

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXVI.

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MAN-MADE CHURCH UNITY.

Our ministerial friends are talking Church union. They are persuaded that dissension and diversion do not harmonize with the idea of the Church as set forth in the Bible and the number of sects is a reproach to the Christian name. But here as at Grindewald, and elsewhere, their efforts are doomed to failure, because they have no basis on which to rest the unity which they long for.

Suppose the different sects come together and agree to drop the points of disagreement between them. In this way they may have a semblance of unity, but far removed and very different from that unity as taught by the Lord and perpetuated by the means chosen by Him. A difficulty, however, which should present itself to the earnest believer is the possibility of making a mistake in this matter. The framers of the programme of common creed which is intended to be a barrier to discord are not fallible, and in questions pertaining to eternal destiny and above the reach of reason are in danger of leading their flocks astray, to say the least.

Again, what is to be the basis of the unity of the various sects? They answer the Bible. But if the Bible, reinforced by the learning of specialists and divines, has not effected unity, by what power shall the same Bible be able to do this at this juncture? And supposing they decided upon a creed, what authority could they show for it?

They should also bear in mind that the unity of the Church must be of such a nature as to convince the world of the divine mission of Christ—"That the world may know that Thou hast sent Me." The scheme of unity which they elaborate is of man, subject to every caprice and whim of reason and without an element of permanence. The unity for which Christ prayed is of God, and it endures. That unity has been visible during the centuries in the Church that was, according to Dr. Schaff, the Alma Mater of the barbarians of Europe. She still stands like an immovable rock bearing witness to the fundamental facts and truths of our holy religion and to the catholicity, unity, unbroken continuity and independence of the Church.

"THE DEMAND OF THE AGE."

Rev. Dr. Milligan in a sermon at old St. Andrew's church, Toronto, declared in favor of Church union. This was an age, he is reported to have said, for simplicity of creed. A decade or two ago a statement like the foregoing would have shocked the average Christian. He believed that God's word in its entirety should be hearkened to. He did not believe in the irrational and blasphemous method of presuming a revelation in order to sift it and to extract from it what pleased him. What the age demands in the opinion of some pulpiter counts as nothing. The only question is: Has God made known to us certain laws and truths? If so, we have to acknowledge Him as Master and to accept them. Because this age clamors for this or that, is no argument to show that man has the right to play the critic with Revelation and human reason has the privilege of passing judgment on the merits or demerits of the Word of God. A preacher may pay toll to the silly pretensions of the unthinking, but he is surely not of the opinion that he can fashion a better sort of Christianity than Christ gave us. Ingersoll said that he could beat the Ten Commandments, and give, we suppose, the age that is carried away by pride and encouraged in its headlong course by those who should restrain its self-sufficiency, a very simple creed. Once man puts himself against his God and dictates to Him as do the enunciators of new creeds there is no logical resting-place for him save in infidelity. There are some, says St. Paul, that trouble you, and would pervert the Gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you let him be anathema.

AN ANTIQUATED DOCTOR.

In the course of his sermon Rev. Dr. Milligan said: "The Romish priesthood—I say it almost under my breath—is a relic of paganism floating down to us from the Middle Ages." Reading this gives us the suspicion that the rev. gentleman is not so up to date as he prides himself on being.

"Romish" is antiquated and not in consonance with the language used by gentlemen, nor is it in the vocabulary of any self-respecting Protestant scholar to-day. The gentleman believes, however, that severity and untruth are good mates. Still why should he say "almost under his breath" that "the Romish priesthood is a relic of paganism"? We think that full lung power would be requisite to do justice to the statement, but perchance he essayed to do dramatic in his effort to make a "grand stand" play. We should like to hear his arguments in support of this contention. According to St. Paul we have an altar whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle. Sacrifice, priest altar occur again and again in the Scriptures, and are echoed by the writers of antiquity. We read, "Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech." Christ was a priest according to Melchisedech when He instituted the Eucharist. But He was to be priest forever according to the same order. He was an everlasting priesthood. He Himself, therefore, must offer sacrifice daily, or through the instrumentality of others. Where is that sacrifice, that clean oblation if not in the Catholic Church? St. Augustine who lived some time before the Middle Ages, said: "We do not build temples to our martyrs as to gods: we erect altars in the churches and offer sacrifice on them."

If the laboring majority cannot now with the ballot protect themselves from the greed and coercive intrigues of capital, how can they protect themselves from the same greed and intrigues under the Socialist State. In both cases the laboring majority has the ballot. If the use of that ballot cannot protect the people from the wrongdoings of their public servants now, how can it do then, since the means of protection is the same in both cases? Would the task not be still more difficult if the number of officials were increased tenfold, as it would have to be in your ideal Socialist State?

If the State as now constituted "is merely the coercive instrument of the exploiting class," whose fault is it? Is it not the fault of the majority, the working men, who by their votes could regulate and curb the exploiting class, and appoint faithful servants to keep an eye on them? If the majority, the working men, have not now the will, the unity and intelligence to do this under the present free State, what reason have you to think they would have those necessary qualities under the Socialist State?

Mr. Arnold: "The Socialist State is an entirely different conception from the State as it now exists. To-day the State is an instrument of coercion in the hands of the dominant property-holding class for the government primarily of persons. In the future the State, the Socialist State, will not be an instrument of coercion for the repression or keeping down of the struggles of the remaining hopeless of the exploiting class, but will consist essentially of an organization of persons for primarily the administration of things."

We do not see that the Socialist State is an entirely different conception from the State as it now exists. You say the Socialist State consists essentially of an organization of persons for primarily the administration of things. This definition fits the State as it now exists as well as it fits your proposed new form of State. The difference is to be found in the number of things the State is to administer. The State as now existing recognizes the right of individual ownership of certain things and leaves these things and of the control of the individual. Your State would take control of all those things and subject them to the administration of an organization of persons. But your State would still be a State, with an organized administrative body, just as the State is now. The conception, therefore, of the Socialist State is not entirely or essentially different. The latter State extends its functions farther, over a larger number of things than the former, but this does not constitute a fundamental difference.

You say, "The Socialist State will not be an instrument of coercion for keeping down the struggles of a class to rise." This is a fond hope, and nothing more. What reason have you to expect that the "organization of persons" elected to administer things will not be as greedy, ambitious and lawless as the organization of persons under our present State, or under any other form of government? If corruption and dishonesty prevail when the "organization of persons" has but few things to administer, will not corruption and dishonesty be still greater when said organization has many things to administer?

You may say that under the Socialist State the people could elect such unfaithful servants, and put honest citizens in their place. The people can do that just as well now, under the present State, if they want to. They have all the means of doing it now that they would have under the Socialist State. And if they cannot do it now—as you seem to think—they hope they could do it, then?

Your hope is based on no better ground than the supposition that in the new order of things men would become angels and voters Solons, and that fools and sinners would cease to be—a vain supposition.

Mr. Arnold: "As to the quotation from Pope Leo's Encyclical, 'As effects follow their cause so it is but just that the fruits of labor should belong to those who have labored,' I have cited this utterance of Pope Leo many a time when addressing working men, not because I deemed it necessary to justify or even strengthen the Socialist position, but because it would enable me to show the right of individual ownership of the instruments of labor, and the right of the ownership in the State." Had we said, "The State as now constituted," there would have been reason for your charge of straw. But we did not say it, because we knew that the first object in the Socialist programme is the destruction of the State as now constituted.

Arnold: "Hence the strong opposition of Socialist to all proposals of so-called reformers for government ownership of railroads, coal mines, telegraphs, banks, etc., so long as the State is merely the coercive instrument in the

hands of the exploiting class to keep the lower classes, those who produce the world's wealth, in subjection to their masters." The so-called "lower class" that is, the manual laborers, are and always has been, in the majority. Under your ideal Socialist State this majority by their votes appoint the "organization of persons" or governing body. In the State as now constituted this same majority of laborers has the right under our Constitution, and the power to appoint the "organization of persons" or governing body. As the laboring majority have now the same right and power to designate who shall be their public servants as they would have under your proposed Socialist State, why under that regime does the Socialist State offer that the State as now organized does not give?

When you quote an isolated sentence from the Pope's Encyclical, for the purpose of reaching effectively a larger number of men, you mislead those men as to the real position of the Pope. If you use the Pope's influence with those men you owe it to them to let them know the Pope's position, that is, his opposition to Socialism, and his reasons for it.

Though the Encyclical is not in the form of an *ex cathedra* utterance of an authority, it settles the matter for the Catholic world. The fact that the Pope, in an official declaration to the Bishops of the world, has condemned Socialism is enough for the well instructed Catholic. The fact that you disagree with the Pope does not make it appear that the Pope is wrong, nor would argument with you demonstrate that he is right.

Mr. Arnold: "But you proceed to argue. You say: 'If your neighbor makes a plow or sewing machine, that plow or machine is his by right of production. I, because he has expended his labor upon it.' Correct. And conversely if your neighbor has not produced a plow or machine, that plow or machine is not his because he has not expended his labor upon it." This is all correct, according to the principle you quoted from the Encyclical. The only way to acquire the right of ownership to a thing is to produce, make that thing, or to purchase it from the producer, or receive it as a gift from him.

Mr. Arnold: "But why do you say 'neighbor,' instead of neighbors? Why speak of the individual producer instead of the social producers?" We use the singular instead of the plural because we are speaking of one person. Who produces a plow or a sewing machine? We speak of the individual producer because we refer to the individual who produced, made the plow, and not to several individuals or to Society in general, who did not make it.

Mr. Arnold: "The individual does not produce plows or sewing machines to-day. The day of individual production is past. Things are produced now socially, and Socialists declare that they should be owned socially." It is nothing to the point what the individual may or may not do to day; but has the individual the right to the plow if he produces it—a right against all adverse claimants, individuals or Society? Your Socialist philosophy denies this. The day of individual production is not past, and never will be, as long as anything is produced. Things may be produced by the concurrent action of a number of men. A hundred or a thousand men may have worked, each his particular part, to the production of, say, a piano. But it does not follow that the piano was produced socially. Each man had a right to the part he produced. This right, by contract, cedes to his employer for a consideration called wages. The fact that he worked in conjunction with other workers does not give those others, either severally or collectively, any right to what he produces. It is the same with everything else that is produced. It is conjoint, corporate, contract or wage production; it is in no sense Social as Socialists understand that word. The present system of industry under the State is the wage system, not the Social.

Mr. Arnold: "But to return to your illustration of the plow and the sewing machine. If your neighbors make plows and sewing machines, your neighbor should own them. So asserts the Socialist, and if not, why not?" Comment: If our neighbors make plows as a company or corporation; if each member has a right to his share of the income from their partnership work. If they work individually in pursuance of a contract with a common employer and receive the price of their labor as agreed upon the plows belong to the employer, just as if he made them with his own hands, because he bought from the workmen their title to the results of their labor—a title, which being in the owners, the employer had a right to transfer to the employer for a consideration. Having transferred their title to the plows they have no further right to them, whether we consider them individually, collectively or Socially. The ownership in the plow, if our neighbors make plows, each has a right to the plow he makes, just as each of the others has. The right of each is unquestionable as against all adverse claimants, including Society and the Socialist State. It is just here that Socialism comes in antagonism with the Encyclical in denying the right of the plow maker to the results of his labor, and claiming for all what has been made by one.

Mr. Arnold: "But who are the producers of the said plows and sewing machines? The true answer is, the whole army of workmen who have contributed to the production of these plows and sewing machines, viz., the workers who have provided the material, transported it to the factory where it is worked up into the finished product, and likewise other workers who erected the building in

which the plows and machines are made, and still other workers, who have made the machinery used in the making of plows and sewing machines. If not, why not?" No one individual makes the completed machines. Every individual who worked on them or any part of them has a right to what his labor produced. This right he can and does transfer to his employer for a consideration called wages; and being thus transferred, the right inheres in the employer just as it inheres previously in the individual producer. It makes no difference how many may work in the production of the machines, each worker in the various stages from the raw material to the perfected machine, has, individually, the right to the result of his labor, and the right to transfer his title to his immediate employer. If he digs the iron out of the ground he has a just claim on it until he transfers that claim to some one else, say, his employer. Right then vests in that employer till he in turn transfers it to the manufacturer of machines. The manufacturer employs workmen to transform the iron, and in this transforming, the workmen, without any relation to the hands that worked on it before, have a claim on the iron for that which they did to it. This claim they have a right to sell for stipulated wages. The manufacturer then transfers his purchased claims to the purchaser of the machine, who pays for all claims from the miner to the manufacturer inclusively. Here we have a series of distinct events, of sales by and of purchases by those who have a right to purchase. The just claims of all participants in the production of the machine are cleared off by the latest purchaser. Having sold their claims and received payment the participants in the production have no further right in the machine. All their rights are lodged in the last purchaser, after all these transactions, after all these sales and payments, the State can step in and take the machine from the owner, the last purchaser, without any compensation. It is the custom of the civilized world to call men who do this kind of thing bandits, robbers, pirates; and the custom is founded on the eternal principle of justice.

