

The Catholic Record

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1918

1850

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Previously acknowledged: \$2015 80
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COMMENT

We agree with the editor who says that some of our Catechisms are hard reading for children. That they are profound and logical, a compendium of the whole revelation of God, cannot be questioned; but it must be seasoned so as to enlist the reason, the imagination, the wills and affections of children. The teacher who is in earnest can infuse life into the Catechism and make it attractive. A child loves stories, and these can be found in the Old and New Testament, Church History and Lives of the Saints. Their imaginations can be stimulated and their minds enlightened by these means. However, we hope to have ere long in Canada a Catechism that even in the hands of the inexperienced may induce children to love the principal things which the Lord wants them to know and to understand. But to say that the principal reason of the falling away of some persons brought up from childhood in the faith is due to deficiency in methods of teaching Christian doctrine is what our friends across the border would term a "large proposition." It is, to the least, a very debatable question, and requires more proof than a mere statement.

In our opinion, when faith is lost the heart has a great deal to do with it. We mean that the consciousness of the flesh is responsible for much of our leakage. When the heart is submerged in the waters of immorality faith suffers. And when a Catholic falls away from the faith we find, as a rule, that the defect is in his moral make-up. He may and does put it down to the trend of the age, the objections against the Church, the unattractiveness of the Catechism; but the real reason is not to be credited so much to his intellect as to his heart and conscience. He sees what he should do, but he will not believe in the accuracy of his vision. Like the pagan of old, he sees the better course but follows the worst one.

GOOD EXAMPLE

There is always a band of non-Catholics seeking peace and happiness within the precincts of the Church. Some are led into the faith by the ever eloquent and persuasive influence of right Catholic living. When brought into contact with those who manifest the love and truth which they claim to hold, their prejudices vanish, the scales fall from their eyes, and they behold the "kindly light" that can guide them to the fold. In these days of unrest and spiritual anarchy a good Catholic can do wondrous things for God. His responsibility is ever pressing upon him. When, however, his deeds give the lie to his principles he affords an opportunity to the scoffer and does what he can to retard the progress of the Church. It is the faith, however, that moves mountains. And that faith, speaking through lives that are clean and noble, intent upon serving God,

drawing its strength from sacramental help, impregnable against the assaults of the world and the flesh, must always compel the admiration and respect of those without the fold.

GOOD MOTHERS

A recent number of the "Ave Maria" comments pertinently and thoughtfully on the crying need of the present day: "The Need of Good Mothers,"—in the following fashion:

"Nine-tenths of the girls who go wrong" in their second decade of life have been trained wrong in their first, and the veritable criminals more than half the cases brought before our juvenile courts are not the bad boys immediately involved, but the fathers and mothers whose indulgence or neglect has resulted in their becoming bad boys instead of good. Lack of parental control is one of the outstanding evils in family life to-day; and unless the evil be checked, unless the children are subjected to a healthy discipline, are taught to obey and punished for disobeying, are made to see that pleasure must yield to duty, and forced to recognize that respect for laws—divine, civil and family laws—is essential to a happy and worthy life, then the number of penitentiaries and haunts of shame will inevitably go on increasing rather than diminishing." And again:

"We are all acquainted with the weak mother—a creature allied with the foolish idolatry of her own offspring—devoid of clear-sightedness in their regard, taking their worst tendencies for amiable eccentricities or for a sign of original talent. This lady, wherever we behold her, is overcome with a natural fondness for her children; and yet, for their own sakes, almost any harshness compatible with their physical health and mental progress would be better than an ignoble and helpless inability to control their conduct, and to compel them—by gentleness if possible, by strictness if necessary—to adopt right habits. The sentimentality with which innumerable people at the present day regard the question of child-training is quite as disastrous in its tendencies as is the culpable indulgence of the "weak mother" characterized in the foregoing paragraph. Let the poor little things, it is said, 'have a good time while they are young; their troubles will come quite soon enough.' By all means, let childhood be happy; but unlimited indulgence of childish whims, caprices, and mischievous tendencies is not the receipt for effecting that result. On the contrary, over-indulgence mars the happiness of children even in their early years, and is an infallible method of rendering them miserable later on in life."

Did space permit we should like to quote the entire article. Catholic parents may well read it with profit, and we hope they may give the knowledge thus acquired a personal and practical turn.

The child is made or marred at home, and has very much larger capabilities both for good and evil than many adults are disposed to admit. His first and chief instructors are his father and mother, and if these fail in their duty it is doubtful if any other influence can ever make up for the harm wrought in the child's soul through parental indifference and neglect. No power on earth can relieve parents of their responsibility to their children. It is in vain that they try to shift this burden to the shoulders of the school teachers. Not without abundant reason do teachers blame the folly and neglect of many parents. It is the mother who makes or mars the child. What the mother makes it, the teacher will find it. All in vain will parents plead that they sent their children to a good Catholic school—whether Public or private—if they reached that school finished products of vice, with hearts already hardened in sin, the result of parental neglect of instruction, of lack of proper discipline and correction, and of bad example at home.

A CORRESPONDENT

A correspondent makes the complaint that our societies of Catholic men are too exclusive to be of much real good these days, and that far too much time is spent in smoking and billiard playing, when they could do great things toward offsetting many abuses of which they now complain, but raise not a hand to prevent. They should extend the helping hand to newcomers. We do not speak of pecuniary help, but of that which is the outcome of the right understanding of the commandment to love one another. The club-rooms should not

become solely places for smoking and billiard playing. We have no quarrel with innocent amusement, but if it is indulged in night after night it will have, to say the least, a very deteriorating influence on the average young man. The club-rooms should be not only a place for amusement but for instruction and self-improvement, and for realizing that the strength and success of any society comes only through its unity. Above all they should cherish a true, loyal and submissive spirit to the Church and guard themselves from the poison of indifference and carping criticism. When petty personal interests and jealousy, self abnegation and Christian living. She was born in Japan but was left an orphan. She was taken by the Catholic missionaries when she would have starved to death. She was educated and brought up by the missionaries and when she became a young girl she announced her intention of entering the Church and working to save her people.

As she displayed unusual ability she was sent to Paris where she was given all the training and culture required for a missionary. She speaks French, English, Chinese and German in addition to Japanese.

For the last forty-two years she has been working in Japan except for visits to various parts of the world when the needs of Japanese missions require funds. She made her appeal for the Japanese missions from the platform of Horticultural Hall, and at the conclusion she was greeted warmly by three archbishops who declared that they felt honored to touch her hands.

"The Orphanage in Tokio," she told them, "is much like your orphanage in America. The mother Superior and the nuns are native Japanese but there are several European teachers among us. Our work is among the children. We take these children where we can find them, the deserted, the abused, the unfortunate. We ask no questions, but we baptize the little ones and we bring them up in the faith."

"It is our misfortune that we cannot take all the children that are offered. It grieves us so much to refuse the pathetic appeals of mothers who lay their children at our feet, but if we increase our roll beyond six hundred we could not feed those already in our care."

"Once we have accepted a child we care for it. We protect it. When our girls grow up we find them Christian homes or we find Christian husbands for them."

"The social care that we must give our orphans compels us to keep them longer than you keep your orphans in your institutions."

"The needs of our mission are funds. With more money we could take more children, and with the teeming millions of Japanese, we are not limited in the number of children who are available for instruction and care."

THE SACRED PICTURE

The mission of the sacred picture in the home is thus described by the Rev. W. Roche, S. J., in his inspiring book, "The House and Table of God."

"We get tired, perhaps, of being talked at, but pictures use no words. They do not scold or fidget or drive us. They are silent sermons and often are like painted prayers. And they make us who look at them pray in an easy and most pleasant way. Even your pleasure in a holy picture, your love of it, is often the best of prayers. Your heart has gone out to God. It has found satisfaction in Him. You have admired His goodness, or felt confidence in His providence, or wondered with reverent humility at the mysteries of His life. Your mind and affections have been carried by the picture away from self to God; and under this influence, hope and faith and charity have of their own accord blossomed into flower in the garden of your soul, as daisies in a sunlit field."

A PASSING FOLLY

The average up-to-date man and woman struggles for and seems to value only that which is new, regardless of the value of the thing itself. The new in dress, regardless of beauty or fitness in the costume, the new in thought, regardless of the soundness of the thinking, the new in customs and manner of living, the new in the home, in marriage relation, in the education and rearing of children, new philosophy, new science, new religion, new art, new music, new books, new cooking, new women, it sometimes appears that the crime of crimes, the most degrading disgrace, these twentieth century days, is to be held old-fashioned; behind the times, out-of-date, and that everything, everything not new is old-fashioned, everything not of the times is behind the times, everything not down-to-date is out-of-date. Poor people! some day, let us hope, they may awake from their feverish dreams to find that God made some things in the heart of the race too big to be out-grown.

OUR PRAYERS

To say our prayers is one thing; to pray is another. True prayer is an aspiration of the soul; it may be put into words, or left unspoken, without affecting its essential character. Almighty God, the Father of all, may safely and surely be trusted to interpret it in the light of its highest purpose. If prayers, no matter how sincere, were required to be in perfect form in order to be acceptable, few would reach their destination. If their effectiveness were measured by their length most of them would go unanswered. Happily for the mass of mankind who are not endowed with an extensive vocabulary, the perfect model of a prayer which the Master gave to His disciples on the Mount is at once dignified, short and simple. Moreover, it is a personal prayer. It does not overflow with instruction for the All-wise and All-Seeing God, or with rambling references to people, places and things outside of the sphere of the petitioner. One of the most devout of Catholic men, whose name was a synonym for all that was most charitable, and whose career was a continuous benediction, confined his verbal devotions to the "Our Father." The rest he lived, or left to God.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

LITTLE NUN FROM JAPAN.—One of the most interesting visitors to the great missionary congress in this city recently was a little brown woman in the black garments of the Sisterhood of the Holy Childhood. She was Sister Marie Louise, a Japanese nun, aged sixty-seven years, who for half a century has worn the habit of her Sisterhood and who is said to have done more to save helpless Japanese children than any other missionary.

Sister Marie Louise is attached to the great Catholic Orphanage in Yokohama. Her career, according to the priests and bishops who know her, has been half a century of privation, self abnegation and Christian living. She was born in Japan but was left an orphan. She was taken by the Catholic missionaries when she would have starved to death. She was educated and brought up by the missionaries and when she became a young girl she announced her intention of entering the Church and working to save her people.

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"The Sobles of Apostles."—It is related of a French missionary, Mgr. Augouard, that when he first set foot on African soil, an officer said to him, "No one can live long here. At the end of two years you will have to return to France."

The missionary's reply was simple—"But to die."

No less edifying is the story of Father Michal Fabre, who was killed at Fez.

This young Franciscan, exiled from his native France, had taken refuge in a Swiss monastery.

One day he was told that the Provincial wished to know whether he was willing to go to Morocco as a chaplain.

"With all my heart," was the reply.

"But you will have to start in two days."

"Very well, I am ready."

"And what of your father and mother?" said his Superior.

"My father and mother? Oh, if you only knew them! They are such good Catholics. They would be happy indeed if I should die a martyr."

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SUPREMACY OF ROME

"The history of governments is one of the most immoral parts of human history," said Mr. Gladstone a generation ago. The saying is recalled by a writer in the current Hibbert's Journal, who makes it the text of a lengthy discourse on "International Morality." In the development of his theme he considers arbitration, and arrives at the conclusion that "before arbitration can be effective we must give it a common sanction."

At this point Mr. Leith asserts:

"Such a common power was to be found during the Middle Ages in the spiritual supremacy of Rome; but her supremacy disappeared in the upheaval which created the modern State system, and as yet no spiritual force has arisen in the new order of things as the authoritative exponent of the public conscience of Europe."

Mr. Leith arrives at the conclusion that "the common power of the future must be sought in some other

direction; but there are very grave objections to any concrete proposal which has been suggested."

From the Middle Ages to the twentieth century is a long span, long enough for the discovery of a substitute for the spiritual supremacy of Rome, but none has been found, or will be. The Church of Jesus Christ can have no substitute—Sacred Heart Review.

THE NEW A. P. A.

SAYS MASS OF ANTI-CATHOLIC LITERATURE IS INCREASING AT A WONDERFUL RATE

A high official of the Post Office Department at Washington told me a few days ago that the mass of anti-Catholic literature is increasing at a wonderful rate. The question of the admittance of a great deal of this matter comes up before him frequently, and he is in a position to realize the extent of the agitation which is being carried on against the Catholic Church.

But it is not in quantity alone, but also in virulence, malignity and mendacity that this increase is noticeable. Here comes in the work of the department. A large number of journals are excluded from the mails and it was only recently that the full extent of the increase in this class of publications was realized.

Finding that modern twentieth-century lying and vilifying will not go down with the Post Office Department, these creatures are now carefully quoting from ancient "history." All kinds of "stories" about the Catholic Church, which obtained two hundred or three hundred years ago and were refuted as often as they were told are being republished in the guise of history, with the evident intent of getting the stuff past the department.

Said this official to me: "I sincerely hope that this wave of fanaticism will pass over in the near future. It bespeaks an unhealthy state of mind on the part of a large number of the people."

The seriousness of the situation is intensified by the fact that men of wealth must be at the bottom of it. It must take a vast sum of money to scatter this broadcast over the country, and the funds certainly do not come from subscribers only. It is estimated that a million copies of these publications are mailed out every week all over the country and thousands, perhaps a hundred thousand, receive them gratis. Who pays for it? This is the question and its solution will reveal the real malefactors. The publications themselves and their editors are simply the tools of men higher up. They publish this matter because there is money in it and from all appearances there is big money in it. No wonder the work is kept up. For the price, unscrupulous men can always be found to publish anything under the sun; and the price is evidently forthcoming.—Catholic Tribune, Dubuque.

BISHOP KENNY

The Master called one of His shepherds early to receive the reward of his faithfulness when He sent the angel of death to summon Right Rev. William J. Kenny, D. D., Bishop of St. Augustine, Fla. Bishop Kenny died last week in a hospital in Baltimore, Md., from a complication of diseases which baffled all physical skill, while en route to the Missionary Congress at Boston. He was consecrated Bishop of St. Augustine May 18, 1902.

St. Augustine's is not among the opulent dioceses of the United States. Its golden orange groves are not owned to any extent by Catholics, while its palatial summer residences are occupied by millionaire northerners. Despite this, Bishop Kenny erected churches, built schools, hospitals, orphanages, and made improvements, a feat accomplished through his untiring energy, self-sacrifice and religious zeal, supplemented by the generous co-operation of his loyal people.

The late bishop was a man most affable, most approachable, kind to the most minute degree. Handsome of physique and of engaging personality, Bishop Kenny made friends right and left, at home and abroad.

We recall with pleasure what is now tinged with sadness, an ocean voyage made in company with the late Bishop of St. Augustine. He was returning from Spain, where he had gone for the purpose of searching among the archives of Seville Cathedral for documents relating to his charge in St. Augustine. And so much had the late prelate endeavored himself to the hierarchy of old Seville, that three prominent clergymen accompanied him to Cadiz and remained on board the steamer until it was time to bid adieu to their departing friends.

And on the voyage home Bishop Kenny's engaging friendliness made him a general favorite. Memory holds a last picture of the tall figure celebrating Mass in the steamer cabin, while around him knelt an excited group of French nuns bound for Mexico, men and women voyagers with dark, high-bred Spanish faces, en route for South America, and

olive-faced Italian emigrants billed for New York.

There also comes back his remark on the evening of a day which he had dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God. It was the apropos of what devotion should be particularly followed by the cult of Mary. "If you would give Our Blessed Lady most honor, then receive Holy Communion on her feast days." May Mary, whose faithful son He was, secure for the soul of Bishop Kenny of St. Augustine speedy entrance to the presence of her divine Son.—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

FAVORS PURGATORY

We feel like congratulating Church Work on the following, which is a kind of approximation to the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory; congratulating it because of the indications herein given of a trend towards a great and sound doctrine:

"His desires look forward to the 'Garden of Paradise the best; the joy of the waiting hosts of the Church Expectant, and the more he will be convinced that those who have already crossed the flood mingle their prayers with his, that with his poor, earthly petitions the prayers of the saints at rest, freed from earthly passions and therefore more conformed to the will of God and thus the more effective, are indeed presented by the King of Saints before the Father's Throne."

"The whole doctrine of the Communion of Saints is worthy of the more exact and careful study which it is likely to receive in the Anglican Communion within the next few years."

The writer of this does not make it very clear how far he means to go. When he speaks of the prayers of the Saints being "the more effective," he can hardly mean effective for themselves or for others who are already in heaven; and we are left to suppose that he means they are effective for us who are on earth, or for the suffering souls detained in Purgatory in expiation of the punishment due to sin. If this is not his meaning, we do not know in what respect the prayers of the Saints to be "more effective," nor why their prayers should be compared, as to their effectiveness, with ours, if that is what he means, unless the effect sought by our prayers and by theirs, be the same.—Casket.

