

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1909

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### A GOOD POLICY.

Recently, at the dedication of a new church, the Archbishop of Boston outlined a policy that in our opinion is worthy of consideration. He declared that he would not have his priests and parishes spend all their lives and energies in paying the mortgages on costly churches. "The time is here for churches that will not be a burden on the people. What matter whether its walls are decorated by great artists or not?"

It is a truism, of course, that the best ornament of a church are women and men who know and love their faith and preach it by the voice of example.

### FRESH AIR.

Scientists tell us that we need two ounces of air for every ounce of food we eat. The Fresh-Air Gospel is good. But may we be permitted to ask the well-groomed and earnest gentlemen who are advocating it as a potent weapon against the white plague: Whence and how are the poor to get this fresh air? The air they breathe at nights is laden with the noisomeness of fetid tenements, of germ swarves and unwholesome bodies. They are not enemies of fresh air, but they must, thanks to benevolent landlords and aldermen who strain at goats and swallow camels, be content with what they can get. A little of the money that is spent in making the city beautiful could be spent, and to greater purpose, in making life beautiful for many of our brethren. We might constrain the landlords to erect buildings with some regard for the laws of hygiene. We might have shacks in our open spaces for the sick and the children. But when the danger comes we have always chloride of lime and health inspectors concentrating their indignation on the tenants. They don't see the landlord, because, as wise gentlemen, they have a good position and wish to hold it. Let us breathe all the fresh air and as deeply as we can. And let us keep our mental breathing right. If our thoughts are cheerful we shall be able to radiate cheerfulness. Life is a struggle for everyone in this perplexing old world. The one you envy to-day may be called to bear heavier burdens than you ever tried to bear. The thoroughbred refused to be influenced by depressing circumstances; he keeps his poise, for he has learned that "the kingdom of God is within." He will come into his own. "What time, what circuit first, he asks not; but unless God send his hail of blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow, in good time, His good time, he will arrive.

### THE PROMINENT ONES.

There are, in every community, the prominent men, the successful men, the men who talk. The same ones who lead in everything are in the midst of everything. There will always be the leaders, the prominent ones, the magnet groups, who must talk. They feel a thing and tell us about it with much gesturing and emphasis. You may see that the prominent talkers are not always the best talkers. They may or may not be—the talking is the thing. Temperament enters into this a great deal. An instinct of leadership is in it too. They inherit an overpowering desire for expression. It is a combination of causes that makes prominent people. We should like some of our readers to unveil the secret of the success of some of the French-Canadian members of Parliament. That they are brilliant, resourceful, eloquent, able to transact the business of their department in England, for example, without the aid of an interpreter, is well known; but why do they, despite the changing phases of politics, retain such a hold on the affections of their people. We mind us that during the debate on the school question one Conservative editor exclaimed, after hearing a speech in English by a French-Canadian, "If such men come from Separate schools let us have Separate schools all over the Dominion."

### NOT A LIVING BUT LIFE.

Too many a parent is satisfied if his boy is trained to make a living, to earn a paltry pittance mislabeled wages. Parents should have a higher aim: they should feel that they are training their boys to make not, in the first place, a living, but a life. The animals make a living. They sleep and eat. Some men are like animals. This is not life. We must so live that wherever we may be our presence shall be felt. Our

associates will be better because we have known them. The civic life in our communities will be purer because we have lived in them and we will win the blessings that come to those who bring out the heaven that lies hidden upon this earth. All the world's best possibilities are ours if we will only reach out for them. We commend this truth to those of our own who wish to graver where they have not sown. The young men who grumble because they are not enthroned in the high places should meditate upon it. Anything may come to the man untried of work, strong enough to say no, and persistent enough to keep on working however the wind blow. If they do not get their share of Canada's gifts they are, as a rule, to be blamed. Because of their own indolence and apathy they are not equipped to be competitors in the great game of opportunities. Resolutions of their societies, perfunctory denunciations of others, and the commendation of their political friends will help them but a little. They should be able to stand up without props, and instead of whining about their rights they should go out and get them.

### TO BE REMEMBERED.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after the knowledge of how to direct instead of suppressing the spontaneous activities of children, seeking to transmute their product into good, for they shall make happy, content and virtuous children. This is the law and gospel in education. It is founded upon the nature of the child soul which is full of impulses to action that must find an outlet. The secret is to direct into the proper channel. This principle makes one a leader of the young, a positive force in determining their activities. It incites him to take forethought in planning for the healthful occupation of those entrusted to his care and shakes him out of that state when he is simply a prohibitor, a negator, a chastiser.

### JUST HOT AIR.

We thank a correspondent for quotations from an address delivered a short time ago by a Rev. Mr. Graham, who is but an echo of the cry of yesterday. This gentleman exhorts his readers to be on their guard against Rome. We think, however, that the non-Catholic is intelligent enough to take notice of and to repel any aggressiveness on our part without advice from clerics. But it is discouraging to hear ghost stories from supposedly educators and teachers. We, in common with our brethren, love this country. Our zeal and devotion are hers for her up building and our one desire is to have our national fabric unmarked by unlovely strife and childish bickerings. Let us look at one another by the light of wisdom and charity and not by the smoke of prejudice and antiquated tradition.

### QUEBEC EVANGELIZERS.

Some of the would-be evangelizers of Quebec are adepts at strutting over threadbare commonplaces. If they make melody in the hearts of non-Catholics they must have an amazing amount of easy credulity. Non-Catholics are not wanting to protest against the squandering of money and energy on Quebec. Some years ago Mr. Murdoch MacKinnon requested an editor to "call a halt" and reconsideration of this very questionable work of French Evangelization. "We all admit," he said, "at least we cannot deny, that the Roman Catholic Church is a Christian Society, and have now as they always had, even in the darkest times, the witness of the Spirit of God in their work." How, then, can we hope for the approval and co-operation of the same Spirit in breaking up his own work in the Roman Catholic settlements and recasting it according to our Protestant Shibboleths. Referring to the claim that the Presbyterian Church is commissioned in the Providence of God to evangelize Quebec he said that he failed to apprehend any such claim in the circumstances of the day, either written or oral, to intrude upon and invade communities and families of another Christian Church in the fashion he took exception to before.

### RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

FATHER MINEHAN'S INTERESTING ADDRESS TO THE CANADIAN CLUB. Ontario Packet, Nov. 25.

The Canadian Club had a full house on Monday evening to hear the Rev. Father Minehan's address on "Religious Liberty." The speaker's fame as an able, energetic, and courageous advocate of temperance and civil service reform, and as a worker in connection with the Associated Charities had preceded him, while the subject with which he was to deal possibly added a

certain amount of piquant curiosity to the occasion. Father Minehan, however, set resolutely aside the temptation to delve into the historical aspects of his subject. "Henry VIII. and Torquemada and Louis XIV. are dead," he said; "and I am glad of it. Why bother about their doings?" On the other hand, he gave his conception of what religious liberty should mean in our day—and a broad and tolerant conception it was, so much so that the secretary of the vote of thanks remarked that if the speaker erred at all it was in the direction of carrying leniency and toleration to what might seem to some a dangerous extreme. Witty and blessed with a pleasant smile, the speaker's address, though somewhat abstract in character, was lightened up by frequent flashes of humour.

In opening, Father Minehan said he thought the associated charities of Toronto furnished an excellent concrete example of religious liberty. Here was an association composed of men of many denominations, presided over by a man who possessed deep culture, but whose active religious beliefs did not rise much above zero, gathered together with the one object of making the charities of the Queen City as effective and overlapping and imposing. He himself had been responsible for introducing into the Executive of the Association a Jewish rabbi. As a result a small cloud had appeared on the horizon but it quickly disappeared, and the sunshine came out again. What the Associated Charities were doing in this sphere, he was accomplishing in a wider field. They were splendid institutions—their object to build up a united Canadian citizenship, as part of a united British Empire. The Toronto Club had been able to do a great deal in this direction, and he had reason to believe that the Orillia Club had done equally well in its own field. He congratulated the Club on the loyalty shown by its members. At a meeting of the Toronto Club recently, at which he had been a guest, out of the large membership there were not fifty present, more men in attendance than were present before him, which was a very good showing, considering the difference in the size of the constituency. He had noted too that the Orillia Club had, in the past, been singularly fortunate in the speakers whom it had obtained to lay before its members the various aspects of public questions, that being the fundamental idea of Canadian Clubs.

Turning to his subject, Father Minehan first defined his idea of the meaning of the word "religion" and "liberty." Perhaps the best definition of liberty was the power to shape one's course according to one's own counsel. Religion had been defined at the relation between man and his Creator. This, however, was not an acceptable definition to the agnostic, the atheist, the Jew, the Mohammedan, or the infidel. Religion was the relation and communion between the worshipper and the worshipped object. Some people wanted to define religion as the service of humanity; but this was a superficial view, with more or less humbug about it. But if we were to say that religion had to do with the attitude which man assumed towards some person or object which he held sacred it would probably cover all kinds of beliefs, from the ancestor worship of China down to humanitarianism and up to the highest form of theism. The one idea common to religions of all kinds was the sacredness of certain objects. This idea was intimately connected with "right." Another object was separated from "right." No man, no matter how extreme he might be, would deny the need of the moral law. Liberty must be subject to that law both in the individual and in the state.

Religious liberty had to be considered in two aspects—first, in relation to the individual, and secondly, in relation to the state. In the case of the individual, religious liberty meant that there must be no intrusion of one man's religious views upon his fellowmen. By this he did not mean the "liberality" upon which some men prided themselves, and which was but another name for indifference. A man might justifiably reason with his fellow men, but he was not to be separated from them, as long as they were willing to listen. But there must be no effort to force his views upon them. No intrusion was the essence of religious liberty as far as the individual was concerned.

The case of the state was somewhat different. The proper attitude of the government in religious matters was one of "benevolent neutrality" as between the various denominations. Each should be left to work out the best that was in it. But there were certain matters in which the State must take a decisive stand. The rest of the day was an instance. It was protected by law because, after all, we have a Christian government, and also because a rest day was necessary, and this was the one which was observed by the great majority. On the other hand, there were certain holy days—such as Epiphany—observed in Quebec—which were not recognized by enactment in Ontario, and should not be, as that would be a case of the minority forcing its views upon the majority. Nor could legislatures or governments afford to be blind to the fact that religion was the grandest moral force in the world, and they should not fail to enact such legislation as might be necessary to bring out the best that was in it.

Father Minehan proceeded to give some concrete examples of what he thought religious liberty to be. Two Turks had recently been turned back by the immigration officials of the United States because they admitted they believed in

polygamy, as indeed their religion taught them to do. This was not liberty. So long as they were ready to conform to the laws of the land in such matters, they should not be made to suffer for their personal opinions. We should count on winning them over to what we believed the better way. Perhaps such instances went to justify the opinion expressed by a body of United States citizens themselves the other day, that we had a higher form of liberty in Canada than that in the Republic. On the other hand, however, the State was quite justified in excluding propagandists of anarchy and other forms of sedition, whose advent might be a source of danger.

"Such," said the speaker, "are my ideas of religious liberty. I don't know whether they are advanced enough for the gentlemen present, or not." To show that they were not more advanced than those of the Church to which he belonged, Father Minehan read an extract from a speech by Cardinal Manning, in which that high dignitary declared that the Church of Rome would not accept the enforced and in-literte allegiance of the people of England, even if it were in her power to procure it. He also quoted the encyclicals of Pope Pius on the subject. Personally, if he were ever disposed to relax the necessary restrictions surrounding liberty, it was in favor of the weak, as in the case of the Jewish bakers at Toronto, who found it necessary to work on the early hours of Sunday in order to deliver the bread made after the close of the Sabbath at sunset on Sunday. He had received copies of two Orillia papers announcing his address. He complimented them on their matter and make-up, and thanked them for their kindly references to himself. But both had remarked that his subject was somewhat unusual for a Canadian Club. If it was unusual, he hoped it was not improper. Religious liberty was a matter of national importance, and ought to be of interest to a Canadian Club. One of the reasons given for the revolt of the Thirteen Colonies (as shown by the documents) was that England had given religious liberty to the people of Quebec. But the latter had required England by refusing to join the revolutionists and driving back the United States invaders. Two beautiful lakes layed the feet of Orillia, and stretched for miles side by side, differing in form and character. So might the various denominations dwell side by side, serving their people to the best of their powers, and reflecting the light of religious liberty in the sight of our common country and of our Father in Heaven.

A note of thanks to Father Minehan, for his eloquent and inspiring address, was passed with great heartiness, on motion of Messrs. A. B. Thompson and G. H. Clark. Ten new members were elected, and three new members were proposed, bringing the Club thus early in the season almost up to the limit of membership.

### THE TERRIBLE COAL PIT.

One of those awful calamities which makes the heart sick at the tales of human suffering took place a few weeks ago in Illinois. Hundreds of lives were sacrificed and hundreds of widows and orphans will in consequence live to hear the cross that will abide with them until the grave claims them also. From the Chicago Tribune we take the following touching narration of a brave priest who took part in the rescue work.

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 20.—A graphic description of the discovery of the entombed from the viewpoint of the rescuers was given by the Rev. James P. Hesney of St. Mary's church, Mendota, Ill. Father Hesney, wearing a miner's cap and a flaming torch, was down in the mine with the rescue party. He said:

"Just about 2 o'clock when we were, as near as I can tell, 300 feet into the gallery from the hoisting shaft, our party 'sacked up' because of the darkness in the way. Suddenly David Powell said: 'Listen, boys; I thought I heard something.' 'We were all silent. A faint pounding as if coming through the thickness of a wall was heard. 'My God! I believe somebody is alive in there.' 'Somebody is alive in there' replied: 'No, that is impossible. No one in the world thinks for a minute the men could live down here for seven days.' 'Well, now, I said, 'let's listen again.' 'MUFFLED POUNDING HEARD. We all listened for what seemed to be a full minute,' continued the priest. 'Sure enough, there came the same muffled pounding sound we had heard before. Then we were too much affected to speak. We could not believe our own senses. Grabbing picks and axes our men began to tear down the loose pile of earth and rock. Frequently we stopped to hear whether the poundings were continuing. 'I took us several minutes to make much headway into the obstruction. Finally I, who had been in the rear, came forward and with a shovel relieved one of the men who had become tired out. 'It was a weird scene. The lights of the torches on our caps, bobbing up and down as we labored, filled the place with moving shadows. 'BREAK INTO LIVING TOMB. 'Now, let's stop and listen again,' said Powell. Much to our delight the pounding sounds came louder. A few more shovelfuls brought down the dirt from the top and a little black hole appeared before us. 'Two or three of us climbed over the dirt and yelled. Are any of you alive in there, boys?' 'An answer came back, 'Yes.' 'Before another word could be uttered the men began pulling at the dirt again and soon a large gap appeared.