Mr. Arnold: "Again you argue that: 'All men are moved to exertion by the thought and prospect of profit in some form. Without it labor would be paralyzed. The factories would be deserted, the mines would be out ships, the plow would rust in the furrow. This is a most extraordinary argument, coming as it does, from Father Lambert! Was John Milton moved to write his immortal epic, 'Paradise Lost,' by the hope or expectation of profit? Did Galileo pursue his studies in astronomy and give the world his great discoveries through the hope of gain? Did Elias Howe produce his sewing machine simply because he was looking for profit? Finally, did Father Lambert write his most excellent and famous 'Notes on Ingersoll' for profit for himself, or for the good of others?" We said all men are moved to exertion by the thought and prospect of profit in some form. We used the qualifying phrase "in some form" to warn the reader that our use of the word "profit" was not to be limited to mere dollars and cents. Our warning has not attracted our friend's attention. Had it done so, he would not have thought of saying what he has just said. By our warning we meant to emphasize the dictionary definition, which defines profit as "Improvement, advancement, progress; any advantage, benefit, or accession of good from labor or exertion; valuable results, useful consequence, benefit, gain; comprehending the acquisition of anything valuable or advantageous, corporeal, or intellectual, temporal or spiritual."

All these meanings we emphasized by the phrase "profit in some form." But our friend did not catch on, and hence his limitation of the word profit to the mercantile or traffic idea.

Milton, Galileo and others profited immensely by their labors, even if they never received one penny from their writings. If anything we wrote did good to others, that good is itself a profit worth striving for.

Mr. Arnold: "And, as to the real wealth-producers—the working class,—would they refuse, for example, to raise wheat and go without bread unless they could exchange this wheat with other producers at a profit?" Here you have the mercenary, or traffic, idea of profit again. The wheat they raise is the profit, the benefit to them, arising from their labor. And it belongs to the individual who raised it, and not to society in general, as your philosophy would have it.

Mr. Arnold: "To assert that a man, who performs no useful function in the work of production, who does not do his full share of the work, is entitled to a legitimate profit is a contradiction of the proposition, that to the producer belongs the product." Your two different propositions would read: "1. The producer is entitled to his product." "2. The producer is entitled to his product minus a legitimate profit for the employer, the non-producer."

Here the implication that the man, who has the ability, the initiative and the enterprise, and uses them to organize an industry, pays for the building of shops and purchases all the necessary tools for the industry, is a man who performs no useful function, is a false implication. If the Socialist State did all that this man does, would you say that it performed no useful

function. If this providing the means of labor be a useless function, why do you want your Socialist State to assume it? Is not the brain-worker, the organizer of an industry that gives employment to thousands of workmen, entitled to a legitimate profit. Is it fair to assume that he performs no useful function. All you say on this point rests on that false assumption, and is equally weak.

The producer is entitled to his product, but he is not entitled to the use of the tools and the shop which he did not produce. Justice requires that he should pay something for this use of tools and shop, etc., otherwise he would receive more than the product of his labor, and this more would be at the expense of others. This is why we said the producer is entitled to his product minus a legitimate profit for the employer. There is no contradiction here.

Mr. Arnold: "Once more you say: 'Legitimate profit of the employer is not a robbery of labor.' If the producer is entitled to his product, or, rather, if the producers are entitled to their product as I understand you to say in your reply to Father Kress, then there can be no such thing in morals as a legitimate profit for the non-producer."

A non-producer has no legitimate claim on any product. Your error, and it is a persistent one, is in your assumption that the brain-worker, the organizer and conductor of a manufacturing establishment is a non-producer. He is a producer and has the right to his legitimate profit.

Mr. Arnold: "Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, I understand, says a Catholic may be a Socialist and remain in the Church. What say you?" We say with the Bishop, and in his words, "As set forth by Marx and his other able exponents, (Socialism) rests on a basis of materialism and atheism, and is the foe, not merely of the fundamental economic institutions, but of the Church and the family as well." These words are quoted from Bishop Spalding's lecture delivered in Chicago the 9th of last February. You will find it in full in the "Catholic Review of Reviews" for March, 1904, 637-8. Harding Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Every ism must be judged by its principles. If these be false the ism is false. Socialism, according to its authoritative exponents, rests on a basis of materialism and atheism; it is therefore materialistic and atheistic, and is the foe of the Church and the family. Such being the case, need you ask "Can a Catholic be a Socialist and remain in the Church?"—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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Official notification comes from Rome of the creation of the new Catholic diocese of Joliet, containing the counties of Bartholomew, Joliet and Montcalm in the Province of Quebec, and four parishes of L'Assomption. Everything points to Rev. Canon Archambault as the new Bishop.

Mrs. Enelle Donohoe, the wife of Joseph A. Donohoe, a San Francisco banker, has purchased five acres of land adjoining the Sacred Heart Convent at Menlo Park, and will provide sufficient funds with which to erect and equip a parochial school for the children of the community.

The Bishops of Switzerland have published a collective letter to their flocks, urging them to support Catholic newspapers. They say: "Whoever takes a journal hostile to the Church participates by so doing in its bad deeds. * * * Subscribe to Catholic newspapers; when you have read them pass them on to others to read."

A committee of ladies has been formed in New Orleans with the object of preparing and presenting to Pope Pius X. a pair of sandals, richly adorned with precious stones, to be worn by His Holiness at the Pontifical Mass he is to celebrate on the Jubilee anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. — N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Rev. Benjamin F. De Costa, the noted convert, who was ordained to the priesthood recently in Rome, arrived in New York on Tuesday, May 18th. Father De Costa was for many years rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist in New York. After his conversion he went to Rome to prepare for the priesthood. While in Rome his health was very poor, and at times his condition was critical. On this account his ordination was hastened. His health improved recently and he decided to return to this country. The ocean trip was of great benefit to him, and on his arrival here his condition was very satisfactory, so much so that he immediately went into retreat, in thanksgiving for his return to health.

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MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. WEEKS GROWS ELOQUENT AFTER THE SECOND TUMBLER, AND MAKES A CRACK SPEECH, BUT DECLINES A DUEL WITH THE LIGHT-KEEPER AS NOT BEING IN HIS LINE.

"Well," said Weeks, making another start, "Zeph lived at a place called Pratt's Corner, five or six miles from Ducksville. She was kinder related to us somehow by the Bigelows, and mother and she terrible intimate. Zeph used to invite mother to prayer meetings, and mother, in return, sent Zeph presents of apple-sauce twice a year regular. Well, Zeph got to be considerable old, you know, and kinder wrinkly about the nose, and, as a matter of course, pious in proportion—but to balance the wrinkles, Zeph had the cash."

"Ho! ho!" cried the captain, did the wind blow from that quarter?" "She had two sawmills of her own, and some twenty thousand dollars in railroad stocks besides. Well, I made up my mind one day to try if I couldn't induce Zeph to take a partner to help her manage her business affairs, and forthwith set about making the necessary preparations. I felt kinder green, then, you know, in the religious line, and so thought better attend two or three prayer meetings in Ducksville beforehand, to get into the way of it, like."

"Capital! capital!" ejaculated the captain. "When the day came for my first trial, I shaved clean as the razor would cut it, mounted a black suit and half yard crepe on my hat, and then put on Pratt's Corner. As I entered the room, Deacon Lovejoy was holding forth strong against the old Pope, (his favorite theme;) so, sinking in with a face as grave as I could conveniently command, my seat alongside Zeph, without seeming to notice who was in it. After the deacon resumed his chair, Zeph turned her head a little more sideways, and siz she, in a low, touching voice, 'O Mr. Weeks, how I do rejoice to see you at last among the servants of the Lord.' 'Ah! said I, looking up in her face kinder dreamy like—'Ah! how pleasant it is to dwell in the assembly of the faithful—O dear—'

"You've been a wanderer," said Zeph. "Alas! alas! I have, said I, looking up at her again. 'I've been a poor, sinful wanderer, seeking for the waters of life among the swamps and quagmires of a wicked world; but Heaven has praised, the blessed light hath come at last to guide me to the pure spring.' "

"Excellent! capital!" shouted the captain, rapping the table till the tumblers rang again. "Ha, ha, ha! by Jove, Weeks, you're a clever fellow. Gentlemen, let us postpone the courtship for the present; I see the ladies coming; and fill your glasses—fill them up; bumpers let them be—nothing less than bumpers. I give you Mr. Weeks and the stars and stripes forever."

The company rose and drank the toast with a hip, hip, hurrah! and nine times nine; and Kate, no longer able to restrain her curiosity, came tripping in from the drawing room, accompanied by half a dozen ladies, declaring she could sit no longer among a parcel of silly, mooping girls, with such distinguished company in the house. "Besides," she added, glancing archly at Mr. Weeks, "I want to hear a speech. I'm actually dying to hear a speech from a citizen of the great republic."

"Gentlemen, please take your seats," said Captain Petersham, with a wave of his hand; "I see Mr. Weeks is about to speak. As for you, ladies, you're a set of saucy, impudent baggage, to intrude upon us here over our cups."

"Mr. Weeks," "Mr. Weeks," "Mr. Weeks," was now heard from all parts of the room. "Ladies and gents," said the latter, rising slowly, and running one hand into his vest pocket, while he rested the other on the table—"ladies and gents, I ain't a goin to make a speech; I ain't a goin to sit in my line. But I ain't a goin to sit in my line, either, when such honor is done to the flag of my country. Ladies and gents, 'I'm an American born, of the true blue Puritan stock, a citizen of the model republic of the world.'" "Hear! hear!" "I ain't given to braggin' much, I expect, and besides, it don't become a foreigner to brag of his country in a strange land; but speaking as this here gent and I were (turning to Father John) about religion, I ain't afraid to assert that you can't find, in all creation, a class of men professin' more enlarged and liberal views of religion than the merchants and traders of New England."

"We are liberal in all things where conscience merely is concerned, and conservative only with a view to preserve order in society, that trade may flourish under its protection. Yes, ladies and gents, whatever tends to cripple trade or impede the progress of social advancement, whether it be a new theory or an old theory, a new creed or an old creed, we struggle it. We struggle it as the heathens in olden times used to strangle deformed children. Business men in our country ain't so very particular as to difference in religious denomination. They don't care much whether the creed be Orthodox, Universalist, Episcopalian, or Baptist, if it only gives free scope to intellect, and a clear track for human progress. There's but one creed they object to; and that is—Excuse me, friend," said the speaker, turning to the priest—"that is the Roman Catholic. 'Hear him! hear him!' cried Captain Petersham; "that's the kind of talk I like." "Hear him! hear him!" echoed half a dozen others, following the lead. Well, the fact is, ladies and gents, they can't go that kinder doctrine, no how; it tightens them up so they can't move one way or other. The laws and rules of the Catholic Church hain't got no shape in 'em; you can't bend 'em no shape or form. Then they have what they call 'confession;' and if one of their society happens

to speculate beyond his means, the priest brings him right chook up for it; so he hain't got no chance to risk any thing in the way of trade, no how he can fix it. Again, if a Catholic happens to find a pocket book, for instance, with five or six thousand dollars in it, he must restore it to the owner right straight off, when, by waiting for twelve months or so, he might make a few hundred by the use of it to start him in business. Such a creed as that, ladies and gents, no true American can tolerate. Well—he wouldn't deserve the name of a freeman if he did. The question for Americans is, not whether any particular form of religion be young or old, true or false, divine or human, but whether it suits the genius of the country; that's the question—the only question—to decide. Our country is young, ladies and gents; she has done little more, as yet, than just begun to develop her resources—the greatest resources of any nation throughout all universal space; and we feel it's our best policy to moderate the rigors of the gospel—to temper it, as it were—well, to make it as little exacting as possible. Hence our ministers, as a general thing, especially in cities and large towns, seldom preach about sin, or hell, or the ten commandments, or business subjects, because such themes are calculated to disturb and perplex business men, to the injury of trade. And we have long made up our minds that trade must be cared for, whatever else suffers. Yes, ladies and gents," continued the speaker, growing more animated as the old Irishman began to warm up his blood, "our country is bound to go ahead of every other country in creation. Excuse me, ladies and gents, for speaking my sentiments right out on the subject; but they are my sentiments and the sentiments of every native born American."

"Bravo, bravo, Weeks!" cried the captain; his fat sides shaking as he clapped his hands. "Bravo—that's the talk."

"Yes," continued Weeks, "I'm a Yankee, and then sentiments are true blue Yankee sentiments. We ain't agoin to be fettered by any form of religion under the sun; if it don't encourage trade and commerce it don't suit us—that's the hull amount of it. Had the United States hung on to the old worn-out creeds of Europe, what should our people be now?—perhaps in no better condition than yourselves, ladies and gents, at this present moment."