"REFORMING" THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

The Rev. E. G. Selwyn, M. A., Warden of Radley, when preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral a few Sundays ago, put in an earnest plea for the reform of the Ten Commandments. He thinks they might each be usefully reduced to one or two clauses. It seems the traditional Ten vex devout souls: "One of the problems which has for some time vexed the minds of worshippers who use our Book of Common Prayer is presented by the recital of the Ten Commandments at the beginning of the celebration of the Holy Communion." Having thus stated the case, the preacher went on to consider "the charge that the Ten Commandments are out of date."

The first stumbling-block comes quite easy, and concerns the observance of the Sabbath day. The eloquent preacher is inclined to agree with the Commandment, and thinks that Sunday ought to be kept holy. But why? "We are to keep holy the Sabbathday because God created the world in six days, and rested on the seventh. Now, that we do not believe. Even if we did, it would scarcely add sanction to the Commandment; but we do not. That great story of Creation in the Book of Genesis is still pregnant with mighty lessons for us; we need only compare it with its Babylonian parallels to see that. But the six days, save as apocryphal representation of the march of evolution, have gone, and gone past recall. For us they are not history." After these admissions clearly there is not much to be said for the poor Commandment. The Warden sums up the case as it presents itself to the ordinary layman, who is not a theologian in these words. He feels "he has no need of such antiquities; they chafe him; and he cannot help regarding their intention as a sign that the Church has gone to sleep."—Tablet.

HANS SCHMIDT

A note has appeared in several of the French papers concerning the Bavarian priest Hans Schmidt who brutally murdered a young woman with whom he was said to have gone through a clandestine ceremony of marriage. According to the note in question, Schmidt is not a priest, though he had passed as one having secured some forged papers. Indeed he is said to have been condemned to prison at Munich on the demand of the Bishop for having acted as a priest and to have admitted to the chaplain of the prison there that he had never been ordained. It is added that he had been expelled from the diocese of Trenton, in the United States, for a similar impersonation.—Tablet.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Bishop Hickey recently confirmed 45 converts at Hornell, N. Y., the fruits of a Mission given there by Revs. Thos. O'Hern and Joseph Mountain, of the Buffalo Apostolate.

That there are in the Boston public library 25 sets of the "Catholic Encyclopedia," in the public library of New York, 18; in Brooklyn, 5; in Philadelphia, 6; in Chicago, 1.

In many places in the East tradition identifies Veronica, who wiped the face of Jesus on the way to Calvary as the hemorrhissa who in the Gospel was cured by the touch of the garment of Jesus.

Within the next few weeks 19 young priests from Mill Hill will start for various missions, 10 of them to Africa. Mill Hill had two students in the beginning and very poor prospects.

The Right Reverend William J. Keney, third Bishop of St. Augustine, Fla., died of diabetes at a hospital in Baltimore on October 23, in the sixtieth year of his age.

In Brazil, the crucifixes removed from the courts by the anti-clericals, are not only being replaced, but new ones are solemnly and festively blest for public places.

The new English laicist's wife is a convert to the Church, as was Mr. Bridges brother, the late Matthew Bridges, poet and hymn writer. Dr. Bridges was an intimate friend of the late Father Gerard Hopkins, S. J., the poet.

In the Commonwealth of Australia there are to-day about 1,000,000 Catholics in New Zealand, about 130,000. In Austria-Hungary there are 38,195,000 Catholics; in France, 38,467,000; in German Empire, 22,694,000; in Italy, 33,750,000; in Spain, 19,280,000; in Russia, 13,450,000; in Great Britain and Ireland, 5,786,000; in Portugal, 5,438,000; in Belgium, 7,350,000; in Switzerland, 1,463,000; in Holland, 2,045,000; and in Turkey, 280,000.

Thirty nuns have recently, with permission of the French council of State, returned to the Convent of St. Peter, situated at a short distance from Cherbourg. These are Augustinians, long ago banished from their cloister by the law levied against teaching orders. The then superior has never ceased in her demand to have her community reinstated and to have restored their property confiscated at the time of their expulsion. The Sisters intend at once to open an orphanage.

A monastery of the Congregation of St. Anthony of Padua, was one of several religious houses in Paris that have been converted to secular status, after having been confiscated by the present French government. It first passed into the possession of the government. The latter sold it to a Jew, and the Jew re-sold it to the Freemasons. The Congregation of St. Anthony of Padua had expended \$280,000 in the building of it. The Jew paid \$70,000 for it.

Princess Beatrice of Coburg has embraced the Catholic faith, and is in Madrid preparing for her baptism, which will take place this month, some time after the return of the Spanish Court to the capital. The royal convert is the wife of Alfonso of Orleans, son of the Infanta Eulalia. The ceremony of baptism will take place in the crypt of the Church of Notre Dame de l'Almudena. The Pope will send a special Nuncio to administer the sacrament, and the ceremony will be invested with great solemnity, and will be the subject of a public celebration afterwards.

The Universe is glad to learn that Mother Leonarda, the beloved head of St. Alexis Hospital, is on the road to recovery from what, was feared to be a fatal illness. Mother Leonarda has the unique distinction of being called the "first citizen of Cleveland" by the late Mayor Tom L. Johnson. The occasion was the reply of the then Mayor as to who was the first citizen of Cleveland, and the Mayor's reply was: "The first citizen of Cleveland, is not a man, but a woman—Mother Leonarda, of St. Alexis Hospital."

The Italian Government has been rebuked by a Calvinist journal of Switzerland for its inertia in permitting the recent attacks on Catholic gymnasts and other foreign pilgrims to the Eternal City. The Swiss journal says that the authorities are bound to consider the protests of Swiss and other pilgrims and prevent a repetition of these lamentable scenes. It reminds "United Italy" that on the day when she took possession of Rome she solemnly guaranteed to the Catholic world the freedom of its relations with the head of the Church.

The Rev. P. J. Phelan, O. M. I., for the past seven years bursar at the novitiate at Tewksbury, Mass., has been assigned to the mission band of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. This will be no new field for Father Phelan. His career as a missionary has been a long and active one, notwithstanding his many other duties. In the East and in the Middle West and throughout the provinces of Canada he is known as an eloquent and zealous preacher of the Gospel. When not engaged in missionary work Father Phelan will be stationed at the Immaculate Conception Church in Lowell.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XXXIII

WHEN WE TWO PARTED IN SILENCE AND TEARS

"Thy fate and mine are sealed I love again and true, and all in vain." Princess

The day after Mrs. Vane's remonstrance was one to which we had long looked forward. The West-Shetlanders were giving a moonlight picnic at some very celebrated old tomb and mosque, about ten miles from Mulkaopore. We had all to provide for our own transport as far as the city walls, outside which elephants awaited the enterprising, and carriages those who were not so ambitious. A long row of about twenty of those animals was ranged close to the city gate, each gaily caparisoned in a scarlet cover, with deep green fringe, and on their broad backs the ancient body of a hocked buggy was securely tied with ropes. I believe elephants to be the most sagacious and intelligent of all quadrupeds. As they strolled in a solemn row, blinking at us out of their ridiculous little eyes, I am convinced that they were discussing us among themselves, and exchanging ponderous jokes as they lounged against each other and thrust down on their heads. The guests were dispatched in pairs, as a buggy was only capable of accommodating two. My fellow-passenger was Dicky Campbell. He showed an extraordinary eagerness to share my buggy, and my efforts to elude his society were vain.

The elephant having knelt, we nimbly ascended the ladder and took our seats, holding on with might and main while our huge steed got up again. We immediately took our place in the procession, and, following our leaders at a rapid, shuffling walk, streamed through the city. It was my first visit there by daylight, and Dicky pointed out to me the Shar Minar, the great mosque, the silver bazaar, and groups of surly-looking Arabs, with their long silver-mounted jaks, clustered round almost every corner. Blocked as were the narrow streets, our ponderous animals soon effected a passage, and ere long we made our way beyond the walls once more into the open country.

I looked on Dicky Campbell as a family friend, and much in the same light as I regarded Rody; but for a considerable time I had had an uneasy conviction that he did not entertain the same views with regard to me. No, he wished me to be "nearer and dearer yet than all other." In vain I endeavored to keep our acquaintance on the old friendly footing, and set my face resolutely against tender allusions and personal allities, and was stone deaf to sentimental speeches and all compliments. Dicky was changed; no longer the gay, cheery companion he had once been, but cynical, irritable, and at times morose—especially morose when Maurice was in my company. There was no concealing from myself that he was outrageously jealous, and the rudeness of his answers and incivility of his remarks were frequently a palpable strain on even Maurice's well-known easy temper and proverbial good-nature; and Maurice (who had never been enthusiastic about Dicky) treated him with a formal, frozen politeness, worse, in my opinion, than downright incivility, or the retort unceremonious itself.

For a complete solitude a deus, for utter isolation from all other fellow-creatures save one, commend me to the howdah on the back of an elephant. But there is no escape from a disagreeable companion till the journey is accomplished; no stopping, no getting down. I had a horrible misgiving that I had been trapped, and that Dicky meant to seize this glorious opportunity for making the proposal that I had so long and so dexterously avoided. I made conversation, and started topic after topic with feverish anxiety, but my efforts were futile. Dicky was not to be foiled. We had hardly quitted the city ere I found him laying his heart and pay at my feet. I refused him with all the gentleness, and at the same time with all the firmness I could command. I told him that I would always be his friend—his friend, but nothing more; that I was sincerely sorry to find that he cared for me in a different way, but that some day I hoped he would meet a worthier object, who would reciprocate his affections.

All this I said lamely and hesitatingly, as far as utterance went; but my resolve was unshaken. For more than two miles Dicky refused to listen to the word No—spoken never so sweetly. He pleaded his cause with all the eloquence at his disposal, although I assured him that my decision was unalterable. At length I lost all patience, and was so explicit and so outspoken that even his dullness was penetrated; and he maintained a sullen and would be dignified silence for the remainder of the journey. I felt exceedingly sorry for myself, and for Dicky. Why could he not be content with being my friend? Why should he expect me to love and marry him, *coute qui coute*? How unreasonable he was to be so angry with me! Our position was, to say the least of it, embarrassing. Whatever you do, never quarrel in a howdah, where you have no means of escape from your antagonist, but are obliged to sit side by side, seemingly on terms of the warmest friendship. I was unfeignedly glad to reach our journey's end, though I am afraid my flushed face, and Mr. Campbell's low-

ering brow, told a tale to more than one penetrating eye.

Our elephant carried a bell, which he had changed playfully from time to time; he rang it joyfully now, as we prepared to descend from his back.

"Your elephant is the bearer of two bells," cried the gallant Globetrotter, waddling hastily forward to assist me to alight. How ugly he looked in his brick colored, mushroom tope, checked sock coat, and roomy cricket-shoes. What a contrast to Maurice in his broad leaved Terai hat and well-cut light suit! He looked refreshingly cool, and particularly handsome, as he stepped forward, with a polite "Allow me!" cut out the broiling and breathless Globetrotter, and handed me carefully down the ladder. A most recherché cold dinner awaited us. Every dainty possible to procure was set out in profusion—truffled turkey and boar's head, *pate de fois gras*, Maraschino jelly, and iced pudding, accompanied by wines of the choicest vintage. Before we sat down to table I was accosted by Mrs. Vane, with brilliant cheeks and sparkling eyes. "I want to speak to you for one second, Nora," leading me aside. "Come down this walk for a moment. Listen to me," she added, when we had reached a secluded, shady spot; "I came in the same carriage as Mrs. Stubbs, and I have such a field-day with her!"

"Ah! I thought you looked flushed with victory!" I remarked, with ill-assumed sprightliness.

"Now, Nora," said my friend reprovingly, "I am not in the humor for joking with you. I never can be the same to you again—never!"

"Have you brought me down here especially to tell me this?" I interrupted, impatiently.

"No; but to give you a word of friendly warning you do not deserve. You were the bone of contention between Mrs. Stubbs and me; I fought for you, and took your part—for the last time, let me assure you. She knows all about your other affair, and said, in her most sneering way; 'If it is true that Miss Neville is engaged to Major Percival, she is making an utter fool of her cousin, Captain Beresford. It will be a real charity to open his eyes, and I will enact the part of the Good Samaritan on the first opportunity.'"

I shuddered perceptibly. "So now, Nora, you have not an instant to lose," continued my companion impressively. "I have long endeavored—whatever she was going to add was interrupted by one of our hosts, who had entered the walk and was coming hurriedly toward us."

"I have been looking for you ready where Miss Neville. Dinner is ready and I am to have the pleasure of leading you to the festive board; your partner is going round all the tombs in a state of abject desolation. May I have the honor of conducting you as well as Miss Neville?" offering us each an arm.

I was led to a seat near the head of the table, which was already surrounded by a gay and numerous company. I felt anything but merry, as I reflected on Mrs. Vane's caution, and the avowal that I must make within the next few hours. Miss Neville never came singly, I thought, as I gazed across at my skeleton at the desk, Dicky, whose countenance wore an expression of the deepest, most incurable gloom; who declined to catch my pleading eyes, and who was quaffing far too many beakers of champagne. Boycie, the ubiquitous, was also within view (having been brought by special desire). As usual he was attending most sedulously to his bodily refreshment. I was exceedingly angry with Boycie, and it afforded me a melancholy pleasure to see him quaffing about, plain hand, in search of the most notoriously unwholesome dainties. Maurice and Ellen were enjoying themselves very much, in another way. They looked the happiest and best matched couple at the table. Could it be possible that Mrs. Vane was wrong? That she had been the victim of her ardent imagination? and I, myself, equally mistaken? All young men flirited, and made speeches to the girls—signifying nothing. Why should not Maurice do the same? This unctious was not fluttering; but I laid it to my soul with a certain indescribable feeling of painful relief.

After dinner the company set about exploring the old ruins, gardens, and tombs. These latter were twelve in number, and each as large as a good sized church. Their exquisite stone carvings had been whitewashed by some Goth, but in the flattering glare of the moonlight they resembled white marble, and seemed to look down with cold, disdainful dignity on the lively throng, whose laughter and voices made their vaulted domes echo and the solemn, stately solitude of their surrounding gardens ring again.

Dancing commenced with great spirit on a flagged terrace in front of one of the outer buildings; but I was not in humor for waltzing on uneven pavement, and after the second dance I wandered away into the gardens with Maurice for my companion. It was as bright as day, as we strolled from one tomb to another. Along terraces, up and down white flights of steps, and through pathways lined with flowering shrubs and tall palms, between the branches of which at each turn, we caught glimpses of the perfect outline of some tomb, towering clear cut and silver-white against the dark-blue starry sky. At length we came to a large marble tank, down to whose margin long, shallow flights of steps

descended at each of the four corners. We leaned our elbows on the parapet and gazed into the still water below, which reflected, as in a looking-glass, a neighboring mosque, with its four picturesque little minarets.

"How quiet and peaceful it is! Let us go down and sit on those steps," I said; and leading the way I descended and seated myself almost at the edge of the water.

For some time we preserved an unbroken silence. Maurice was smoking, and I was thinking, and had become jammed in my thought. A splash of a frog was the only sound that broke the surrounding stillness, till an old wandering fakir came and peered over at us, muttering volubly to himself; but the only words that I could catch were "Feringhee! Feringhee!" Soon a band of explorers took noisy possession of a neighboring building. We heard their peals of gay laughter as they climbed up the narrow, winding staircase. Shouts of ecstasy announced to us that some specially stout party had become jammed in the ascent. After prolonged shrieks of amusement and expostulation, the whole company seemingly broke loose on the roof of the turret, and chased each other round and round.

"Don't you wish you were with them?" inquired Maurice lazily. "Not I!" I returned loftily, throwing a stone into the middle of the pool.

"In the old days Nora O'Neill would have been in the first flight among the lot," nodding his head in the direction of our riotous neighbors.

"Does it not seem odd, Nora, that you and I should be wandering together out here, as much at home among these Indian scenes as we were among the lights and lanes about Galloway?"

"No, it does not strike me in that light; it seems perfectly natural," I returned unguardedly.

"I believe there is a fate in these things," he muttered to himself, as he sent a stone artistically skipping across the pool. "I firmly believe in *kismet*, as they call it out here; don't you?" he asked, raising himself on his elbow, and looking at me interrogatively.

Before I could reply, a high, shrill falsetto suddenly exclaimed, "So there you are!" and at the same moment I descried Mrs. Gower's faded face gazing curiously down on us. "What a snug retreat! quite a Scriptural scene: Jacob and Rachel at the well; they were cousins, too, were they not, Colonel Fox?" turning to her companion.