We yelled in to them, 'Hold one of our torches. How many of you are alive in there, boys? We will save you in a minute.' 'FIRST DEMAND IS FOR FOOD. 'In faint, husky voices the men called back: 'Yes, we are alive and we are hungry. Have you got food out there?' 'I crawled up as near the hole as I could without interfering with the workers. 'God bless you, men,' I said. 'We will get you out in a minute and give you all the lunch you can eat. Be patient as you can.' 'I couldn't say anything back in there, for the men were in total darkness. I climbed back and prayed that God would make as many as possible the number we were about to rescue from the living grave. 'EYES GLISTEN IN DARKNESS. 'By that time the hole was wide open and a dozen pairs of glistening eyes shining from black faces appeared in view. 'We kept yelling in to the men to keep up their courage, promising them that the way would soon be clear and the cage in the hoisting shaft was down and ready to carry them up to the surface. 'One of the men inside answered back: 'Most of us are all right and feeling fine, but there is one poor fellow in there—a Frenchman called Frank—who is almost gone, and I'm afraid he will be dead in a few minutes if he doesn't get some fresh air.' 'LAST BARRIER TUMBLING. 'When the pile of dirt finally tumbled down some of the survivors were staggered by the rush of air and the lights from our torches. For days and days they had lived in total darkness. With a shout we jumped over and met them, throwing our arms around their necks and almost lifting them from their feet. It was dramatic. Their joy was inexpressible. They pounded us on our backs and continued to laugh and cry aloud until the whole place reverberated with the cheering. 'MEN INSIST ON WALKING. 'We wanted to carry the men to the hoisting shaft in our arms, but they insisted they were strong and well enough to walk out themselves. The only trouble was they were practically blinded by the torchlights. We threw blankets over their heads and started to escort them. 'My first concern was to get after the poor little Frenchman who was reported dying. I found him outstretched on his back breathing his last. Holding a torch over his face, which was black from soot, I said: 'Do you give your soul to God?' 'He answered: 'Yes, I am afraid I will never get up alive.' 'That was true. I administered the last sacrament and in a minute he was dead. 'GREAT ACT OF HEROISM. 'I then joined the others and walked toward the shaft. There occurred then one of the greatest acts of heroism I ever have heard or read of. It can hardly be believed. 'Walter Waite, one of the men we rescued on hearing that there were others alive in another part of the mine, threw off the blanket with which we had covered his head, and shouted: 'Well I am not going out of this mine until I get the others.' 'We remonstrated, saying that for him to remain down there longer might mean his death. 'We will take you up to the fresh air and give you some nice warm food and then maybe we will let you help us do the rest of the work,' we said, but Waite protested and we actually had to use force to get him into the cage. 'I AM A CATHOLIC.' 'It is from the converts to the faith that we hear the most acknowledgment of it. Their hearts are so filled with gratitude to God for the gift of receiving it, that they cannot keep from speaking about it most all the time, and their lives, too, are in keeping with their words. What fervor we witness in the practice of their new religion—the frequent reception of the sacraments, the doing of works of charity and mercy, oftentimes in greater degree than those born in the faith, as if to make up for the years that they did not have the happiness of possessing it. 'Yes it is a great thing to be a Catholic, and we should be glad to proudly proclaim it at all times and under all circumstances. We shall give no offense to anyone in so doing, but we will gain the admiration and esteem of all. 'Where our treasure is, there is our heart.' Our greatest treasure is our holy faith. It is the pearl without price. God has given it to be our preservation and perfection here, and our happiness and glory hereafter. If we appreciate the gifts as we should, we will glory in it. Let us confess with our lips what our heart believes. 'I am a Catholic.'—Bishop Colton in the Union and Times.

### By Its Fruits.

The Catholic Church must meet the challenge—to prove itself by its fruits; to exhibit to the men who are the righteous of the land, made righteous by its teachings and graces. Right here is the opportunity of the layman. The laymen in the crowd—seen by all, known by all, the busiest passerby meets and observes him. He is in the limelight, the counting house, in the marts of commerce, in the labor union, in the public square, where the throngs do gather. The layman it is—far more than the hidden saint of the sanctuary or the cloister—who gives the measure by which the multitude will gauge the power of the Catholic Church to begot in souls the righteousness of the gospel. —Archbishop Ireland.

### Suffer and Rejoice.

Fear not to tread the thorny path, it upward leads, A crown of jewels wait, for every heart that bleeds; Oh! rapture sweet, the pain within our breast, If it but leads us to Eternal rest. Oh! sweet apostolate of tears, I yearn to feel Each thorn, Embrace me sorrow, at thy feet I kneel If through thy blessed power my feet may trod The path that leads me onward to my God. What greater pledge of fealty and love, than thus To suffer, for the sake of Him who died for us; Suffer, it is the watch word of the Saint Accept the cross with patience—not complaint. This life, so tear begrimed and vain, why to it cling? If joys so transitory do not bring To heart or soul, the peace, that God alone Sheds on the soul, who seeks the Heavenly throne. Tears must be shed, and hearts must ache, if we would wear The crown, and drink the joys of heavenly bliss and share With Mary, mother blest, eternal life The sweet reward of earthly pain and strife. —Mrs. Fred A. Hodgson.

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

The death occurred at St. Albans of Mrs. Emma Le Clair, aged eighty-two. She was the daughter of Mr. William Brown of St. Albans, who was a descendant of John Bunyan. She was a convert to the Catholic Church. Rev. Father Augustin Stuhl who had been for some time assistant pastor of St. Patrick's church, McCaul St., Toronto, died on Nov. 27, at the McCaul St. Monastery. He was in his sixty-fifth year. Heart trouble was the cause of his death. On Columbus Day a heroic bronze bust of Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, the noted convert and one of the best thinkers America has ever produced, was unveiled in New York City. The Catholic student who nourishes his youth on the philosophy of Dr. Brownson enters public life well equipped for the intellectual fray. At a recent sale in Germany \$6,000 was paid from an old original manuscript of the Spanish and Maya languages edited by Father Landis in 1880. Father Landis was one of the first missionaries to go to Yucatan. He spent his life mastering the Maya tongue and compiling a book to act as a dictionary for both tongues. He also arranged to apply the Christian alphabet to the Indian language. An old German collector is said to be the purchaser of the valuable work. Tuesday was the episcopal jubilee of Pope Pius X. Many messages of congratulation and good will reached the Vatican, the number including several from America. The Pope celebrated Mass in the private chapel, admitting only his sisters from Venice, with whom he afterward breakfasted. Later in the day he received the officials of the Vatican and to these the Pontiff showed the gold pectoral cross which was given him by Pope Leo in 1884 upon the occasion of his appointment as Bishop of Mantua. An English pilgrimage, organized by the Catholic Association and under the leadership of Bishop Brindle, D. S. O., of Nottingham has returned from Lourdes, and another under the guidance of Bishop Whiteside of Liverpool has set out for Rome. At Lourdes, one of the pilgrims from London, Miss Nellie Lewis, received a cure pronounced by the examining body of local doctors of the shrine to be without doubt a cure sudden, definite and complete. After bathing three times the chronic rheumatism from which the lady suffered acutely entirely vanished. On Wednesday, November 10, all the members of the Society of the Atonement, of Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., who were received into the Catholic Church in a body on Oct. 30, were confirmed by Archbishop Farley, of New York. The ceremony took place at Graymoor, in the chapel of the Sister's community, which was crowded with friends and spectators. Archbishop Farley was assisted by Right Rev. Mgr. C. G. O'Keefe, of Highland Falls, N. Y.; Very Rev. Mgr. James E. Lewis, Rev. Henry Lafort, of Peekskill, and Rev. Patrick H. Drain, of Cold Spring. Immediately after the administration of confirmation all the members of the society were invested with the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis by Rev. Father Paschal Robinson, O. P. M., of Washington, D. C., who had been specially delegated for that purpose. The hero of several wars and fighter in many good causes was the late Brigadier General John J. Coppinger who died in Washington on Nov. 4. General Coppinger was born in County Cork, Ireland, Oct. 11, 1834. He belonged to one of the most ancient and honorable families in the south of Ireland. At an early age he received a commission in a yeomanry regiment then raised in England for service in the Crimea, but was mustered out at the close of hostilities without seeing any active service. A staunch Catholic, he was among the first of Ireland's sons to volunteer for the defense of the Pope's temporal dominion against the revolt promoted by the Garibaldians. Commissioned as a lieutenant of the Papal Zouaves, he gallantly defended La Rocca gateway in 1860, and was decorated for bravery.

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We want a reliable man with a big or capable of handling an every locality in Canada salary or commission—\$100 to \$200 per month. The work is to be done in a small district, but it is a very important one. The man must be a native-born Canadian, must be a member of the Roman Catholic Church, must be a member of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, must be a member of the Order of St. John, must be a member of the Order of St. Patrick, must be a member of the Order of St. Andrew, must be a member of the Order of St. Nicholas, must be a member of the Order of St. Basil, must be a member of the Order of St. John the Baptist, must be a member of the Order of St. John the Evangelist, must be a member of the Order of St. John the Apostle, must be a member of the Order of St. John the Virgin, must be a member of the Order of St. John the Martyr, must be a member of the Order of St. John the Confessor, must be a member of the Order of St. John the Evangelist, must be a member of the Order of St. John the Apostle, must be a member of the Order of St. John the Virgin, must be a member of the Order of St. John the Martyr, must be a member of the Order of St. John the Confessor, must be a member 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WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE LAD.

BY IMOGEN CLARK. CHAPTER XI.

How should I be revenged? If this be true— As I have such a heart that both my ears Must not in haste abuse—'tis he that's true. How should I be revenged? Cymbeline.

Let's further think of this; Weigh what convenience both of time and means May fit us to our shape. Hamlet.

Both youths started apart as though the earth had opened at their feet, and whirled around only to see a slender little fellow with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes beading eagerly forward, holding a great round in check. Dicoon's face darkened as he took a step in the child's direction, his fist raised in menace.

"Out upon thee, thou lily-livered patch," he cried, "I'll teach thee to listen to thy betters and hear what's meant for thine ears and then go blab. I'll pound thee into dust as thou so much as breathe a word of what we've said."

"Nay, I be no tale-bearer," Hamnet answered, hotly, drawing himself up to his greatest height, "and so let me pass. Thou needst not be afraid I'll speak of what I heard. I did not offer thine service, and that in right good earnest, I fancy, but an thou'lt have none of it, go thine own ways and let me 'e'en go mine."

"Thou'lt na stir an inch until it is my will," Dicoon blustered, the scowl deepening between his heavy brows. "You Shakespeare be fine folks, forsooth—the one a braggart, the other a listener and a tattler."

"I be neither o' those names," the little lad cried, with a choking voice; "I'd not stoop to neither. 'Twas true I was in your bushes. I hid me there when I did see thee coming, because I thought thou'ldst pass right on and I'd tarry till after thy going."

"Ho—ho," Dicoon sneered; "belike we're na fine snow-company for one whose father's a lay actor? London town and whose uncle will 'e'en be one."

"Speak naught o' my father, else thou shalt have a taste o' Silver's teeth to match the beauty spot thou already hast."

"Dost threaten me wi' thy cur? Beheshrew thee, I'll shoot him where he standeth wi' my stone bow."

"Nay, nay, peace I pray thee," Wat Cawdrey interposed; "the lad spoke us fair enough. Dicoon, and was ready wi' his bow. Thou'lt mar all wi' thy black humours, and the quarrel is only wi' Ned Shakespeare anyway."

"Why true—true," Dicoon stammered backing down from his high horse, the more because he feared the fierce gleam in Silver's unwavering eyes; "I meant nowt by my words, lad. I be willing enow to speak thee softly and to take thine aid too 'as 'twas offered. Thou wert na cozening us?"

"Marry," Hamnet returned, standing his ground bravely, "I meant it in very truth. I've a quarrel wi' Ned too. He—nay, 'tis betwixt us two, but 'tis a just quarrel. Only I cannot fight him because I be not his size and he'll have naught to do wi' me. And I cannot wait till I'm a man; 'tis so long till then—so very long." His voice broke a little and he paused to steady it.

"But I'll not let him go hence still flouting me," he continued, with a dash of spirit. "An thou'lt not put me on the track o' getting the better o' him, I'll 'e'en work out a way in my own mind."

"Why, that's my bully-rocket!" Dicoon cried, slapping the boy on the shoulder; "and I'll find thee a hundred ways to get even at thine uncle—or one will serve. And thou needst na give the wherefore o' thy quarrel; keep thine own counsel. Marry, I wot thou hast just reason for a loving him."

"Ay, that I have! An thou knowst it thou'ldst say so too, as any would; but at home, I' faith, they're all for Ned and his going to London town wi' father."

A shrewd gleam passed over the lowering, watchful face, which only intensified its ugly character, as the sun in its course lights some loathsome spot, and even as it brightens it shows the more plainly its abominations. Dicoon Hobday was no fool. In a trice he had read the secret of the transparent little heart before him. Let the boy keep the cause of his quarrel said or unsaid; it mattered not—here was the right string to play upon!

He glanced over at Wat Cawdrey with a quick wink of his small black eye.

"A just reason," he said, thoughtfully, "a very just one. I doubt na that. I'll na seek it out, but I tell thee an I were in thy shoes I'd na like to see Master Ned put before me 'til the matter o' going to London. Lord! Lord! how strange things come around. 'Twas only this very day I said to Wat when we were coming back from Warwick and were 'e'en speaking o' Ned's fair fortune—'Why, says I, 'an what Master Schoolmaster saith be true, Hamnet Shakespeare is the better scholar o' the two lads, though he is na so old. 'Tis a pity now,' quoth I, 'that he hath na a few more years to his count that he might be going away instead o' Ned.' So were we talking together, him and me, when Ned and some o' his mates came along. We all drew up for a few words, and I wot na how it befall, but the thought o' Ned's was still in my mind, so I spoke right out and said:—

"'Tis true then, thou wilt only keep the place for thy nephew."

"Whereat Ned was mightily wroth, and quoth he: 'I keep the place for no one; I am to be to my brother as his own right hand.'

"How?" said I, stung by his tone, for I had spoke him fair. 'I leave it to all here; is't na a son's place to be his father's right hand?'

"Then were they all loath to speak, but Wat—who hath ever a pretty love o' justice, and is as full o' courage as a labourer is o' sound—called out right boldly: 'I' faith, 'tis true.'

"That angered Master Ned the more—so that he fumed and blustered, like any wench ready for the ducking-stool—and he said, stamping about:—

"hath ever a sharp eye to what is best; he knoweth that o' the two—his son or me—even an we were both o' one age, I'd serve his purpose more fully. He hath a pretty affection for the little lad; but it is only a child, and weakly, too. My brother hath other plans for him, though his cake is mostly dough where the lad is concerned; but wi' me now, he seeth 'tis in my buttons to rise and do him honor!"

"And so Ned bragged on, wi' more about thee than I will na say, only it was worse than aught that went afore."

Hamnet's legs trembled beneath him. He had not realized until that moment how really tired he was, nor did he understand the strange sensation of numbness that was creeping over him. He had caught a little chill while sleeping, no doubt. He sat down on the ground by Silver, and made a pretence of adjusting the collar, though his fingers shook with that new feeling of weariness that had taken possession of him. After a brief pause he looked up.

"And this was—when?"

"An hour or so ago," Dicoon answered. "Nay, I'll keep naught back. Dost see this hurt upon my cheek? 'Tis thine uncle's mark, but I'll write me yet as fair an answer on 's own face. And he hath lamed me, too. Marry, this was the way o' it. There was more o' his boasting, and I could na stand it, but up and told him mine own mind. 'I'll make the lad's cause mine own,' I said, 'as all honest men would do. An thou'lt as a coward, meet me here and now.' With that, we stood off to fight, though I was na 'l trim and he was well-breathed. When we were about to begin, I wot na how it was, but my foot slipped, and down I went me full length. Whereupon did they all cry out—his friends and my good Wat—'Stand off! hit na a fallen man!' But Ned was on me in a moment, beating and kicking me mightily. The others made no move to drag him away—save only my sweet Wat, and him they overpowered and beat when they saw what my fine gentleman's will was. They follow him an he was something come down out o' the skies, and they would na cross him for worlds. So Ned kept up wi' 's pommeling, and I'd cry for no quarter—na I! 'Tis thy day now, Ned Shakespeare,' methought, 'but the wheel will turn.' At last, when his fists would serve him no longer, he fell to rating me wi' his tongue, most shameful; and when his breath did fail him, then went he off to sport him further wi' his talk o' Brother Will and London. Say I na true, Wat?"