"That's cool," muttered some one in an under tone. "It's a fact, nevertheless," said Weeks, catching the words. "The antiquated religion of our grandfathers would have acted like a strait-jacket on the nation, cramping its energies and stunting its growth. Had we not shaken ourselves free from the trammels both of pilgrim and priestly rules, could we have become in so short a period so intelligent, enterprising, and powerful a nation? Yes, ladies and gents, could we have flung our right arm across the Gulf, and laid hold of Mexico by the hair of the head, as we do now, and be ready to extend our left over your British American possessions, at any day or hour we please to take the trouble, and sweep them into our lap? I ask, ladies and gents, could we have done that?"

"Hurrah!" shouted the captain—"capital! glorious!" "I don't profess, ladies and gents," still continued Weeks, "to belong to any particular religious denomination myself. My creed is, 'a first cause and the perfectibility of man; that's the length, breadth, and thickness of my religious belief, and I stand on that platform firm and flat-footed. Still, I go in for three things in the religious line, as strong as any man—almshouses, observance of the Sabbath, and reading the Bible. These are excellent things in their way, and ought to be encouraged by every man who loves order and likes to see trade flourish. But I can go no further; I can never believe, sir, (turning to the priest) that the Founder of Christianity intended a nation so intelligent, so intellectual, and so civilized as ours, should be bound down hand and foot by the strict rules of the gospel. No, sir; He intended we should moderate and adapt them as far as possible to the interests of the state and the requirements of society. With these ideas and these principles, ladies and gents, we are bound to go ahead—we must go ahead—we can't help it—prosperity forces itself upon us—we on our part have only 'to clear the track' for it. Nothing can bar our progress, for our destiny is universal empire. Nothing can stop our course—no obstacle, moral or physical, on earth or air, on sea or land. Yes, our energies are immense, and must be expended. Ladies and gents, were it necessary to bore the earth through, we should do it. Yes, by crackie, tunnel almighty creation to find an outlet for our resources."

"Glorious, glorious!" shouted the captain; "hurrah! for the stars and stripes!" Well, done, Weeks; bravo, bravo! my boy."

"And 'bravo, bravo!' echoed from all parts of the room; even the ladies stood up and waved their pocket handkerchiefs. In the midst of this general acclamation, however, and just as Mr. Weeks had hitched up his shoulders for another start, a loud, piercing shriek came from the entrance hall, which startled and silenced the noisy company in an instant.

"What the fury is that?" demanded the captain. "Ho, there, James, Thomas—go instantly and see what that noise means."

Kate rushed to the door, followed by the other ladies, curious to learn what had happened; and the gentlemen, fearing some serious accident, darted out pell-mell after them.

"Who the mischief are you?" growled Captain Petersham, grasping a tall, grave-looking man by the arm, as he hurried out from the parlor. "Who the mischief are you, fellow?" "Pardon me, sir," replied the stranger in the mildest manner possible; "my name is Sweetsole. I came with—"

"Who! what! the colporteur of the Methodist Bible-reader!"

"The same, sir." "And what do you want here, sir?" "Excuse me, sir, I—"

"I shan't excuse you, sir; you have no business in my house, you canting rascal; out of it instantly." "But the lady there, sir." "Lady, what lady?" "Hush, hush! brother Tom," whispered Kate, catching him by the button-hole, and whispering in his ear; "it's Baby Deb."

"What? one of the Hardwrinkles?" "Yes, yes," she replied, convulsed with laughter; "her sister Rebecca—ha, ha, ha—her sister Rebecca—ha, ha!" "Cease your folly, Kate, and tell me."

"Well, she's—ha, ha!—gone off with—"

"Eloped?" "Yes, fled away with—O, dear!" "Rebecca Hardwinkle eloped?" "Nonsense, Kate, you're fooling me."

"It's a positive fact," said the light-hearted, mischief-loving girl—"ask Baby Deb, there, if you don't believe me."

"O, dear! O, dear!" cried the latter, clapping her hands; "she's gone! she's gone!" "Well, there," ejaculated Weeks, when he heard what had taken place, "there! I eloped! if that ain't going it strong, I don't know what is. By thunder, if this ain't the most infernal country—"

"Miss Hardwinkle," said the captain, kindly taking the disconsolate young lady by the arm, "let me conduct you to Aunt Willoughby's room. And tell me as we go how all this happened."

"Won't you send the police in search of her, captain? I came all the way with Mr. Sweetsole to entreat you to send them."

"Certainly, certainly, my dear young lady, I shall do so forthwith; but how did it happen?"

"Why, a man came to the house in Ballymaghey where we had been distributing tracts, and told Rebecca a dying woman wanted to see her immediately, and have some spiritual conversation with her before she departed."

"Humph! I see; well?" "Well, poor Rebecca!—you know, captain, how eagerly she thirsted for the salvation of souls—"

"Yes, yes, I know all that—well?" "The instant the man delivered the message, she started off as quickly as if—"

"Yes, of course—I understand you; well, of course—"

"Her holy zeal, you know—"

"Never mind her zeal. What the fury have I to do with her zeal—excuse me, Miss Hardwinkle, but can't you tell me how she was carried off at once?"

"O, dear! you hurry me so—and then I'm almost dead with the fright."

"Listen to me—did you see her carried off?"

"Yes, yes, did you actually see her?"

"With my own eyes."

"Then how was she carried off?"

"Behind a man! O, dear! O, dear!"

"Behind a man?"

"Yes; in—on—a—Here Deborah tried to blush and cover her face."

"Confound it, on what?" roared the captain, losing patience altogether. "Can't you speak at once if you wish me to take measure for your sister's recovery? How did he carry her off?"

"On a—on a—O, dear, on a pillow! behind him."

"Phew! on a pillow! Ha, ha! By the Lord Harry, that was a sight."

"It was shocking—in broad daylight too; O, dear!"

"What was villainous," said the captain, endeavoring to smother a laugh—"most atrocious to carry such a saintly young lady, and one so reserved in all her habits of life, over the open country in broad daylight, on a pillow. S' death! the scoundrel should be hung for it."

"And O, captain," said Deborah, "I can never forget the terrific shriek she gave, as she flew past me behind the inhuman wretch. It still rings in my ears—it was heartrending."

"Who could have played this trick, Kate?" said the captain, turning to his sister; "eh—what does it mean?"

"I confess I don't understand it."

"And how can I?" replied Kate, covering her face with her handkerchief. "How can I, if you don't?"

"Kate!"

"Look up."

"There—what's the matter?"

"This is some of your devilry."

"Mine!"

"Yours. Come! come! no evasion now; you're in the plot, whatever it is, as sure as your name's Kate Petersham. It's exactly like you—you needn't try to look serious."

HERSELF AND HIMSELF.

He sat down under the shade of the veranda, and taking off his hat felt that wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the back of his hand, and then ran his fingers vigorously through his gray hair, combing it against the grain. His face told you many things, among others the following: That he was over fifty years of age; that he was of the Irish race; that there was grit in him; that he was hurried and in a bad humor; that something of an unpleasant and misleading nature was crossing his mind, causing him to frown and scowl in a way that was not at all encouraging. While one of the darkest frowns was on his brow, a figure came into the open door of the dining room, in front of which he was sitting. A solid, matronly figure it was, of a woman still lingering in the autumn of middle age, but with many a silver streak in her thick, brown hair. There were lines across her forehead, and a look of pain in the kindly hazel eyes, and on the sweet though homely face lay the shadow of sorrow. She carried a towel which she handed to the perspiring man at whom she looked wistfully, asking in an emotionless matter of fact way:

"Will you wait for me a drink of water or will you wait for the tea?"

"I'll have the water now if you put a drop of something in it," he said in a pause, mapping his head and face with the towel and without turning to look at her. She re-entered the house and soon returned with the drink. She handed it to him in silence. In silence he finished it and gave her back the empty tumbler. Without a word she received it from him, but instead of going away she crossed her arms over the ample span of her apron and remained standing almost beside him. There she remained for full two minutes, neither of them speaking, Himself and Himself, man and wife, the partners of more than half a life-time—sharers in the weal or woe which had come to them, sharers now, to all appearances, in a common misfortune.

"Were you far?" asked Himself at length.

Himself frowned a dark and sullen frown and mumbled something about having been "far enough." It was not polite, but Himself did not show any sign of resentment. She meekly and silently turned away and went indoors.

Himself remained sitting under the veranda, evidently a prey to unhappy meditations. Though the rifts in the leafy screen of the aromas and eucalyptus groves he could see broad stretches of the level camp beyond. Through the long vistas of the peach orchard behind him the camp breezes came in from the South and fanned him. In the branches of the tall poplars near by, the doves were cooing the soft, low flute-like coos which always seem to be a prelude to some sweet dirge for a love that is lost. There was no other intrusion on the silence. Quiet, warm summer quiet, lay all around. The distant clatter of the large gallopes, the wing of buildings where the men ate and slept, all were steeped in sun-glow and silence. The dogs slept peacefully under the veranda, the fowls lay quietly in their cool nests of clay under the peach trees, the stately chief of the turkey family was off duty and lay dreamily on his side among his people, solemnly holding his tongue, and for the moment stretching no one by himself with the exception of his individual importance. It was a scene good to look at. It spoke of peace, order, industry, thrift and prosperity. But Himself, as he contemplated it, showed no sign of appreciation, although he was the lord of all he surveyed; it was all of his own making.

He it was who had built every wall, planted every tree, laid down every corral; not a brick, or least, or strand of wire, or grain of iron, or the magnificent heststead but represented a drop of his sweat or a thought of his busy brain, or a pulsation of his toughened heart. He had found it years ago—a gently sloping swell of the bosom of the Pampa—treeless, houseless, bare of all save the grasses; and now, after all the years, amid all the fruits of his endeavor, he sat there brooding in sullen anger.

At length turning his head an inch or two towards the open door, but keeping his eyes on the towel, he asked:

"Are you there?"

"I am," came back the answer from Himself in even, quiet tones as she came forth from the house. Himself now put his elbows on his knees and looking away into the distance he said:

"I'm goin' to put a stop to this nonsense once for all. I'll let the scamps before they know where they are. They think they can defy me, because the law of the land, bad luck to it! gives them the right to squander a certain share of what we made by the sweat of our brows, you and me, but I'll go to a country where the law lets a man do what he likes with his own."

He paused, but Himself said nothing, although the pensive melancholy of her face grew visibly more intense. "Yes," went on Himself presently, "you and me—we worked and slaved and struggled. From your marriage day until Tommy was a n't to school you and me never knew a day's idleness. I see you many a time with one of them at your skirt draggin' out of you, and another of 'em in your arms, while you were gettin' the meals. I see you stayin' up three nights at a time to make coffee for me and the men I had with me round in wet weather. You slaved, year in, year out, to get the price of a bit of land together, and if we prospered we deserved it."

"God was very good to us," said Himself. "We thought more about His goodness than times than we did after. Maybe that's the reason—"

everything born in it is cur... leave it. I'm not goin to s... see the sons we reared a... staped up nights and nights... sickness, and that we bel... and hushed to sleep, an... against us in love—I'm... he bulled by them a... to law by the scamps that l... on me now like over-fed dog... out and go home, and I... bully me if they dare. I'll... come up before they feel."

Herself only sighed, and... her chin with her right h... sorrowfully at the ground... "I'm not goin' to stand... er" continued Himself dop... at his toes and harping... same idea. "I'll sell out... I'll talk to them—to t... their's little to pick or c... them. There's the sons we... to the dogs. The three p... to please themselves and y... me. I told you so at the... in to them now, sleep, an... on you bye and bye."... try—"to do it."

"Indeed they're not!"... Himself. "They have the... of trouble have the girls... them, without makin' it fr... "Then why are they... with the boys against me?"... "They're not goin, if t... what can they do, since... them sure they can't t... and Himself with a break... and fearless agony twitc... brave face.

"That's right," grow... "stand up for them. The... for you, will they? A nic... doin' it. Here we are i... with an empty house—h... them we reared to stay... their duty. Tell me, ho... it since Tom was here las... "He left last Tues... weeks," replied Hersel... face with her hands and... one of the pillars of t... "He did, and ever si... spongin' from Bridget's... from Mary to Ellen's... here two days ago, beca... a lazy-goody nothin'. He... bed at six o'clock in the... and never a foot he'll p... door again while I own... self raisin his voice an... foot.

Herself shivered and... leaned against the pil... turned away from him... "I know where he wa... went on Himself, he sto... his heart sick at... every line of his stern fa... in every tone of his vo... where to find him and... to-day after breakfast... time he done this, I sai... I'll not have it happe... month or two more f... comin' home from scho... led astray with bad ex... regulate, right off the b... "Don't, Jim, Jim,"

"Oh, call the boy c... don't. I can't bear it... "Can't you! Well, b... bear worse than that... until you hear about... pet. I found him wh... him, down at Dunlees... cards with a crew of h... the pulpit in his hold h... and come home wifed... fussed. He said a wo... bound that he'll remem... day."