"Ah—haw! Don't know, I'm shaw—thought they were husband and wife. You have no idea—yaw" (to us) how awfully jolly you look down there," leaning over and surveying us admiringly. "I vote we go down there too, Mrs. Gower, eh? So jolly cool."

"Certainly not," returned the lady, with very unnecessary emphasis; "we should be greatly *de trop*," lowering her voice, and giggling affectedly as she turned away.

I pretended not to have heard this little dialogue, but I could not prevent my complexion from assuming a brilliantly crimson tint, and I kept my eyes studiously averted from my cousin.

I had not forgotten my promise to Mrs. Vane, and as I sat on the lower steps, with my chin resting on my hand, I was busily revolving in my own mind how I was to break my news to Maurice.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said abruptly.

"Give me the penny, then," I replied, with an assumed sprightliness, raising my head, and holding out an expectant palm.

"Earn your penny first," he rejoined, pretending to search his pockets. "I never pay in advance."

"Well, then, I was thinking of you?" I exclaimed, now determined to take the plunge, and have it over.

"I have something particular to say to you."

"Have you really?" he returned, rousing himself from his listless attitude, and tossing his cigar into the water, where it extinguished itself in one indignant fizz.

"And, strange to say, Nora, I was thinking of you; and I have something important to impart to you," he said, taking a seat beside me. "Which of us is to speak first?" he asked, with a smile.

"You are, of course!" I returned eagerly, only too glad to postpone my confession, even at the eleventh hour. "You are the eldest—do you begin."

"Very well," he replied, taking off his hat, and throwing it at our feet. "Now, attention! In the first place, my little cousin, I am going to lecture you; and I hope you will listen to me with more respect than last time, when you cut short my remonstrances by flinging your hat out of the window, and jumping after it."

"It will be your hat, not mine, that will suffer this time," I answered, picking up his Terai, and waving it threateningly toward the water.

"You had better not," he said, with assumed indignation, making a vain effort to recapture his headgear. "Tell me, Nora," he went on, "how did you and your travelling companion agree this afternoon? You did not look radiantly happy when you arrived."

"What do mean, Maurice?" I asked, with assumed amazement. "I do not profess to be a particularly keen observer, nor sharper than my neighbors, but even I could see that your relations were a little strained, as they say in political parlance; even I could read 'rejection' and 'dejection,' written in large characters on Campbell's face, as he descended from your mutual elephant. Poor boy, it was too bad! Why did

you make a fool of him, Nora? He was bad enough in his natural state. 'It was not my fault,' I exclaimed, with great emphasis. 'I gave him no encouragement. I could not help it.'"

"Oh, yes, you could!" interrupted my cousin, coolly. "Excuse me, but you womenkind have a subtle way of knowing when a fellow cares for you. You must have seen what was coming, and you could easily have administered one of those brusque retorts for which you were once so justly famous. A rudely delivered home-truth, when the first symptoms of the fatal disease developed themselves in Master Dicky, might have given him a pang at the time, but would have saved him a mortal wound. Now, nothing cuts a fellow up so much as being refused, especially if he is fond of the girl, and she had led him on and fooled him into thinking that his feelings were reciprocated."

"You are speaking from sad experience, I conclude?" I put in, with a ghastly effort at gaiety.

"And Dicky is not your only admirer!" pursued Maurice, regardless of my interruption. "There is the sporting major and our mutual friend, the Globetrotter, only waiting a fitting opportunity to prostrate himself at your feet. Young Forbes, of the Cavalry, too, is badly hit."

"Maurice! how can you talk such absurd nonsense?" I expostulated, avoiding his eyes, and busying myself in rolling and unrolling his unfortunate hat.

"I am talking sober sense," he replied, "impossibly." "What a young lady possesses two distinctly separate adores the situation he comes, to say the least of it, *acute*. Seriously, Nora, I should be sorry to think that my little unsophisticated country cousin had developed into that most hateful creature, an accomplished flirt."

"I don't say you have, mind you; I am only giving you a friendly warning. I do not believe that you are one of those girls who look on every proposal as an honorable trophy, or take a man's heart as an Indian brave would his scalp; but it is neither honorable nor right to lead fellows on to think you mean to marry them, and then turn round and say, 'Ten thousand times no! Spare the too susceptible youth of Mulkaopore; and as you are strong, be merciful!'"

"What a sermon," I exclaimed, rising with a gesture of deprecation. "I hope you have nearly finished, for I have something to tell you."

"Not quite," he answered, also standing erect, "I have one word more to say," and here paused.

"Well, then, in conclusion, as Mr. French would say, I replied with would be playfulness.

I eyed Maurice with some surprise; all trace of banter and railery had vanished from his expression. He looked grave and even agitated, and a conviction, more felt than seen, told me that he was under the influence of some strong emotion, as he, bareheaded, stood before me.

"In conclusion, then," he said, looking at me very earnestly, and speaking in a low but steady voice, "suppose you put a period to all these fellows' sufferings, Nora, by telling them that you are engaged to me."

For a moment I was so taken aback that I was completely stupefied, and unable to utter a word. At length I found my voice.

"I thought I had forbidden you to allude to that!" I cried vehemently.

"Hear me for a second, Nora," said Maurice impetuously, forcibly taking my hand. "I am not now thinking of your grandfather's bargain, as you called it. I am thinking only of Nora Neville. I am sure you know that she is everything in the world to me. I am speaking as if I had never heard of you, and never known you, till I met you out here; I am speaking entirely for myself. Listen to me," he continued, with a gesture of appeal, seeing an interruption trembling on my lips. "Listen to me for one moment longer. I fully intended honorably to have kept my promise to my uncle, but you know your frustrated good intentions by running away. I have searched for you, far and near, and at last gave up the quest in despair. I am not a susceptible fellow, and I went through life quite heart-whole till I met you at the Residency ball. I am poor, as no one knows better than yourself, Nora, and you, no doubt, could make a much better match as far as money and all that goes, and I am not half good enough for you (humbly); but no one will ever love you as well as I do. You understand that it is not because you are my cousin that I am saying all this; it is because I love you with all my heart and soul, and I went on very earnestly, and still tightly clasping my hand. 'Tell me, Nora darling, do you care for me?'"

"Maurice, Maurice!" I faltered, endeavoring to release my hand, "you don't know." Here my voice shook so that I became utterly unintelligible and hysterical, and I trembled from head to foot like an aspen-leaf.

"I will take silence for consent," whispered my companion, and, putting his arm round my waist, he drew me toward him, and kissed me. This kiss acted like an electric shock, and brought me thoroughly to my senses.

"Let me go, Maurice; let me go!" I cried, passionately; "do you hear me?" struggling to free myself.

"Not till you have given me an answer," he replied, resolutely. "Nora, I know you care for me a little, not a hundredth part as much as I care for you, but still a little. Come, won't you tell me the truth?"

"I tell you that I am engaged," I stammered forth; "you have no right to speak to me like this," with spurious indignation. "I am engaged to Major Percival."

"What!" ejaculated Maurice, not merely releasing me, but pushing me rudely from him. "What did you say? My ears must have deceived me," leaning against the wall with a face as white as death.

"I am engaged," I repeated quite volubly, now that I had recovered my speech. "I met Major Percival on the hills last year. He is coming here very shortly; but until then we do not wish our engagement to be made public. No one is to know."

A long, a complete, a most eloquent silence succeeded my tardy announcement. I glanced timidly at Maurice; I fairly quailed before him. Incredulous amazement and wrathful indignation shone in his eyes. For some minutes the faint lapping of the water at our feet was the only sound. At length he spoke in a hard, restrained, mechanical voice:

"So you have been engaged for months, have you? An unwholesome leading me on to believe that you cared for me, merely *pour passer le temps*. I was pleading for others just now, little knowing that I myself have been the greatest dupe of all! Heavens! what an infatuated fool I have been!" he muttered. "But how was I to know that I was in the toils of a hardened, unscrupulous coquette? You knew that I loved you!" he cried, turning to me fiercely. "Never dare to deny it! You led me on, in a fool's paradise, from day to day; you possessed yourself of every thought of my heart. I looked on you as my dearest and better self, as my good angel."

I could give no idea of the scorn with which Maurice brought out this last peroration, or of the horrible, cynical laugh that accompanied it.

"I gave you all I had to give—an honest man's love. I would have given my soul had it been possible. I believed—oh, credulous fool!—that you loved me!—yes; can your mind grasp such inordinate vanity?—and I looked forward to a long and happy future spent with you, and, lo, with one word, my hopes are demolished! You calmly tell me that you are 'engaged—engaged'—with withering contempt—'enjoying the security of a secret engagement, and permitting yourself to receive the addresses of half a dozen deluded suitors. What pleasure has it given you to raise my hopes, only to dash them to the ground? What amusement has it afforded you to have wrecked my life, to have destroyed all my faith in your sex? Answer me!"

Maurice's voice literally shook with passion as he denounced me. I trembled as I gazed at him in conscience-stricken silence. I shall never forget him as he stood before me that evening, never, as long as I live. The cold white moonlight gave his severely cut features an unnatural, all stern expression, that overawed and confounded me, and I was at a loss to recognize my kind and devoted Cousin Maurice in my stern and merciless accuser.

"I never meant it," I whimpered plaintively; "I always intended to tell you of my engagement, I sobbed, now quite broken down and subdued.

"And why did you not tell me—nay I need not ask?" he pursued, with scathing sarcasm; "you preferred to play your fish a little longer?"

"I thought you only cared for me as a cousin," I gasped, eagerly clutching every straw of an excuse, "as a friend."

"I don't believe you," returned Maurice, forcibly. "Insultingly rude as it sounds, I do not believe you; and more than that, you do not believe it yourself, in your heart, if you have such an organ. You know very well that I loved you!" After a pause, during which I continued to weep copiously, and with no effect, whatever, on my hard-hearted kinsman, he proceeded: "And who is the fortunate possessor of your innocent affections?"

"Major Hastings Percival; the Honorable Hastings Percival," I murmured, in woe-begone tones.

"What! Peacock Percival?" in a shocked voice. "Impossible! Why, he is more than double your age! You have not an idea in common."

"Oh, yes, we have," I hastily interposed. "He is very fond of botany and music!"

"Botany and music!" echoed Maurice, "a pretty foundation on which to build a home. But I see it all," he added reflectively. "I have never given you credit for one of your gifts—a large share of worldly wisdom. I find that you quite understand the spirit of your age, my pretty cousin. Love is an old, worn-out delusion, and only fit to be entertained by the inmates of a lunatic asylum. You will be rich—that is the main thing now—and with a coronet dangling before your eyes, you will see no faults in Major Percival. What have I to offer but a few barren acres; and what is a miserable captain of artillery in comparison with a future lord?"

"Why should you assume that I am marrying Major Percival for his money and position?" I asked, plucking up a little spirit, and drying my eyes.

"Do you ask me to believe that you are marrying him for love?" returned Maurice, with slow, distinct utterance, and looking into my eyes as though he would read my very soul. "Ah! your face is enough; do not trouble yourself to tell a falsehood. So Mrs. Roper's golden precepts did not go in at one ear and out at the other. I think I can re-

member one of them verbatim. You were to have nothing to say to the military; they were poor, but pleasant, and she recommended the civil element to your particular notice. How admirably you have carried out her instructions!"

"Maurice—"

"No, I will speak for once," he proceeded, in the same tone of withering sarcasm. "I wear her majesty's uniform, and heaven knows I am poor enough, and occasionally you have found my society pleasant; the cap fits me exactly. And as to a rich civilian, have you not favored Major Percival with your attention, your affections (with a laugh), and the promise of your hand? You have achieved the position Mrs. Roper recommended; accept my best congratulations. If you go on as you have commenced—and you are a young lady of great promise—you will outrival Laura yet; it is a mere question of opportunity."

"Maurice, how dare you compare me to her!" I cried, aglow with indignation. "You called her a murderer."

"Let me assure you of one thing," he resumed, completely ignoring my expostulation, and stooping to pick up his hat. "In me you see the last of your victims. Your propensity for keeping dangerous sects must be checked. This very evening the fact of your engagement shall be known far and wide. I shall take good care to erect such a moral finger-post that no other unucky fool shall share my fate," speaking in a tone of fierce resolve. "Come along," he continued roughly, "I am going to take you back to your aunt. I have done with you!" moving aside to permit me to pass up the steps.

"Maurice, you are very hard on me; if you only knew—if you would listen to me—"

"I know quite enough. You are a deceitful, heartless, unscrupulous flirt, without the ghost of a notion of the meaning of the words 'honor' and 'truth.' I don't wish to know anything more about you," he rejoined, in a manner that effectually disposed of argument.

My demoralization was complete. I could make no stand against Maurice's bitter sarcasms or biting truths. I accompanied him back to the rectory of the party in solemn silence, vainly endeavoring to repress the tears that would keep rolling from my eyes in spite of all my efforts to restrain them. As we came into the light emitted by dozens of colored paper lanterns we found that a dance had just been concluded, and all the recent performers were sitting in tiers on the steps; consequently our return was remarkably public and conspicuous.

We walked up the whole length of the terrace in search of auntie, the cynosure at all eyes.

"Oh, here are Captain Beresford and Nora!" cried Boycie Towers, bounding toward us like a new ball. "They have had no dancing; and oh, I say!" he shrieked, capering before me, "Nora has been crying!"

"You little fiend!" I heard Maurice mutter between his teeth. "If you say another word, I shall kill you!"

I gladly sought refuge with Mrs. Vane, who charitably made room for me on the steps beside her, and still more humanely lent me her fan.

"I see you have told him," she whispered, with ready comprehension.

I was choking, and the only answer I was able to vouchsafe was a nod. Ever grateful shall I be to Mrs. Vane for her good offices that disastrous evening. She kept the Globetrotter at bay, in spite of his obstinate determination to come and sit between us, and make himself agreeable. She parried all Mrs. Gower's sarcastic inquiries, and shielded me when I was completely *hors de combat*, and utterly unable to take any part in the surrounding chatter. Indignation, shame, and mortification were struggling in my breast; my eyes were nearly blinded with tears; but I was not so completely blind that I failed to see Maurice and auntie in earnest conversation. Shortly afterward he took his leave. I watched his fast receding dog-cart rapidly disappearing along the white, moonlit road, with feelings I found it hard to analyze.

Maurice was quite as good as his word. He kept his promise and erected his finger-post. The following day my engagement to Major Percival was the latest news in Mulkaopore.

TO BE CONTINUED

"SOCIAL CATHOLICISM"

During nineteen centuries the church has had in view what certain persons think has been the exclusive preoccupation of Socialism which was born yesterday. The church has tendered a helping hand to the poor; it has rehabilitated woman, has abolished slavery, has saved the West from ruin, has nullified Roman law, upheld the serfs against the feudal barons, instituted Orders which were bound by oath to protect the orphan, the poor and the widow, fought usury by founding pawn offices, censured even kings themselves, established fraternities whence sprang the corporations and guilds, the church has afforded shelter to all unfortunate and has condemned all excess. Nowadays, when the material and moral wants of the proletariat have so much increased on account of bad times and bad men, the church has established in every city, not excepting this city of

ours, flourishing popular institutions which are highly beneficial, which insensibly attract the people who leave the path of error and see and love accept truth under the cloak of gain.—The Southern Cross.

(Written for the Missionary)

TRUE STORY OF A WAYWARD GIRL

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

During an unusually active season of Mission-giving I found myself in a certain district in Pennsylvania where the church was crowded with devout souls listening eagerly to the Word of God. As I stood on the platform preaching forgiveness for sinners who returned to God with a sincere and contrite heart, my eyes fell on the figure of a girl who stood near an adjacent pillar. The light fell full on her, and I never saw more beautifully chiselled features. Her eyes were large and dark, and were brimming with tears, which rolled down her pale cheeks. I raised my heart to God and talked right to this soul, and with all my strength laid open the treasures of grace ready to be poured out on the repentant sinner. I felt that she was one of these; and as I finished my sermon I saw her sink on her knees, and bury her face in her hands.

I prayed for her fervently at the foot of the altar; and when I returned to the rectory some time after, I was not surprised to receive a call to the reception room, where I found the same young girl. She was strikingly handsome, well dressed, and in conversation was, even more attractive. She began at once, "Father, I am not fit to talk to you, and I don't know why I am here. I don't know why I went into the Church, either for it is years since I crossed its threshold—but I was passing, and saw many people enter, and I was curious to know what was going on. I went in, I heard your sermon, and I came here to see you. Do you know what I am?"

"I know you are a soul Christ died to save," I replied.