"Oh! ay, ay," Wat stammered, lost in admiration of his friend's narrative powers; "every word's gospel true."

Hamnet sat quite motionless, staring before him with unseeing eyes, his hand still on Silver's collar. He hoped they would not expect him to speak; he had no word to say—as yet.

"So that's how matters stand wi' thy uncle and me," Dicoon said, after the silence had grown unbearable to him. "Twas for thy sake I suffered; 'I' faith; but he hath put an affront upon me that I'll na pardon. I'll pay him back yet. I'll wot thou help me an thou canst?"

"Ay," Hamnet answered, unflinchingly. "Tell me what I must do."

"Nay, wilt thou swear it? Come, thy hand!"

There was the faintest trace of hesitation on the little lad's part, then he took his right hand from Silver's trusty neck, and placed it in the grimy, outstretched palm.

"So," he said, softly, "I swear it." Silver gave a low gasp.

"Have a care to that beast!" Dicoon exclaimed. "I mislike the way he eyes me."

"He meaneeth naught," Hamnet cried, hastily; "he is as gentle as any lamb." Then, with a swift burst of inspiration, for his heart was sick within him, and he longed for home, he added: "Belike he's thinking o' his supper; we must away."

"Nay, there's our plan first; thou must na go yet. Woul't break thy word?"

Dicoon turned a suspicious glance upon the small figure, with a sudden tightening of his fists and something like a snarl in his tones.

Hamnet's face flushed. He was too low for fighting, too little to be trusted. How dared they treat him thus? It was too bitter to be endured.

"A Shakespeare hath never broke his word yet," he answered, proudly, "and I'll not be the first to do it, trust me. An what thou say'st is true—and we both say it is—I have less cause than ever to love mine uncle. But let that pass. An I loved him, I'd still let him punished for what he hath done; so 'e'en tell me quickly o' thy plan, sith it waxes late, and I must hasten home."

"When doth thy father come?"

Hamnet drew in his breath sharply. When?—There was no need to hesitate. Had he not kept count of the lagging days on everything that came within his reach? Was it not his last thought at night, as it was his first in the morning? He lowered his head.

"Not to-morrow, but the next day."

"A Saturday, then. Thou'rt na cozening me? Come, speak out bold."

"On Saturday, sure."

Hamnet shuddered despite himself at the hatred in the threatening tones. It seemed to him that he was in some sort of a trap that with every passing moment narrowed more closely about him. There was no possible way of escape.

"What wilt thou do?" he questioned, faintly. "Marry, I must know."

"And so thou shalt, my jolly bawcock; take heart! Trust all to me; thy cause is in my hands. O' Monday night, after curfew-hath struck, thou must and the chance to give a message to thine uncle, but thou must na manage it that he'll na suspicion us. Belike 'twill be better coming in the form o' a letter; that anon; and can write it in a hand he will na know. But more o' that anon; there may be a letter, or no letter as I shall devise. 'Twill only be a few words at best—meet an old friend, and the place named, or something o' that sort. And when once thou hast given it, thou may'st get thee to bed wi' a light heart, and in the morning thy father will ride forth alone."

"But Ned?" Hamnet whispered; "thou wilt not kill him?"

"Beheshrew thee! who talks o' killing?" Dicoon growled. "An I hear thee say that word again I'll brain thee on the spot. I be no murderer; I'll give Ned Shakespeare his quarrel for thine debt, and there's an end."

"But thou wilt despitely handle him," the little lad continued, unabashed, "and I would na have that happen—"

"Thou wouldest na have that happen?" Dicoon sneered. "And what is thy lordship's will? Shall we treat Master Ned to sweet words, and give him cakes and honey? By my troth! thou mindst me o' the cat! 'tis the ada e, that would have fish and would na wet her feet getting it. Thou'rt bold and thou'rt na bold. Thou wouldest see thine uncle punished, and anon thou criest at the mere notion o' his hurts, like a girl that's pricked her finger. 'Tis seemeth thou'ldst give to thy feelings, once he's away wi' thy father, and why should'st thou think o' him?"

"I think not o' him," Hamnet retorted; "go on wi' thy plan."

"I know thou'rt to be trusted, little Shakespeare," Dicoon resumed, "though most fellows o' my age would keep their own counsel, and use thee but as their servant. But that's na Dicoon Hobday's way, which is ever a fair and honest way, and 'tis in great part thy quarrel too. Well, here's the very simpleness o' my scheme: Thou givest thine uncle word to meet a friend for one last parting. So he cometh him to the spot where Wat and me be waiting; 't'is the dark, wi' mayhap another fellow or two, and we rush out and overcome Master Ned and bind him fast, and bear him away down stream to a little bit o' wot o' 't fields, and there we'll leave him. Is't not a fair jest? And when he waketh, belike 'twill be the next night, or betimes o' Wednesday morn, and he'll be summat sore from the drubbing he's had. But what o' that?"

Many a lad at school getteth a stiffer thrashing for an unlearned lesson. When my fine gentleman starteth for home, thy father will be well on his journey, and Ned must tarry, forsooth, till he cometh again. La, Stratford! he be but a sorry place wi' one's thoughts all for London; but beggars may na be choosers, and thine uncle will have a tamer tongue in 's head, I warrant me, after this dose. So thou wilt be avenged for thy quarrel, whatever it may be."

"I' faith, the father will be wroth, and will set Ned down as a promise-breaker and a carouser, and so belike someone will never go to London, after all."

"But that will not be true," Hamnet interrupted. "'Twould not be right for my father to hold such thoughts; I could not—"

It was the last flare of the candle of righteousness, the last assertion his conscience made against the network of evil that was binding him fast.

Dicoon sprang to his feet with a loud imprecation, and the small lad would have suffered grievous harm at his hand had not the watch-dog leaped suddenly forward as his champion.

"'Tis too late for thee to say what thou couldst na do," Dicoon cried, keeping a great control over himself; "'tis only now what thou canst. Think on that! Thou hast sworn to help us, and I'll 'e'en give thee a thought to spur thy craven spirit on. An I'd no stomach for this fight, 'twould keep me from faltering just to remember how Ned hath meant—ay, and still meant—to do thee wrong from thy father's love. I did na tell thee a trifle, that I said; I kept it back from sheerest pity. 'Twould poison thy life to the longest day o' it, an thou should'st come to Gaffer Castrell's age, could'st thou but know."

"I'll not know, I'll hear no further word," Hamnet gasped, with something like a sob, half of grief, half of anger, choking his utterance. "I'll do what'er thou wilt, and thou may'st do what thou wilt wi' Ned, only let me—"

"Ay, ay, my little chuck, I'll say a word for thee," Wat Cawdrey chimed in readily. "What sayest thou, Dicoon, to letting the lad in at the pommeling? 'Twould do his heart good to hit at Ned when he's sprawling."

"Think'st thou so, Wat Cawdrey?" Hamnet cried, contemptuously. "Marry, I give heaven thanks that no two persons in this world be alike. I'd not nit my greatest foe under another man's arm—I be not such an arrant coward as that."

"An thou talk'st o' cowards," the other spluttered.

"Peace, peace," Dicoon interposed. "What! shall there be falling out betwixt sworn brothers? Take hands, take hands, I say. So! Now thou may'st get thee to thy home, boy, and fail na to meet me to-morrow at cock-shut time at the elm at the Dove-house Close. And for a nay-word—H'm! let's see. What the dickens shall it be? By the mass! I'll have it—It shall be 'London and father!' Dost hear, little one? Say it after me."

Hamnet raised his head and looked straight into the evil face before him, his own pure, little face flushed but resolute with a strange, fixed expression.

"London," he said, bravely, "London and—and father! I'll not forget."

CHAPTER XII.

A hundred thousand welcomes! I could weep, And I could laugh, I am light and heavy. Welcome! COLOLANUS.

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His honour and the greatness of his name Shall live. HENRY VIII.

Master Will Shakespeare, turning into Henley Street from the Swan, where he had left his fellow-travellers, felt a great thrill of satisfaction as he caught the first glimpse of the home of his birth set in its fair garden. He took o' his velvet bonnet with its curling feather, and waved it as gayly as any boy let out for a half-holiday waves his cap in mid-air, while the shout that issued from his happy throat was a right goodly imitation, surely, of the shouts of his youth. If he had known a bitter pang of disappointment because no slender, little figure waited by the roadside as he came riding over familiar ground and searched each bush and tree with eager eyes, expecting to hear the glad cry: "Father! at every moment, that disappointment was speedily swallowed up in the delight of seeing near at hand the sight his heart most longed for.

They were all there by the house-door, or darting into the lane—his father, mother, wife, daughters and his little lad—him the ardent glances sought out first and last. Not ill, now God be praised! as he had almost feared when he had passed along the home stretch and na laughing challenge bade him stop his horse. Not ill—and yet the anxious eyes saw in every child's difference in the raised face, which was too faint to be called a chance, and which those about the boy had failed to perceive. On the moment it cast a shadow upon the man's heart, darkening it, even as the sudden shifting of a cloud across the sun will chase the warmth and brightness from the landscape.

He gave a little shiver, as if some coming evil had already assumed a tangible shape. The feeling which had dominated his breast for so long filled him with a vague apprehension. At any time that when he prized most dear might be swept from him. The very sense of possession was full of pathos too deep for words. To have, to hold—nay, what availed his feeble strength? The thought was as a death, which cannot chase but weep to have that which it fears to lose. Was it only in his fancy, he asked himself, that the delicate face had grown thinner and paler?

"Art not well, sweet heart?" he demanded, as he leaped to the ground and caught the lad in his arms, looking him at a little distance and scanning his features unseeingly.

"La, Will," Mistress Anne Shakespeare laughed. "I do protest thou art as full o' whimses as an old giddy. Methinks the child is in fair health; he's grown taller sith thou wert here, and belike he's summat stiffer; but go! he hath a parlous appetite, and that I know full well. Speak up, sirrah; thou art not sick?"

"Not so, dear mother, naught aileth me."

"Ay, forsooth, the lad is right," Mistress Mary Shakespeare said, in her reassuring way; "'tis only thy fancy warmed his heart, and that's the solution of the difficulty before him, though with its coming he felt a stab of distress at the thought of the pain the child was suffering. He put out a fond hand.

"Why didst leave me?" he asked; "know'st thou not that thy place is always here?"

He drew the boy's head against his breast as he spoke, and patted his cheek tenderly.

"By my troth, thou hast grown most marvellous," he cried; "nay, Ned, thou wilt have but a short deputation, I'm thinking—the true prince will not tarry past his due time."

Ned laughed good humouredly.

"Marry, that will he no," he said, "and glad I'll be, 'I' faith, heartily, when he cometh into his own, sith I know that that day is so dear to thy thought."

Hamnet clung closer to his father, his eyes closed to keep back the stinging tears. How dared Ned speak so fair, he asked himself angrily—how dared he, when he had said those other things? O! if it were only possible to tear the mask from his hateful, smiling face and expose him truly as he was.

During the next few days the subtle change which had come over the child was ever present to the anxious parent, who, from the first moment of their reunion, had noticed its existence. It was not so much that the little lad looked ill, though there was a trace of languor discernible in his appearance, and his flushed cheeks and over-bright eyes were in some measure indicative of the excitement under which he was labouring, but in other way the observant eyes were conscious of an alteration. There was a restlessness about the boy that was far from natural; he seemed to be living in a continual state of repression. He was full, too, of apprehension, and started like a timid girl at the least sound—the tapping of a branch at the window, or a low whistle, would cause him an unquiet uneasiness—and even his merriment had lost much of its usual ring. To his elders he maintained his customary courtesy, and his sisters, in his occasional fits of boisterousness, missed no whit of his generally high spirits; only the father, looking on with the growing pain at his heart, saw that something was sadly amiss. That it was connected with Edmund's going he was well aware, and he waited for some childish outburst of envy to clear away the surecharged feelings.

But Hamnet's conduct toward his uncle was full of contradictions, as his father was not slow to recognize. It was made up largely of a regret that was something more than the regret occasioned by the prospect of absence, and the boy bore himself at the same time in an attitude of mingled resentment and affection. Often he would cast glances of anger and hatred at Ned's unconscious figure, which would be succeeded anon by looks so full of pain and sorrow as to sadden the watcher indescribably.

The man was never one to disparage a child's trouble—it was as keen and big o' the little mind as it would have been to his larger one; keener and bigger, in sooth, for childhood has no philosophy whereby to dispel the dark-

ing from the sense of disappointment that had clouded his home-coming, and prone to magnify small causes into thrice their size. That was all. He was as foolish as any girl!

"An thou knew'st how I longed for thee, in very truth, thou wouldest have made shift to meet me," he said, with his tender smile, unconsciously planting a deeper barb in the little heart which was almost bursting with the constant struggle between its love and its unworthiness. "But there I'll upbraid thee no more. Thou'lt never make me look in vain again—wilt thou, dear boy?"

"Nay, never again"—the small hand ceased stroking the dog, and clasped its mate tightly over the man's arm—"never again."

"A promise, and ratified thus! There's small danger o' thy breaking it. When next I come from London thou'lt be on the lookout, surely."

"Marry, yes, though I'll not tell thee where—'twould spoil half the surprise."

"That would it; but surprise me no more surprises o' this mornings sort. Ha! Ned, is't thou? Why, lad, thou look'st bravely—bravely."

Hamnet fell back as the brothers embraced, the light in Ned's eyes darkening the sudden happiness in his own. Was it always to be like this? Was Ned always to come between? For a short time he had been able to put his uncle from his thoughts, but only for a short time. The load of guilt in the small heart which had made it impossible for the child to meet his father, pressed more heavily than before. Had it not been punishment enough, he asked himself, to relinquish that dear pleasure, that in these first moments of a nearer drawing together he should be spared the pain of Ned's coming to thrust them wide apart?

A hot flame leaped in the boy's breast, stirring the dormant anger there into fresh life. His rage toward Ned had died down in a degree, and in its stead he had found himself longing to retract his oath. What real reason had he, aside from his bitter jealousy and those cruel reports Dicoon had spread, to thwart his uncle and to betray him? Silver had long since granted forgiveness—a forgiveness which Hamnet, in his turn, was bound to accord when that night, as he hastened home from Welcombe Hill, Ned had overtaken him, and had made amends for his ill-doing of the earlier day.

It was Ned, too, who had bound up Cat's wounds with dexterous fingers, and had given him a new back; even in Hamnet's half-grudging thanks there had been a note of admiration for the skilful work the amateur surgeon had accomplished. Still, the promise, which was like a chain about him, kept him from any real friendship with his uncle, and when he found himself chafing against its bonds he nursed his evil feelings back to life by the repetition of Dicoon's phrases and his vague, intolerable hints.

Will Shakespeare turned suddenly from his brother's eager questions and looked around like one missing his chiefest good. A single glance at Hamnet's moody face was in itself a revelation to the man's mind, and a thrill of joy warmed his heart—at the simple solution of the difficulty before him, though with its coming he felt a stab of distress at the thought of the pain the child was suffering. He put out a fond hand.

