured a lot in the town of Da Die, eight miles from here and another in Da Zie, twenty miles in another direction. The faith has made great progress in these two places and churches are needed. The church of St. Teresa in Da Wang of which I laid the cornerstone a few months ago is nearly finished; this makes my fifth since I returned to China in 1912.

I got a scare the other day. A man rushed in bleeding from wounds in the head and back. He had been beaten by the pagans because he had refused to contribute toward the expenses of idol worship. I applied to the mandarin for protection. The pagans in several villages heard of it and resolved to resist legal authority, but they were brought to their senses by the mandarin publishing a proclamation on the liberty of worship and condemning the ringleader to twenty days imprisonment. Thus the persecution which looked really threatening was nipped in the bud and the neophytes who had fled for their lives to the church here in the city were able to return to their homes in peace. Deo gratias!

The Protestants in Sienku, one of the regions under my care, have received \$6,000, their portion of the million contributed of late by America. Six preachers are being employed for ten years to visit every family in the hundreds of villages of Sienku, preach Protestantism and leave tracts. So you see what I am up against. I saw this band of preachers myself headed by the foreign minister starting off on their daily tour of proselytism. And if they would only speak the truth about the Catholic Church, but no, the vilest slanders are made use of to prevent people becoming Catholics.

What I want is a priest for Sienku, where you know I built a church and rectory. A priest stationed there would do much to counteract the harmful influence of the Protestants. Is it not sad that they can have a foreign minister and a number of foreign ladies stationed there and yet no priest nor nuns?

“Pray the Lord of the harvest that He send workers into His harvest.”

Yours gratefully in the Sacred Heart

J. M. FRASER.

measures in order to keep the people from falling into the basest superstition, hence the apparent prohibition of prayers for the dead.

Prebendary Forsyth, a divine of some standing in his own communion, finds a very novel way for escaping the embarrassment which confronts his church. He declares that the New Testament was not written for posterity, and that it cannot therefore be expected to contain all the truths of revealed religion. With that introduction he begins to speak of prayers for the dead. “These,” says he, “are natural and useful and they are a consolation to the mourner.” They are not, he maintains, forbidden by Scriptures, and if they are not expressly enjoined by the New Testament we must remember that everything is not written therein. The Sacred Scriptures are not the sole rule of faith.

This is getting back to ancient doctrines. The pity is that the counter-march has to be made to the roaring of the cannon and at the point of the bayonet. If it is now commendable for Anglican Christians to pray for the dead, what is to be said of the system of theology which deprived the millions long since passed from the world of the suffrages which they might have received from the sorrowing friends whom they had left behind? The responsibility of this injustice should weigh heavily upon the consciences and souls of those who robbed both the living and the dead of the consolation and profit that comes from this most natural and most humane of religious instincts?

We fancy that after the war is over and the dead cease to fall into the trenches certain of the more accommodating theologians that are now vindicating the doctrine of prayer for the dead, will find a reason to repent of the concessions which they have made to “Romanism” and turn sheer around and reprobate the doctrine which they now see fit to champion. This juggling with the solemn truths of revelation is bad business and business that is fruitful of unmeasured evil to souls.—Catholic Transcript.

ST. TERESA

THOUGHTS FOR THE FIFTEENTH OF OCTOBER

By Rev. Walter Elliot, C. S. P., in the Missionary

A woman great to dare and to do, Teresa of Jesus exhibits in an era of heroes the supreme heroism of our humanity. She once complained that some men would condemn her sex to do little more than breed children and eat and sleep. But she found others, men of the truest manhood, not only ready to aid her in overstepping the limitations of femininity, but who were glad to be enrolled under her banners; and who received the cross of a noble crusade from her hands. Not a few of them are forever great in the Church's annals of God's victories, because they saw in her a true reflection of Mary of Nazareth, the Queen of all women and men. Many of these are canonized saints; all of them were prouder of her discipleship than if they had been placed at the head of the armies of the conquistadors of chivalrous Spain, then making the newly discovered nations vassals of their country. She was a born leader of men. And this native gift of mastery God followed up with that of a courage distinctly supernatural; so that single handed and without a tremor of fear she undertook the mighty task of instituting a most austere manner of monastic life, a work reserved by Providence for spirits as dauntless as that of the mighty angels themselves.

PRAYER FOR THE DEAD

One of the unforeseen results of this unparalleled war is the reform of the theological teachings of those who trace their religious opinions to the “great reformation of the sixteenth century.” As the ravages of conflict multiply, Anglican divines find themselves driven behind the breastworks from which they were led forth by Henry VIII. and his fellow “reformers.”

The common people who furnish food for the cannon and who get their theological instincts from the direct interference of the Creator, and condemning the clergy for not leading the devotion. You pray for them that go to battle, they urge, and for them that remain at home bereft, but you have no thought for them that fall in battle, save to forget them and never to speak of them—do mortuis nil, neque unum-verbum—for the dead nothing at all, not even a single word.