"I am a bad girl, Father," she replied, and a blush rose to her face.

"The hand of God has mercifully brought you here my child," I said, "and you must thank Him with all your heart. Is your home here?"

"No, indeed, Father," she said hastily. "No one at home knows where I am. I ran off with a proceress eighteen months ago, and I have lived a fearful life of sin ever since. I was once a Catholic; my father and mother and brothers are Catholics. I am the only girl, spoiled and petted—too much, perhaps. I have a beautiful home in X—, and I know my family are broken-hearted because they cannot find me. They call me Lucy Ash-ton here, but my real name is Ethel B—."

"And you live in X—?" I said, determining would communicate with her friends.

"My father is well known in X—," she replied; "but I have disgraced him, and I will never go home again. Perhaps this visit to you is only an impulse born of the sermon I heard, the sight of a Catholic Church, and the piety of the people."

"No my child," I said. "It was the tender love of God who yearns for your return to grace. It was the voice of the Good Shepherd calling His lost sheep. You must not leave here until you are restored to grace."

"Father," she exclaimed, "how could God forgive one who has deliberately flung aside all virtue; who knew what she was doing, and wanted to do wrong? I love admiration, I love the life I am leading, even though I know my health is suffering already. Other girls have told me that I won't live half a dozen years longer at the pace I am going."

"How old are you, child?"

"I am not quite nineteen, Father."

"And you are willing to continue this life—for a few years—and be condemned forever to the eternal—mind, the eternal flames of hell? You are an educated Catholic, a daughter of Catholic parents—a girl who has received unusual graces of mind and body!"

The girl was silent. I saw that she was thinking. There was a little oratory in the rectory where a beautiful white statue of our Lady looked down from a pedestal in sweet gentleness. A little lamp burned at her feet—two hours he stood, I opened a folding door and pointed out the statue.

"Kneel there for a few minutes, my child; our sweet Mother will tell you what to do. I will leave you with her for a while, and then return."

I closed the door quickly, and went to the telephone. I had no difficulty in calling the home town of the girl, and locating her father, who was deeply moved, as I knew by his voice. And he said if I could keep her for about two hours he would be there. I promised to try. I returned to the oratory. Ethel was in tears. It was clearly a case of God's love and pity. After some effort she returned into the Church, and went to confession. She was full of contrition and repentance, and was a long time there. I would not let her out of my sight, and brought her back to the rectory. I then led her to a room where stood her father with open arms. She shrank back—but in a moment his arms were around her, and she was weeping on his breast.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00 per annum.

Advertisement for real estate, including details about property in Ottawa and surrounding areas.

Advertisement for a book or publication, mentioning 'The Catholic Record' and its content.

Advertisement for a service or organization, possibly related to the church or community.

Advertisement for a business or professional service, mentioning 'The Catholic Record'.

Advertisement for a religious or educational institution, possibly a school or university.

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But it is claimed that the appointment of Protestant inspectors is an attack on the integrity of Separate schools. There was a time when we had no Catholic Inspectors for Separate schools. Catholic inspection was granted by one of many amendments we owe to the spirit of good will toward Separate schools that has ever animated the successive Governments of this province.

The Regulation in question last year allowed the use of French without any restriction during the First Form. Here again there is from time to time on both sides an evident misapprehension. The First Form is not the first school year. The First Form comprises two years as a rule, and very often longer. Not until after the first two or three years, therefore, did Regulation 17 restrict the use of the French language to one hour a day.

Those who realize the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory results, where English is the mother tongue and English alone is taught during the short school life of the average child, will readily concede that if the French schools of Ontario are to give the children a working knowledge of English, the departmental regulations could not well be more generous. Those, however, who contend that French is on an equal footing with English in every province of the Dominion naturally resent any interference or regulation looking to the imposition of English on French children.

That is the "bilingual" school question, and we submit that it is in no sense a religious question; it is first, last and all the time a question of language. It is quite true that some French-Canadians proclaim from the house-tops that the French language is the safeguard of the faith; that French is a Catholic language, and English is not only a Protestant but a Protestantizing language.

In this connection Mr. Genest, Chairman of the Ottawa Separate School Board, and the most authoritative and arrogant exponent of French rights, privileges and duties throughout this whole agitation, is the same Mr. Genest of the following interview which recently appeared in the Ottawa Free Press:

"Then," continued Mr. Genest, "the argument is raised that we are priest-ridden and that our schools and education is ruled by the Church. I say that if this is so it is because it is forced upon us. Because we are not given our rights as regards taxes we cannot employ lay teachers and we have to secure others. The Grey Nuns, the Christian Brothers and others can afford to give us their services cheaply and so we must accept them because we have no alternative. If we could afford to engage lay teachers we would do so. It is the provincial government again which is forcing us to the Church and the priest for education for our children."

Evidently those for whom Mr. Genest speaks will tolerate religion only so long as it may serve as a useful maid-of-all-work for French nationalism. La bonne presse which becomes hysterical when an English-speaking Catholic refuses to subscribe to "neo-gallicanism," has nothing but unstinted admiration for the valiant Mr. Genest.

It is true, also, that extreme Protestants see in this language agitation "the encroachment of the hierarchy." The hierarchy of Ontario can safely be left to speak for themselves. By the extremists of both sides they are subjected to equal abuse. Nevertheless when religion is concerned they will not shirk the duty of safeguarding the interests of their people, nor are they likely to delegate their authority to those prominent in this agitation.

This mischievous imputation of motive is wholly gratuitous. There are in Ontario many Protestants who fully sympathize with the Catholic ideal of education, where religion permeates the whole school life of the child; there are others who honestly regret that all children, Catholic and Protestant, are not educated side by side in the public schools; others still, who are frankly, even bitterly, opposed to Separate schools and who would abolish them if they could. But the various governments of the province have always recognized that since the principle of Separate schools was constitutionally guaranteed it was in the highest interests of the whole province to make the Separate schools as efficient as possible.

If, as they claim, legal rights are denied them or constitutional rights invaded, redress should be sought, not in belauding the issue by pernici-ous agitation, but in the courts. In the Catechism taught in the English Separate schools of Ontario occur the following question and answer: Q. What are the duties of citizens towards the civil government? A. To obey the laws and respect the public officers "not only for wrath but also for conscience' sake," for so is the will of God, I. Pet. II.; Rom. XIII. We should likewise pray "for all those in high stations, that we may lead a quiet and peaceful life." I. Tim. II. We are at a loss to reconcile this plain Catholic teaching with methods which inculcate even in the children of Catholic schools disobedience, insubordination, and defiance of lawfully constituted authority.

Talent forms itself in secret; character, in the great current of the world. Keep your mind humble and tranquil, remembering what St. Francis de Sales says, that a little performed with great love is better than a great deal performed with little love.

SOCIALISM: PROMISE OR MENACE?

The discussion of Socialism by Mr. Hillquit and Father Ryan, in the November number of Everybody's Magazine, fulfils its promise of being of great interest to serious readers. The treatment of the subject has not as yet been at all exhaustive. Indeed it has only begun. Nevertheless it has proceeded far enough to indicate the method and style of the defender of the old order that rests on ages of experience, and of the advocate of a new order that would break radically with the past and trust to the successful working of untried theory.

Mr. Hillquit's style is that of the eloquent advocate. One cannot escape the impression that he is courting the favor of the crowd, pandering to its prejudices, intensifying its sense of injustice, in order to stimulate the unrest and discontent that will secure the votes for the new order, in which poverty shall be no more, nor injustice, nor vice, but where human nature itself will be transformed and every human act proceed from the purest and highest of motives. We credit Mr. Hillquit with absolute sincerity. Doubtless the flatterers of kings, in the days of absolute power, were often sincere, though they appear to us contemptible. To the thoughtful man of the present day the flatterer of the crowd, though his motive be the same, plays a part still more contemptible. It may be due to the very sincerity of his belief in Socialism that Mr. Hillquit adopts a style so little suited to scientific discussion.

Father Ryan, on the contrary, calmly, even coldly, punctures an inflated statement of his eloquent opponent, and never departs from the sober, restrained language becoming to the scientific analysis of economic and social principles. Following are samples of Mr. Hillquit's style:

And the nation, as at present organized, is helpless before them. (the trusts). No amount of denunciation will shake their massive foundation, no legal legislation or court decrees will curtail their tremendous powers, as the sturdy corpses of the Standard Oil Company, the Tobacco Trust, and other dissolved and disembowelled entities eloquently attest. In face of popular clamor and indignation they stand like huge giants, complacently grinning at the impotent ravings of excited pygmies, and the chances are that they may even pay little heed to the well-meant suggestion of my opponent that all monopolies "should forthwith be abolished."

This is sheer declamation—declamation eloquent, picturesque and edged with sarcasm, but declamation still. Again: "It is this method of wealth distribution which rears our thousands of powerful millionaires, our proud mansions and magnificent social entertainments, and it is this method also that breeds our millions of paupers with their disreputable dwellings, their filth and rags. To this capitalist system of wealth distribution we are largely indebted for our libraries, our hospitals, rescue missions, and charitable institutions of all descriptions; also for our pauperism, child labor, trade diseases, white slavery, and many other forms of destitution and its twin-sisters, crime and vice."

Here again, we have declamation, exaggeration, half-truths, gratuitous assertion and always the underlying assumption that the magic wand of Socialism will abolish all social, physical and moral evils as well as eradicate the effects of original sin; and all painted and flavored with the biting sarcasm that is invaluable on the stump, but singularly out of place in a serious scientific discussion intended for thoughtful students of a subject of vital importance.

Contrast the tone and spirit of Mr. Hillquit's presentation of present abuses, with the quiet admission of Leo III:

"And to this must be added the custom of working by contract, and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses a yoke little better than slavery itself." Father Ryan, no more than Leo XIII, shirks the issue. He faces the facts of existing abuses squarely. Answering the argument, or rather assertion, in the first quotation given above, Dr. Ryan says: "To assume that the partial dissolution of the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company by a court decree has exhausted the power of the government, is to ignore the greater part of its resources both in the field of prevention and punishment. "Not until this plan (to utilize all the powers of the nation against Mr.

Hillquit's 'huge giants') has met with decisive failure will his pessimistic presentation of national helplessness be within measurable distance of literal and scientific statement."

Liberal and scientific statement is not Mr. Hillquit's long suit. Since the articles were written Lloyd George's outline of the British Government's plan to grapple courageously with the huge giant of land monopoly in England is a further evidence that the resources of civilization are not yet exhausted. The English land policy is inspiring. The conscious power of the people exercised through the people's government will wipe out age-long privilege and age-long abuses. Lloyd George preaches the gospel of optimism, of democratic self-respect and self-reliance. Mr. Hillquit arouses the mob instinct by picturing the "huge giants complacently grinning at the impotent ravings of excited pygmies."

Space will not permit our further exemplifying Dr. Ryan's method and style. Suffice it to say that, great as our expectations were, Father Ryan has fulfilled them all. We earnestly commend to our readers the rare opportunity that Everybody's is offering to study a most vital question, both sides of which are adequately and characteristically presented.

JOHN PURROY MITCHELL AND OTHERS

The elections along the line last week were not without some details unusually interesting to Irish Catholics. Both candidates for the mayoralty in New York city were Irish and Catholic. John Purroy Mitchell is the grandson of the Irish "rebel" of '48. Like most of the Irish patriot leaders of the last century John Mitchell was a Protestant, but his descendant, the new mayor of America's greatest city, is a Catholic. Notwithstanding the fact that his opponent, Judge McCall, was also an Irish Catholic of unblemished character and of the highest standing, we learned from the Irish World during the campaign that the Irish National societies of New York rallied enthusiastically to the support of the grandson of the Irish patriot. For his distinguished opponent John Purroy Mitchell shares the general high esteem in which New York holds the late judge of its Supreme Court. After the result was known Mr. Mitchell in his public statement said: "I have but one ambition, that is, to make New York city the best governed city in America. . . . and as Mayor I shall invite the co-operation of Judge McCall as chairman of the Public Service Commission in carrying out the plans for rapid transit in the city."

William Prendergast, re-elected Comptroller, is Irish and Catholic; George McAneny, President of the Board of Aldermen, is probably Catholic, at any rate his name is racy of the soil.

The Governor of Massachusetts, the Hon. David I. Walsh, is an Irish Catholic. The impeachment of Sulzer left the Irish Catholic, Martin Glynn, Governor of the State of New York; while the election of a year ago placed Judge Dunne in the Governor's seat in Illinois. A short time ago the interesting fact was noted that every single member of congress from the State of Connecticut was Irish and Catholic.

Those who gloat over Tammany's defeat as the death-blow to Irish influence in American politics don't know their United States—nor Tammany. The truth is that the racial genius for government places Irishmen in the forefront of all political organizations and movements. Indeed, their bitterest opponents charge, and not altogether without reason, that the Irish are also ruling the British Empire.

The race that plays so important a role in the government of a large part of the civilized world will soon, please God, be entrusted with the government of the dearly loved island home of our fathers. John Mitchell, his indomitable spirit unbroken, writing his Jail Journal in his prison cell, and John Purroy Mitchell, the honored Mayor of one of the world's greatest cities, may serve to mark the progress of a half-century's strenuous struggle of the fighting race for a place in the sun.

Forget all that is past, and imagine each day you but begin.—St. Augustine. We live continually in the midst of great human needs, and every one has something to give, something that would help a little, at least, in supplying these needs.

THE MODERN "NEWS" PAPER

It is a habit of some enterprising individuals to endeavor to take advantage of the postal laws and obtain newspaper postal privileges to which they are not justly entitled. A case in point is now discussed by the papers. The department will not carry as newspaper matter advertisements that occupy two pages of a paper; and in this we think it is quite right. The furious commercial spirit of the day prompts some men to transmit vulgar posters to all parts of the Dominion. These posters they have set up in the job office and put the newspaper heading on them. There is advertising and advertising. If the two page advertisement in question is permitted to pass through the mails the printed matter of Barnum's circus, topped with a newspaper caption, we will say the Morning Screech Owl or the Evening Fire Cracker, have just as much right to a place in His Majesty's mail bags. If we take a glance at the files of the daily papers fifty years ago and make comparison with those of the present day we cannot help noticing that many of our modern publications have become unbearably vulgar. With some the dissemination of criminal proceedings, repeated over and over again, has become a specialty, whilst matter with good literary meat is relegated to the back ground in the smallest type. One paper, stung by the regulation in regard to the two-page advertising, makes the remark: "The next newspaper regulation will be expected to deal with the size of type to be used and the quality and color of the ink." It would not be a bad thing if, for the general good of Canada, some regulation of this kind were made. The type used in some papers is so small that it is almost unreadable, made worse by the use of the cheapest ink. The red headlines, setting forth some great crime or some ridiculous piece of yellow news, manufactured to-day to be contradicted to-morrow, has become disgusting to a long suffering public.

There comes now to our mind a Montreal evening paper containing a pound or more of advertising posters each day, the distribution of which should be given to the bill poster rather than the postoffice. One has to search here and there for a bit of news, in many cases manufactured by newspaper syndicates for purposes which will not always bear investigation.

We might also remark that the cartoon business is overdone. These representations as a rule are meaningless and vulgar. Some of them leave a bad taste in the mouth, and, perused by the young, are apt to give us a generation of vulgar people who will look askance at the literary nuggets of our greatest and best minds, past and present. Some of the papers in Toronto and Montreal are the worst offenders. We would like to see them take the London papers for a model.

Another feature of modern newspaperdom is the activity of the reporter. He has become somewhat of a Pinkerton detective and will at times make invasion of the most sacred places in quest of "news." Premier Borden and his good lady a few days ago decided to take a trip south. This circumstance stirred up the army of reporters to activity and our first citizen could scarcely turn on his heel without beholding a reporter or a kodak. Said he: "Here I am in New York with my wife on a quiet little vacation for a few days before going South and I am scarcely inside the Algonquin doors when your newspapers know all about it! I can't understand it."

The reporters even found out what the Premier intended to do during his short stay in New York. They informed him that it was his intention to visit Wallack's Theatre in the evening to witness a performance of "The Auctioneer." How it was found out is interesting:

"Premier Borden's evident mystification was so complete that it seemed a sham to explain how simple the whole thing was. Chas. Emerson Cook, press agent in the Belasco offices, has a telephone right on his desk. There's a telephone on the desk in the publicity office of the Liebler firm also. When even a premier gets off a train at the station platform of the Grand Central he has to walk and walk and walk and walk, thus allowing theatrical publicity men time to don one-piece suits, helmets and boots, slide down the brass pole and telephone a third alarm to each newspaper before the visitor to our city has arrived at the forty-second street concourse. And when theater tickets have been ordered in advance the press agents can get on the job even before the movie operators."