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ness and show the way to a better adjustment of the burden Fate assigns, since borne it must be. He would have helped his boy in this present instance with his maturer wisdom, but he had too much respecting for the sacredness of a child's feelings to strip them of their flimsy covering and make light of them in careless, grown-up wise. He would view their nakedness only at his own bidding and then he would wrap them close in the mantle of his love—then, and not till then. Meanwhile, by a thousand indirect ways, he sought to make it easy for the little lad to approach him with his perplexity, and still the boy held aloof, not only spiritually but physically.

Hamnet, on his part, realized speedily that the nearness of the old times was something that was not to be the centre and joy of this particular visit. Another season, when he held his own worthy, he told himself, he might linger by his father's side—now he dared not. Now he was almost glad to share that dear companionship with the others; to go without those long delightful talks of which he had dreamed for months. Nor was it only the thought of his unworthiness that whipped him from his father's society and made him an outsider. He was tormented by the constant fear that in some way he might betray his trust. He had boasted that no Shakespeare had ever held his own lightly, and the dread that now encompassed him was that by some chance he might imperil the whiteness of the name his father bore. Come what might, he must be true to Dicoon's hideous plan, since his oath was given. There was no alternative. So the little lad, with his vague notions of honor, argued, and so he fought out his battles unaided, while the tiny mist of misunderstanding pooled like a soft, impenetrable curtain between his father and himself.

It was a slight matter, but a pebble in one's shoe will lame one as surely as a larger stone, and matters do not have to be of great import to give rise to misconceptions and consequent heartaches. Something huge and tangible may be overthrown with ease, when one is braced for the act, and leave a pleasant sense of exhilaration behind, but those little insidious things—too small almost for notice, and which yet send their roots into the very depths of one's being—are well-nigh invincible.

The child's reserve in this respect was like a constant pricking in Will Shakespeare's side. It implied more—much more—than the mere withholding of his confidence. Whatever he had hitherto known or thought had always been revealed, and in the crucible of the man's great love, had been purified of all dross by an alchemy which, to the boy's thinking, was almost divine. But here was a trouble, which, for some reason, was not to be so dealt with. What aid the little lad received was to come from himself, or from some outsider, who, for the time being, stood nearer than his father.

Will Shakespeare, with a touch of jealousy in his breast, cast about him for dis-cover who had usurped his place. His quest was unavailing. There was no one who stood nearer, seemingly, nor did he miss aught from the child's adoring love. It was as patent to all as the sun in the heavens. It even appeared to have increased in volume, if that could be, though it possessed a new quality, half of humility, half of sorrow. There was often a questioning, pathetic look in the wisest hazel eyes as they were turned upon the father's face—a dumb, grieving longing that found its counterpart in Silver's glance at times—which hurt the recipient as the keen thrust of a knife would have done. The frequent silence, too, which fell upon the merry tongue, and which fell with extraordinary mirth which succeeded them, were so unusual as to confirm the man's first belief in the lad's illness. And that subtle fear which had made the precariousness of life so insistent to him, thrilled him again and again.

These, however, were the only shadows to cloud the brief home stay. There was much of pleasant besides—gay talks with relatives and friends, walks a-field with a tail of loving, thronging children, delicious dreamings in the long afterglow, when the hush of night was creeping up over the peaceful land, lingerings by the tranquil river, with

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the children again—the little lad near-  
est of all leaning against his shoulder,  
and no thought of estrangement between  
their happy hearts.  
It was a busy season, too, and one full of  
deep satisfaction to gentle Will Shake-  
peare, whose thrift and industry had  
been mainly fostered into his confidence,  
about its material advantages. There was  
much talk between the elders of the  
application which had just gone up to  
the Herald's College for a grant of  
coat-armour, whereby John Shakespeare,  
then a yeoman, might attain the recog-  
nized position of a gentleman, and so  
enable his son, and his son's son after  
him, to take their places among the  
prudent of the country-side.

The only man, steeped in the pathetic  
silence of age, grew garrulous once more.  
The possibility of this honor coming at  
the end of a career wherein he had  
known much of the adverse turnings of  
Fortune's wheel let loose the flood-gates  
of his speech, and he lived over the  
days when he had enjoyed high places  
in the town's gift, and had made his  
first application to the Herald's for  
arms, a proceeding which his haughty  
neighbor at Charlecote had ceased to  
hear on his side. To no one did he open  
his heart more unreservedly than to his  
eldest son, who listened by the hour to  
the accounts of the sights the old man  
had seen, nor sought to belittle them by  
the wisdom of his own experience. He  
was not without a feeling of pride him-  
self at the realization of what was no  
mere empty honor to him—the making  
fairer of the name he loved!

It was at this time, too, that he took  
the whole family into his confidence, and  
told them in part of his dream of buying  
the 'Great House' in Chapel Lane, and  
how, now that it was possible for him to  
accomplish his desire, he had already  
taken steps toward the purchase. A  
little cloud, for one moment, overspread  
Miss Mary Shakespeare's brow;  
then her soft tones mingled in the gen-  
eral chorus of surprise and joy. She  
was proud and thankful and—yes, happy  
—even while the knowledge of what her  
own loss would be pressed heavily upon  
her.

"The 'Great House' is not so far  
away," she said, musingly, when the  
others had done speaking, and uncon-  
sciously she lifted the veil from her  
thoughts.  
"Not, 'Great House' to thee, sweet  
mother," Will Shakespeare cried, hastily;  
"I'll not have it so. 'Tis but another  
home, and so thou must call it where  
the doors will be ever set wide for thee  
and thine, and no guest more honored  
than thou—nay, not even a queen, an  
she could stay beneath my poor roof."

Hannet jumped up from a settle,  
where he had been lounging by his  
father, and ran over to where the old  
woman sat, with her tender eyes smiling  
bravely at them all. He put his cheek  
against hers, in the pretty way he had.  
"Dear grandfather," he said, "is Lady  
hard by; Chapel Lane is but a step  
away. Now, in good sooth, I mistake  
the name of 'Great House,' too, except  
to say it over to the boys, and then it  
hath a fair sound—a monstrous fair  
sound. But 'twill not be dearer than this  
old place; no new place could be that,  
could it, father?"

"Nay, little lad, not dearer, and thou  
hast given it a name likelier to my  
fancy. An my dealings with Master  
Underhill fall not through—and I know  
they will not—I'll call the house 'New  
Place,' e'en as thou hast said, so that it  
will remember me o' this old house and  
all the happy days I've known herein.  
And now, I do think me, Sir Hugh so  
called it before ever we were born, and  
belike for the same reason—thinking o'  
his former home—"

"Well said, Will, well said," his father  
interposed, "and 'New Place' is a good  
phrase, but methinks 'Great House' is  
still the better, and it hath been called  
thus always within my memory. I'd not  
meddle wi' the town's titles as I were i'  
thy shoes. How now, wife, is not Will-  
iam Shakespeare, o' 'Great House, Strat-  
ford, i' the County o' Warwick, Gentle-  
man, a marvellous fine mouthful?" "This  
excellent, i' faith, very singular good."  
But Will Shakespeare only laughed  
for answer, and his glance sought out  
his mother's face, while a swift look of  
understanding passed between the two,  
and then the woman knew that the little  
lad's words would stand for all time.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE RELIEF FORCE.

Across Waterloo Bridge the wind was  
strong and bitter, and the Colonel must  
hold his battered old hat on his head.  
There was the dark river, the last refuge  
of the waste of life, hurrying on its way.  
But no; not that. Little Marie waited  
his return, perhaps crying in her loneli-  
ness and pain. The Colonel raised his  
dim eyes to the dark, gray sky in a  
mute appeal. A man crossing the road  
hurriedly struck against him and sent  
him reeling against the stone parapet of  
the bridge. The Colonel's hat fell off.  
The man was a robust figure and was  
well dressed.

"I beg your pardon," he said heartily,  
"I am afraid it was entirely my fault."  
Then he uttered an exclamation and,  
drawing himself up, raised his hand to  
his hat. "Colonel Marden," he said res-  
pectfully.

The Colonel recovered his hat and  
peered at the stranger through the  
gathering gloom.

"You don't know me, Colonel?"  
"My eyesight fails me a little. No,  
I don't know you."

"Webb, sir; George Webb. Captain  
Sinclair's troop."  
"Aye, I remember you. Very glad to  
see you, Webb. I hope, you are doing  
well," said the Colonel kindly.

Webb looked at his old C. O. with a  
pitying eye. He could read the marks  
of famine in the old man's face. He  
knew why the shabby frock coat was so  
closely buttoned up. "Yes, sir," he re-  
plied; "I am doing very well indeed,  
thank you," and with the impulse of the  
moment he held out his hand.

A faint smile flickered over the Col-  
onel's worn face. "You are an honest  
man, Webb," he said. "You know what  
they say about me. Can you take my  
hand?"

"Take it, Colonel? God bless you,  
sir, I'm only too honored," and he gave  
the Colonel's hand a grip that hurt.

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"No man of the old regiment that I ever  
met thought it was your fault, sir. An  
officer is no match for those city sharks.  
Your mistake, sir, in having any truck  
with them. Take my arm, sir, if you  
don't mind. I see you're tired. My  
way shall be yours."  
"Thank you, Webb. I live close by,  
in a street just off the road. I'm a little  
dizzy and faint. Liver troubling me  
again," the old complaint. Very glad I  
met you. I think they were rather hard  
on me. The men knew me better.  
Webb, the men knew me better."  
Webb was silent, pondering many  
things. He was a bluff, good hearted  
man, sadly lacking the polish of high  
society, but he was dreadfully afraid of  
hurting the Colonel's feelings. It was  
evident the poor old man was starving,  
yet how was it possible to help him?"  
They turned into the narrow, miser-  
able street where the Colonel lived.  
"No. 6, Webb," said the Colonel.  
"The other side, not far up. My eye-  
sight is bad in the falling light."  
"Right, sir, No. 6. Here it is."  
"Thank you. I am at home now. I  
wish you good-afternoon, Webb, and all  
good fortune."  
Webb lingered at the door. "All  
alone, sir?" he asked softly.  
"No, no, not alone; my little grand-  
daughter lives with me."  
"I don't wish to intrude, sir, but I  
should very much like to see her. I  
remember Mrs. Marsden, and Miss Sybil,  
too. I should like to see Miss Sybil's  
child."  
"You would?"  
"Yes, sir. I am very fond of children.  
I have half a dozen of my own."  
The price of the partrician soldier was  
high even now. Colonel Marden had  
been born and brought up under a sys-  
tem of caste almost as rigid as the castes  
of India. There was a gulf between him  
and the man who had served as a trooper  
in his regiment. But for that, he  
wavered.

"Let me, Colonel. It would give me  
great pleasure to see her."  
"You are a good fellow, Webb. I am  
afraid you don't understand. I am not  
receiving visitors just now. My arrange-  
ments, you know—" He hesitated and  
stammered.  
"It's a liberty. I know, sir; but you  
won't refuse an old soldier. You used to  
say you owed me something for what I  
did at Omdurman."  
"Aye, I remember. Not sure I don't  
owe you a life, Webb. You ought to

have had the V. C., but there were  
others. Come up stairs; you'll have to  
mount a good way."  
They ascended the dark, rickety stair-  
case of the old house. On the third  
landing the Colonel took out a key and  
opened the door. It was almost dark in  
the little room.  
"Marie," the Colonel called.  
No answer.  
"Marie!" he uttered the name again  
with a strange note of terror in his voice  
and bent over the child's cot.  
"Yes, grandpa," said a feeble little  
voice. "I've been asleep and dreaming  
of roast beef. Oh, I'm so dreadfully  
hungry! What have you brought,  
grandpa?"  
"I have brought some one to see you,  
Marie," said the Colonel hoarsely. "A  
brave soldier who was with me in India  
and Egypt. Look up. Come in, Webb,  
and close the door."  
Webb came in bareheaded. It was al-  
most dark, but quite light enough for  
him to read the story of the room.  
"How are you, miss?" he said, ap-  
proaching the cot. "I am very glad to  
see you. I remember your mother, and  
a beautiful young lady she was." He  
took the little hand in his and kissed it.  
"What is your name? I didn't quite  
hear," asked Marie.  
"George Webb, miss."  
"I am pleased to meet you, Webb,"  
said the little lady.

Webb lifted her up and carried her  
to the window. "Why, you'll be a rare  
beauty one of these days miss; just like  
Miss Sybil," he said.  
Marie laughed up at him and pulled  
his moustache. "Do you belong to the  
relieving force, Webb?" she asked.  
"And have you got through with sup-  
plies? We can't hold out any longer."  
"Yes, miss," he said huskily. "I be-  
long to the relieving force." He was  
very glad the room was dark. He laid  
the child gently in her cot again, then  
turned to the Colonel. "Colonel Mar-  
den," he said in a low voice, "God knows  
I don't wish to offend you; if I do, per-  
haps you'll forgive me for the sake of old  
times. I ask you if you will so far honor  
me and my wife as to come home with  
me now. I shall be very proud to show  
you my house. I live in the Chaplain  
road; the car will take you up there in  
a few minutes. I know it's a liberty,  
but—"

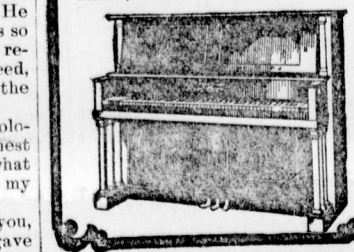
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your young people sticking to the  
Church and supporting it?" he queried.  
"Decidedly!" I replied. Among the  
best of our Church people are young  
Americans. They fill our churches and  
receive the sacraments." "Well," said  
he sadly, "I am sorry to say that is not  
my experience with my people. I have  
been over forty years pastor of a Con-  
gregational Church about a hundred  
miles from here, and my congregation  
has been rapidly dwindling away. The  
old folks went to church and paid their  
pew rent; the young ones stay at home  
and give nothing." His hair was white,  
his face thin and worn and he looked  
disappointed and worried. "Now,"  
said he, how do you manage to hold  
your people?" "Well," said I, "I shall  
tell you if you will not be offended."  
"I shall not be offended to hear the  
truth," he replied. "Them," said I,  
"you have lost your people by giving up  
three important things: and we hold  
our people by clinging to those very  
three things or divine institutions.  
Firstly, you have given up the Pope, so  
that you have no one to decide with cer-  
tainty your disputes. Hence you dis-  
unite and scatter when you please. We  
keep together because the Pope, whom  
we consider the Vicar of Christ, quells  
rebellion and heals dissensions in our  
Church. Secondly, you have given up  
the 'Mass,' and consequently your  
religion is only a dry prayer, a hymn  
that is often neither poetry nor good  
music, and a sermon, sometimes bad,  
sometimes middling, and seldom good.  
We cling to the 'Mass' as the very  
soul of religion. It is our great sacri-  
fice. Jesus Christ is really offered in  
It, and sacramentally offers Himself to  
us as our spiritual food. The Real  
Presence makes our churches temples  
of the living God; and if you visit  
them even when Mass is not being  
said, in the evening for instance, you  
will find our people absorbed in adora-  
tion of the Living God, hidden behind  
the tabernacle on our altars. Our  
churches are always alive, for Jesus  
Christ is alive in them. Thus believe  
all our people." "Yes," said he, "I

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told by a missionary. One evening,  
Osoatic Isle. A savage lately con-  
verted to Christianity, stepped out  
and took the road leading to the hut  
in which lodged the Bishop.  
"Father," said he to His Lordship  
on arriving in his presence, "I had  
a wife and six children. They were  
all in the boat with me. A tempest  
arose and the waves swallowed them