"Oh me boy! me boy... self, the big tears com... fingers. "Oh Mary Mo... us!"

"Aye and ask her p... such a reneger. But w... with him. No man liv... upon me before they... freed. He sneak in, e... did. He think he could... changed and let him... words—did he think... stand that from him b... and other blackguard... he did, he made a bi... stepped across him wi... once, twice, left a... over each impudent e... "Oh Jim—Jim—"

Herself, as she threv... her husband's neck a... on his knees. She w... like a log at his feet... were it not that his... held her. He was u... utterly stupefied. "It... it was only by insti... The shock drove the... heart, and when it h... and despair. Himse... pected, because he... sionate to notice it... wounding her to the... now, gazing on her st... she was dead. He s... self believed the w... with all his knowled... heroic which she h... ing heartache from d... ing to conceal it... Himself could not... another light than... Dead Limp, and Her... Herself dead!—for... his arms, but at t... away from him! go... was cursing the child... him—gone without... lvering him all along... rest of his life with... horrible thought!... out hoarsely in ter... stabbed at his stu... cries brought, as si... were a dozen peopl... woke him from his s... him to let them c... The only woman fol... dena, the cook, her... wife of the cart-m... what to do, and by... simple restoratives... self back to life.

When she opene... was standing over... by name and caught... both his own. But... TO BE CONTINUED.

everything born in it is cursed. We'll leave it. I'm not going to stay here to see the sons we reared and that we stepped up nights and nights to mind in sickness, and that we held in our arms and hushed to sleep, and that lay against us in love—I'm not going to wait to be bullied by them and brought to law by the scamps that have turned on me now like over-dog dogs. I'll sell out and go home, and then let them come up before they feel."

Herself only sighed, and supporting her chin with her right hand looked sorrowfully at the ground.

"I'm not going to stand it any longer," continued Herself doggedly, looking at his toes and harping back to the same idea.

"I'll talk to them to all, for there's little to pick or choose among them. There's the sons we reared going to the dogs. The three girls married to please themselves and my more than me. I told you so at the time. Give me in to them now, say I, and they'll walk on my bye and bye. And they're trying to do it."

"Indeed they're not," remonstrated Herself. "They have their own share of trouble here, one and all of them, without making it for us."

"Then why are they takin' sides with the boys against me?"

"They're not siding with the boys—what can they do, if the boys go to them?—sure they can't turn them out?"

"I'll talk to them with a break in her voice and tearful agony twitching her strong bare face.

"That's right," growled Herself, "stand up for them. They'll stand up for you, will they? A nice way they're doin' it. Here we are in our old days with an empty house—without one of them we reared to stay in it and do their duty. Tell me, how long ago is it since Tom was here last?"

"He left last Tuesday was five weeks," replied Herself, covering her face with her hands and leaning against one of the pillars of the veranda.

"He did, and ever since he's been spungin' from Bridget's to Mary's and from Mary's to Ellen's. James left here two days ago because I called him a lazy-cod for nothin', to be lyin' in bed at 8 o'clock in the mornin'—and never a foot he'll put across that door again while I own it!"

Herself shivered and moaned as she leaned against the pillar, her head turned away from him.

"I knew where he was more or less," went on Herself, the hot anger which stormed in his heart showing itself in every line of his stern face and ringing where to find him and I followed him to-day after breakfast. 'Tis the first time he done this, I said to myself, and I'll not have it happen again. In a month or two more Franky will be comin' home from school and he'll be laid astray with bad example, with this regulate, right off the reel, with this brat."

"Oh, Jim, Jim," pleaded Herself, "don't let the boy out of his name, don't. I can't bear it."

"Can't you? Well, you'll have to bear worse than that. Wait a minute until you hear about your promisin' pet. I found him where he looked for him, down at Dunlop's backyards from the pulperia. I told him to get up at once and come home with me and he refused. He said a word to me, the hound! that he'll remember to his dyin' day."

"Oh me boy! me boy!" sobbed Herself, the big tears coming through her fingers. "Oh Mary Mother, strengthen us!"

"Aye and ask her pardon for rearin' such a renegade. But I didn't let it go with him. No man livin' will put shame upon me before others and get off scott free. The sneakin', cat-faced coward! Did he think he could tell me to go be hanged and let him alone—his very words—did he think I was goin' to stand that from him before his bucktue and other blackguard companions? If he did, he made a big mistake. I just stepped across the floor of the ranch and measured him with my whip handle—once, twice, left and right, a slash over each impudent eye—"

"Oh Jim—Jim—'n' dyin'," gasped Herself, as she threw her arms about her husband's neck and fell senseless on his knees. She would have fallen like a log at his feet on the hard tiles, were it not that his strong embrace held her. He was dumbfounded—utterly stupefied—for the moment, and it was only by instinct he held her. The shock drove the anger out of his heart, and when it beat again it was with mingled throbs of love and fear and despair. Herself had never suspected, because he had been too passionate to notice it, that his words were wounding her to the very soul. And now, gazing on her still face, he thought she was dead. Herself had never fainted before, and that was why Herself believed the worst. He did not with all his knowledge of Herself realize the patient, silent, uncomplaining heroism which she had shown in suffering heartache from day to day and trying to conceal it to the very last. So Herself could not see the collapse in another light than that of death. Herself dead! Herself lying there in his arms, but, at the same time, gone away from him to go away while he was cursing the children she had borne him—gone without a word of farewell, leaving him all alone to go through the rest of his life without her. It was a horrible thought! and Herself cried out hoarsely in terror and pain as it stabbed at his stubborn breast. His cries brought assistance. Soon there were a dozen people about him. They woke him from his stupor and persuaded him to let them carry Herself inside. The only woman folk there were Magdalen, the cook, her daughter, and the wife of the cartman, but they knew what to do, and by administering a few simple restoratives they brought Herself back to life.

When she opened her eyes, Herself was standing over her and called to her by name and caught her right hand in both his own. But she knew him not;

and the words she spoke were these: "Are the children all asleep? Cover them up snug, for the night is cold. It's freezin'."

"Bridget, Bridget don't you know me?" said Herself stooping over her stoop and in a frightened half-whisper. "It's me, Bridget. Don't you know who's in it?"

"Whisht!" she said "Is that little Jamey that's awake? I think I hear him cryin'. It is him, the poor little thing! He must be sick," and she tried feebly to rise from off the bed on which they had laid her. The effort exhausted her and she closed her eyes again and lay back with a piteous moan.

Herself stared aghast at the faces of those about him in the mute instinctive appeal for aid or hope which a stricken spirit makes in its despair. Owey, the galpon man and estancia butcher, who was in the room by right of his twenty years' connection with the family, tipped in his pious and blood-stained top boots across the room to a corner and imperiously beckoned to Herself to come to him. Owey had known Herself at home in Ireland as boy and man, had been a neighbor of his when Herself first went to herd sheep in the old pioneer days of the West, and had been more or less in touch with him ever since. Owey could have been rich also if he had the knack of getting on. As it was, however, he was poor and only a peon, one of those who had lost the race and remained behind—no matter why. But poor and shaggy though he was, with a pair of half-dried cowhides and sheep skins heavy upon him, he understood many things, for his heart was in the right place.

"I'd send for the boys an' girls if I was you," said Owey when Herself came within whispering range.

"That's what will bring her to. Her heart is stuck in them children, an' the sight of 'em will cheer her up. I think I'll go an' give 'em word."

Herself said nothing. He was thinking of the two whip cuts which he had given Herself's favorite son two hours previously, and also of how he had forbidden the youth ever to set foot in the house again. But it was not that very young boy Herself had called just now. Herself was an obstinate, self-willed man but what could he do?

"I'll be off then!" said Owey, tipping thunderously towards the door.

Herself nodded.

"An' I'll tell some of them out here," said Owey, jerking his thumb towards the galpon, "to go for the priest an' doctor. There isn't much danger, with the help of God, but she might like to see them."

"Yes, do," said Herself, eagerly, "an' don't lose a second. Tell the priest to come as soon as he can—send the coach for him"—and he gave Owey a shower of orders for the people outside. Then he went back and knelt at his wife's bedside.

"Hah! you're tame enough now, so y'are, me lad!" said Owey, as he galloped on his errand. "You bullied and ballyragged your childre until you broke that woman's heart. That's what's amiss with Herself. She's heart-broke. All the girls are married and the boys runnin' and ever the coun'try because you won't give them fair play. Dang it, can't you make some allowance for them bein' a bit wild? Worn't you wild yourself? 'Deed an' you were. You sowed your wild oats, me b'y, as well as another. An' now your own sons wants to have a little liberty you're down on them, an' chawin' and proddin' at them night an' mornin'." While Herself had any of the girls left she could bear up agin it purty well. But after Mary gettin' married you could see the change. She had no one to console with thin. When the girls go away from a mother she's bet—she falls to pieces entirely, so she does, especially if she's the trouble that Herself had for the last year an' a half." And Owey jogged his horse to half speed on his way to find "the boys and girls."

There was a family reunion around Herself's bed late that night, and for days and days afterwards, for Herself was very bad indeed. Three days and nights she hovered between life and death. During that time she would start up every now and then from a troubled slumber and say that she heard little Jamey crying; and every time this happened, a tall, broad-shouldered young man would bend towards her and put his arm around her neck and by his cheek against hers and whisper, "I'm all right, mother, don't be troublin' yourself about me."

The voice invariably soothed her, for this grown-up athlete was the baby of her evil dreams. And under the rich brown locks which fell over his white forehead were two red welts—the marks of his father's anger. Herself was there, too, red-eyed, haggard, and silent. He came and went from the sick room, his hands behind his back, his head bent, avoiding as much as possible all speech or intercourse with everybody.

"He's dang well ashamed himself," said Owey to his black pipe in the galpon. "That's what's amiss with him. His pride is 'umblin' now, an' he knows it. Only that he's doin', or mostly all, an' that's pulling the heart strings out of him if he'd only acknowledge it. I know him. He's the very spit out of his Uncle Larry—the proudest old paycock that ever stepped an' as old stinct as a pig—although not a bad sort of a man if Herself goes. If any-thing happens to her it's all up with him."

Just then under the veranda, on the very spot where Herself had fallen were assembled three men. Herself was confronting the priest and doctor and hearing the good news that Herself was weathering the storm. It was the priest's opinion that Herself asked first.

"What do you say, Father? Tell me the whole of it. We're old friends. We've known one another for thirty year, an' more. Is there any chance?"

"With the help of God," said the priest solemnly, "there is hope and great hope for her now."

The doctor confirmed this good news.

He said that when Herself next woke she would be conscious. The doctor was asked by Herself for the third or fourth time, since Herself was stricken down, if he could tell what the trouble was. The doctor could not do so. He spoke of nervous prostration, a run down system, a possible shock, etc., etc. The explanation left Herself—as it found him—with his own thoughts on the subject. On one point, however, science was definite and positive. Herself, on recovering consciousness, must be most carefully tended; everything must be made pleasant for her; the slightest anxiety or shock or annoyance might be fatal. And then science got into its four-horse coach and was driven away.

"She won't wake for two hours yet," said the priest to Herself. "Will you walk down under the trees with me where we can be all alone? I have a few words to say to you."

Together the two men went out under the eucalypts. Together they walked up and down while the time slipped by.

Owey, going back from the house to his galpon after hearing the good news saw the two figures walking to and fro under the trees and drew his own conclusions.

"I'll bet me life," said honest Owey, communing with his inner consciousness, "I'll bet anything you please that his Reverence is walkin' into him—an' more power to him! (Sobor, i. e., handle, or, as an American boy would say, "soak him,") him well. Father. He wants it. Lave him as limp as a dish rag. It's time, so it is, to tell that man what's what!"

And it is exactly what his Reverence was doing, however Owey came to surmise it, being only a man in the galpon and a near-do-well.

"Don't tell me," the priest was saying, "that it is all your children's fault. Where is the use of saying that when your conscience tells you another story? Look! Be honest with yourself, man alive. You won't regret it! The fault that a man acknowledges to himself is half cured. You never gave your boys a chance to be men. Why don't you let them marry? Why don't you give them a way of living? They're no children any longer. Treat them as men and not as curs. Trust them, give them something to do. Show them that you want to regard them as confidential friends and not as servants to your whim. Look here! You and many men like you, with the very best of intentions, are ruining the youth of the community. You never give them a chance. You are eternally nagging at them, telling them that they're nothing, that they're no good, that they're not decent, that they're worth a strait jacket. I tell you that's wrong. If you cow people and tell them that they are no good, and that they can never be any good, they won't try to be anything. And besides, half the young fellows growing up would be just as good as the old people, and may be better than some of them, and just as Irish spirited, and may be more so, if they were shown fair play. But no, you must hold on to the last and show authority, and uphold what is a mistaken notion of dignity. You don't correct the child when he's small, and then when he grows up you want to entangle him in your own net. You don't slave him! What can you expect of the children? They are the offspring of cowards and slaves and mean weaklings who expect them to bow down and be like dogs; but as they are the children of warm-blooded, brave, honest men and women I can only expect them to rebel against injustice."