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell is a great churchman. Dowered with magnificent talents and of forceful personality that dominates and charms all who come within its influence, he is destined not only to rule his flock but to write new pages of history. His public addresses are always couched in simple and eloquent diction. He dignifies all that he touches. On occasion his voice strikes anyone who maligns the Church with deadly effect. He is on the heights, exposed to every wind and storm, but we know that the personal love of the Lord, which is the absorbing passion of his soul, is his source of strength and the guarantee that his work shall be great and permanent. The potency of his word, the clearness of his insight, his administrative ability and his gift of moulding public opinion; are recognized by all, irrespective of creed. Catholics not only of Boston but of the whole country are glad that the reins of government are in the hands of Cardinal O'Connell.

TURBULENT PREACHERS

Last Wednesday in London there was a Guy Fawkes dinner in the Masonic Temple. Mr. E. T. Essery was the orator on the occasion, and, as is his wont, said some very foolish things. It is a pity to notice a man of Mr. Essery's years still following the regulation in regard to the two-page advertising, makes the remark: "The next newspaper regulation will be expected to deal with the size of type to be used and the quality and color of the ink." It would not be a bad thing if, for the general good of Canada, some regulation of this kind were made. The type used in some papers is so small that it is almost unreadable, made worse by the use of the cheapest ink. The red headlines, setting forth some great crime or some ridiculous piece of yellow news, manufactured to-day to be contradicted to-morrow, has become disgusting to a long suffering public.

There comes now to our mind a Montreal evening paper containing a pound or more of advertising posters each day, the distribution of which should be given to the bill poster rather than the postoffice. One has to search here and there for a bit of news, in many cases manufactured by newspaper syndicates for purposes which will not always bear investigation. We might also remark that the cartoon business is overdone. These representations as a rule are meaningless and vulgar. Some of them leave a bad taste in the mouth, and, perused by the young, are apt to give us a generation of vulgar people who will look askance at the literary nuggets of our greatest and best minds, past and present. Some of the papers in Toronto and Montreal are the worst offenders. We would like to see them take the London papers for a model. Another feature of modern newspaperdom is the activity of the reporter. He has become somewhat of a Pinkerton detective and will at times make invasion of the most sacred places in quest of "news." Premier Borden and his good lady a few days ago decided to take a trip south. This circumstance stirred up the army of reporters to activity and our first citizen could scarcely turn on his heel without beholding a reporter or a kodak. Said he: "Here I am in New York with my wife on a quiet little vacation for a few days before going South and I am scarcely inside the Algonquin doors when your newspapers know all about it! I can't understand it." The reporters even found out what the Premier intended to do during his short stay in New York. They informed him that it was his intention to visit Wallack's Theatre in the evening to witness a performance of "The Auctioneer." How it was found out is interesting: "Premier Borden's evident mystification was so complete that it seemed a sham to explain how simple the whole thing was. Chas. Emerson Cook, press agent in the Belasco offices, has a telephone right on his desk. There's a telephone on the desk in the publicity office of the Liebler firm also. When even a premier gets off a train at the station platform of the Grand Central he has to walk and walk and walk and walk, thus allowing theatrical publicity men time to don one-piece suits, helmets and boots, slide down the brass pole and telephone a third alarm to each newspaper before the visitor to our city has arrived at the forty-second street concourse. And when theater tickets have been ordered in advance the press agents can get on the job even before the movie operators." But his advice is not followed. The preacher to whom he refers conjures

a monstrosity which he designates as the Church, and then belabors it lustily. He is an object of wonder to the thoughtful because of his mentality. For a preacher is regarded as an educated man who should be averse to half-baked ineptitudes and bound by his profession to give at least fair play. We refer to him rarely because to us it is a waste of paper.

If into his harangues he could breathe a little originality, sound a new note, and clothe his fictions in modern guise, we might be tempted to give him a word. But to endeavor to perpetuate prejudices and disquisitions by means of oft-refuted charges is a poor employment for a man who professes to be a preacher of the Gospel—especially when he can get reading material so inexpensively.

PRINTED FILTH AND THE ANTIDOTE

The deliberate statement of the London Tablet, that present-day English literature "is, and will remain predominantly Protestant," has been already noted in these columns. Coming from such a source this must be accepted as sober fact. The sane and ultra-conservative Tablet is not given to exaggeration.

That our mental food should be so flavored with Protestantism is surely bad enough, but that it should be immoral into the bargain, is worse. For, let us repeat, it is neither doctrinal error nor bigoted history that works the greatest harm to faith in a nation's literature. Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," or Gerald O'Donovan's "Father Ralph," will make but few proselytes, whereas sex novels, problem stories, and the indecency that is served up to us in every page of the popular publications of the day, poison the springs of faith in thousands of hearts. English literature is clean, but the literature of the day, written in the English language, is not clean. And it is the literature of the day, and not the classics, that the people read.

We in Canada may be, as yet, fairly immune from home manufactured printed filth, but imported immorality has a large, and ever increasing, sale amongst us. Many of the books and papers produced in Great Britain reek with uncleanness. So bad are they that the people of Ireland, led by their bishops and priests, have entered upon a nation-wide crusade against their importation into that country of strong faith and pure morals. These old-country publications circulate to a certain extent in Canada. But, as a general rule, our supply of immoral reading matter comes to us across the border from the United States. The counters of the tiny bookshop in the remotest country village groan under the weight of the vilest productions of the American printing presses. If they remained in the bookshops it would matter but little, but it would be absurd to think that they do. It is demand that creates the supply, and if these dirty books and magazines were not sought after they would not be placed on sale. Young and old, and especially the former, buy them. They are taken into the homes of rich and poor alike, and pure hearts are tainted, and young lives receive a vicious bent, and hell is peopled with immortal souls.

The publishers look for results in increased circulation and larger profits, and they get both the one and the other. It is the demand that creates the supply. If people did not want these vile publications no publisher would issue them. As long as the public read these papers and magazines just so long will the printing presses work over time producing them—just so long, and no longer. It is the public, not the publisher, that is responsible.

What, then, is the remedy? We must elevate the public taste. And how? Obviously by the diffusion of good literature. For Catholics the support of the Catholic press is plainly a religious duty. Nor need we be ashamed of our press, even if we have sore need to be ashamed of our support of it. No Catholic need hang his head for shame at the mention of the CATHOLIC RECORD, the Ave Maria, the Catholic World, or the Magnificat. Nor is it for any want of genius that Catholic books are not listed amongst the best sellers. Are Marie Corelli's books superior to Rosa Mulholland's? Or Harold Bell Wright's to John Ayscough's? Which is the greater poet, Robert Service or Francis Thompson? Why, then, do Catholics ignore their own writers? Is it because Hall Caine is fashionable, whereas Monsignor Benson is not? Since when did "being in the fashion" become a note of the Church?

In addition to our loyal supporting our own Catholic press and our own Catholic writers we can carry the war into Africa. We can black-list certain publications, or, at least, white list the good ones. Are we, Canadian and American Catholics, such a negligible factor that publishers need take no account of us? If proprietors of "popular" publications have no code of morals they have at least a bank book. If we cannot touch their conscience we can touch their dividends. If we cannot be good Catholics and be "in the fashion," we can be conscientious Catholics and set the fashion. Let us read nothing but what is clean, and when the purveyors of filth notice their bank account dwindling they will change their wares.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

"TRUTH," WHICH in the palmy days of its founder, Henry Labouchere, was the staunch champion of Irish self government, is not less so under its present management. We can imagine in what scathing terms "Labby" would have characterized the Carson movement. His successor, referring to the boast that an Orange republic can be got under way within an hour, opines that with any sort of luck it should last an equal period. It might even, we think, go another fifteen minutes if the "Irish Rifle Club" of Toronto will make good its offer to lend a helping hand. An exhibition of that organization's sprinting powers might divert Government attention for just about that extent of time. After that, the deluge.

WE QUOTED a few weeks ago certain passages from two historical writers of name dealing with the part played by the Catholic Church and her prelates in defence of Scottish freedom and independence in the now far-off ages of faith. Another historical scholar, Professor Hume Brown, of Edinburgh University, lecturing before the arts classes of that venerable institution, paid a kindred tribute to the intellectual influence of the Church in those same pre-Reformation centuries, and to the pre-eminence in the world of letters Scotland then enjoyed. According to the early annals, he said, Scotland gave early proof of her intellectual superiority. Particular stress was laid upon the work of Richard of St. Victor, the fame of whose lectures attracted students to the University of Paris from every country in Europe, and whose mystical writings were read and admired throughout the Middle Ages.

THE LECTURER referred also to Michael Scott, whose fame as a magician had somewhat overlaid his more honorable claim to remembrance as the translator of Aristotle. Erasmus in his "Praise of Folly" had said that Scotsmen plumed themselves on their skill in dialectic subtleties, but their pre-eminence lay rather in the field of scholastic theology. And it was the Church that nurtured them in learning as well as in piety, and by her fostering care made possible the world-wide culture of a later time. Conversely, as the lecturer proceeded to say, the ideas that underlay the sadly-misalled Reformation in Scotland were not of native growth, and Knox and Melville were not of importance in the intellectual development of Europe. Admissions such as these, while merely testifying to truths that lie on the surface of history, are of interest in themselves as indicating the new spirit that has entered into Scottish non-Catholic studies of the past. It is gradually coming to be recognized that men like Duns Scotus, Richard of St. Victor, and Gavin Dunbar, are the real fountain-heads of Scottish letters.

A SHORT time ago our Methodist friends were boasting of the munificent spirit which lay behind the prodigious expenditure of money on their foreign missions and educational schemes. All others, especially poor Catholics, were quite in the shade in this respect. We had a pretty shrewd idea as to the real state of affairs, based upon the acknowledged decay of Methodism at home. According to a writer in the Christian Guardian the money does not come from the rank and file, but, evidently, from a few rich men who have taken the denominational burden largely upon their own shoulders. One Toronto congregation paying its pastor a salary of \$1,800 contributed \$38.18 to the

educational society, and another in Hamilton, the munificent sum of \$15. "The success of our missionary work," says this writer, "is very largely dependent upon our educational work." This being so, the outlook for Methodist missions is, on this showing, not as rosy as the Christian Guardian would have its readers believe.

ANGLICANS—EVEN Canadian Anglicans—are much exercised over a recent sermon of Right Rev. Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, which took high ground as to the place the "invocation of saints" should occupy in Christian—that is, in Anglican belief and practice. Dr. Ingram is well known as a "high churchman," but, since his occupancy of the See of London, has made himself conspicuous on more than one occasion as a belittler of "Roman pretensions." His Canadian critic (The Canadian Churchman of October 30th) seems, on the contrary, to consider him almost ready to pass out of the Anglican Communion. A special correspondent of the Church Times, in England, commenting on the sermon, had uttered this warning note:

"A very large number of the laity have made up their minds as to what they understand by the Catholic Faith. They will not accept Catholicism bawled in the interests of an insular and isolated Anglicanism. What the whole of the rest of Christendom teaches, that, and nothing less than that, will they accept. They will have nothing to do with whittling and watering away what from immemorial times has been the faith and practice of the whole Church. If they cannot have this in the Church of England they will have it elsewhere."

Commenting on this, the Canadian Churchman's contributor (the Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, D. D.) says that there is no reason why those (including, necessarily, Dr. Ingram) who will have nothing less than "what the whole of the rest of Christendom teaches" should not obtain it elsewhere, for "they certainly will not get it in the Anglican Church."

TO CATHOLICS, and to others not of the Church of England, the spirit of disruption and confusion of thought which these utterances display are quite marked. That the two elements in the establishment are fast pushing on to the point where cohesion or forbearance will become impossible, is manifest. It is a question simply of how long they can hold together.

Any crisis may precipitate the cleavage, and Anglican history is no stranger to such crises. Meanwhile the inherent Protestantism of their church is the more accentuated by the very diversity of aim and ideal which characterizes its membership. Those of them who speak so confidently of its "Catholic character" are simply blind to the realities. Dr. Griffith Thomas but voices the universal opinion of those outside his Church, or within, who have seriously considered the matter and looked facts in the face, when he says that Bishop Ingram "has taken a line which is not warranted by anything in the formularies and history of the English Church since the sixteenth century"—that is, of course, from its beginning. Yet, it is impossible not to sympathize with those who, however deluded as to their present position, have so evident a desire to come into all truth. Would that such a man as Dr. Ingram, and all who think with him, would cease their efforts to "rebuild the paper house of schism" and track the way for their countrymen, by the light of their own example, to the one home of unity—the Holy Catholic Roman Church.

WE HAVE recently been reminded of an eminent son of Erin who is practically forgotten in the present generation. John Henry Foley, of the Royal Academy, sculptor, who died as late as 1874, seems to have passed out of recollection, though he was among the eminent sculptors of his time. To him Ireland owes the beautiful statues of Burke and Goldsmith in Trinity College, Dublin, and in St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, his magnificent statue of Hampden is said to stand out from all its surroundings as the one work of art there that will endure for ever. Foley was born in Dublin in 1818, and went to London in 1834, where for ten years he studied art and lived in obscurity. In 1844, however, a group of statuary of his entitled "Youth at the Spring," brought him into prominence, and from thenceforward he never lacked commissions. The statue of Father Mathew in Cork is also his work.

WE ARE not aware that Foley was a Catholic, and the fact that he is buried in St. Paul's, London, seems to militate against that idea. His resting place is in the crypt of that cathedral, in the section known as the "Painters' Corner," where Barry, Reynolds, Opie and Turner also lie buried. The only memorial to mark Foley's tomb is a small brass plate fixed in the flags bearing his name with the dates of his birth and death. With the coming restoration of the Irish Parliament may come also the revivification of the memory of the many illustrious Irishmen, who, eminent in their generation at home or abroad, have to a greater or less degree passed out of memory. Among them John Henry Foley certainly deserved to be included.

REV. DR. O'GORMAN

ON SO-CALLED BILINGUAL SCHOOLS

The Ottawa Citizen

That pedagogy and not religion should determine the method of teaching, was the outspoken statement made by Father O'Gorman, parish priest of the Blessed Sacrament parish, in discussing the bilingual question with The Citizen. He strongly deprecated the effort to associate the teaching of French with either the interests of the Catholic Church or with the Separate schools. The bilingual regulations, he said, were not special for the Separate schools, but applied to both Public and Separate schools. "We don't want any special regulations," he added.

Father O'Gorman was equally emphatic in condemning some of the present so-called bilingual schools. In the city of Ottawa and in the counties of Russell and Prescott the majority of these schools, he said, were French schools with a smattering of English taught. He does not agree with the stand taken that a Protestant inspector should not be allowed in the bilingual Separate schools, and says it would be just as reasonable for Catholics to refuse to pay customs duties if the inspector was a Protestant. The proposal to teach French in English Separate schools he characterizes as stupid.

The bilingual question was primarily an educational one he stated, French-speaking children came to school ignorant of English and they should be educated in a rational way. Pedagogy and not religion should determine the method. Bilingualism had become a national question, because French Canadians were insisting on their right to learn their national language. It was regrettable, though inevitable, that it should become a political question, but it most certainly was not a religious one.

NOT RELIGIOUS QUESTION
"Is it not true that some of the French papers as well as some of the French clergy, have said that it is a religious question?" asked the reporter.

"Both Orangemen and French Nationalists have sought to drag religious prejudice into the bilingual question, but this is both misleading and mischievous," answered Father O'Gorman. "The Catholic Church, as its name signifies, is for all languages and for all nations. To identify the interests of the Catholic Church and the French language in Ontario would be a form of 'Neo-Gallicanism' repugnant to Catholic teaching. The CATHOLIC RECORD, the most representative organ of the Catholic Church in Ontario, some months ago clearly stated that the bilingual question was an educational and not a religious one, and that to object to the chief inspector because he was not a Catholic was utter nonsense. One might as well refuse to pay customs duties because the inspector was not a Catholic," he continued.

"But don't the French papers claim that it is a religious question?" persisted the reporter.

"The same French papers spend the other half of their time insulting English speaking bishops and priests because they don't run the Catholic Church on French lines," retorted Father O'Gorman.

GO TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS
"Why," he continued, "there are places in Ontario, and some of them just outside of Ottawa, where Catholic English-speaking children are forced to go to the Public School if they wish to get a proper English education, because the Separate teacher speaks only 'pigeon' English. This is an example of bilingualism preventing Catholic children from receiving religious instruction, hence working directly against the object for which Separate schools were established, and against the interests of the English-speaking children."

Asked if he was opposed to bilingual schools, Father O'Gorman replied that he certainly was not. He thought it would be a good thing for the French-Canadians in Ontario, and for the general culture of the province to have efficient English-French Public and Separate schools for the French children. To have such schools required a large body of teachers who knew perfectly, and were competent to teach both languages.