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NELLIE ARNOLD, Bkpr. & Steno., Brass Works, Wallaceburg, Ont.  
HELLIS VAN SLUYS, Steno., Jno. Raab Chair Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
E. C. BUCHANAN, Reporter, Planet, Chatham, Ont.  
ETHEL WINCHESTER, Bkpr., Maple Cafe, South Bend, Ind.  
BESSIE DODD, Steno., Thomas Bros., St. Thomas, Ont.  
MAMIE HENSHAW, Steno., New England Life Ins. Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
FANNIE PETERSON, Steno., Firm in Seattle, Wash.  
LILA FENNER, Bkpr., Mr. Peck, Jeannettes Creek, Ont.  
BLANCHE McNAMARA, Steno., Consumers Lighting Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
FRANK P. MERRILL, Steno., Canada Iron Furnace Co., Midland, Ont.  
LLOYD BIGLEY, Bkpr., Cargill Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
MARION GRAHAM, Steno., Firm in Detroit, Mich.  
FLOSSIE WIXSON, Bkpr., Hallack Confection Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
JOHN E. TEETER, Steno., Great Northern Baggage Depot, Seattle, Wash.  
MARK DAMSTRA, Clerk, Kent State Bank, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
A. E. GILMOUR, Bkpr., W. G. Gilmore, Detroit, Mich.  
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know what that means, but I find it too  
hard to believe." "Yes," said I, "men  
of the greatest intellects and of wonder-  
ful learning have believed and still be-  
lieve it." "Well, what is the third  
reason?" he asked. "Confession," I  
replied. "When we are burdened with  
sin, crushed and sad under its load, we  
turn to the priest, in whom we recognize  
the power divinely given to absolve,  
and to him as to a father, a judge and a  
physician, we contritely confess and go  
away soothed, relieved of our load and  
light of heart. You have thrown out  
confession and you have no substitute for  
it. Hence, sadness, moroseness and an  
improper instrument of reform in the lives  
of your people." "Well," said he, "I be-  
lieve in confession, and I often wish we  
had something like it in my church. I  
often long for some friend in whom I  
could have absolute confidence, to whom  
I could confess my failings, and from  
whom I could get advice. I have  
longed for that for many a day, but  
particularly since I have grown old."  
Thus the voice of nature in him was ac-  
cordant with the voice of faith; but he  
had not the faith.  
We paused for a while in our con-  
versation and he seemed to be ruminating  
on something, when he suddenly said:  
"There's one thing you have not men-  
tioned. I followed my cook one after-  
noon into the Catholic Church in my  
village to see what she was going to do  
there; and I found her going around  
from picture to picture of a series on  
from church walls. She got on her  
knees before each picture, prayed a  
while, and then went to the next one,  
repeated her devotions, and so on to the  
end of the circuit. I examined the pic-  
tures afterward and found they were  
what you call 'Stations of the Cross.' I  
think they are a great help to devotion  
for every great event in Christ's life is  
vividly portrayed in them. Oh, your  
Church is a wise old institution."  
"Thank you," said I, "for the com-  
pliment; but I am sorry I cannot return  
you the compliment. But at any rate  
you see that pictures and statues are of  
some use in religion, and that your  
church made a mistake by expelling  
them." The locomotive whistle warned  
me that I had come to the end of my  
journey, so I left my venerable friend  
with a warm shake of the hand and  
promised to say a prayer for him.—  
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in spite of my efforts and my love,  
for God knows that I love them!  
I was the only one cast by the waves  
upon the beach. I am alone—do you  
understand, Father?—I am alone in the  
world and in tears. My wife and six chil-  
dren went down, in the waters, the sea  
devoured them. I need to be strong,  
Father, to live alone! I have come three  
hundred miles to get strength from you.  
Will you give it to me to-morrow at Mass?"  
He communicated the next morning  
from the hand of the Bishop and  
after a prayer in which courageous  
and consoling tears flowed abundantly,  
he arose. Adieu!" he said to the  
Bishop. "I possess Him who makes  
the strong. Yes, I can now live alone.  
Adieu!" They embraced for the first  
and last time, the tears of the Bishop  
still flowing, but those of the heroic  
savage dried. Strong and generous to  
support his loneliness, he got into his  
little boat and pushed off from the shore.

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Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion would be well, were they to tell the clerk to give them their Catholic Record. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

My Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion in this country. Therefore, I do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success. Yours very sincerely in Christ,

DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your admirable paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessings upon you and wishing you success, believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1909.

DID CHRIST FOUND A CHURCH?

This question is not ours. It is from a correspondent who writes us: "In your impressive 21st Aug. under the caption 'One Christ one Church,' you say in part, 'The Catholic Church is the one and only true Church since He established it.' Be kind enough to show us when, where and at what date Jesus Christ established this Church, and give its basis. Our friend is surely exacting when he calls for day and date of our Lord's action. Not even his willingness to accept quotations from the Donay edition of the New Testament proves to us an apt condition for satisfying him. He claims to have been calling for this answer for fifty years. 'I have been seeking a man for fifty years to tell me this but have yet to meet him.' There is little use for us applying for the position. We are at a loss to understand the term 'basis.' Nor do we know that any of the Evangelists have set definitely the exact day or place at which our Saviour expounded many of His doctrines or established His sacraments. We can fix the dates and place of some, but not of all. There are baptism and the Blessed Eucharist, the latter of which is the most definite. On the other hand, penance and matrimony are shrouded in indefinite circumstances of time and place. This does not in any way militate against them being established by Christ. The same is to be said about the Church. In examining the foundation of the Church we must first bear in mind who Christ is and what was His mission in this world. Briefly stated, He is the Eternal Son of God, the Word made Flesh, Who came down from heaven to redeem and save us. He was to restore to man his inheritance of truth and innocence. The Incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity was God's tremendous plan for the salvation of fallen man. Christ therefore descended from heaven for us and for our salvation. The mystery could not stop or the plan be complete with the death and resurrection of the Man—God. His visit was just beginning. His counsel just opening. Now if Christ came for this great purpose it was fit and proper that He should explain and establish the system in, and by which His truths would be preserved and taught to men, the means by which His power of pardon and worship would be secured to His delegates and His merits poured out upon His faithful followers. Nothing should prevent or could prevent, the fulfilment of His word or the accomplishment of His design. The malice of men, instead of being an obstacle, would prove a help. Heresy might contradict His truth; it would bring it into brighter relief and establish it in stronger confirmation. System it should be if He were to save all men. Here then we have the Church, the continuation of the Incarnation, the official guardian of Christ's plenitude of revelation, the custodian of that plenitude of power with which He Himself was endowed, the administratrix of that fulness of merit whose waters of sanctity remain free and unpolluted. Here is the basis of the Church. It is in the Incarnation. It is a perfect system, a fully equipped society. It is the revelation, the power, the sanctification of Christ in the world—a religious society, spiritual and supernatural, and a right to the material well-being and freedom which are requisite for its mission. Did Christ, immediately and directly,

establish this Church in the form of a society, distinct from the synagogue? Now our Lord Himself established the Church if He gave it the strength and authority necessary. He had to place the foundations, prescribe the laws which should govern it, state the end for which it would persist and afford the means for the attainment of this end. Christ from the beginning arranged and established all that belongs to the perfect and essential constitution of the Church. No lapse of time, no change or upheaval of society has added to, or subtracted from, its truth, its jurisdiction, or its sacramental dispensation as first bestowed upon it by its Divine Founder. Revelation could not be increased or diminished; for it was the fulness of time. Power, continued for it too, was from the height of heaven and stretching over the whole earth. The fountain of grace was full with the merits of Him with whom redemption is plentiful. Who alone bore our iniquities and who is the only mediator between God and man. Since our correspondent has called the time at which Christ did establish the Church we may with theologians distinguish the time before His death, of His death and lastly the day of Pentecost, upon which the nascent Church was promulgated. Then if we look at the Church historically, tracing it from the present time backwards, we find a society existing over the whole world calling itself Christian and claiming Christ as its founder—Catholic in space, Catholic also in time. The faithful scattered over the whole world are united under their bishops, the bishops under the Roman Pontiff, who is the centre of the whole communion. Nor do past centuries contradict the present. Thousands of voices from temples, altars, pontifical successions, Christian kingdoms testify to this society or Church. This is the kingdom of the Son of God's love, the city whose foundations are in the holy hills, the sheepfold over which the shepherds have care, the spouse and mystical body of Christ. To come to more particular texts—our Lord's promise to St. Peter—we quote the well-known language taken from St. Matt. Ch. xvi: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church; I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven." Here are the elements of a real society. We find numbers, their union, authority and purpose. It is a church or congregation consisting of the faithful. They are bound together as the stones of a building. Authority, however distributed, is centered finally in Peter, to whom the keys are given. Lastly, it is heaven's kingdom upon earth, as Christ Himself is the Son of God. Nor is it the synagogue; for it is Christ's own Church which He purchased with His Blood, upon which He bestowed His whole power, to which He imparted the Spirit of all truth and which He constituted the sole dispenser of His mysteries.

CLEMENT V. AND PHILIP THE FAIR.

The next historical point in our correspondent's letter is that shortly after the death of Boniface VIII. "Philip secured the election of a French Pope whom he persuaded to leave Rome and take up his residence at Avignon." The immediate successor of Boniface VIII. was the virtuous and learned Cardinal Nicholas Boccasini who took the name of Benedict XI., whose reign was very short. Then followed Clement V. to whom the illusion refers. His name was Bernard de Goth. At the time of his election he was Archbishop of Bordeaux, a subject not only of France but also of England. No pontificate was ever more slandered than that of Clement V. He is charged with securing his election by a trumped-up scandalous bargain with King Philip for which there is no sound historical foundation. Modera historians, as Sismondi and Hallam, do not hesitate to proclaim it as a solemn fact. The story runs that before his election Clement V. had a secret interview with Philip in a lonely chapel in the forest of St. Jean d'Angely where he bound himself to certain promises provided he was elected. The only chronicler who relates this supposed compact is Villani, an Italian, and therefore prejudiced against the French candidate. It must be borne in mind that the fierce combat between the Ghibellines and Guelphs exercised a serious influence upon the Papacy and European politics in general. When after the death of Benedict XI. the Cardinals assembled at Perugia they divided along those very lines. At length they proposed to go outside the Sacred College. The joint vote of both parties fell upon the then Archbishop of Bordeaux. He was acceptable to the Ghibellines because he was a Frenchman; and he was favored by the Guelphs because he had been always true to the cause of Boniface VIII. He was no friend of the French king by whom he had been banished. They

were, however, reconciled. No sooner was Clement on the Papal throne than Philip demanded the repeal of all the bulls of Boniface VIII. against him. Clement may not have repelled Philip by main strength, but he certainly did not show weakness. His persevering tenacity of character stood firm when it came to a question of principle. Philip had particularly insisted upon the annulment of the bull *Unan Sanctan*. This positively defined that the temporal power is subject to the power of the Roman Pontiff and that rulers are answerable to his tribunal for all matters of conscience. The Pontiff declared that the doctrinal decision was founded on law and on fact, and that he could never consent to annul it. He softened this refusal by making a declaration to the effect that in preserving the Bull the Holy Father had no wish to prejudice the interests of France. When again Philip through revenge demanded that the memory of Boniface VIII. should be condemned and his name erased from the list of Pontiffs Clement V. showed the same prudent resistance. He called for the charges and appointed a day for trial. When the accumulated hate had been vented the defenders were called upon. They had prepared their answers with the greatest care, and met every charge with unanswerable precision and vigor. Philip was completely baffled; he suddenly resolved to drop the whole affair. He likewise announced that he would leave it entirely to the decision of Clement. Not long afterwards the Pope in a solemn bull proclaimed that the memory of Boniface VIII. was unassailable and that the great Pope had deserved well of the Church and mankind. Thus did Clement V. prove that he was by no means subservient to the King of France. He displayed the same courage in the celebrated suppression of the Knights Templars. The inquisition into the reported disorders and the secret arrest of all the Templars were the work of Philip the Fair. This was a serious encroachment upon ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Protest was entered by the Holy Father and the surrender of the Templars was demanded of the King in order that the Knights might be tried by the Papal tribunal. From this period the conduct of the Sovereign Pontiff is ever at variance with that of the King. Sudden arrest, trial, torture and capital punishment were the work of Philip. All that the Pope did was to suppress without any bodily pain an order whose existence was vain and whose usefulness had passed away. The removal of Clement to Avignon is another question. In the first place, about this time several Popes transferred their residence here and there from Rome. They seemed to have no fixed abode. The Eternal City was the prey of faction quarrels of the fiercest kinds. No one was safe; least of all the Sovereign Pontiff. In the next place Avignon was not at that time belonging to France. It strictly belonged to the Papal States. We do not wish to excuse any historical point. The difficulty in moving to Avignon consisted in giving France a preponderating influence in the college of Cardinals and consequently in future elections. What with the feuds at Rome and the wars between England and France the Papacy was glad to find any refuge. Avignon was not to be the lasting home of the Popes. Rome, storm-beaten though it might be, is the ancestral city of Christ's vicar.

THE LATIN COUNTRIES.

We have received a book entitled, "The Gospel in Latin Lands." It is the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. There is no mention, unless in scorn and adverse criticism, of the Church and its work in those countries. How the martyrs suffered for the faith and planted the Gospel in their blood; how the doctors defended its integrity and purity from Manichean, Pelagian and Arian heresies; how saints preached it centuries ago; how the Popes and the monasteries saved the volume itself from barbaric spoliation—all these things are studiously omitted. Garbled chapters of history take their place. Comfort is taken in the most meagre results. Extravagant hopes are raised on the narrowest foundations. Catholicism throughout the volume spelt superstition; and Papacy signifies tyranny. Our friend who has so kindly sent us the book has conditioned his gift. He puts upon us the task of refuting it week by week. It is as difficult as it is unpleasant to accomplish such a feat. Glaring misrepresentations are to be found on every page. Statements, highly colored, half true and entirely false, leave the impression of suffering Waldenses, scattered flickering mission lights in a few places upon the hills of Italy and France are ranked as centres of religion. We do not find fault with the details of the book only. Misconception is its very purpose. The book is written for mercenary objects—that money may be forthcoming to support

the microscopic missions from America to these countries. With condescending urbanity the preface acknowledges "the great debt which in many departments the world owes to this ancient Church." "We must remember too," continues the author, "that many of the saintliest men and women of the past have found refuge in her bosom." This bid for fairness was not kept up. If this book's statements are to be relied upon the real blight upon the Latin countries is their Catholicity. As we are requested to give a reason for the hope that is within us and to make answer to many charges we ask for a moment's consideration. In the first place we are not afraid that the book will do us much harm. There is no new complaint. All the arrows in the quiver have been shot over and over again. They fell from the target, hardly leaving a mark, and were gathered up to be used again when opportunity offered itself. The Church has been too long before the world to be easily stricken by reproach or cajoled by flattery. Nations may reject her teaching and despise her authority; that is no argument against her divine mission and supernatural truth. We propose, in so far as Italy is concerned, to examine the statements of this book upon the Papacy, the Waldenses and the devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

We print in another column a lecture by Mr. E. H. Griggs upon St. Francis of Assisi. The subject is always interesting—for few of God's chosen servants are so popular amongst Catholics and non-Catholics alike as the sweet young saint of Assisi. Judging by the rather meagre report Mr. Griggs did himself credit and his subject justice. The language which he employs is not that which a Catholic would use with reference to St. Francis. When he states that he is "tempted" to call the Saint the most perfect Christian since Christ," he rather shocks a Catholic ear. The term, "perfect," has a critical meaning which in its complete signification is too strong. It is a most difficult task to compare saints. It is likewise irreverent. The saints are in a category by themselves, yet differing like the stars in glory and varied in gifts and character so that the perfection of the one would not suit any other. Certainly St. Francis of Assisi is a great saint and most fervent lover of his Divine Master. How can we compare him with St. Benedict or St. Dominic or St. Ignatius Loyola? Or how can we have a common standard between the humble Confessor and brave Martyr—say between our saint and so many flitting at this moment before us—Sebastian, Pancratius, Agnes, Cecilia? A glorious calendar is that of the Acts of the Saints. No doubt in the forefront stands St. Francis of Assisi. What we say is not to detract from him, but to show that there are countless others whose virtues are most Christ-like and whose work lives after them. It is extremely difficult for non-Catholics to appreciate any of the saints. Mr. Griggs approaches nearer than most lecturers. His strong expression displays his great admiration of St. Francis. We are sorry that the report is not fuller. It was St. Francis' love of Christ—and Christ crucified—which ordered his life. The picture of St. Francis which appeals most to us is that where he is represented standing by the Cross and receiving our Lord into his arms, as our Saviour stoops to His loving servant. His humility is another dominant virtue of our Saint, preventing him from advancing to the priesthood. Thus we find three heroic virtues adorning St. Francis—humility, love of Christ and the practice of poverty. "That poor man," said Pope Innocent III. speaking of St. Francis, "is the pillar destined to uphold the Church." The saint's poverty and its adoption by so many disciples was a practical answer to the declamations of the Waldenses against the luxury of the Church. The lecturer dwelt with interesting eloquence upon the time of St. Francis—the thirteenth century, the brightest epoch of history-making periods, the age of Innocent III., the time when multitudes went forth to practise evangelical perfection. We may conclude with congratulating Mr. Griggs upon his lecture, and with expressing the hope that he will take up kindred subjects. The medieval ages are rich with treasures which have hitherto been unexplored.