And for an hour and more this torrent went on. Herself listened to it meekly. It was good for him and he knew it.

"Come now," said the priest at length, taking him by the arm, "be a new man by the time she wakes. Go back and tell her that you'll meet the boys half-way. The boys themselves will come more than half-way to meet you, for they're real good fellows with all their little faults and faults that they may blame yourself for; mind that. Won't you do as I say now, James? Promise me; won't you?"

"I will, old friend, I will; an' God bless you for openin' my eyes," said Herself; and then they went back to the house. As they re-entered the sick-room they found a stir there. Herself was sitting up in the bed and they were all around her. She knew them all at last.

"And how did yez all come?" she was saying. "And where did yez leave the children (alluding to her grandchildren) and is this you, James, and you, Tom? And where's Herself?"

"I'm here," said Herself. "Shake hands natesake," he went on stretching out his right hand across the bed to James, who caught it in astonishment. Herself held it, and shook it. "Do you see that, Bridget?" he asked looking at Herself.

"Oh! thanks be to God I do," was all Herself could say.

"Is that all right?" said Herself, looking at the youth whose hand he held.

"It is, father," he replied.

"We make it up then, Jimmy, don't we?" asked Herself.

"We do," replied the other.

"Very well, said Herself. "Let bygones be bygones between the whole of us—girls and boys. Are yez all satisfied?"

They were; and in their women's way the women's eyes moistened and then there were woman's tears.

"I didn't know I was hard on you," continued Herself. "I thought I was doin' it for the best. I'm sorry now—and well—I'll try to make up for it, if God spares me."

"Good man!" said the priest.

"That's the way!"

"It's all your doin's, Father," said Herself.

"No, it isn't," replied the priest, "neither yours nor mine. It's God's work—that's what it is. And His work—blissin' be upon it."

Four days later, in the evening glory, when the shadows were lengthening and their fullest on the warm earth and the bleating of home coming flocks was in the air and the scent of the new allials



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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, 7th Dec. 1903.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

CLERICAL CHANGES. The Bishop of London has made the following changes in the diocese: Owing to the illness and resignation of Father Tobin, Stratford becomes vacant, and the Rev. Father McGee of Maidstone is appointed Pastor of Stratford, and will build the new church for the new parish in that city.

CHRISTIAN UNITY. A meeting was held last week in Toronto at which representatives were present from the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches of Canada, for the purpose of furthering the cause of union between these denominations, the result of which was the unanimous adoption of the following resolution:

While recognizing the limitations of our authority as to any action that would commit our respective churches in regard to a proposal that is yet in the initial stage, we feel free, nevertheless, to say that we are of one mind, that organic union is both desirable and practicable, and we commend the whole subject to the sympathetic and favorable consideration of the chief assemblies of the churches concerned for such further action as they may deem wise and expedient.

It must be admitted, and we freely admit that this resolution, adopted by leading clergymen of the various denominations represented, shows the strength of the union feeling existing among the Churches which were represented at the Conference, and that the result arrived at brings the question of unity to a stage which makes it very likely that a union may be brought about before very long, at least in this Dominion, between the sects represented.

Canada has hitherto taken the lead in the question of union between the various denominations or sects, and unions have actually been brought about in this Dominion in the past to an extent which half a century ago could not have been anticipated.

In England and the United States, however, all movement towards unity even among Methodists appears to have collapsed, as the most recent reports relate that the differences between Wesleyan and Episcopal Methodists are too strongly marked to give any present hope that they can be smoothed over.

At the Toronto meeting, Principal Caven of Knox College was the most decisive speaker. On behalf of the Presbyterian body he declared that se-

cession and disruption has served a high purpose in preserving the life of the Church in times of crisis, even as amputation of a limb sometimes saves a life. The Rev. gentleman seems to have overlooked the fact that the amputated limb ceases to be part of the living body, and can never again become part of the living body, at least till the day of the general resurrection of the dead.

The Rev. Principal continues: "But denominationalism is not the ideal condition of the Church. If things are right within the Church there should be no divisions or schisms. Many excellent persons do, indeed, hold that denominationalism is better than organic union, and that spiritual unity is all that is needed either for efficient service or in order to the fulfillment of Christ's prayer 'that they may be one.' For myself, I do not so think. Union, real organic union, such as we desire, would not only enable us to deal more economically with our resources, but what is much more important, would represent in a far truer and more perfect way the body of Christ. Spiritual unity, if complete and unhampered, must seek adequately to represent itself in outward organic unity."

It is, of course, a matter pertaining directly solely to the Protestant denominations whether they unite or not, and whether when they do unite, their union shall be Federal or organic. Nevertheless, as the question concerns the essential characteristics and constitution of the Church of Christ, it must indirectly concern all Christians, and we have the right to point out the truth that the very fact that the present proposition is seriously entertained is demonstrative evidence that each and all of the denominations taking part in the negotiations admit thereby that they have hitherto been in error in maintaining a principle which is the basis of all Protestantism, that the Bible was given to mankind as the sole basis of Faith from which each individual is to frame his own creed according to the light which is in him, or which is given him by God.

It has hitherto been the boast of Protestantism that it is a "free faith," the details of which every man is to work out for himself. Now nothing can be more foreign to the conception of the Church which Christ established. The Church of Christ is one, having its sacred ruling body of "apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers for the perfection of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, unto the edification of the body of Christ till we all meet in the unity of Faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God . . . that we may not now be children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, in the wickedness of men, etc." (Eph. iv. 11-14.)

There is, therefore, in the Church of Christ a supreme tribunal to teach unhesitatingly and authoritatively the saving truths which Christ has revealed, and to preserve us from error. This Church alone is the "Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of truth," and Christ adds daily to it "such as should be saved." (1 Tim. iii. 15. Acts, ii. 47.)

Unmeasurable are the passages of Holy Scripture in which the Church is described; but nowhere do we find that it is an organization in which every one is to construct his own creed. Yet this is what the divers denominations of Protestants have done, refusing obedience to the one Church which is undoubtedly that which has brought down the truths revealed originally by Christ to the knowledge of every one of us.

And now it is acknowledged that the time has come when the sects should form an organic union! This means a return to one Faith. And what is to be that one Faith? Alas! It is not to be the one "Faith" once delivered to the Saints," but a Faith to be constructed by compromise between all the errors which human imagination has been able to invent since the year 1517, and the Church as constructed by man will claim to be the real Church of God which Christ commanded His Apostles to establish everywhere "by their preaching!"

And how is this agreement to be brought about? The Rev. Principal Caven has given us the recipe. He says: "The formulating of a doctrinal basis for a union of these Churches is perhaps the most important and most difficult question involved. Each Church has its history, and has taken up a definite doctrinal position. These positions are, from a variety of causes, not identical, and in considering union there must be no unworthy compromise. An honest man can make no compromise when dealing with truth. He must continue to think what he thinks. He must hold to the very best of the tentacles his own well-considered opinions. Compromise is an ill-favored word in this connection, and can refer not to essentials, but only to details. . . . There has been abundance of discussion of Arminianism and of Calvinism, but very little discussion of the possibility of finding a sufficient doctrinal basis common to both these great systems of theology."

Here is, indeed, the key to the position. The United States Presbyterians have in a way removed the

obstacle by a foot-note to the Westminster Confession, explaining that the ultra Calvinism which condemns the sinner to hell for doing what he could not avoid doing, is not to be taken in the sense which the words imply. But the Canadian Presbyterians retain this article of their creed in all its odiousness, without even a foot-note to explain that it may be left out of their actual belief without any scruple, and without impairing their standing as good Presbyterians; and the Methodists and Congregationalists must swallow this pill, for the sake of the economy of union, and the more captivating appearance of a united Protestant Church, which teaches all creeds in detail, but none in particular as absolutely necessary.

And must we call a new Church thus constituted "the pillar and ground of truth?" With due respect to the Rev. gentleman who adopted the union resolution we have given above, we must still proclaim it to be our conviction that there can be no successful or even plausible union of sects, unless those who have gone astray give up their errors and return to the unity of faith by acknowledging the authority of the one Church which recognizes for its head the successor of St. Peter whom Christ authorized to feed His lambs and His sheep.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN AUSTRALIA AND ELSEWHERE. While there is so much jubilation in the anti-Catholic press on account of the persecution to which the Religious Orders, and especially the teaching Orders, are undergoing in France, and while we are told that these Orders are not space with the age in teaching, it is interesting to learn of the phenomenal success of the schools of the Marist Brothers in Australia in comparison with the Public schools.

At the school examinations held recently in Sydney the Brothers sent up sixteen pupils, and all passed, five of the number receiving medals for proficiency. The Sydney Freeman's Journal says that "at this examination, St. Mary's High School gained the great distinction of having passed more students and gained more medals than any other school or college in the State. The Sydney Grammar school came to a close second with fifteen passes, and the rest 'nowhere.'"

The total number of passes for the whole state was eighty-one, and St. Mary's High School alone gained nearly 20 per cent. of these, though the Public and High Schools received the enormous endowment of £813,513 in 1902. The success of the schools of the Religious Orders is not confined to Australia, but have been very marked also on this continent, as it has occurred year after year that the schools taught by Religious have stood at the head in all the public competitions at which the pupils of all schools were admitted to compete.

There is no reason why the Catholic schools of Ontario should be inferior to the Public schools. The teachers pass the same examinations, and the curriculum of studies is the same, with the exception that in the Catholic schools religious instruction is given, which is not the case in the Public schools. In fact the results of the High School Entrance examinations all over the Province show conclusively that the Catholic Separate schools are in no way behind, as we have frequently published figures which prove that here as well as in Australia, the Catholic schools are as a rule thoroughly efficient. If sometimes they fall behind it is usually the fault of the trustees who are too often elected rather with the view to keep the schools efficient. But this occurs in some of the Public as well as in the Catholic school sections.

The schools taught by the religious orders are among the best in the Province. It is admitted even by non-Catholics generally that in Catholic girls' schools taught by religious, that is to say in Conventual Academies and primary schools, a training is given which infuses into the pupils the graces of manner which must adorn a young lady, and especially that species of politeness which is founded upon the golden rule of charity—to do to others as we would have them do to us. This is the true basis of any system of etiquette which is worth acquiring.

For this reason we find in all our Convent Academies, in great numbers, the daughters of Protestant parents of the highest rank in society, so that these frequently outnumber the Catholic pupils. Why, then, does it sometimes occur that Catholic parents send their daughters to Protestant schools? It is usually because they have themselves been educated amid non-Catholic surroundings, and they wrongly imagine that their daughters must attend non-Catholic schools to acquire the graces

which are necessary for them in order to hold a position in good society. This is, undoubtedly, a great mistake. The children so brought up are not taught anything in regard to the spiritual life, their duties to God and to their neighbor, and their ultimate end, which is to know and love and serve God on earth that they may see and enjoy Him in His infinite perfections for ever.

There are many such convent schools in Ontario as well as in the other provinces of the Dominion in which young girls can obtain the highest education, while their Christian training, both moral and doctrinal, will be properly attended to. There is no excuse for those parents who send their children to schools wherein religion is neglected, or a false religion taught.

MATRIMONIAL IMPEDIMENTS AND DISPENSATIONS. A subscriber enquires whether a Catholic man may under any circumstances marry his first wife's sister, and by what authority a priest celebrates such a marriage.

Answer: It is forbidden by the general law of the Church to contract such a marriage, and a marriage of this nature is null and void before God, unless the impediment be previously removed, inasmuch as the Church has power to decree impediments which void marriage, and has pronounced this relationship to be such an impediment. But our correspondent will observe that it is by a law of the Church, and not by the law of God Himself, that this impediment exists; for the Levitical law on this matter does not oblige Christians.

The law being a law of the Church, the same authority can dispense therefrom where there are just reasons for so doing; and such reasons may exist. In this case, the impediment is removed, and a priest may celebrate the marriage. The authority under which his acts is that of the Church of God, which has the legislative power to change or modify its own laws. The Pope, as Head of the Church, exercises this power when good reasons exist. The Holy Father has constituted an ecclesiastical court called the Datory for the purpose of examining into the value of the reasons alleged in each instance when permission is asked to contract such a marriage, and when they are found to be urgent, this court, acting with the Holy Father's approval, may remove the impediment.