SCORED PRESENT SCHOOLS
At present, said Father O'Gorman, the majority of the so-called bilingual schools of Ottawa and of the counties of Russell and Prescott were French schools, where a smattering of English was taught. The educa-

tional authorities in Toronto, very rightly, wanted to remedy this. So did the French-Canadians, he stated, and anybody attempting to prevent the French in Ontario from learning to speak English correctly in school would, before long, be repudiated by them.

The resolution to have French taught in the English Separate schools, Father O'Gorman characterized as stupid. Children never learned a second language unless they spoke it apart from the classroom, and they would never think of trying to talk French on the way home from school. "The teachers don't know it; the parents don't want it, and the children would not learn it," said the clergyman. It would prevent the efficient teaching of the present day program. There was little chance of forcing French to be taught in the Separate schools of Ottawa as there was of forcing it on the Public schools. Father O'Gorman stated that he was convinced that the trustees who are in favor of it had the best possible intentions but when an attempt was made to put impracticable Utopian ideas into effect, great harm could be done. If a few English children in Ottawa desired to learn French there was nothing to prevent them from going to the French schools, just as the French children who really wanted to learn English, went to the English Separate schools. It would be foolish to jeopardize the Separate school system just to teach a few children French, concluded Father O'Gorman and certainly the English-speaking Separate school supporters would take effective means of resisting any attempt to have French taught in the English Separate schools.

AUGUSTINE BIRELL

J. C. McWalter, M. D., LL. D., in "Truth"

How is it that Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is not often quoted as a witness for the Catholic Church? Of course, he is now a politician, and all politicians are suspect; but anything he has written of the Church appeared between 1874 and 1900—long before he thought of being Secretary for Ireland.

HOW THE CHURCH ATTRACTS
He shows how the Church attracts those who are horrified to find fond articles of faith abandoned by the Protestant sect— "It is not the Roman Ritual, however splendid, nor her ceremonial, however significant, nor her system of doctrine, as well arranged as Roman law and as subtle as Greek philosophy, that makes Romanism nowadays."

"It is when a person of religious spirit and strong convictions as to the truth and importance of certain dogmas—few in number it may be, perhaps only one, the Being of God—first becomes fully alive to the tenderness and direction of the most active opinions of the day; when, his alarm quickening his insight, he reads as it were, between the lines of books, magazines, and newspapers, when struck with a sudden trepidation, he asks, 'Where is this to stop? How can I, to the extent of a poor ability, help to stem this tide of opinion which daily increases in volume and floods new territory? Then it is that the Church of Rome stretches out her arms and seems to say, 'quarrel not with your destiny, which is to become a Catholic.'"

ADMIRATION FOR CATHOLICITY
Mr. Birrell likes to be thought a bit of a cynic. He speaks not in the phrases of the platitudinous pietist; but his admiration for Catholicity shines through his words. Speaking of the doubt-tossed, well-meaning man of the day, he says, "He demands sound armour, sharp weapons, and above all firm ground to stand on—a good footing for his faith—and these he is apt to fancy he can get from Rome alone."

"No doubt he has to pay for them, but the charm of the Church of Rome is this: when you have paid your price, you get your goods—a neat assortment of coherent, interdependent, logical opinions."

He gives a characteristic cut to critics when speaking of the Church's unassailable position: "Notwithstanding the obstinate preference the 'bulk of mankind' always shows for demonstrable errors over undeniable truths, the number of persons is daily increasing who have begun to put a value upon mental coherency, and to appreciate the charm of a logical position."

SCOFFERS RIDICULED
He ridicules those who used to scoff at Catholics who believed in the miracle of St. Januarius: "If you can convince the convert that he can disbelieve Januarius of Naples without losing his grip of Paul of Tarsus you will be well employed; but if you begin with merry gibes, he will, perhaps, he knows his Browning, murmur to himself:

"To such a process I discern no end. Cutting off one excrescence to see two: There is ever a next in size, now grown as big. That meets the knife, I cut and cut again."

First comes the liquefaction, what comes last But Fichte's clever cut at God Himself?"

"To suppose that no person is logically entitled to fear God and to ridicule Januarius at the same time is doubtless extravagant; but to do so requires care. There is an order in thinking. We must consider how propositions lie towards each other—how a theory hangs together, and what will follow if it is admitted."

If Birrell has an enemy in the Church, he must forgive him much for his whole-souled admiration of Cardinal Newman. He says, "Newman's quiet humor always takes us unawares, and is accepted gratefully, partly on account of its intrinsic excellence, and partly because we are glad to find that the 'Pilgrim pale' with Paul's and gentle bound' is a room for mirth in his heart," and, "to take up one of Dr. Newman's books, and these are happily numerous, it is to be led away from 'evil tongues' and the 'snares of selfish men,' from the mud and the mire, the shoving and pushing that gather and grow round the pig troughs of life, into a diviner ether, a purer air, and is to spend your time in the company of one who, though he may sometimes astonish, yet never fails to make you feel (to use Carlyle's words about a very different author) 'that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a triumph of wisdom, not ill and disgracefully as in brawling tavern supper rooms with fools and noisy persons.'"

Again, says Birrell: "If I may suppose this paper read by some one who is not yet acquainted with Newman's writings, I would advise him to begin, not with the 'Sermons,' not even with the 'Apologia,' but with the 'Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England.' Then let him take up the 'Discussions and Arguments,' and 'Anglican Difficulties.' If after he has despatched these volumes he is not affected with what one of those charging Bishops called Newmania, he is possessed of a devil of obtuseness no wit of man can expel."

NEWMAN AND PASCAL

He has a happy comparison of Pascal and Newman: "No one's plummet since Pascal's had taken deeper soundings of the infirmity—the oceanic infirmity—of the intellect. What actuary, he asks contemptuously, can appraise the value of a man's opinions? The solemn pomposity which so frequently dignifies with the name of research or inquiry feeble scratchings amongst heaps of verbosity had no more determined foe than the Cardinal."

Mr. Birrell speaks right out against the Reformation: "A far worse, because a corrupting, procuring, was the scandalously horrid fate that befell the monastic libraries at our disgustingly conducted, even if generally beneficent, Reformation. The greedy nobles and the landed gentry who grabbed the ancient foundations of the old religion, cared nothing for the books they found cumbering the walls, and either devoted them to vile domestic uses or sold them in shiploads across the sea. A man need have a very debonaire spirit who need not lose his temper over our blessed Reformation."

A few years ago Mr. Birrell wrote as follows regarding the English Church: "The English Church, before the Reformation, celebrated the Mass after the same fashion, though not in identical language (sic), as it has today been celebrated in Notre Dame of Paris. Has the English Church, as a church, after the Reformation, continued to celebrate the Mass after the same fashion and with the same intention as she did before? If yes, to the ordinary British layman the quarrel with the Pope, even the ban of the Pope and his foreign Cardinals, will seem but one of those matters to which it is so easy to give the slip. Our quarrel with the Pope is of respectable antiquity—France, too, had hers. But if no, the same ordinary layman will be puzzled; and, if he has a leaning to sacraments and the sacramental theory of religion and nature, will grow distraught and, it may be, distracted."

"Nobody nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be indeed the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once for all, long ago, in a chill historic past."

"However much there may be that is repulsive to many minds in ecclesiastical millinery and matters—and it is not only the merriment of persons that is often found mighty offensive—it is doubtful whether any poor sinful child of Adam (not being) ever witnessed, however ignorantly, and it may be with only the languid curiosity of a traveler, the unquid service according to the Roman Catholic ritual without emotion. It is the Mass that matters; it is the Mass that makes the difference; so hard to define, so subtle is it, yet so perceptible, between a Catholic country and a Protestant one—between Dublin and Edinburgh, between Havre and Cromer."

"Here, I believe, is one of the battlefields of the future. 'How long can any church allow its fathers and its faithful laity to be at large on such a subject? Already the rift is so great as to present to the observer some of the ordinary indications of sectarianism. Several church folk of one way of thinking can not bring themselves to attend the churches devoted to the other way. In the selection of summer quarters it has long become important to ascertain beforehand the doctrines espoused, and, as a consequence of such doctrines, the ritual maintained by the local clergy. This is not a matter of mere preference, as a Roman Catholic may prefer the Oratorians to the Jesuits; it is, if traced to its source, traceable to the

altar. In some churches of the English obedience, there purports to be the visible sacrifice; in other churches of the same ostensible communion no such profession of mystery or miracle is made.

"It is impossible to believe that a mystery so tremendous, so profoundly attractive, so intimately associated with the keystone of the Christian faith, so vouched for by the testimony of saints, can be allowed to remain for another hundred years an open question in a church which still asserts herself to be the guardian of the faith."

"If the inquiry: What happened at the Reformation? were to establish the belief that the English Church did then, in mind and will, cut herself off from further participation in the Mass as a sacrifice, it will be difficult for most people to resist the conclusion that a change so great broke the continuity of English Church history, effected a transfer of church property from one body to another; and that from thenceforth the new Church of England has been exposed to influences and has been required to submit to conditions of existence totally incompatible with any working definition of either church authority or church discipline."

Now that so many of the lights of the Oxford movement have passed away, it is cheering to find how much one of the foremost statesmen of the present day has been influenced by their example.

AGGRIEVED ANGLO-CATHOLICS

In Victoria, British Columbia, as in many other places, there are people calling themselves Anglo-Catholics. They feel that they are slighted. The Protestant branch of the local Episcopal Church is well provided for, while the Anglo-Catholic is left unfed. Several of them held a meeting lately, preparatory to putting their case before the bishop; and from its proceedings we learn that they are not modest in their demands. They want a Missa Cantata with incense every Sunday, wafer-bread, vestments, the mixed chalice, lights of various kinds, a pastor who will not only hear their confession but also go to confession himself—this may be difficult in Victoria—and other things as yet unspecified.

The chairman of the meeting confessed naively that he did not know whether there are enough Anglo-Catholics in Victoria to support the church they desire and its clergyman. When they go to the bishop they will learn that upon this everything must hinge. The Church of England in the colonies is liberal enough. One may have almost anything he pleases in the way of doctrine and practice, provided he is willing to pay for it, either directly or indirectly by means of subscriptions from England. If the Anglo-Catholics build a church, furnish it, and provide the clergyman they want, the bishop will bless them and their work as readily as he blesses their Low Church and Broad Church brethren. If they cannot look out for themselves, they must not expect him to do so.

Are the things demanded by the Victoria Anglo-Catholics essentials of Christian worship? Whether they get them or not in the Church of England, they will never be in that denomination anything more than luxuries, used because the congregation likes them, just as in the next church there are hearty services and undogmatic preaching, and in the next but one, fine music and doctrine heretical. If the Anglo-Catholics are in earnest, there is a bishop in Victoria who will give them the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and what is still better, compel them to attend it. But if they go to him, they will be Anglo-Catholics no longer. They will become Catholics pure and simple, which will be a change for the better.—America.

THE HOLY SOULS

"Jesus! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;
Jesus! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;
Jesus! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee;
Jesus! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;
Jesus! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;
Jesus! by that innocence which girded Thee;
Jesus! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;
Jesus! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;
Jesus! spare those souls which are so dear to Thee;
Who in prison, calm and patient wait for Thee;
Haesten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee;
To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze on Thee."
—CARDINAL NEWMAN

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

TWENTY-SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

PREPARE FOR JUDGMENT

Pray that your flight be not in the winter, or on the Sabbath. (Matt. xxiv, 20)

The Gospel of today may be interpreted in several ways. Some see in it a reference to the destruction of the city of Jerusalem. Others believe the last judgment is meant and still others interpret it as alluding to the hour of death. The words of Christ: "Pray that your flight be not in the winter, or on the Sabbath," are by some believed to admonish the sinner not to defer his penance until the winter of life, i. e., until old age, and not until the Sabbath, i. e., until the end of life.

We have in King Pharaoh an example worthy of consideration. Moses and Aaron had often exhorted him to give heed to the command of the Lord to let the Israelites depart from this land. He refused until the various plagues sent over him and his people compelled him to yield. Scarcely had the Israelites departed when Pharaoh regretted having given them leave to go and he set after them and overtook them in the Red Sea, which by the will of God, had divided its waters, when Pharaoh and his soldiers ventured into the passage made by the waters, the sea closed over them, and they were buried in the water, and not one escaped. This is the fate of every sinner, who perseveres in refusing obedience to God, who defers his penance from day to day, who assures himself there will be plenty of time in his old age to escape the wrath of God. Suddenly death or sickness overtakes him and gives him no opportunity to make his peace with God. When he begins to realize that he has served false gods, the waters of eternity fall over him as an unrepentant sinner in eternal destruction.

You are perhaps shocked at these severe words, and you may say: The thief on the cross was pardoned and shall this grace be refused to me. If I desire to repent at the end of my life? True, the Lord is merciful and no one must ever despair, but remember that the thief on the cross had not known Christ as the Son of God, and as soon as he did, he repented of his sins and begged for mercy. You however, have known Him from your youth and you have often heard the call of His grace, you have often been admonished through your confessor, your parents, to leave the path of sin and repent, but you have paid no attention, you have lived on carelessly in your sins; have you then even as much right as had the thief to expect at the end of your life the mercy which a whole life long you have despised? Have you not made yourself unworthy of it by your godless life in the past? If during your life you have seldom kept good resolutions, you have seldom made up what you have neglected at a time when you are deadly sick, when your senses have become dulled and weakened? Will the contrition then be sincere, or will it be a contrition into which the fear of death scares you, rather than the love of God?

Of the ten virgins who took their lamps and went forward to meet the bridegroom, five only were admitted to the feast; to the other five the bridegroom said: "I know you not." But did not Christ say: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you," and has He not assured us: "Heaven and earth shall pass, but My words shall not pass" (Matt. xxiv, 35) why then, were these virgins, who had burning lamps, not admitted to the feast? Because they had filled their lamps with oil only after the bridegroom came; therefore, they were too late; the other five were ready and went into the feast. This is the fate of those who never think of penance and conversion during their lives. If they expect to do their penance in their last hour, they may perhaps share the fate of the foolish virgins, to whom the Lord said: "I know you not." Let us, therefore, my dear Christians, not defer our penance, so that death may not overtake us as a time when we least expect it, and when we are not prepared. Let us battle now against the enemy of our salvation so that in our last severe struggle we may be prepared to win the victory and gain the crown of eternal life. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

THE CHIEF CAUSE OF CRIME AND DISEASE

Alcohol and crime, alcohol and poverty, alcohol and lunacy, alcohol and disease, have such strong correlations to each other, that the prevention and cure of alcoholism have occupied and must necessarily occupy the attention and social reformers (of every shade of opinion), scientific workers, and distinguished statesmen, says Rev. W. J. Mulcahy, in an article on "Alcoholism" in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record. He lays bare the ravages of this dread disease, (for disease he calls it), not only on the sufferer, but on his children and his children's children. But while cutting deep to the source of the suffering writes the Rev. Father Mulcahy, with the true priestly sympathy for the erring sinner.

The following is a condensation of his article:

The recognition of the evils to which alcoholism gives rise, and of which the preceding are indeed a small percentage, has likewise not been confined to any particular country or people; in all lands the dire effects on the race that follow in its wake have become more widely and clearly realized.

DRINK AND CRIME

Speaking of two classes of criminals, viz., those of occasion and recidivists, Dr. Von Helder says: "Criminals of occasion are those who become so from levity, passion, imprudence, unfavorable surroundings, and, above all, drink." According to Dr. Bauer, an eminent authority 70 per cent. of all crime come from alcohol. And this estimate, according to more modern statistics, as we shall just see, is rather below than above the reality.

At the recent sessions of the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and other Drug Narcotics, it was declared that "the alcohol problem is more important than the tuberculosis problem, because it causes the loss of more lives and of more money." The civilized world stood aghast at the ravages of the white plague. In a single year 200,000 Americans had fallen victims to this dread disease, while throughout the world 15,000,000 persons were claimed by the same grim hand.

The United States alone was estimated at \$240,000,000 per annum. Astounding and incredible as are these enormous figures, they are only surpassed by those of that other and more terrible plague—alcoholism.

Nor do I exaggerate. The learned Society just quoted showed me that alcohol costs the United States annually \$2,000,000,000, and causes more than 10 per cent. of all the deaths in the country. Not in this all. The latest results of a critical study of the effects of alcohol show that the record of its evil is appalling. The testimony of prison chaplains of wardens, sheriffs, and judges of the criminal courts, warrants the assertion that from 80 to 90 per cent. of crime is directly or indirectly traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors. "Ninety per cent. of the women arrested," says M. S. Moloney, in the Philadelphia North American, "owe their trouble to drink."