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

Anything that shocks or scandalizes a United States Divorce Court must be far from heavenly. We see that some of the judges of the Detroit Divorce Court are marvelling that Canadian authorities are so lax about marriage licences. Young Detroit people rush over to Windsor, obtain a licence, get married and return home man and wife. The sequel is too common—misery, deception, divorce. Girls of fourteen and fifteen go through the mock ceremony. Not long ago a girl of fifteen was married to an Armenian in that way. The

parents knew nothing about it. That state of things is perfectly scandalous. Licences are under any circumstance too lax. They cannot reach many of the impediments and are scarcely ever a bar to matrimonial alliances. They manifest only too clearly and too sadly the inefficiency of the State to administer or guard sacred rites. When licence issuers make a regular business of it—asking no questions, receiving nothing but their fees—we can readily understand that they are supplying neighboring divorce courts with cases. This should not be allowed to continue. The freedom with which ministers and others marry people is simply outrageous. Youngsters who could never make any other contract and whose signature would not be worth the paper it might be written upon, can go and bind themselves for life. The law itself may have good intentions. But the officers and the practical working find no difficulty in passing the vast majority of applicants. If marriage is too often a failure it may be attributed to the facility with which the thoughtless are allowed to enter into it. Our holy Church takes a very different view. All that prudence can dictate is done in order to save the unity and indissolubility of the matrimonial alliance. Her law is precise. Her executive officers are careful. Against her stand the sensitive folly of many of her children and the allied pride of un-Catholic society.

DR. SPROULE'S LATEST UTTERANCE.

The Grand Master and Sovereign of British North America, known commonly as Dr. Sproule, had his own portrait in oil presented to him a short time ago by his brethren. Three hours of speeches, including time of applause, kept the patient lambs quietly seated, their bosoms heaving with pride and satisfaction as the orators told them of Orange loyalty. The Toronto Globe reports that the speeches were intensely loyal. It is not stated that any of the speakers alluded to the Orange riots in Liverpool lately when Orangemen, armed with deadly weapons, assembled in a street in Liverpool to stop a Catholic procession. The unveiling of an oil painting had other reminiscences. Dr. Sproule removed the veil. Nothing can be expected for Catholic Education as long as the Minister of Education is so prominent in the Orange society and so demonstrative in its displays. It is no place for any public minister. He was not contented with silently unveiling the portrait, he had to eulogize the original. He thus offended doubly; for Dr. Sproule's career is one unbroken insult to the feelings of Catholics. As Dr. Pyne continues in public life he advances more and more in his open profession of Orangeism and thereby in his servility to his order. When it came Dr. Sproule's turn he was swayed by high ideals, mingled hopes and fears. We are sure that Dr. Sproule has lived up to his Orange standard. The reason of our conviction is easy. That ideal is negative—say what you like against the Catholic Church, and lose no opportunity of turning Catholics down—truth and justice to the contrary notwithstanding. Dr. Sproule lives up to both of these. His speech upon this occasion had to be seasoned with the sprinkling of anti-Catholic pepper. Prophet in tone and wizard in vision "he saw the power of Rome steadily diminishing in Europe and gaining in Britain, Canada and the United States." He had the effrontery to tell the brethren, Dr. Pyne included, "that no measure affecting personal freedom or other matters were introduced by the Government into the Parliament of Canada until it first had the approval of the Papal Alegate." We should like to know what Brother Pyne thought of the statement. What is the good of trying to deceive even the brethren? "He had been told"—courageously subterfuge. Dr. Sproule was afraid to come out openly and father his statement. He knows very well that it is untrue, that he made it for a purpose and that it had nothing whatever to do with the unveiling of his portrait. The time for Dr. Sproule to charge the Apostolic Delegate or the Government of Canada is the session of Parliament at Ottawa. He has the floor of the House at his disposal and the privileges of the House at his command. If he were a manly man and had the courage of his convictions he would throw down his gauntlet where it would be taken up. He sneaks behind the lodge room veil to utter his cowardly insinuations that he may without contradiction poison the ignorant and prejudiced members of the Orange Society.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

A rather impatient correspondent wishes to know whether God the Father and First Person of the Holy Trinity and God the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Holy Trinity, are present in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Yes. What is present in the Blessed

Sacrament after consecration is to be distinguished into that which is present by the power and force of the words of consecration, and secondly, that which is present by what theologians call concomitance. When the priest has pronounced over the bread the words of consecration, there is by force of these words and by their formal statement the Body of Our Lord. By concomitance there are present those things which are inseparable from Our Lord's as constituted at the moment at which the consecration takes place. His Soul is united with the Body; the Soul is therefore present. The same is to be said about the Blood. Again, the Word of God is inseparably united to the Body; so that the Word of God is present after the consecration of the bread by concomitance. The Word is also present after the consecration of the wine. Now by a reason beyond mere concomitance, by the reason that where one Person of the Blessed Trinity there are the other Two, by the reason which theologians term circuminsession, then the Father and the Holy Ghost are present with the Word-made-Flesh upon the altar. "The Divine Word," to quote Father Faber, "is present in the Blessed Sacrament by concomitance, that is, not merely by reason of His immensity as God, by which He is in all things, but also by reason of the Hypostatic Union. Hence, furthermore, the Father and the Holy Ghost are also present under the species by reason of connexion and identity with the Word of God."

ON SATURDAY of last week the Premier of the Dominion of Canada, Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, attained his sixty-eighth year. From all portions of the country came to him messages of congratulation, and these were not confined to men in his own political household. The heartfelt good wishes of all Canadians were freely extended. Why this universal regard for Sir Wilfrid? Because to-day he is the most unique personage in Canadian public life. In colonial history there have loomed up from generation to generation, men of remarkable integrity, and strength of character, but there certainly has not lived during all these centuries a man who will occupy a nobler place in the annals of Canada than Sir Wilfrid Laurier. On the occasion referred to there came to him a mark of appreciation seldom extended a public man. His Majesty King Edward sent the following gracious message, to which is added Sir Wilfrid's reply:

Windsor, November 20, 1909.

"Let me express my hearty congratulations to you on the anniversary of your birthday. I hope you will be spared for many years to come to serve the Crown and Empire."  
(Signed) EDWARD R. AND I.

To His Majesty King Edward as follows:—  
Ottawa, November 20, 1909.

Edward R. and I, Windsor.

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier presents his humble duty to Your Majesty and begs to express his deep gratitude for Your Majesty's kind message on the anniversary of his birthday."  
WILFRID LAURIER.

THE MEMBERS of the infidel government of France are excellent advertisers. Their publicity department seems to be in charge of those press agencies bearing un-Christian names and which have a remarkable talent for making news. In reply to the Pope's pronouncement having reference to the Church in France, the Christ-haters of the Republic declare they will adhere to their purpose to have only "public" schools. Under this title they unquestionably desire to establish a system of religious instruction of any character will not be allowed to intrude. The mention of the name of Christ in the school room will not be tolerated. This is their Public school. They wish to hide the cloven foot under this designation that the Christian sentiment of non-Catholics in other countries may not be outraged. Their gross infidelity is sugar-coated for political purposes. They would have us believe they are warring not on "Christianity," but on the "Church." But their schemes will not avail. Christianity emerged triumphantly from the revolution. It will come forth triumphantly again, but it may be after France has once more suffered a terrible humiliation.

A GENTLEMAN in the County of Essex lost his whiskers at the hands of another gentleman in said county who kept a hotel and bar-room. The first named person appraised the whiskers at five hundred dollars and brought action for that amount, but the judge revised the price and cut it down to fifty dollars. Moral: If you want to retain your whiskers, a glorious comfort in the bleak wintry weather, and if you wish to keep your hard-earned money in your pocket and your reputation in presentable shape, stay away from the bar-rooms. We have a question to ask. Did anyone ever hear of a man who spent a night in a drinking place, cards and the whisky bottle being the attraction, who was not sorry next morning, and felt like lashing himself for being such a fool? But, sad to say, the next

night and again in the grace of the demon into touch with the mire.

PERHAPS we have 2 Home of Mr. Frederic Review. I as a picture. The Hon. refuge of holding the financial a curious bond together is but a few any liquid blood. M or "resto" "ancient a low am bribery, and they domestic a thin remon interesting slaughter civil wars, ancestries money-ch been driv adventure "thing" o these tog widereed class to ri chance wh old consti

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night and the night after finds him again in fooldom. He should pray for the grace of God, take the pledge and fight like a manly man for victory over the demon. Success will bring him into touch with all that makes life worth living. Failure will put him in the mire.

PERHAPS THE MOST CAUSTIC reference we have yet seen in regard to the House of Peers is the following from Mr. Frederic Harrison in the Postivist Review. It will be generally recognized as a picture true to life:

The House of Lords has become the refuge of the panic-stricken classes, holding titles or lands, or breweries or financial and industrial concerns. It is a curious amalgamation of interests bound together by no tie but fear of social reform. In the historic sense there is but a feeble trickling in its veins of any liquid that can be called "blue blood." Many of the titles are "faked" or "restored," like a picture dealer's "ancient master." Many titles record a low amour, a political job, or sheer bribery. But together they have power and they herd together like wild and domestic animals in a prairie fire—the thin remnant of the old feudal barons—interesting survivals after all the slaughter in the days of the "Roses," civil wars, Whig oligarchies, adermocratic monarchies and American inheritances—money-changers who have never yet been driven out of our temples—and adventurers who know "a real good thing" on the political turf. All of these together are shouting to the bewildered chiefs of the old governing class to risk a revolutionary throw and chance what may come to our rickety old constitution.

A WEEKLY Roman Letter, offered at a small price, comes to us from London, England. Whenever it appears we promptly put it in the waste basket. This "Roman" letter from London is about the times. There is nothing dull about it. It possesses in abundance that characteristic which brings barrels of pennies to the New York Journal, the yellow paper owned by Wm. Randolph Hearst, the compiler of a journalistic rubbish into which truth may enter by accident. So-called Roman news, compiled in London, England, by Jewish press agencies, has a set purpose to revile the Church, the Pope, and the Cardinals. We would say to our readers that they should pay little heed to what is reported from the Eternal City unless conveyed through the Catholic press. It may, and we hope it will come to pass, that the purveyors of falsehoods regarding the Church and the Eternal City will be brought to punishment for libel. Odium cast upon the Church affects every Catholic. Every Catholic, therefore, has an interest in punishing the culprits.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, the home rule M. P., has, we are pleased to notice, been received by Irish Americans with open arms, and money in plenty is pouring into the coffers of the Nationalist party. This is as it should be, for the prospect of attaining Home Rule for Ireland in the near future was never so bright as at present, and never have Irish affairs been placed in the keeping of more worthy men. Our readers need not be surprised if once in a great while a note of disunion is heard in the Irish ranks. This will be the case while the world endures, not only amongst the Irish, but amongst all other peoples. The race of cranks will never die out. Mr. Michael Conway, former member for North Leirin, but now of New York, denounces Mr. O'Connor and his associates in the English Parliament, and claims they are unworthy the support of the Irish in America. Mr. Conway should remember the schoolmaster has been abroad for a couple of generations, and the Irish people now readily recognize a hireling of Dublin Castle.

OTTAWA, November 20, 1909. My heavy congratulations to you on your birthday. I hope you will years to come to serve the Crown.

(Signed) EDWARD R. AND I'...  
...replied as follows:—  
Ottawa, November 20, 1909.

WILFRID LAURIER.

...of the infidel govern-  
...are excellent adver-  
...publicity department  
...in charge of those press-  
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...a remarkable talent for  
...In reply to the Pope's  
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...THE POLITICAL POT in England is  
...ing furiously, and the electorate  
...appears to be in a hurry to get to the  
...polls. The vast majority, it is firmly  
...believed, have in view the clipping of  
...the wings of the members of the heredi-  
...tary chamber, many of whom have claim-  
...to a set in that body based not upon  
...fitness. At a recent debate in the

House of Lords, Lord Roseburn, one of the Liberal members, (few and far between), voiced the sentiment of the people of the United Kingdom, when he said: "It is my opinion that it is impossible that any Liberal Government can ever again bear the heavy burden of office, unless it is secured against a repetition of treatment such as our measures have had to undergo for the last four years." This is taken as a hint that a number of other Peers will be created, sufficient to outvote that element of the present house, whose only interest in the Empire appears to be to guard their ill-gotten and ill-used wealth and privileges.

LORD LANSDOWNE, who is the possessor of a hundred and forty-three thousand acres of land in the little United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, solemnly moved a resolution in the House of Lords that the budget bill be rejected, and a vast majority of the noble personages solemnly voted "yea." This because the Budget put a tax on land values. It was the ox of the noble lord which was gored, and hence his perturbation. With red face and hoarse voice he shouted, "What was to prevent home rule from being introduced in a finance bill?" For a man who was at one time Governor General of Canada, where he could notice the blessings attendant upon self-government, to have such a horror of a like system in Ireland, shows conclusively how it comes to pass that self-interest rises miles above patriotism in the estimation of the average land monopolist in the old country.

HIRSH SMITH, a lad sixteen years of age, has been sent for trial in Kingston on a charge of highway robbery. He held up a man in the usual wild west fashion, pointed a revolver at him and secured his money. The culprit pleaded guilty and declared that his mind had become unbalanced from reading dime novels. We are often called upon to record occurrences of this character, and yet our law-makers permit this literature to come to us by the ton from characterless publishers in the United States and England. We will doubtless be told that dealing with this matter is surrounded with many difficulties. Very true; but some effort at least ought to be made to keep certain dime novels outside our borders. We are grappling with the betting evil at races. Surely it is time we also paid attention to immoral publications.