FRANCE, ITALY AND THE POPE. A special cable despatch to the Mail and Empire from London makes the statement that "President Loubet's visit to Italy has demonstrated that there is a strong popular basis for the new Franco-Italian entente. The public welcome to the French President has been distinctly more friendly and more enthusiastic than the recent greetings to the Kaiser. Otherwise the visit does not carry special political significance."

The Reformation was imposed on Norway by the Danish kings in 1536, the country being then subject to Denmark, and the kings having the design to reduce Norway to be a Danish province. The property of the Churches and the Monasteries was confiscated and given to the Danish nobles and courtiers of the king; but though Lutheran pastors were introduced, and the authority of the Pope rejected, and the new religion was called Lutheranism, the faith remained substantially all that the Catholic Church teaches, including the Mass, transubstantiation, the sacraments with their rites, the vestments used in the Catholic Church, and even the honor and invocation of the Mother of God and the Saints of God.

This fidelity of the Norwegians to their ancient faith is now resulting, according to the writer already quoted in a revival of Catholicism, and the actual return of more converts than ever before to the Catholic Church.

Assumption College. Tuesday, May the 24th, will be Field Day in Assumption College Sandwich. All friends are invited. Dinner at 12:30 p. m.

James J. Hill, President of the Northern Securities Company and the Great Northern Railroad, will supplement his many gifts to the Catholic Church at St. Paul by a donation of \$1,500,000 given jointly by himself and Mrs. Hill toward the erection of the new \$3,000,000 cathedral. Two of the wealthiest parishes of St. Paul will join in its construction. Announcement of the gift was made to day by the clergy in connection with further statements of the progress of the cathedral movement. The remaining \$1,500,000 is already in sight, and will be given by other wealthy citizens.

the relations of Church to State in that country have become more critical than ever, so that it will be impossible to retreat therefrom, and that it "seems inevitable that the Pope must take some important action in the near future." The correspondent does not predict what this action will be.

We are not of opinion that the Holy Father will take any special action to increase the strain in the relations between Church and State in France. There has, undoubtedly, been great provocation given by the French Government in its savage attitude assumed toward religion and the religious orders. The Pope will never approve or praise this attitude, but we have no doubt that with a change in the personnel of the Government the relations with the Holy Father will be greatly improved. The history of the past century shows that the relations between France and the Holy See have gone through similar vicissitudes before now, and that the Church has emerged from them satisfactorily. We have no doubt that history will repeat itself in this respect, and the prudence of Pope Pius X. may bring about better relations sooner than worldly wisdom can expect such an outcome from the present situation. It is highly probable also that better relations, or at least a *modus vivendi* may be established between Italy and the Holy See.

HON. JOHN COSTIGAN. By the death of the late lamented Senator Dever of St. John, N. B., another seat becomes vacant in the Red Chamber. There seems to be an almost unanimous desire on the part of the Irish Catholics throughout the Dominion that this honor should be bestowed upon the Hon. John Costigan. To our mind a better choice could not be made. Few men in public life have such a long record as a parliamentarian. John Costigan has always been a manly man and a true friend. Hypocrisy was a thing against which his whole nature rebelled. In the various honorable posts which he has so creditably filled, both as a member of the House and a Minister of the Crown, no one can truthfully say that selfishness was ever a guiding motive of his character. He is now advanced in years, and his gathered wealth of knowledge of public affairs would prove to be most useful in the Upper House. We feel sure his appointment would give satisfaction in every part of the country, and that the members of the Senate would gladly welcome to their midst "Honest John Costigan."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NORWAY. A writer in the Revue Generale, of Brussels, states that in Norway there is a real revival of Catholic faith going on among the people. At present the number of Catholics is very small, as only 2,000 people out of 2,300,000 profess the Catholic religion, and of these between 800 and 900 are in Christiania, the capital. Nevertheless, there are conversions every year, and the number of conversions has been increasing constantly since the conversion of Dr. Sperdun, former Minister of Education, who was a man of great learning and piety.

Every member of the Catholic Church is thoroughly familiar with the Easter requirement. All well understand that compliance with it is absolutely necessary to entitle them to be considered practical Catholics. It is the one thing they know which measures their very closest affiliation with the Church. One of the six general laws of the Church which all must meet or be cut off from her communion.

Yet notwithstanding this fact there are some who do not meet the requirement. This is, indeed, regrettable, both on their own account and because of the evil influence it works in others. Surely it is no fault of the Church, for the law itself should have exceeding generosity to her children. To receive Holy Communion at Easter or thereabouts is the law. That is, the Church commands all her children to receive the Body and Blood of Christ at least once a year.

No one will deny that the task the Church imposes in the latitude of the law is most easy. But it does not disclose the fullness of her generosity, for the time within which she prescribes the law may be met extends from the first Sunday of Lent to Trinity Sunday—a period, it will be observed, of three months, that is, one-fourth of the year. This time will expire on the twenty-first of the present month. Hence only a brief period remains for those who have not done their duty in meeting the law. Hence also the necessity of thinking seriously of the matter. The law bears upon all equally, and neglect of it means severe penalties. No man has as much as he retires at night that he will open his eyes on another day. No Catholic certainly can hope to open his on a happy eternity if God should call him when under the dreadful penalties of this law. He, therefore, who hopes to enjoy God forever will not jeopardize that hope by failing to comply with this law of His Church.—Church Progress.

Mr. Fenton, who has been appointed Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster, is of Irish descent, his parents being natives of Cork. He is sixty-seven years old, and has been Vicar-General of the diocese for four years. He was made a Domestic Prelate in 1886.

THE SPIRIT'S TWOFOLD OFFICE. In considering the office of the Holy Spirit in the Church divinely founded by Jesus Christ on Peter, His chosen cornerstone, we must remember that the powerful Spirit is twofold. There is where He guides, visibly influences Church through her supreme pontiffs, her councils and her episcopal pontiffs, and there is the constant, interior, but just as mighty and divine an influence, whereby He turns the hearts of the faithful to a ready, obedient and glad acceptance of the truths and commands authorities in the Church.

This second point of view is of a nature that requires clear presentation to the minds of those who are outside the Catholic fold. Faith is a gift of God; and when He gives it, that priceless gift is found to be of an intrinsic quality that is high above reason, different from reason, and employing reason somewhat as the soul makes use of the body, its sister, its lifelong companion, but not its equal.

Faith is to the Catholic as the air that man breathes, as the food he eats as the sunshine in which he rejoices. Few men stop to analyze into chemical elements either air or food; few stop to reason on the processes by which the sunlight comes to us. So, too, generally speaking, we lead our home life, our social life, our school life, without profound speculation on the relation of parents to children, teachers to scholars, the ruler to the ruled. One must live that life, in order to realize what what joy's and childlike simplicity it is lived.

For instance, a non-Catholic exclaims in wonder at our devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, at the names we give her, as Queen of Heaven, Health of the Sick, Refuge of Sinners; they turn to ponderous volumes of theology to discover our reasons for all this; they stand amazed at her statues in the churches, her Rosary in our fingers, while the devout Catholic is spending very little time over wondrous treatises or learned disquisitions; he is simply and solely believing, and acting on his belief in the article of his old Creed, "the Communion of Saints;" and he is following, peacefully and quite intuitively, the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the Church of God.

To the Catholic, the Church is his family, the actual household of the saints. Mary is his Mother, our Mother, everybody's Mother; and he is no more revering about the "wherefore" of keeping her statue in his churches than of keeping his earthly mother's picture close to his most precious things in his room at home. Mary is the Refuge of Sinners and she is everything else our loving hearts name her, just as truly and in as everyday a fashion as our earthly mothers are our refuge, our comfort, our confessor, our hope, our blessing and our trust.

Love does not stop to analyze; and perfect love casteth out fear. Heaven is to the Catholic his future home, God's kingdom; it is supernaturally naturally to us to believe that Mary, the Mother of Jesus, holds place in heaven as Queen where He is King. Where else should she be? What other position should she have? We certainly have no idea that we are going to rank above her. We delight to think that we shall kneel before her, and thank her for everything she has done for us for whom her Divine Son died, and whom she loves for His sake. We are asking no explanations, we are seeking no help from the learned, we are deterred by no scuffer. The life of faith raises us higher than things like these; it is a divine life, all in flame with the Holy Spirit's fire; and they who do His will shall understand His teaching.

PRACTICAL CATHOLICS. Every member of the Catholic Church is thoroughly familiar with the Easter requirement. All well understand that compliance with it is absolutely necessary to entitle them to be considered practical Catholics. It is the one thing they know which measures their very closest affiliation with the Church. One of the six general laws of the Church which all must meet or be cut off from her communion.

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For the CAT THE D'YOUV

The lecture of last of the series the least interest Mr. Waters has gift of presenting manner that, instigated by our own ard, we are chosen to strive after the subject of the lecture "Madame de Sevigne Letter-writers. The letter-writers, the general reason which he claimed ranked among the first, the modern life, time to devote absent one; and eney to make man. Our tel must do the word Many of the modern even very culture of that culture by in the extreme, humorous allusion introduction "I in hand." The ture of Madame de grand-daughter, Jenu de Chantal, and director of Francis de Sales was how in 1620 at a very tender was carefully attan. At 18 she Sevigne, but her be happy since worthless liber appreciate the w lecturer gave a ringer. She was du pleased, though quite a coquet; mizers than she she chose one who happy. She lov disappointment that account. married life, w twenty five, Ma herself a widow. From 1630 she gave herself up of Christian mot herself exclusi daughter, and many admirers until death. After married at twenty-five year, when this devo tor. It was du century that n letters were w Sevigne to her which the worl so enriched, the only for the v care the druggi ters, scarcely she was confer Part of each sreat at cour XII—that court bodiment of all pleasure-loving lured many da ing—that cou Madame de Se the most gifti mists very m Madame de Se called as being the brilliance tins at that e We can see Madame de Sev quiet country l letter abode th her letters. W those letters? sages from a mo tor and yet, th Madame de S her letters w as a painter brush, a pa This woman v deeply religio intensely self- stance of the timent acquai sents to use "You." Her do we in readi were deep int where not exp two thousand have Mr. Wat one cr each estic which he Death came woman in 16 seventy year Rev. Dr. O expressed to and the appre The Rev. Do that peculiar scrip. He a lady students lecture by giv their letter-w writing letter Mr. Waters a few remark course. His style. He co its faithful Reading Circle Each member the ideal is a growth. Much of all this w spirit, the Re the meetings, ing out a few the intelli Circle to in no standing st we retrograd The regulat 3rd. Recent dev were not. a yellow pen some figures tion were gi

Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CCCL.

We have examined the assertion of the Presbyterian Witness, that a Catholic nation which should establish religious liberty would be apt to find itself involved thereby in serious temporal and spiritual trouble with its Head, and have found that neither present history nor past agree with this opinion.

We know that nearly or quite every Catholic nation now permits Protestants to exercise, and to extend, their religion, and that no nation has thereby incurred excommunication or interdict from Rome. We know that fifty years ago, when the Catholic Church in Austria was at the height of her power, she found no fault when the Government raised the Protestants, previously somewhat depressed, to perfect civil equality.

We know that for seventy-four years Catholic Belgium, with the Pope's formal consent, has put her Bishops under oath to maintain religious equality, and that they have loyally fulfilled their promise.

We know that the Catholics of the German Empire demand only to be treated as Catholic Bavaria deals with her Protestant minority, in order to be absolutely content. Yet Bavaria is from of old the pillar of German Catholicism.

We know that both at home and in Canada the Irish Catholics are much more willing than the Protestants to choose representatives out of the opposite religion. Yet Ireland is a darling daughter of the Holy See.

So much for present history. Now as to the past?

In 1697 the Electors of Saxony, (now Kings) became Catholics. They have ever since, at accession, solemnly sworn to maintain the supremacy and endowments of the Lutheran Church, so long as the laws of Saxony require. This oath has involved them in neither temporal nor spiritual trouble with the Holy See.

In 1688 James II, having, in obstinate contempt of the Pope's advice, flagrantly disregarded the legal rights of the Church of England, was expelled. The Jacobites offered to work for his restoration if he would solemnly bind himself not to renew his lawless policy. He urged conscience against such a promise, but the great Bossuet overmuch, lest thou show thyself a fool," he obstinately refused.

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dissenters which we can not discover between 1600 and 1900.

Now there can be no doubt of the extreme severity of the anti-heretical legislation of Toulouse, of Verona, and of the Lateran councils, before and after Toulouse and Verona, the one in 1179, the other in 1215. Nor can there be any doubt of the overmastering necessity of searching measures for rooting out the sullen and irrational Manichaeism which, as Sabatier rightly says, threatened the whole future of European society, although it has been fantastically transmuted into a purer form of Christianity by the invincible absurdity of Protestant prejudice.