ALLY OF DIVORCE EVIL

Divorce is undermining the social fabric in the United States, and its attendant and consequent evils of immorality and infidelity are degrading God in the hearts of men, and, like a plague, devastating society. And it is stated on the same unquestionable authority that "alcohol was the direct cause of divorce in 36,516 in the twenty years covered by the government report, and indirectly, with other causes, of 54,281 cases." Since that report was issued, divorce, we are told, has alarmingly increased, and to such an extent that the courts are obliged to create new hands to expedite the legalized adultery, and so too has increased its causation.

Cardinal Farley, in an interview with a reporter of the Chicago Daily News, recently stated that there had been about 100,000 divorces in the United States in a year. And what is true of America is equally true of England. "I am firmly convinced that if drink were eradicated this Court (the Divorce Court) might shut its doors, at any rate for the greater part of the time. Half the suicides and two thirds of the poverty and ruin of families may be attributed to the same cause."

Mr. Poynter, for three years Under-Sheriff of London and Westminster made the following declaration before a Committee of the House of Commons: "I have long been in the habit of hearing criminals refer all their misery to drinking, so that I now almost cease to ask them the cause of their ruin. This evil lies at the root of all other evils of this city and elsewhere. Nearly all the convicts for murder with whom I have conversed have admitted themselves to have been under the influence of liquor at the time of the act."

By due observation for nearly twenty years (says Judge Hales) I have found that if the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and robberies, and riots and tumults, the adulteries, fornications, rapes and other great enormities that have happened in that time, were divided into five parts four of them have been the issues and products of excessive drinking—of tavern and saloon meetings."

In Sweden the connection between alcohol and crime has been the subject of State investigation, and it was found that of 24,399 prisoners who were sentenced during the decade of 1897-97, 17,874 attributed their crime to drink; this number gives the proportion of 71.2 per cent. Similarly, in Massachusetts it was found that of 26,672 persons arrested in one year, from August, 1904, to August, 1905, 17,575 were guilty of drunkenness alone, 657 of drunkenness joined with some other offence; of the remaining 8,440, 43 per cent. were more or less intoxicated when they committed the crimes for which they were being punished.

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DRINK AND SUICIDE

It would appear that in France the number of suicides is in direct proportion to the consumption of alcohol. In the language of Dr. Victor Dubault, "it (alcohol) pushes man to suicide, theft, homicide, and every crime—crimes which increase in proportion to its consumption." And the same may be said of every country. The reason, though so little understood, is this: There is nothing that so lowers the vital powers of man and renders him so helpless a prey to disease of mind and body as intoxicating drink taken to excess. It delivers up the wretched victim to melancholy, despondency and, often times, despair. This is especially the case with persons of nervous temperament. A person of extremely nervous nature may, while excited by alcohol, be as ungovernable as the most violently insane.

The depression of mind, 'lowness of spirits', to which nervous people are so liable after periods of nervous excitement, is greatly increased though in their appalling ignorance they think by this action to relieve it by the narcotic elements of alcohol, which paralyze the brain and nervous centers. The action of the brain is disturbed, the mind is clouded and the nerves unstrung. While in this depressed mental condition people often commit suicide to escape the tortures of mind to which they are subjected.

Those of a nervous temperament should, as the peril of their lives, avoid all stimulants and narcotics.

In Berlin, during the month of January, 1910, there were 75 suicides—53 men, 12 women 7 girls between sixteen and eighteen and 3 children under ten years—and all, nearly all, were attributable to drink. Dr. Hillier, of Kiel, declares that of 300 suicides upon whom he performed post-mortem examinations, nearly half the number were persons addicted to drink. And he stated that his estimate is rather below than above the average. In the year 1900 Dr. W. C. Sullivan already quoted,



showed the connection between the increase of suicide or attempts at suicide and drink. He tells us that suicide resulting from alcohol is more than suicide from other causes. He declares that in 220 attempts at suicide the proportion due to drink was 78 per cent., and that in a great number of cases of 'found drowned,' the victims are what are called 'chronic alcoholists,' who have either destroyed themselves in a fit of melancholia, or have lost their lives by accident resulting from the stupefying effect of alcohol.

In short the most casual observer cannot fail to be struck by the alarming increase of crime even in this country, in the way of suicides, criminal assaults, and secret crimes too wicked to mention, most of which, if not all, may be traced to the effects of indulging in drink. Everywhere you turn, especially in town and cities, you meet the withered hand of beggary, as well as the pallid lips of blighted lives; where crimes the most horrible, of every kind, misery and want, are to be found in rank profusion; and our brightest boys and our manliest men are damned for ever, and womanhood degraded and girls debauched, by the blighting curse of intemperance.

We live continually in the midst of great human needs, and every one has something to give, something that would help a little, at least in supplying these needs.

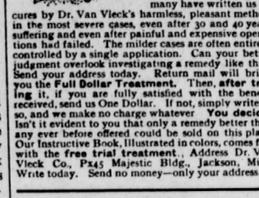
Character is what we are, not what we have or hold. And you cannot destroy what we are with a change like death, no matter what sort of change it turns out to be.

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This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse, and I said, "But, I didn't know anything about horse much." And I didn't know the man very well either. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right." Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't all right, and that I might have to whip for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this see me thinking. You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer. And I said to myself, "any think, any Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million of them. So, thought I, it is only an easy way to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, before they pay for them, just as I want to try the horse. Now, I know what our 1900 Gravity Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing the n, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons the way all other machines do. It just drives soapy water clean through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might. So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted to do with the horse. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time. Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after a month's free trial, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is? And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save you a whole lot in a few months, it washes and rinses the clothes alone. And then it will save you 75 cents a week over that in water and wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week. If it saves you 75 cents a week, send me 75 cents a week. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance. Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book in 5 minutes. Address me personally—A. I. Morris, Manager, "1900" Washer Co., 507 Yonge St., Toronto.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

REBUKING A KING

The timidity which hesitates to rebuke profanity was once shamed by a king who had been himself rebuked for profanity. Riding along the high way in disguise and seeing a soldier at an inn, he stopped and asked him to drink with him. On an oath which the king uttered while drinking, the soldier remarked: "I am sorry to hear a young gentleman swear."

His Majesty took no notice of it but swore again. The soldier immediately said: "I'll pay part of this, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing that if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you, indeed?" asked the king. "I should," was the emphatic reply of his subject.

Not long after the king gave him an opportunity to be "as good as his word." Having invited some lords to dine with him, he sent for the soldier, and bade him stand near him in order to serve him, if he was needed. Presently the king, not now in disguise, uttered an oath. And deferentially the soldier immediately said:

"Should not my lord and king fear an oath?" Looking at the heroic soldier and then at his company of obsequious noblemen, the king severely remarked: "There, my lords, is an honest man. He can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit here and let me stain my soul by swearing, and not so much as tell me of it."—Exchange.

THE STREETS AT NIGHT

If you have any ambition to be somebody one of these days in the affairs of the world—keep off the streets at night.

You can hear or see nothing good for you on the crowded thoroughfares. The young man who hangs around the street corners or "promenades" is not bent on doing much for himself. The apostles of unrest, the long-haired, wild-eyed demagogues of the soap box representing the new three lettered organization, the I. W. W. (International Weary Willieites) are spouting anarchy and the doctrine of despair to the loafers who congregate on our streets. The Socialists of the more modern school are handing out their subtle arguments in speech and pamphlet.

The Catholic youth should be in the reading room of a Catholic society or in his home equipping himself with knowledge from sound Catholic literature to combat those evil doctrines that would make our young men false to God and to country. Don't waste your time on the streets. If you must be out and around after sundown take a ride out in the open, a stroll in the parks, or stay around the porch or circulate in your own neighborhood.

But give some time to study, even if your school or college days are over. "The heights by great men reached and kept were not attained by sudden flight, but they while their companions slept (or walked the streets), were toiling upward in the night."

LITTLE WAYS OF DOING GOOD

Few of us are fortunate enough to be put to the heroic test in a large way. But there are little heroisms—there are self-denials, self-repressions, self-abnegations that are possible to us all every day in the week. The little things have their place, and a very important place, in our lives.

If we cannot go to Mass every morning—and there are many of us who cannot—instead of being cross at this deprivation, let us try to make up for it in other ways. If we can not go into the presence of God in

the Blessed Sacrament, let us bring Him near to us spiritually by our prayers.

When one of our friends succeeds in doing something worth while, or when he receives an undeserved honor or reward, we hasten to congratulate him. Let us not forget a word of cheer and encouragement for the people who are still struggling. They need the message: "Lift up your hearts." Let us not deny it to them.

OPPORTUNITIES

Opportunities are like flash lights. They suddenly reveal us to others and also to ourselves. We all long for opportunities. We have a feeling that they might disclose some very fine qualities and a high order of ability which we think we possess, and which the world has not discovered. But the trouble with opportunities is that they seldom come properly labeled. Any one would grasp them if he knew what they were, but they are quite likely to appear to our vision either as insignificant trifles or as disaster and misfortune. It is the courage that grapples with these last and determines to get the best of them, that many of earth's greatest opportunities have been disclosed.—True Voice.

POLITENESS A VALUABLE CULT

If regarded from no other point of view than as an asset in journeying through life, politeness and the observance of small courtesies will be found a very valuable cult.

True, the blustering, pushing man makes a way of it, but if closely observed neither can very readily come back another time with any success. Aggressiveness is often needed, but impoliteness never. When it is necessary to emphasize even that may be done with dignity and a perfectly polite manner, carrying weight far better than arrogance and rudeness ever can.

Many there are who think and say that with some people to be polite leaves the impression of cowardice, but the well bred man knows better. They know that courtesy does not mean to be afraid of anything or anybody, and no mistake is possible.—Intermountain Catholic.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LANGUAGE OF KINDNESS

Do our young people ever wonder how everybody understands the language of kindness. The other morning an Italian woman came into the subway station with a great bag of apples poised on her head. Though she had a folded cloth on her hair, it was evident that the hard fruit was pressing painfully down on her. She was untidy, her clothing mussed, and her hair dishevelled, and many a questioning glance was given her by the people hurrying on their way. Eagerly she looked at car after car, to see if she could get on the platform, but conductors and motemen were not anxious to take on a passenger with an unwieldy burden. Suddenly the anxious, troubled look in her eyes brightened into a smile, and the woman hurried forward as best she could, still balancing the sack. A conductor was beckoning to her to take a place in the rear of his car, but just as she drew near, he received from the starter the signal to start and away went the car. But not until the conductor had engaged the attention of the crew on the car behind; he waved his hand, he pointed to the burdened toiler, and the others understood. They took her on, the sack dropped to the floor of the car, and relief took the place of anxiety on the tired, thin face. She was homeward bound with the spoils of her early morning work on a farm outside the city.

PUNCTUALITY

"Punctuality is the courtesy of kings," said Louis XVII. Samuel Smiles, quoting the saying, makes the comment: "It is also the duty of gentlemen, and the necessity of men of business." Why, then, in "polite society should it be held permissible to be late?" If the guest is tardy through carelessness, the host has a justifiable defense for his procedure if he declines to wait till the puree thickens and the roast shrivels or the duck turns to tanned leather. Why should it be worse to sit down promptly than to walk in tardily, mumbling a flimsy apology?

In the church, at the concert at the play, deserved malediction is heaped upon the late-comer who short-circuits the preacher's continuity, and disrupts sonata or dialogue by making early comers rise in their seats, for no valid reason most of the time, but merely because of sheer and selfish indifference to the virtue of punctuality. It seems as though timeliness might dispute with cleanliness the closest proximity of godliness.

The conductor had begun his day with an act of kindness. He did not speak Italian, nor could she speak English, but both understood a language well worth knowing—the language of kindness.

Cultivate it, children. It doesn't take much time or effort to do a little kindly service, to say a friendly word, to make somebody else feel happier. Never was a language more easy to learn and more useful to know.—Sacred Heart Review.

MEANING OF "HALF MAST"

Perhaps you have noticed that whenever a prominent person dies, especially if he is connected with the government, the flags on public buildings are hoisted only part of the way up. This is called half-mast. Did you ever stop to think what connection there could be between a flag that was not properly hoisted and the death of a great man?

Ever since flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the flag of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token not only of submission but of respect.

In those days when a famous soldier died flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed from purely military usage to public life of all kinds, the flag flying at half-mast being a sign that the dead man was worthy of unusual respect. The space left above it is for the flag of the great conqueror of all the Angel of Death.—Church Progress.

YOUNG SMOKERS

I know you want to be men, and you can hardly wait the time till you can feel the first little hairs on your upper lip, says Father Kuehnie to his boy readers in the Homiletic Monthly. But, let me tell you, your troubles will begin soon enough without trying to hurry them along. Stay boys as long as you can. A pipe or cigarette in your mouth will not make a man of you. You cannot call a snow man a man though he has a cornucopia in his face. A man may look well with pipe or cigars; a boy looks foolish. It is not to begrudge you a little pleasure if you are told to abstain from the use of tobacco it is for your own good. Doctors will tell you that while the use of tobacco is comparatively harmless to people who are fully grown unless some organic trouble makes the use of tobacco harmful, its use is surely dangerous for boys. For a healthy growth it is necessary that all your organs of body grow uniformly. If most organs grow uniformly, but one, the heart is retarded and does not grow in proportion to the other parts, you will in all likelihood be one of the number that die young. If the heart is too weak to do the work for the overgrown body, it will naturally give out. With boys who use tobacco whilst in the state of growing it often happens that some part of the body stays behind.

The sentimentality with which innumerable people at the present day regard the question of child-training is quite as disastrous in its tendencies as the culpable indulgence of the "weak mother" characterized in the foregoing paragraph. "Let the poor little things," it is said, "have a good time while they are young; their troubles will come quite soon enough." By all means let childhood be happy; but unlimited indulgence of childish whims, caprices and mischievous tendencies is not the recipe for effecting that result. On the contrary, over-indulgence mars the happiness of children even in their early years, and is an infallible method of rendering them miserable later on in life.

"The happy child is the one under firm and loving control: the one that has learned to obey without hesitation or question; the one that trusts its mother and feels unconsciously that obedience is required for good reason, and that when an indulgence is denied it is not for want of affection."

To Catholic mothers of the little ones of to day it should not be necessary to point out the fact that their task of properly training their children has been materially facilitated by the action of the Sovereign Pontiff in the matter of admitting those little ones to frequent and daily Holy Communion. In the wilful propensities which original sin has left in these young natures will most readily yield to the all-holy influence of the divine Visitant present in their hearts: and

THE NEED OF GOOD MOTHERS

Nine-tenths of the girls who "go wrong" in the second decade of life have been trained wrong in their first, says the Ave Maria, and the veritable criminals in more than half the cases brought before our juvenile courts are, not the bad boys immediately involved, but the fathers and mothers whose indulgence or neglect has resulted in their becoming bad boys instead of good. Lack of parental control is one of the outstanding evils in American family life to-day; and unless the evil be checked, unless the children are subjected to a healthy discipline, are taught to obey and punished for disobeying, are made to see that pleasure must yield to duty, and forced to recognize that respect for laws—divine, civil and family laws—is essential to a happy and worthy life, then the number of penitentiaries and haunts of shame will inevitably go on increasing rather than diminishing.

"Who shall find a valiant woman?" asks the author of Proverbs; "far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her." Who shall find the really good mother, the Christian woman who because she "looks well to the paths of her house" now shall hereafter behold "her children rise up and call her blessed." As the root of the whole matter, what is needed is a sense of responsibility in mothers, a thorough realization of the truth that their children, even in babyhood, are not dolls, and play-

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things, to be petted and scolded according to the whim of the moment; but genuine gifts, or rather loans, from the Lord—gifts which they must fruitfully, loans for which they will one day be held responsible.

Mother love is a beautiful thing, and at times a sublime thing as well, but the dotting affection of the foolishly fond parent is pathetic in its actual manifestations, and nothing less than tragic in its probable consequences. "There is no person of mature experience," says a writer in the London Telegraph, "who is not acquainted with the tragedy of the spoiled child, ultimately compelled to confront the world with a feebly based and falsely formed character. We are all acquainted with the weak mother—a creature filled with the foolish idolatry of her own offspring, devoid of clear sightedness in their regard, taking their worst tendencies for amiable eccentricities or for a sign of original talent. This lady, wherever we behold her, is overcome with a natural fondness for her children; and yet, for their own sakes, almost any harshness compatible with their physical health and mental progress would be better than an ignoble and helpless inability to control their conduct, and to compel them—by gentleness if possible, by strictness if necessary—to adopt right habits. For it is true that we are creatures of habit, and the tenacious instincts, the second nature formed by the wholesome routine of a sound training, will often stand to us when physical strength fails and active will is worn out."