A DESPATCH from Lima, Peru, says that the Bishop of Cuzco had been killed by a bomb thrown by an anarchist. His secretary, who accompanied him, was terribly injured. The assassin made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide. The police, we are informed, with great difficulty, rescued the murderer from the mob, who were determined to lynch him. We suppose he will be duly tried and dealt with according to law, but there will not be wanting people in other countries who will send him bouquets of sympathy and call his execution a murder, because it was only a Bishop whose life was taken. This was the case in respect to the Anarchist Ferrer, who was largely responsible for the murder of scores of priests and nuns in Barcelona.

LECTURE ON ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

London Advertiser, Nov. 18.  
"In St. Francis of Assisi, we find a man who I am tempted to call the most perfect Christian since Christ."

So said Mr. Edward Howard Griggs in the second of his series of lectures on world leaders, at St. Andrew's Hall last night.

Intensely interesting was Mr. Griggs' story of the personality and work of the great medieval saint, who was the father of the spiritual renaissance of the thirteenth century, which in a greater or less degree was responsible for that great Italian renaissance which will for all time form an epoch in the history of the world.

"The world, on the background of which the life of St. Francis of Assisi was worked out," said the speaker, "was indeed an enigma. This was the darkest time in the world's civilization and yet at this very time there had swept across the world a new hope that brought with it a new civilization. This we find not only the complement of the ancient civilization but of our own civilization to-day."

"In the middle ages there was a constant sense of a brooding eternity—a religious life deep every way. Then, too, there was a cosmopolitan spirit, very different from that spirit of to-day, which is due to the inter-communication of nations. Then, cosmopolitanism was due to their feeling of unity in the brotherhood of Christianity. The thirteenth century was one of the most productive periods of the world. In it was found most of the thoughts of our own day in some form or another. It was the father of half of the great cathedrals and of many of the great painters. Yet the centre and symbol of it all was the religious life. Out of the world of common life came the great religious teachers. It was a spiritual renaissance, and it was these men who gave a strength to the church. There is more of a connection between this age and the Italian renaissance that followed it than people ever imagine, for the deeper and higher ideals of such a movement are always spiritual,

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness, caused by Catarrh, that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

the work to the utmost of his power, but that the result was not for him to see. In later ages, his orders were disestablished, and it would seem that he had failed, but his life was not a failure. No words that ever touched a human heart can disappear, while man is, for while eternity is all good work will last.

The lecturer told that intensely interesting story of Francis' conversion how, standing, praying, before a picture of the Christ, in a little church he seemed to see the face of Christ turn towards him, and heard Him say, "Francis, build My house." And Francis took this charge to heart and faced the ultimate questions as we do not face them to-day. Driven by the nature of his own spirit he was forced to wrestle with them or give up his life.

Faithful to his own spirit's guidance he went up into the great Church of Assisi and taught the people. And this was the hardest thing he could ever do, for no good thing ever comes out of Nazareth, and Nazareth is the place where we were born. Yet Francis did have his effect, for he was filled with a sublime sincerity, and he lived close to the mother heart of nature, and he found his language there. Some hearts were touched by his message, and a little group of men gathered about him. He had that great power of inspiring his followers with his own spirit, yet left the flower of their own personality unspoiled. Francis taught these men the old monastic rules, especially the duty of poverty, not of paucity, but that men might not become the victims of things. Thus there was left room for the service of Christ, and they went about ministering to the success of others.

Francis did not try to bring any new gospel, but rather the new-old gospel of human brotherhood and service.

Then came the story of the love of Santa Clara, that resulted in the foundation of the Sisterhood of Santa Clara.

Then in his preaching there came those who wished to follow his teaching, who yet were bound by the ties of the world. They had wives and families, and it was impossible for them to follow one of the two orders and so the third order was born.

Towards the end St. Francis learned that hardest lesson of utter self-abnegation. That it was his business to do

work of the Catholic missionaries, the civilization easy. "The Philippine Islands themselves," he said, "are an example of what ancient foreign missions could do. They are the only people, the only race, in the Orient that are Christians, and they were made so three hundred years ago by the earnest effort of Augustinian and Franciscan friars. They led them on, taught them the agricultural arts and induced them to lead a peaceful and religious life. . . . And that which they wrought has been to our great advantage in working out the problem that we are set to there—the problem of teaching them self-government. They are a Christian people and they look to Europe and America for their ideals, and they recognize those ideals. And that makes it possible to instill in them the principles of civil liberty and the freedom of our institutions."—Sacred Heart Review.

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For THE CATHOLIC RECORD, La Salette Breaks Record. Three young men of the parish of La Salette, diocese of London, within three days, married three young ladies, all three being converts. This would seem to indicate that the parish young maidens are destined for a higher life.



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Recommended As An Ideal Remedy



W. S. BOND, Esq.

Lloydtown, Ont., March 19th, 1909. "For some years I have been greatly troubled with headaches and indigestion, brought on by stomach disorders, constipation and biliousness. I had tried many remedies with only indifferent success, until "Fruit-a-tives" came to my notice. Being a general storekeeper, I was selling a good many "Fruit-a-tives" to my customers and, remarking how pleased they were with the results obtained from using "Fruit-a-tives," I decided to try them and, I might say, the effects were almost magical. Headaches and biliousness disappeared and to-day I recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to my customers as "An ideal remedy."

"I might also add that about three years ago I was laid up with LUMBAGO AND SCIATICA—couldn't get out of bed or lift one foot over the other. A good treatment of "Fruit-a-tives" cured me of these pains and banished the Sciatica and Lumbago so that to-day I am as well as ever and can lift anything necessary." (Signed) W. S. BOND.

Commendatory. Enclosed please find subscription price for another year. I would not be without your paper if it cost double the amount, and I think that every Catholic family should have the CATHOLIC RECORD in their home. M. W. GRACE, P. M., Panmure, Ont.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Second Sunday of Advent.

CHARITY. Now, the God of patience and of comfort grant you to be of one mind, one towards another, according to Jesus Christ: that with one mind and with one mouth you may glorify God and our Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. (Ephesians of the day, Rom. xv. 5, 6.)

The unity of mind which St. Paul would have us individually cultivate and practise as the effect of God's patience, is, without doubt, charity towards one another. For charity induces us to love even our enemies, to show our love for all men by wishing and doing them good, to foster feelings of truly Christian friendship for our neighbor, and by them effecting a lasting bond of charitable union between relations, friends and strangers, to glorify God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the early Christians glorified Him, with one mind and with one mouth.

But, alas! how often is the harmony inculcated by St. Paul disturbed! How often is the agreement of friend with friend destroyed by petty quarrels and childish disputes! How often, in fine, is the precept of charity violated on account of extreme sensitiveness in taking offence at trifles! If a person, perhaps unconsciously, does us an injury, we are at once enraged, instead of imitating our Lord's patience under harsh treatment. Or if something is said in dispraise of us, or at least not altogether in accordance with our wishes, we forthwith take umbrage, cherish feelings of anger and hatred for the delinquent, vow our resolution never to forgive, and thus live in a state of constant and sinful enmity. Some one says or does something by way of innocent pleasure, and we immediately feel ourselves ill-treated. We are careful to observe the conduct of others, and, if perchance, we notice anything that does not accord with our view of things, we but too readily condemn it. We are not scrupulous in making rash judgments by attributing to our neighbor bad motives. We accidentally hear of the sins and misfortunes of those about us, and, instead of compassionating them in their misery and of being silent about their faults, we are uneasy until we have made known what we were bound in charity to keep secret. We are ever straining our attention with the curiosity of seeing what others do, while we are blind to what we do ourselves. We are, in fact, very forgetful of the record of God's precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

We do not wish others to injure us; why, then, are we guilty of injuring them? We do not like others to speak ill of us; why, then, are we not more cautious never to speak ill of them?

We are offended at hearing ourselves judged falsely, on finding that our sins have been revealed and made public, on account of the peevishness and bad temper of our neighbor, by the refusal of friends to speak to us; and yet, with the most utter unconcern for the feelings of those we should love, we ourselves entertain unjust judgments, we ourselves sin by detraction, we ourselves are cross and impatient, we ourselves pass by others in the street or in social gatherings without offering them a sign of recognition.

Brethren, do to others what you would wish others to do to you. Be charitable after the example of our Lord Jesus Christ. Remove from your minds all thoughts of hatred and ill-will. Uproot from your hearts feelings of revenge. Judge not your neighbor, that you yourselves may not be judged. Be quiet about his failings and shortcomings. Do not be so unkind as to refuse him the enjoyment of your friendship. Promote charity, peace and benevolence as far as lies in your power. And in this way you will practise one of the most profitable lessons of Advent, and be suitably prepared for the feast of Christmas, "To glorify God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, with one mind and with one mouth."

REMARKABLE FAMILY OF CONVERTS AN INTERESTING CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF CATHOLICITY IN NEW ENGLAND.

In 1807, the Rev. Daniel Barber, Congregationalist minister in New England, had baptized in his sect Miss Allen, daughter of the celebrated American general, Ethan Allen, says a writer in the Catholic Sun of Syracuse. The young lady was then twenty-one years of age. Soon after she proceeded to Montreal, where, entering the academy of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, she became a Catholic, and devoting herself to God, joined the community of hospital nuns at the Hotel Dieu, where she died piously in 1819, having induced the Protestant physician who attended her to embrace Catholicity by the mere spectacle of her last moments.

The conversion of Sister Allen produced other fruits of grace on her co-religionists, and her former pastor, Rev. Mr. Barber, after becoming a member of the Protestant Episcopal sect, halted not in the way of truth, but in 1816 entered the Church. The son of this clergyman, the Rev. Virgil Barber, born on May 9, 1782 was also a minister. He, too, had been convinced of the necessity of joining the Church and entered it with his father. Mrs. Virgil Barber followed the example, and she and her husband resolved to abandon all and separate from each other for God's service.

Virgil Barber, in consequence went to Rome in 1817, and obtained of the Sovereign Pontiff the authority necessary for the step. He entered the ecclesiastical state, was ordained in that city, and after spending two years there, returned from Europe, bringing his wife's authorization to embrace the religious state. She had entered the Visitation Nuns at Georgetown, and had for two years followed the novitiate. Me and Mrs. Barber had five children, four daughters and one son. The last was placed in the Jesuit College at Georgetown, while the daughters were at the Academy of the Visitation, yet, without knowing that their mother was a novice in the house. The time of her probation having expired, the five children were brought to the chapel to witness their mother's

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profession, and at the same time, on the steps of the altar, their father devoted himself to God as a member of the Society of Jesus.

At the touching and unexpected sight, the poor children burst into sobs, believing themselves forsaken on earth. But their Father Who is in heaven watched over them; He inspired the four daughters with the desire of embracing the religious state, and three of them entered the Ursulines; one at Quebec, one at Boston, and one at Three Rivers. The fourth made her profession among the Visitandines of Georgetown; their brother Samuel was received into the Society of Jesus.

Father Virgil Barber, after filling several posts in Pennsylvania and Maryland, became professor of Hebrew in Georgetown College, and died there March 27, 1847, at the age of sixty-five. Sister Barber long resided at Kaskaskia, Illinois, where she founded a monastery of the Visitation.

The grace of conversion extended also to other members of the family, and a nephew and pupil of Father Virgil Barber, William Tyler, born at Derby, Vt., in 1804, became in 1844 first Catholic Bishop of Hartford, and died in his diocese in 1849.

This is not the only example which the United States presents of married persons, who, on embracing Catholicity, have carried the sacrifice to its utmost limits, and asked as a signal favor to devote themselves to the religious state. Father John Austin Hall, a Dominican and apostle of Ohio from 1822 to 1828, was an English officer of many years' standing, who, touched by the spectacle offered by religion in Italy and France, and by the conversion of his family and his sister. The latter and his wife entered a community of English Augustinian Nuns in Belgium, while Father Hall assumed the habit of St. Dominic; and this zealous missionary, dying at Canton, Ohio, in 1828, left to the United States the reputation of the most eminent virtues.—The Pilot.

THE HUMANITARIANISM OF CHRISTIANITY.

In the arguments of those who support the notion of Dr. Eliot's "New Religion," one notes with recurring frequency the suggestion that all religions come from a common stock and that the best known have borrowed from each other what most answered the desired purpose.

One supporter alleges that Christianity borrowed many of its institutions from Buddhism, such as conventual establishments and many minor rites. Herein it is interesting to turn to the article contributed by Dr. Charles F. Aiken, of the Catholic University of America, to the pages of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

The doctor points out that there are certain resemblances which at first sight appear striking, and that the Buddhist orders of monks and nuns offer a certain similarity. There is, however, he declares, no ground for supposing that such institutions were the models for those of the early Christian inasmuch as all nations in all ages possessed institutions in which the ascetical virtues were practised.

There is nothing, he adds, in Buddhist records that would show that the influence of the Buddhist tradition had travelled towards the West and inspired aught in the conception of the Christian faith. Even Egypt and Greece show no traces, either in scroll or in architecture of having ever heard of or professed Buddhism.

The fundamental tenets of Buddhism, says the doctor, are marked by grave defects that not only betray its inadequacy to become a religion of enlightened humanity, but also bring into bold relief its inferiority to the religion of Jesus Christ.

It postulates transmigration of the soul, for example, and it fails to recognize man's dependence on a supreme God.

By ignoring God, and by making salvation rest solely on personal effort—the key to the "New Religion"—Buddha instituted for the Brahmin religion a cold and colorless system of philosophy.

It practically lacks conscience and is devoid of the motive of love that springs from the sense of dependence on a personal all-loving God. It is in reality, when considered in the last analysis, a philosophy of selfish utilitarianism. There is no sense of duty, as in the religion of Christ.

A fatal defect of Buddhism is likewise its false pessimism. According to its teachings, life must be reduced to one of dull indifference in all that tends to uplift mankind, the fundamental theory really seeming to amount to this: life is the worst of all evils, let us sleep through it, so as to see as little of its worthlessness as possible. It had forms of charity, but unlike the Christian...