But love is stronger than any commandment however cruel. The heart cannot repress its longing to visit those departed ones with whatever of solace and whatever of succor it can afford. And so the requiescant wings its flight to the throne of mercy and the souls of the bereaved whether parents of kindred are themselves consoled and comforted.

Against the demands for the privilege of praying for them that fall in battle, a demand so reasonable withal and so humane, there can be no rational and therefore no successful resistance. The wise ones of the Anglican Church see this and set to work to meet the inevitable. One theologian declares that the Anglican Church never prohibited prayer for the dead. It legislated against the “abuse” of the practice and not against the practice itself. It was necessary to take strong

measures in order to keep the people from falling into the basest superstition, hence the apparent prohibition of prayers for the dead.

Prebendary Forsyth, a divine of some standing in his own communion, finds a very novel way for escaping the embarrassment which confronts his church. He declares that the New Testament was not written for posterity, and that it cannot therefore be expected to contain all the truths of revealed religion. With that introduction he begins to speak of prayers for the dead. “These,” says he, “are natural and useful and they are a consolation to the mourner.” They are not, he maintains, forbidden by Scriptures, and if they are not expressly enjoined by the New Testament we must remember that everything is not written therein. The Sacred Scriptures are not the sole rule of faith.

This is getting back to ancient doctrines. The pity is that the counter-march has to be made to the roaring of the cannon and at the point of the bayonet. If it is now commendable for Anglican Christians to pray for the dead, what is to be said of the system of theology which deprived the millions long since passed from the world of the suffrages which they might have received from the sorrowing friends whom they had left behind? The responsibility of this injustice should weigh heavily upon the consciences and souls of those who robbed both the living and the dead of the consolation and profit that comes from this most natural and most humane of religious instincts?

We fancy that after the war is over and the dead cease to fall into the trenches certain of the more accommodating theologians that are now vindicating the doctrine of prayer for the dead, will find a reason to repent of the concessions which they have made to “Romanism” and turn sheer around and reprobate the doctrine which they now see fit to champion. This juggling with the solemn truths of revelation is bad business and business that is fruitful of unmeasured evil to souls.—Catholic Transcript.

Love, thou art absolute sole lord Of life and death. To prove the word We'll now appeal to none of all Those thy old soldiers, great and tall, Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down With strong arms, their triumphant crown; Such as could with lusty breath Speak loud into the face of death, Their great Lord's glorious name, to none Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne For Love at large to fill; spare blood and sweat; And see him take a private seat, Making his mansion in the mid And milky soul of a soft child. Scarce has she learn't to list the name Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame Life should so long play with that breath Which spent can buy so brave a death. She never undertook to know What Death with Love should have to do; Nor has she ere yet understood Why to show love, she should shed blood. Yet though she cannot tell you why, She can love and she can die. And after sketching with marvellous beauty her great career, he thus tells of her eternal reward:

All thy good works which went before And waited for thee, at the door, Shall own thee there; and all in one Weave a constellation Of crowns, with which the King thy Spouse Shall build up thy triumphant brows. All thy old woes shall now smile on thee, And thy pains sit bright upon thee, All thy sorrows here shall shine, All thy sufferings be divine; Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems And wrongs repent to diadems. Ev'n thy death shall live; and new-Dress the soul that erst be slow. Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

IRRESPONSIBLE PARENTS.

The needs of orphans make a strong appeal to charitable hearts, but there are children whose parents are living who are, possibly, more to be pitied. Writing of the guidance of the young, in the Homiletic Monthly, the Rev. Reynold Kuehn, says:—

“At least we may hope that dead parents will pray for the children they have left behind. But many living parents do not even do that much. There are thousands of fathers who boast that they have provided amply for their children, boast of giving their children the best of food, shelter and clothing, and think they are doing remarkably well. To this they add what they call an ‘education,’ with a high school course thrown in. Is there anything else they might have done for their children? Let us see. The birds provide for all the wants of their little ones. The parent bird must hustle for food, and they feed their little ones before they eat. Parents do not do a bit more for their children than do the birds for their young ones. And what of the education? An education without religion may make people smart but not good. Hence parents can not say they have done their whole duty if they only do as much as birds do for their young; nor can they say they have done all when they have given their children an education. A duty far more important is being overlooked by such parents. They must be the guides of their children.”

Our best friends are not those who make life easy for us; our best friends are those who put courage, energy and resolution into our hearts.

An honest man will get there with the goods while his half-hearted brother is putting on his mittens.

DIED
GAFFNEY—At St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, on Sunday, Sept. 30th, Sister M. Bertille, in the 99th year of her religious life. Requiescat in Pace.

The Sisters of St. Joseph of the Diocese of Detroit kindly request your prayers for the repose of the soul of Sister Mary Josephine Raunstein, S. S. J., who died at St. Anthony's School, Comstock, on the 30th ult. She was a native of Canada. Eternal rest give unto her soul, and let perpetual light shine upon her. Amen. R. I. P.

The right kind of a man never loses more than one finger by fooling with a buzz-saw.

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