When the Most Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Archbishop of Adelaide, South Australia, celebrated recently the silver jubilee of his consecration, one of the most notable tributes paid to him came from the lips of a Protestant, Sir Samuel Way, Chief Justice, who said:

At this moment, to whatever Church we belong, we are united in doing honor to a great ecclesiastic and a loyal and patriotic citizen, to a man of saintly character and devoted life, whom we all reverence and love. Those of us who are not of the Roman obedience insist that, much as the Catholics love their Archbishop, they cannot monopolize him entirely. Whether we Protestants are included in the true conception of the Church Catholic or not, we claim the Archbishop as a member of the great household of faith and of the brotherhood of good and holy men. It is impossible to know the Archbishop without admiring his varied and brilliant gifts, his learning, his literary ability. . . . We do not forget how nobly the Archbishop's efforts have been seconded by the Catholic people of South Australia. They have set other denominations an inspiring example, which can never be forgotten in the history of this State. May I conclude with one characteristic which has endeared the Archbishop to his fellow colonists, Catholic and Protestant alike—I mean his warm hearted human sympathy. It is not confined to the pale of his own Church.—Sacred Heart Review.

PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO AUSTRALIAN BISHOP

When the Most Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Archbishop of Adelaide, South Australia, celebrated recently the silver jubilee of his consecration, one of the most notable tributes paid to him came from the lips of a Protestant, Sir Samuel Way, Chief Justice, who said:

"LYING TO ONE'S HUSBAND"

Scribner's of October, in an article, entitled "The New Republic," informs its readers that ever since "St. Elizabeth, the consort of King Diniz," told her husband that she was carrying roses instead of loaves of bread in her apron, "a wife's lie to her husband is justified by the Roman Church, if uttered in the cause of charity."

The writer who formulated this charge apparently confounds St. Elizabeth of Portugal with St. Elizabeth of Hungary, though we must admit being puzzled by his reference in the same paragraph to "the revered Princess of Prussia, who had statues and pictures in her honor." We were not aware that there were any princesses of Prussia until it was Protestant, and then there were no saints. Again in Butler's "Lives of the Saints" there is nothing about "roses" in connection with St. Elizabeth of Portugal, but as she was a relative of the dear little saint of Hungary, perhaps the magazine writer regarded the flowers as a family heirloom. It is true that Elizabeth of Portugal was a lover of the poor, but she is honored more as a peacemaker than as an alms-giver. Hence, it is more than probable that it is St. Elizabeth of Hungary who got the Church into this difficulty about canonizing a lie. However, she can be acquitted.

There is no difficulty in doing so, for it is simply not true, even if Scribner's vouches for it, that "the benevolent queen was forbidden by her husband," who by the way was not Diniz nor Denis, but Ludwig, "to give alms to the poor," or that he suspiciously demanded what she was carrying; and that "in trepidation she answered: 'Roses,' or that 'roughly he insisted upon seeing for himself.'"

The whole indictment is false. She was not a queen; she was only the wife of a landgrave; he did not forbid her to give to the poor; he was almost as lavish himself in almsgiving; she did not answer in trepidation; she did not answer at all; he did not roughly insist; he was a gentleman and a saint and an adoring husband, and he told his courtiers that he would give her his domains to help the needy.

Whether this beautiful story of the roses is a legend, springing from the popular fancy in its endeavor to describe picturesquely for intelligent people the fragrance of charity that clung, as it were, to the robes of "dear St. Elizabeth," as she is still affectionately called, or whether it is

when this frequent companionship with our Lord is supplemented with a tenderly inculcated love for His Blessed Mother, parents may well hope that their children, upon the direct road to becoming upright and worthy men and women—Christians worthy of the name.

DRINK CURE A MARVEL

NO. JUST SOUND SCIENCE. Many drunkards are sent to jail when what they need is medicine, drink has undermined their constitutions, inflamed their stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied if it is not removed by a scientific prescription like Samaria.

Samaria Prescription stops the cravings, restores the shaking nerves, builds up the health, and appetite, and renders drink distasteful even nauseous. It is odorless, and tasteless and dissolves instantly in tea, coffee, or food. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge.

Read what it did for Mrs. G.—of Vancouver.

"I was anxious to get my husband, and used that I went up to Harrison Drug Store, and got your remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The case of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel so happy, and everything seems so different and bright. May the Lord bless you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published."

Now, if you know of any unfortunate needing Samaria treatment, tell him or his family or friends about it. If you have any friend or relative who is forming the drink habit help him to release himself from its clutches. Write to-day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Co., Dept. 11, 142 Mutual street, Toronto, Canada.

a historical fact, it matters very little; but to proclaim, in a popular magazine, that it is an *ex-cathedra* pronouncement by which "a wife's lie to her husband is justified by the cause of charity," is not only a falsehood, but an outrageous calumny. The "Roman Church" does not allow anyone to lie, even a magazine writer. Scribner's ought to remember that it has some Catholic readers; or does it want to lose them?—America.

A PLACE TO GO IN

There are all too many Catholics who are satisfied with just sufficient practice of their religion to "get by," as the expressive current phrase has it. They go to Mass on Sundays, receive the sacraments once in a while and contribute the minimum amount toward the support of the Church.

So far so good, of course. But where is that generous Catholic spirit which seeks opportunities to work for God and the Church? Church societies may languish, the Sunday school may suffer from a dearth of teachers, and the whole atmosphere of the parish, despite the earnest efforts of the clergy, may be one lacking in inspiration and progress; yet the minimum Catholic, so prominent in the other affairs, is not moved to lift a hand.

Usually it is pure thoughtlessness. The habit of leaving everything to the priest in matters concerning the Church has fastened itself upon us. General invitations to participate in the practical work of the parish do not strike home individually, and so much matters of vital importance as the instruction of the coming generation in Catholic doctrine and Catholic loyalty is left to immature boys and girls—the only ones the pastor can get in answer to his call.

In one of the Civil War battles, at a critical moment the commander of a regiment, which had been rushed to the firing line to reinforce the decimated Union forces, galloped up to General Phil Kearney shouting eagerly: "Where am I needed, General? Where shall my regiment go?" "Go in anywhere," shouted back the General, "there's fine fighting along the whole line!"

The same reply, the same inspiring spur to immediate action, may be given to every Catholic to-day. Let him not hesitate. Let him not think there is no place for him in the battle which the Church in its local as well as in its world-wide organization is waging against the forces of darkness and evil. There are openings in the Holy Name Societies, in the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences, in the Sunday-schools, in a dozen different places for Catholic men who are seeking an opportunity to leave the ranks of the reserves—the rearguards, the "just get by" Catholics—and do something active to sanctify their own souls and help along the Church's cause. The forces of heresy, of indifference, of immorality, are arrayed against the Church. The issue is joined. She needs the help of every one of her sons. Let us not hold back, but chivalrously and generously give ourselves to a cause so noble. "There's fine fighting along the whole line."—Sacred Heart Review.

JUST PUBLISHED Handy Manual of Baptismal Rites De Sacramento Baptismi RITE ADMINISTRANDI EX RITUALI ROMANO

This new addition will be found most useful and practical. It contains the various Baptismal Ceremonies and some other ceremonies closely related to Baptism, where it is conveniently to hand when needed.

In many churches the Baptistry is in the back of the church, or the Baptismal Font is in a location, not easily accessible to the rectory or Sacristy. It is therefore a decided advantage to have a convenient book uniting all the Baptismal Rites in one volume, so that the priest can, at a moment's notice, find the form he is called upon to use and leave the Ritual in the Baptismal Font, wherever it may be situated.

Some of its Features. The orderly arrangement of all the various ceremonies. The Polyglot Versions of the questions and answers, covering 12 Modern Languages practically arranged so as not to be confusing.

In the ceremonies of Baptism for infants there is given both the singular forms and plural forms, each separately, which will be found a great convenience by the busy priest. The gender endings are also clearly indicated. For those who for the edification and better understanding of the laypeople present at the ceremony, wish to repeat certain of the prayers in the "Vernacular," an English version of certain ceremonies, is given, e. g. "Profession of Faith, etc."

The Rite for baptizing Adults is also included in the book, because in some dioceses, the privilege of using the short form for infants, in-kind of this long form, when baptizing adults, is not permitted.

It contains the Rev. Dr. Hueser's, Editor of the American Ecclesiastical Review and Professor at St. Charles' Seminary, Philadelphia, Commentary and brief Summary of the Administration of the Sacrament of Baptism in English.

A list of Baptismal Names, for boys and girls as well as a list of corruptions of Baptismal Names, compiled from various approved sources, will be found very handy.

Mechanically, as far as quality of paper, style of binding and size of type is concerned, the book is gotten up in a manner becoming a volume of liturgy.

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FELL FROM A HAY LOFT Suffered Tortures With His Kidneys Until He Tried Gin Pills. You might think that Mr. Baker needed a surgeon more than GIN PILLS. But there were no bones broken. His back was strained, which was harder to cure because nothing seemed to do any good. It is the same with a sprained ankle and broken leg. You can set the fracture and it will be well in six weeks—but the sprain may take months to get well. However, Mr. Baker found the quick way to get relief from the pain—here are his own words.

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THE FABLE OF "POPE JOAN"

During the past few weeks several letters have been received at the office of the I. C. T. S. asking for some information regarding the "Pope Joan" myth.

The story of "Pope Joan" is, as J. P. Kirsch, says, "a pure fragment of the imagination."

The celebrated historian, Dollinger, who became a schismatic after 1870, has given the most exhaustive exposure of the fable in his well known work, "Fables Respecting the Popes in the Middle Ages."

Here is the true account of the matter: (1) The myth of the woman Pope was not definitely put into writing before the middle of the thirteenth century.

In the collected literature whether East or West, of the four hundred years between 850 and 1250, there is not the faintest reference to any such person.

It is conceivable that the appearance of a "Popeess," if it were an historical fact, should pass absolutely unnoticed by all the historians and writers—and they were numerous—from the tenth to the thirteenth century?

The first to adopt the myth seems to have been the French Dominican, Stephen (d. 1261), but it did not become widely known till about 1290 or 1300.

The Chronicle of another Dominican, Martinus Polonus (d. 1378), was chiefly instrumental in popularizing the story.

His work, though popular in its accounts of contemporary Popes and Emperors, is worthless; and indeed the mention of the "Popeess" is an interpolation. He himself knew nothing of such a person, and left no room for her in his list of Popes.

She was inserted between 1278 and 1312, and the insertion was copied slavishly by other writers of the fourteenth century.

The enemies of the Papacy, especially of Pope Boniface VIII, assiduously spread the myth, anxious to retail any scandal true or untrue, they could find.

The schismatic Greeks who would have been glad to use this scandal against Rome, did not even learn of the story till between 1450-1500.

In the fifteenth century, after the awakening of historical criticism, scholars began to perceive the utter untenableness of the story, and with the opening up and ransacking of libraries in succeeding centuries, the fable became too palpable to be accepted.

As to the origin and details of the fable, accounts vary; but Dollinger's is the most generally approved. There are many versions of the lady's career.

Originally she was nameless; sometimes she is called Agnes, sometimes Gilberta. Her date varied from 855-1100; her place of birth oscillates between England, Mayence and Athens; the great scandal as to how she was exposed in her sin, and how she ended her life, takes different forms.

According to the fancy of the narrator and the embellishments of the myth. The story seems to have originated from a statue discovered in the reign of Sixtus V, in a street near the Coliseum in Rome, which showed a figure with a child; and from a monumental inscription which could, by a certain stretch of ingenuity, be interpreted to refer to some scandal of the kind.

The stone, of course, really belonged to a statue of the Madonna, a Pagan worship forbidden in 378 A. D. There was also a stone or chair (which was really an ancient bath stool) of unusual shape, of which each newly-elected Pope was accustomed to sit to rest himself; and the prurient imaginations of the vulgar invented monstrous stories to explain its unusual formation.

Then, they said, Pagan processions from the Lateran to the Vatican palace avoided that particular street, because of its associations with Pope Joan's scandal in it. They did avoid it certainly, but the reason was because it was too narrow for the huge procession.

(4) Dollinger proves by several examples how similar myths grew (e. g., there was one to the effect that eunuchs, and even a woman, had occupied the See of Constantinople), but no one seriously believed them. This particular female-Pope myth belongs to the local myths of the city of Rome, of which there was a whole cycle in the Middle Ages.

There were indeed once a whole multitude of fables like this, a whole tissue of nonsense, in fact a mere tissue of nonsense.

(5) Joan is said to have come from England because at that time, namely, during the struggle between Pope Innocent III, and King John, England was very hostile to Rome. At another time Joan comes from Mayence, a leading city of Germany, which was also another special en-

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emy of Rome. Now, the fact of a female Pope would, if true, have been a deep disgrace to Rome, and a heavy blow dealt at her authority; hence the myth made the country hostile to Rome, the home of the woman Pope. To sum up, no one now with any self-respect, however anxious to blacken the Catholic Church, would identify his name with such a ridiculous and exploded myth; honest Protestants, with any education, would not touch it with the end of an Orange process pole; and it is therefore left to the uneducated, stupid, and unscrupulous bigots of the gutter to rake up now and again, they themselves don't believe it either.—Truth.

A GENEROUS GIFT.—Quite recently the deed of a fine piece of property situated in a most picturesque part of the city and overlooking the Bay was given by Mr. James Whalen of Port Arthur to the Sisters of St. Joseph in that city, as a site for an Academy. As the need of an Academy at the head of the Lakes has been felt for some time the Sisters intend building one with all modern improvements.

BIRTH O'NEILL.—At Holly Park, on Oct. 25th, 1913, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Neill, a son.

DIED QUINN.—On October 31st, in Albion Township, Mr. John Quinn, aged ninety-eight years. May his soul rest in peace!

FACE TO FACE The years have ripened so that day, And time has garnered every leaf; The sun strikes yet aslant the door, Its mingled beams of joy and grief; The orchard tree whose kindly arms Bent over you, while full of care, Still flings its boughs athwart the path Where oft you told your beads of prayer.

Face to face, your soul and mine, Drink in the joy a mother gives, Born of the highest, holiest love, That struts all life—in Heaven lives, Face to face, our spirits then, Found rapture in the lowliest thing; Our dreams were twined our life was one, We touched Heaven's spheres on ardent wing.

Face to face, God's faith abides, And links your soul in Heaven to mine; Life's tabernacle he do us love, Sacred and sweet as chalice wine; No shadow drear, nor earthly dark pain, Can dim love set in Heaven's grace, Till in the splendour of God's noon, Our ripening love strands face to face.

—THOMAS O'HAGAN in "The Magnificent"

In this issue, we are running an announcement showing cash prices on Page Wire Fence, of known high quality to many of our readers, which should be of particular interest to many Canadian farmers. These are high quality goods at mail order prices. Our readers should not forget to send for the Page Catalogue, which shows not only fence, but practically everything a good farm needs, and at low cash prices.

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TEACHERS WANTED TWO TEACHERS WANTED. ONE ENGLISH speaking teacher wanted to teach in the Cobalt Separate Sch. of. and also one French speaking. Apply, stating experience and salary expected, to: F. H. Bousville, Cobalt, Ont. 1812-13.

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 7, Rochester. One holding a second class Normal certificate. Salary \$350 per year, school to commence about Jan. 5. Apply stating qualifications and experience to John Byrne, Sec. Byroadale, Ont. 1812-13.

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING A FIRST or second class professional certificate for the remainder of the year 1913 to teach in the Catholic Separate school, Section No. 6, Arthur, Ont. Salary at the rate of \$9.00 per year. Duties to begin at once. Address E. J. Brennan, Sec. Kenilworth, Ont. 1812-13.

WANTED FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOL IN Saskatchewan a teacher who can teach English and French. Male or female. Will be accommodated with board by the undersigned until necessary certificate is obtained. Address: Arthur Bertrand Graham Hill, Sask. 1812-13.

WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR Separate school district holding second class Normal certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 5th, 1914. Apply, stating experience and salary required and give references. Albert Lechowicz, Sec. Trees, Wilton, P.O. Ont. 1812-13.

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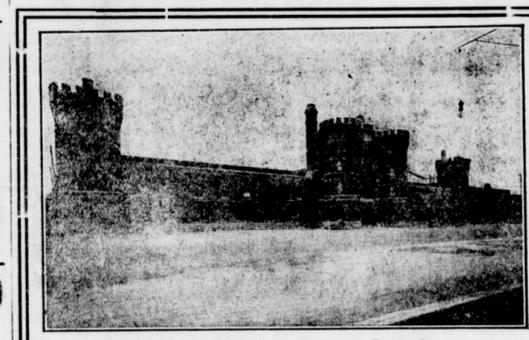
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