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The THORNTON SMITH CO. Church Decorators. 11 King St. West TORONTO. Did the Church Burn Joan of Arc? In answer to the charge that the Church is guilty of Joan's murder, J. H. Girdlestone says: All these accusations are unjust. It is true that the judges who condemned Joan were, for the most part, priests and that their president was the Bishop of Beauvais, the infamous Cauchon. But the priests do not represent the Catholic religion. When the priests are bad, in revolt against the Church, when they act without its authority and usurp a jurisdiction which it refuses them, they are its enemies and it is not responsible for their misdeeds. One might as well say that the Reformation was the work of the Church and had the Church's approval, because its author was a Catholic monk! In this case we can show: (1) That the Ronen judges represented the University of Paris with its personal enmity against the Liberator of France; (2) That they in no way represented the Church, but acted indeed rather in revolt against it;

The Washboard Ruins Clothes. Take a new shirt. So it will! Then soap it and rub the stains out of it on a Washboard. Do this six times. Then look at the hems, collar and cuff edges and the button holes, closely. You'll find them all badly frayed, ripped, thinned, worn out more than from three months' hard, steady use. Half the life of the garment gone—eaten up by the Washboard. Shirt cost a dollar, say—washboard takes 50 cents of wear out of it—you get what's left. Why don't you cut out the Washboard? Use a "1900 Gravity" instead. It drives the water through the clothes like a force pump. It takes out all the stains, in half the time, without wearing a single thread, or cracking a button. No rubbing, scrubbing, wearing, nor tearing the clothes against a hard metal Washboard. That costs twice as much for hard work, and wears out twice as many clothes in a year. Try the "1900 Gravity" for four washings! Won't cost you a cent to try it, either. You write to me for a "1900 Gravity" and I'll send it to any reliable person without a cent of deposit, or a cent of risk on their part. I'll pay the freight, too, so that you may test my offer entirely at my expense. Use it a month, free of charge. If you like it then you may keep it. If you don't like it, send it back to me, at my expense. If you keep it you pay for it out of the work and the wear it saves you—at say 50 cents a week. Remember, it washes clothes in half the time they can be washed by hand, and it does this by simply driving soapy water swiftly through their threads. It works like a spinning top and it runs as easy as a sewing machine. Even a child ten years old can wash with it as easily as a strong woman. You may prove this for yourself and at my expense. I'll send the "1900 Gravity," free for a month anywhere so you can prove it without risking a penny. I'll take it back then, if you think you can get along without it. And I'll pay the freight both ways out of my own pocket. How could I make a cent out of that deal if the "1900 Gravity" wouldn't actually wash clothes in half the time with half the wear and do ALL that I say it will? Write to me to-day for particulars. If you say so, I'll send on the machine for a month, so that you can be using it in a week or ten days. More than 200,000 people are now using our "1900 Gravity" Washers. Write to-day to me, personally, C. R. X. Bach, Manager The "1900" Washer Co., 337 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. The above offer is not good in Toronto or Montreal, and suburbs—special arrangements are made for these districts. 1912

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Religious Christmas Post Cards. Specially designed for Catholic trade; embossed and beautifully colored, 25c. per dozen. Better quality cards, with Bell and Cross affixed, 50c. per dozen. LYALL JORDAN, Dublin, Ont. 1924-1. Send \$1 for 4 wool remnants suitable for boys' knee pants, up to 14 years. Save age and wear will cut pants free, add 25c. for postage. N. Southcott & Co. 16 Coote Block, London, Ont.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT WITH IRON is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY. It is more readily assimilated, and absorbed into the circulatory fluid than any other preparation of iron. It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility. For Sale at Drug Stores W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, Canada. General Agent

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DIOCESAN APOSTOLATE.

One million eight hundred and eighty-three thousand and eighty-nine (1,883,889) confessions were heard by the diocesan apostolate bands since the inception of the work. These confessions were heard during the nearly 5,000 missions that have been given by those diocesan missionaries. About one half of these missions were given to non-Catholics and 819 converts were actually received by the missionaries, though their policy compels them ordinarily to leave the converts to be instructed and received by the parochial clergy. This report was made at the recent meeting of the directors of the Catholic Missionary Union which was held at the Apostolic Mission House.

When the report was presented, one of the Archbishops raised his eyes in wonderment and remarked that this Diocesan Apostolate Movement looms up as one of the great spiritual activities of the Church in this country. There are 74 missionaries associated with the Mission House, and while their work has been very remarkable, yet it has had the secondary effect of increasing the mission work of the religious orders. There is not any religious order that has not more missionaries at work to-day than it had a decade of years ago. The demand for the services of the religious in giving missions has multiplied a hundred fold. The reason for this wonderful increase is the exploitation of the idea of missions by the Apostolic Mission House Movement. It has increased the demand for missions. It is for this reason that representatives of the religious orders have been glad to join in the missionary congresses that have been held at the Mission House.

Among the other reports which were made at the Directors' meeting was the fact that Dr. Herbert Vaughan who spent the last year at the Mission House, has established a similar institution at Broadbent Park, in the diocese of Westminster under the approbation of the English hierarchy for the training of missionaries to non-Catholics in England.

There are two priests on their way from Australia to the mission house to learn the special methods and policy that are affirmed there in order that they may return to emphasize the same methods in the Antipodes.

Most Rev. J. J. Ryan and the Rev. A. P. Doyle were elected to succeed themselves as directors for the ensuing six years.

PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.

Mexico, like Spain, is a country that comes in for no small share of criticism. It is stamped as backward and a hundred other uncomplimentary things. It is subjected, too, to the attacks of American Protestant missionaries who feel that they are divinely commissioned to uplift Mexico. The onslaughts are evidence of no little pique, for they show that lack of success in making converts irritates the overzealous tract spreader.

In attacking Mexico, these self-constituted judges of progress really aim a blow at the Church. Their purpose is to attack the Church. And this they do by spreading statements that lack truth. Recently a tract was issued by the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society of Boston entitled "Our Work in Mexico." In it are to be found all the old slanders that have been refuted a thousand times over. It starts off to praise its work by taking a fling at the Church, which it declares, has steeped the people of Mexico in idolatry and superstition. Then it pictures, or rather leaves the reader to picture a terrible condition of affairs. A tirade against the confessional follows. The statements made throughout show the utter ignorance, not to say maliciousness, of the writer, who by the way, is a woman.

In the pamphlet one finds every old calumny and charge against Catholics that has been exploded since the time of Luther. In horror the poor woman exclaims: "How can enlightened people believe the things the Catholic Church teaches?" A mere glance through the pamphlet suggests the query: "How can any one who thinks he is enlightened or who has the slightest bit of common sense believe the absurd imaginings of this woman's mind?" And in Boston? A Catholic finds no difficulty in believing what the Church teaches, but he will not swallow what an over-zealous, misinformed missionary, who is ignorant of what she professes to treat, says the Church teaches. Yet this is the kind of literature that is published in the interest of Protestant missions.—Pilot.

Information For Northwest Settlers.

Catholic farmers intending to come to Alberta to settle down, will do well to write to the Rev. Father Thibault of the Innisfail Parish for information as to farms and farm lands which can actually be purchased or rented on very reasonable terms and conditions. The district of Innisfail is particularly known for its fertility and is well adapted for mixed farming. Besides the above material advantages, they would have those of the help of religion for themselves and their families. There is a Catholic chapel in Innisfail and the priest would be glad to see a group of Catholics settled in his midst.

I am glad to think that I am not bound to make the world go round; but only to discover and to do with cheerful heart the work that God appoints.—Jean Ingelow.

D.F.D.

MACINTYRE—At her home, London, Ont., on Nov. 6, Mary McIntyre, widow of the late Ronald McIntyre, aged sixty-two years. May her soul rest in peace!

McDONALD—At bedside, on Thursday, Nov. 28, Jno. McDonald, aged seventy years, pioneer settler of McNab Township. May his soul rest in peace.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. For all dealers of EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

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Every piano is in perfect order, indeed many of them could not be told from new, being modern in style and without wear or blemish of any kind. Better decide to-day to have us send one to you on the condition that, if it is not entirely satisfactory to you upon arrival, you may return it and we will pay the return freight. Can any offer be fairer? We think not.

If possible, when ordering, send your second and third choices in case the first should be sold before your order is received.

Table with 2 columns: TERMS OF SALE and TERMS OF PAYMENT. Includes details for various piano models like Nordheimer, Gerhardt Heintzman, Gourelay, Knabe, and Emerson-Angelus.

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THE SQUARE GEAR AND DOUBLE SUPPORTED BOWL DOES IT STEADY AS A ROCK.

The one-piece skimmer in the MAGNET takes all the cream out of the milk and separates the impurities from both. The one-piece skimmer in the MAGNET is easy to clean; three minutes only required after each operation.

The Petrie Manufacturing Co., Limited HAMILTON, CANADA. WINNIPEG, ST. JOHN, N. B., REGINA, VANCOUVER, CALGARY, MONTREAL.

TEACHERS WANTED.

WANTED TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 1, Carrick, for term beginning Jan. 3, 1901. Salary \$450. Normal school graduate preferred. Apply once to J. M. Fisher, Sec. Treas. Formosa, Ont. 162-3.

A CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. Separate School, Section No. 5, Sombera, holding first or second class normal school certificate. Duties to commence on the 3rd of January, 1901. Salary \$450. Apply stating qualifications and experience to Michael J. Conlon, Sec. Treas., Port Lambton, Ont. 167-17.

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER MALE or female. Fully qualified to teach and speak French and English. R. C. S. S. No. 3, B. Malde, P. O. Ontario. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1901. Applicants will please state salary and experience. Write to J. D. Ouellette, Sec. Treas., North Malde, P. O. Ontario. 163-4.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL No. 2, Hullett. Must be fully qualified, one having normal training preferred. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1901. Apply, stating salary and qualifications to John Shanahan, Clinton, Ont. 162-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL, Douglas, Ont. Teacher, holding second class professional or higher certificate in teaching and continuation classes. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1901. Apply stating salary and qualifications and experience to John McEachern, Sec. Treas., Douglas, Ont. 162-5.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 7, Grattan, Catholic District certificate. One able to play organ and sing. Salary \$300. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1901. Apply to Rev. Father Faucher, P. P., Griffith, Ont. Co. Renfrew. 162-2.

WANTED TEACHER FOR THE YEAR 1901 for Union School, Sec. No. 1, Logan and Ellice. Applicants to state salary and experience. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1901. Apply to Daniel DeCooey, Sec. Treas., Borden, Ont. 162-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION No. 1, Pilkington, male or female. Catholic preferred. Good salary to suitable person. Applications to be in by December 1st. Apply to L. Wilbourn, Peter Dunlop or Tony Root, Aps. P. O. Ontario. 162-3.

TWO HUNDRED TEACHERS WITH PROFESSIONAL TRAINING REQUIRED FOR TOWN, VILLAGE and rural schools commencing January next. Highest salaries obtained. Schools procured in localities desired. Full particulars each appointment given. Apply stating qualifications to Canadian Teachers' Agency, Regina, Sask. 162-4.

WANTED—TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 6, Duties to commence January 3rd, 1901. Apply, stating salary and qualifications to David Duquette, J. Sec., Tilbury, Ont. 162-5.

WANTED—TWO TEACHERS FOR FORT William Separate schools, holding first or second class professional certificates. Must furnish references. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1901. Apply, stating salary and experience to W. K. O'Donnell, Sec. Treas., 115 May Street, Fort William, Ont. 162-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 15 HUNTINGDON. Duties to commence Jan. 4, 1901. Apply stating salary and qualifications to Thomas Neville, Sec. Treas., Madoc, Ont. 162-3.

LADY TEACHER FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, No. 2, Kingsbridge, S. Sec. No. 2, Ashfield, for Junior Room, holding a second or third class certificate, stating salary. Duties to commence in January, 1901. All applications to be in on or before the 20th December. Address P. J. Austin, Sec. Kingsbridge, Ont. 162-3.

A CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR Josephsburg School, Sec. No. 2, Wilmet township, Waterloo Co. Duties to commence after New Year. Apply to Nicholas Kettel, St. Agatha, P. O., Ont. 162-3.

A TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1901. State salary and experience to Jas. Sammon, Sec. Treas. German P. O., Ont. 162-2.

The Home Bank of Canada. A YOUNG man will sometimes hesitate about coming to a bank with a deposit of just one dollar to open an account. Yet a bank can have no better asset than a multitude of small accounts among ambitious and saving young men.

Vapo-Cresoline. Used while you sleep! Diphtheria, Catarrh, Whooping Cough, etc. VAPORIZED CRESOLINE stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-deadened Croup cannot exist where Cresoline is used.

MISSIONS. Do you intend to have a MISSION? It will do you your own interest to see my prices. Best quality suits, overcoats, etc. at lowest prices. Wholesale prices.

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7% Guaranteed. Returns absolutely secure. A postal card will bring you information of a highly satisfactory investment. K. E. KEMERER, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ont.

WANTED TWO FEMALE TEACHERS FOR separate schools (graded). Cornwall, Ont. Holding a second class professional certificate. Salary \$350 and additional Government Grant to teachers. Extra per month. Duties to commence January, 1901. Apply giving testimonials to J. E. Talbot, Sec. S. S. B., Box 559, Cornwall, Ont. 162-2.

FREE! PEARY-COOK North Pole Talking Doll TO EVERY LITTLE GIRL. It has a voice like a real Eskimo baby and says "Mamma" and "Papa" in its own language. This has come to take the place of the speaking Teddy Bear and is going to be even a thousand times more popular. It is an exact reproduction of the Baby Dolls that the Eskimo Peary and Cook and Peary saw on their journey to the North Pole. The Eskimo Dolls are unobtainable.

MARRIED MAN TO WORK ON FARM. ONE who understands general farming. Must be a good stock man and able to milk. Wages \$300. Free house and garden and man's board in summer. A good place for the right man. Address Richard McNab, Elmora, P. O., Tp. Arden, Bruce Co., Ont.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED FOR A COUNTRY priest's house. One capable of playing organ in church preferred. Apply stating age, experience and salary expected. Box "A. M." Cassino, Kesteven, London, Ont. 162-4.

FARMS FOR SALE. CONTAINING 145 ACRES OF EXCELLENT land, clay loam, free from stone and with plenty of good water, both in front and rear, with a good building consisting of brick house, bunk barn and frame pig and sheep pens, an excellent orchard containing both bearing and young trees and small fruits. There is also a good 500 acre plowed, well seeded land to grass, it is situated on a good gravel road between the villages of Arthur and Kenilworth where there are good grain and stock markets, being within 2 miles of Kenilworth R. C. Church and separate school. Will be sold at a bargain as owner is going west. For further particulars apply to the owner, Wm. Spark, Petherton, P. O., 162-3.

HELP WANTED. We want a reliable capable of handling a horse in every locality in Canada on salary of \$100.00 per month, plus expenses, with stable, including and advertising. By a first-class selling goods to meet the needs of the people. No experience needed. We lay out your work for you and position for farmer or for farmer's son, permanent, first class month. Write for particulars. The W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

OPPOSITE WEST END OF MAIN STREET, Cobden, half mile from C. P. R. station, Corner lot 16, first concession Bromley Tp., 200 acres of more level land, Soil No. 4 heavy black clay and rich loam, 175 acres cleared, balance in good bush. This is a choice property free of stumps, stones and bad weeds, well built, good large frame buildings, good fences, well drained with large tile, two good wells, water the best. Fall ploughing done, stock and implements will be sold with farm if so desired. Clear title given. Price right, and terms to suit purchaser. H. A. Canby, Cobden, Ont. Box 144, 162-7.

CANADIAN NOVELTY SUPPLY HOUSE LONDON, CANADA. Post Cards are great value and everybody will buy them from you. When you have collected the \$1.50 send it to us and we will send you four full Eskimo Doll at once at a **transparenc** charges prepaid. Write for the cards and full particulars at once. It costs nothing to try. Address

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FREE HANDSOMELY DECORATED DINNER SET FREE. Ladies, we will give you this beautiful full sized dinner set absolutely without cost. This is the Chance of a Lifetime. An Honest Proposition. We will give away free 1,000 of these handsome dinner sets, beautifully decorated, each set 4-4 pieces, latest designs, handsome patterns, full size, for family use. A magnificent and complete set to quickly introduce and advertise themselves, to stimulate the appetite, regulate the bowels, and clear the complexion, an invigorator, tonic, and builder. We will make you a present of this handsome set, exactly as we claim. Take advantage of this opportunity for you to get a handsome set of dishes for your home, absolutely free.

ALL WE ASK YOU TO SELL IS ONLY 8 BOXES at 25c. per box. of Dr. Burdick's famous New Life Vegetable Pills. Being determined to gain a national reputation as the most progressive firm in Canada, and to give a wider distribution of our strictly pure, High-grade remedies, we are going to assist you to sell our medicine, and to earn this being sent quickly by sending with each box of pills a certificate which will entitle every purchaser to receive from us a Handsome Box of Pills consisting of a handsome solid gold shell ring, plain engraved, and chased or set with beautiful sparkling jewels, equaling in appearance the finest jewelry. It is a beautiful and valuable gift, and a handsome one to give to your friends. This is a great opportunity for you to get a handsome set of dishes for your home, absolutely free.

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