This legislation, confronted with present standards, was extremely harsh, and the execution of it was harsher still. But we have no right to confront it with present standards. We might as well sit in judgment on Sir Matthew Hale because that virtuous and merciful judge, following the belief and the law of his time, sometimes sent imagined witches to the gallows. When war, or at least most of its present mercenary occasions, shall have become an obsolete and abhorred thing, there will doubtless even then be shallow souls that will lift up their hands in self-satisfied virtuousness, against our generation, because we did not let our nation go to pieces rather than take up the sword, even as we, the noisy insects of to-day, chirp and thrill against such men as St. Louis and St. Bernard, and Innocent III., because they resolutely cut out the cancer of fanaticism and voluptuous immorality which was spreading from Southern France over Christian Europe. However, the tardy revolution of the ages is beginning to do them justice.

Nevertheless, even then, beyond the bonds of the imminent necessity, Rome did not urge the acceptance of the Lateran legislation. England did not receive it, nor Scotland. In the Danish and Swedish manuals of Church history I find no mention of it. It does not seem even to have extended into North Germany, and I doubt, at least, whether it was received in Hungary or Poland, Ireland, the beloved child of Rome, having small occasion for it, never even thought of introducing it.

Nay—though here I speak with reserve—I can not even find that Castile, so near to the seat of the malady, took up the Tolosan or Lateran decrees, although these were vigorously operative in Castile. When Castile, three hundred years later, set up an Inquisition, it was wholly on her own account. Then began the long quarrel between the Pope and the Spaniards, over the suspicious unmercifulness of the latter, which lasted for a century, by which time the Spaniards had become rather tired of their own ferocity.

Thus, we see, at few times outside the central struggle between Christianity and Manichaeism, and afterwards when the very existence of Italian Catholicity was at stake, has any nation fallen under the ban of Rome by reason of greater or less indulgence toward dissenters. Catholic theology declares that an orthodox Government, for reasons of the public weal, where a schismatical movement has become fixed and hereditary, may lawfully admit it to the free exercise of its own rites. The Canon Law itself sharply distinguishes between a personal lapse into schism and a simple inheritance of it. See Perrone and Schulte.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK, Andover, Mass.

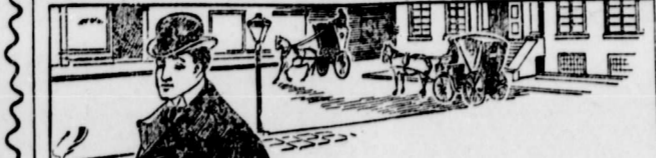
FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. BEING SCANDALIZED. The troubled sea of this world abounds with many dangerous rocks, upon which the little ships of many Christian souls, and are wrecked and lost. Not the least of these rocks are the scandals and the ungodly.

Our Saviour warns us in such a fatherly manner. There is a difference in scandal—a scandal that is given and a scandal that is taken. To scandalize by giving scandal means to tempt some one into sin by word or deed. If a father or mother curses and lies, slander or blasphemes, makes use of unchaste words and improper songs, they then give their children and neighbors scandal; that is to say, they induce their children and neighbors to follow their example, to curse and lie, to slander and blaspheme, to use improper words and songs. What a grievous sin this sort of scandal is we may understand by the words of Christ, which say: "But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea." (Matt. xviii, 6.)

But of this scandal-giving the Saviour does not speak in the Gospel, but of scandal-taking. We take scandal when we are induced, by the doings and sayings of our fellow men, to indulge in sinful thoughts, judgments, conversations, and actions. This taking of scandal is just as common as to give scandal, and I should not find time in these few moments to enumerate all the different ways in which we can take scandal. The greater part of men take scandal either at the wicked lives of their fellow creatures or at the apparent happiness of the ungodly.

I do not believe that I shall be mistaken if I suppose that one or other has thought or said, again and again: "This or that one is a drunkard, is unchaste, or a miser, or proud, or given to some other sin. Why should I be blamed or punished if I am guilty of the same faults?" The bad example of his fellow-man is a scandal and an occasion of sin to him. But tell me, whom should we imitate in our thoughts and actions, words and deeds—the words and examples of wicked men or the teaching and example of Jesus Christ? And if you all make answer, "the teaching and example of Jesus Christ," what do you suppose will be the punishment of those who shall alude to their fellow-men, and thereby excuse their sins and excesses, by saying, "Others talk and behave like this?" Not at all; for not the conduct of wicked men, but the commandments of God must be the standard toward which we must aim. There are vermin who dwell only in dirt and filth. You resemble these if you occupy yourself always with the sins,

THE CLUB MAN



The Club Man

As home from the Club he wanders late He gently smiles at the wiles of fate For he knows the effect of wine and malt Is quickly banished by Abbey's Salt

A night at the club—even a "bird and a bottle"—ought to be followed by a foaming glass of ABBEY'S SALT, next morning.

It cleans the stomach and bowels—stirs up the liver—clears the head—gives snap and vim to the whole system—and sends a man to business as "bright as a dollar."

It makes the clubman, the epicure, forget he has a liver.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt Is "the Joy of Living."

faults and omissions of your fellowmen. If you must busy yourself with the doings and sayings of others, at least do as the bees do; they do not extract the poison but the honey from the swamp plants. Pay no attention to the sins and failings of your fellow men, so as to take scandal, but rather observe their virtues and their talents, that you may imitate them. "When you behold a fault in your fellowman," says St. Bernard, "examine and see whether you have not the same yourself, and then do better; if you observe anything good or praiseworthy in him which you do not possess, then learn it of him."

This is in accordance with Christian charity and reason. Many complain that the ungodly lead a happy life, at least as far as appearances are concerned, while the just and the upright have to endure so many persecutions and contradictions. This was remarked by the prophet Jeremiah, and he asks: "Why doth the way of the wicked prosper? Why is it well with all them that transgress and do wickedly?" (xli, 1.) But, do not mind if you see the just oppressed and persecuted, while many a sinner has everything in abundance. Jesus Christ, the Son of God Himself, had to experience this, for through His cross and Passion He entered into His glory. We, who are His disciples and servants, must not expect a better lot, for the disciple is not greater than the Master, nor the servant his Lord. This should be our consolation when we have to suffer unjustly, while all goes well with the ungodly. Our sufferings will only last as short a while as their happiness, for after this short earthly life comes the judgment, when every one will be rewarded according to his work. At that moment the ungodly will have to pay dearly for the short term of happiness they enjoyed upon earth. Let us then never be scandalized, neither at the bad examples nor at the apparent happiness of the ungodly, but let us do as God, and endure all our sufferings and tribulations patiently, in the hope that then our reward will be great before the Lord!

Flower of the Holy Ghost.

One of the rarest and most wonderful orchids known is a native of the Isthmus of Panama. The early Spanish settlers there named it Flor del Espiritu Sancto (Flower of the Holy Ghost), and those who have seen it readily understand why. It grows in marshy places from a decayed log, or sometimes from the crevice in a rock. The leaf stalk reaches several feet in height, and the flower stalk which grows from the bulb, bears twelve or fifteen buds. The flower is pure white, and is shaped something like our jack-in-the-pulpit. Inside the flower, right in the heart of it, is a perfect image of a dove, with drooping wings, snowy breast, gold-tinted head and crimson beak. No effort of the imagination is necessary to see the resemblance. It is a perfect image, exquisitely beautiful in tints and giving an odor that no perfumer could imitate. The Spaniards named it the "Flower of the Holy Ghost."

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 45 Yonge Street, Toronto. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice, Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, Rev. John Fotts, D. D., Victoria College, Rev. William Caven, D. D., Knox College, Rev. Father Toofy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, Right Rev. A. Sweetman, Bishop of Toronto, Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are powerful, as a safe, inexpensive home treatment. No hypodermic injections; no publicity; no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

SOUR STOMACH, FLATULENCY, HEARTBURN, AND ALL OTHER FORMS OF DYSPEPSIA KIDNEY, THE MIGHTY CURE

THOUGHTS ON OUR LADY.

There are three great prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin Mary—her sinlessness, her charity (or union with God), and her sovereignty. As to the first, it is of faith that neither original nor actual sin ever touched her; that not even the least shadow of indeliberate venial sin ever sullied her.

Through the wide world their children raise Their prayers, and still we see Catholics are the nights and bright the days Of those who trust in Thee.

As to Mary's second prerogative, her love was in proportion to her purity. From the beginning she was full of grace; to that grace she had always fully corresponded; at various epochs of her life, and more especially at the moment of the Incarnation, she received such an inflow of grace and actual love as is difficult to conceive capable of being surpassed in a creature; her acts of perfect charity were innumerable; nay, her life was one unbroken act of pure love, uninterrupted even by sleep.

Love of God was the very atmosphere of Mary's existence; it was not her will alone that was penetrated by it, but every part of her nature; and she loved with heart, mind and strength, wholly and perfectly.

Star of the Sea: we kneel and pray When the tempests raise their voice: Star of the Sea! the heaven reached, We hail thee and rejoice.

As to her sovereignty—when Mary gave her consent to be the Mother of God, she became the Queen of the universal world. She rules over the whole realm of her Son—that is, over angels and men, and all things animate and inanimate.

Our Lady, dear of Victories: We see our faith oppressed, And praying for our erring land, We love the way the best.

But reflect what all this means. It means that a daughter of the race of Adam, a being of frail flesh, human like ourselves, has been lifted to such transcendent glory and greatness by the power of the redeeming grace of Jesus. Behold what grace can do! Behold what human nature is capable of, without being burnt to ashes!

Help of the Christian: In our need Thy mighty aid we claim; When we are faint and weary, then We trust in that dear name.

Why has God so endowed and magnified Mary except to prove that His redemption is "most plentiful,"—that His longing wish is to pour out His grace over every creature? How solemnly in earnest is Our Lord and Saviour Who would thus give us a demonstration of the gifts He has come to bless the earth with, and would fill our poor hearts not with admiration only, but with trust and desire and devotion!

Refuge of sinners: many a soul By guilt cast down, and sin, Has learned through that dear name of thine Pardon and peace to win.

O Heavenly Father, revealing Thyself in Mary, from my heart I adore Thee! From my heart I give Thee thanks that Thou hast sent me so sweet and moving a message! What must be the treasure of love hidden behind Thy incomprehensible light, when this gracious vision of Thy handmaid is so beautiful and so attractive!—Sacred Heart Review.

SAVINGS BANK VS. LIFE POLICY

In the argument upon this case it has been shown that, while the savings account is very desirable, yet the policy of life insurance has many distinctive advantages. The most obvious one is the relatively large amount payable at death. Even if persisted in, which is doubtful, many years must elapse before the deposits equal the value of the policy. Then again, at any time after three years, the policy-holder may borrow money on his policy if needed. These, and other benefits, are secured by insuring in the North American Life

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY HOME OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT. L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A. Managing Director. JOHN L. BLAIR, President. W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary.

1903 SURPLUS SURPLUS The ability of a Company to give its policyholders insurance at the LOWEST COST compatible with safety depends on its PROFIT EARNINGS which in

The MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA.

amounted in 1903, to \$194,783. Out of this sum it paid to policyholders in 1903, \$77,300. And it continues to distribute dividends to policyholders on the SAME LIBERAL SCALE as for the past year.

ONLY POLICYHOLDERS SHARE IN ITS PROFITS

Clean Home Dyeing You can dye perfectly and quickly at home now, in the modern way, with Maypole Soap, without disorder or uncertainty about the results you'll get. Maypole Soap is sold in all colors—they are absolutely fast and they are brilliant. It dyes to any shade. Leading Druggists sell it. Book all about it—free by applying to the Canadian Dept., 8 Place Royale, Montreal. Made in England but sold everywhere. Maypole Soap

A MONEY-MAKER THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE

The 20th-Century Knitting Machine will clothe the family with Shirts, Drawers' Hosiery, Mitts, Gloves, etc.; is simple in construction, substantially made, and easily operated. Our machines have held the highest place among knitters for over 30 years. Send for our illustrated catalogue; it is brimful of information and valuable suggestions for making money by knitting, or for those who want a thoroughly practical and serviceable machine for family use. CREELMAN BROS. GEORGETOWN, ONT. Box 541.

\$200.00 GIVEN AWAY

FOR CORRECT ANSWERS TO THIS SEED PUZZLE We are spending thousands of dollars to advertise our business. Each of these six small pictures represents a well-known Garden Vegetable. Can you think out the names of three of them? If so, the money is yours! Each of the six pictures represents a garden vegetable. Can you name three of them? It does not cost you one cent to try and solve this puzzle, and if you are correct you may win a large amount of Cash. We do not ask any money from you, and a contest like this is very interesting. It does not matter where you live; we do not care one bit who gets the money; if you can make out the names of three of these Garden Vegetables, mail your answer to us, with your name and address plainly written, and if your answer is correct we will notify you. We are giving away \$200.00 for correct answers, and a few minutes of your time. Send in your guess at once, with your full name and address, to THE MARVEL BLYING CO., DEPT 1478 TORONTO, ONT.

TO THOSE OF SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Farmhouse's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLS HAVE FURNISHED 25,000 Bells. MENEELY & CO. PUREST-BEST WEST-TROY, N.Y. BELLS-METAL CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE

30,000 McSHANE BELLS Memorial Bells a Specialty McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

CONSTIPATION IS CAUSED BY INDIGESTION. McSHANE'S CURE. Free Samples. N.S. & C. Col. Ltd., New Glasgow, Boston, Mass.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS ART GLASS H. E. ST. GEORGE London, Canada

CHATS WITH YOU

Set yourself earnestly you were made to do, and sell earnestly to do it; your purpose is, the more be to make the world richer in the enrichment of your Brooks.

Lost Opportunity "Don't be a round Catholic Citizen." "Do Don't be perennially for in for 'a good time, as subject. The wages of sin wages of these things is tias, bad habits, impai vulgar tastes."

Fight until the Life can be made a su a question of standing it is a question of und So many of us have b and fascinated by what phantoms and false g had to wheel back and and fight along again odds, and yet with all made a success—for su doing right, in doing with what you have, of enue, of sorrows, of and of hope. Fight un

The High and Nothing is more coo gress, and more helpi up to high standards, bearings now and then it seems, a fresh sta man's occupation or p his chances of attaini in it are ten to one if mind at the outset tha year, he will make of himself and his m standpoint of an outsi

It is easy to promi starting out of the l lower one ideals, tha go onward and upwa will ever be found ar in sympathy and co-op leaders of progressi do not dream of the that must be exercise our ideals in sight; w all the influences i within against which, if we would remain and beautiful aspira Success.

The Power of There are a few qu rarely, if ever, absen accomplisher, the power of the energy to transm action. If James W tent to talk about it suggested to him by pouring out of the sp our modern steam owe its existence to had satisfied himsel his plans to build an boat, the "Clermont have steamed its suc Hudson. Had Frank about his theory of l would have succeed lighting. Nor would great achievements mechanics have bee first crude idea that the mind of the origi seized and acted up

Keep still. When keep still. When S his legs, keep still, ings are hurt, keep cover from your e rate. Things look on an ungodly ex once I wrote a lett wished I had not. I another commotion, letter; but life has sense into me, and I my pocket against t look it over without out tears. I was gl less it seemed nec was not sure it wou in my doubtfulness Time works wou can speak calmly, a need to speak, ma most massive thin times. It is streng

The Stamp of When a man fee him the power to takes as well as it and all of his facu what he is doing, qualified approval happiness, this is an sense of power the fullest deve the mental, the mo forces, from this volunconsciousness of an e and of a broadeni added satisfaction words to describe, of nobility, the div The writer has a of inestimable assi work, who has fro rule of his life ne pass out of his han a finish, and has re of his best effort. him that people ar others about him fluming—he can s slight his work. stamp of complet upon it before he many years of e force, from the mo coiled from him letter or note, o well balanced a ed. People en for power to do the result of always d everything he ha not guess at a t upon absolute ac everything to a c The effect of h has been most r actor is solid and not a false note in thing rings tru. parent to the ver a large part of t actor to this life

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and the loftier your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself. — Phillips Brooks.

Lost Opportunities. "Don't be a founder," says the Catholic Citizen. "Don't be a sport. Don't be perennially festive. Don't go in for 'a good time' as your main object. The wages of sin is death. The wages of these things is lost opportunities, bad habits, impaired health and vulgar tastes."

Life can be made a success. It is not a question of climbing above poverty; it is a question of understanding life. So many of us have been lured away and fascinated by what turn out to be phantoms and false gods! We have had to fight back and begin over again and yet with all that life can be made a success—for success consists in doing right, in doing the best you can with what you have, of years of experience, of sorrows, of chances, of joys and of hope. Fight until the end.

The High and Beautiful. Nothing is more conducive to progress, and more helpful in keeping one up to high standards, than taking one's bearings now and then, and making, as it were, a fresh start. Whatever a man's occupation or profession may be, his chances of attaining marked success in it are ten to one if he makes up his mind at the outset that, at least once a year, he will make a thorough study of himself and his methods from the standpoint of an outsider.

It is easy to promise ourselves, when starting out in life, that we will never lower our ideals, that we will always go onward and upward, and that we will ever be found abreast of our times, in sympathy and co-operation with the leaders of progressive thought. We do not dream of the constant vigilance that must be exercised in order to keep our ideals in sight; we do not count on all the influences from without and within against which we must struggle if we would remain true to the high and beautiful aspiration of youth.—Success.

The Power of Initiative.

There are a few qualities which are rarely, if ever, absent in the man who accomplishes things. One of these is the power of initiative, the will and energy to initiate, to transmit, to act. If James Watt had been content to talk about the "green idea" suggested to him by the sight of steam pouring out of the spout of a teakettle, our modern steam engine would not owe its existence to him. If Fulton had satisfied himself by yawning about his plans to build and launch a steamboat, the "Clement" never would have steamed its successful way up the Hudson. Had Franklin merely talked about his theory of electricity, he never would have succeeded in chaining lightning. Nor would any of the other great achievements in art, science or mechanics have been realized, if the first crude idea that presented itself to the mind of the originator, had not been seized and acted upon.

Silence is Massive.

Keep still. When trouble is brewing keep still. When Slander is getting on his legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still till you recover from your excitement at any rate. Things look differently through an unquiet eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I learned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed. Time works wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak, maybe. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur.

The Stamp of Superiority.

When a man feels throbbing within him the power to do what he undertakes as well as it can possibly be done, and all of his faculties say "Am men" to what he is doing, and give their unqualified approval to his efforts—this is happiness, this is success. This buoyant sense of power spins the faculties to their fullest development. It unfolds the mental, the moral, and the physical forces, and this very growth, the consciousness of an expanding mentality, and of a broadening horizon, give power to describe. It is a realization of nobility, the divinity of the mind.

The writer has a friend who has been of inestimable assistance to him in his work, who has from boyhood made it a rule of his life never to let anything pass out of his hands until it is done to a finish, and has received the last touch of his best effort. It doesn't matter to him that people are in a hurry, or that others about him are fretting and fuming—he can not be induced to slight his work. There must be the stamp of completeness and superiority upon it before he lets it go. During many years of extensive correspondence with him, the writer has not received from him a hurried or slipshod letter or note, or one which was not well balanced and accurately punctuated. People envy this man his superior power to do things, but this is the result of always doing his level best in everything he has touched. He will not guess at a thing, and he insists upon absolute accuracy, and in doing everything to a complete finish.

The effect of this habit upon this man has been most remarkable; his character is solid and substantial; there is not a false note in his make-up; everything rings true. He is honest, transparent to the very core, and I attribute a large part of this symmetry of character to this life-habit of putting the

stamp of superiority upon everything he touches.—Success.

A Few Brief Thoughts for Busy Men.

Good manners are worth a great deal to a young man who wishes to succeed in life. For many of our most successful business men they have been more capital than the money they started with.

"First impressions are lasting" is an old proverb. A gruff, uncouth manner has often ruined an otherwise gifted young man. Kind, gentle manners—manners that come from the heart and not merely the head—will win their way to any heart.

Good manners refine the character, and make it more harmonious, more in tune with the manner that God wishes to exist in all things.

Are You Capable?

The world asks two questions of those who knock for admittance at the door of success: "Are you capable?" "Are you genuine?"

Most of us already have our places in life; we are working away in such lines as we happen to secure. We may lose our positions by incompetence, or we may hold them by doing good work, or we may secure promotion by developing capabilities which fit us to grasp the opportunities that come to us.

It is not luck, it is not favoritism which push forward those who advance. There are exceptional cases, but the overwhelming majority advance by doing good work and by developing, through experience in their work, capabilities for better things.

Some of us feel that we know all we need to know in the positions we hold; but there are things outside of the duties of our position that are worth knowing; for instance, there are accomplishments to be acquired. Aside from that matter, what is well done may be still better done. The teacher who holds an appointment and who does a teacher's work passably well, can by some effort obtain a reputation for excellence and progressiveness. What a contrast there is between the carpenter who does his work like an expert cabinet-maker and the ordinary slovenly carpenter; between the printer whose deftness and celerity put him ahead of his fellows and the ordinary slouchy typesetter of uncertain habits and agitating propensities.

The instances might be multiplied touching every line of work and every avocation of life. To the good workman, to the capable teacher, to the well-versed lawyer there comes—besides the rewards which better work obtains—the respect of the world, both on the business and the social side. The rewards of good work are good wages, certainty of employment, independence of character and respect among men. Certainly these are objects well worth taking greater pains to acquire.

We will estimate that it requires 75 per cent. of energy to become an ordinary carpenter, an ordinary teacher, an ordinary lawyer; and that an exertion of 25 per cent. additional energy will make one an excellent carpenter, an expert stenographer, a strong lawyer, an expert stenographer. Is not the teacher, an able lawyer. Is not the character which comes largely from the habit of doing slovenly work, not having a place in the world for which one is fit, or despising one's work and environment. To make pretensions to a character or position which is not indicated by failure in self-respect. We do not respect a character different from the character that really is ours. If we fail to respect ourselves we are not in a position to be respected by others.—Catholic Citizen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY BY LOUISA EMILY DOBRIER. The Ascension of Our Lord Into Heaven. THE POWER OF HOPE.

"I wish I were rich," said Agnese Vari one January evening as she sat with her grandmother in the little room which served as kitchen by day and Antonio's bedroom by night.

"When I was your age I often wished it, too," said Teresa, Agnese's grandmother. "Oh, dear me, how discontented I used to be!" continued Teresa, laying down the spoon on the table, for she had been stirring the polenta for their evening meal, which, now it was quite cooked and steaming hot, looked very tempting indeed both to her and to Agnese. There was a great brown loaf of casalinga (homemade) bread on the table, and a little wicker-covered flask of thin red wine called acquarello.

"Yes," continued Teresa. "I was always longing for this or that, and never put my whole heart into my work, as I was dreaming of all the beautiful things I wanted."

wanted the little heat to be had from it.

"You came back late to-night," said Teresa as Agnese helped her to clear away the dishes and prepared to wash them up. They had all been so hungry that they had eaten their meal in silence. "You, Tonio, I mean," she added.

"Yes, I had to work on. The padrone said I must," answered Antonio. "Ah, it's bitter to be poor and have to work as hard as I do just for the little I get.—What is it?" and the boy frowned as he pushed back his chair from the table. "Nothing!"

"Don't be ungrateful, Tonio; there are many far worse off, who have no work and who have not enough to eat and drink as we have. Let us be thankful for what we have."

"I am not," said Antonio. "I should like to be richer and not to have to work, and if that can't be to have different work to mine."

"That's just what I say," remarked Agnese, "and Teresa calls it discontent—and perhaps it is. Just imagine how pleasant it would be to be able to lie late in bed in the morning, and not to have to go to work all day, running errands for the padrone, mending things and doing all kinds of odds and ends, and with what hope? Well, later on to be a work girl, and sit stewing in the heat or shivering in the cold."

"We have all a difference to do in the world," said Teresa, "and it matters much more how we do it than what it is."

"I don't think that at all," said Antonio. "I think it matters very much indeed. There's the young Englishman on the third floor opposite—see what a life he has! and he is just my age—what a difference to my lot! All the work he does is to paint a little in the galleries to amuse himself, ride on his bicycle all over the country, and have servants to wait on him. They are very rich, so Giuseppe tells me, and besides this beautiful flat here, they have a great estate in England and no end of money."

"The English are rich, yes, I know," said Teresa, "and it is a good thing for us that they come here to spend some of their money, for we should fare badly here in Florence without them, and also the Americans, who have often still more. I welcome the foreigners with all my heart."

"You always look at things in a different way, Teresa," said Antonio in an irritated voice. "I don't care who comes here or who does not. I have to grind on at my work for pay, and that is all. The signorino is rich and must be very happy; I am poor and very miserable."

"Che—che," said Teresa. "Don't talk nonsense like that. I think there's many a boy who hasn't half as nice work as you have among the beautiful flowers all day—"

"Giving them water and tying them up and carrying them here and there—fine work, certainly!" said Antonio. "I would like something better."

"That's just and reasonable enough," said Teresa, nodding her head. "And I am not at all against such things as these. It is well to keep eyes and ears open, and if there was a chance for you, say, at some office or shop, there is always the possibility of a place if you apply early enough. A fine, tall boy like you will get on, no doubt—have patience."

"Patience! I have a great deal," said Antonio, "but if only I knew English I could do ever so much better, and—"

"Knew English!" exclaimed Teresa, laying a dish down on the table as she was in the midst of wiping it. "What will you say next, I wonder! Who has put these foolish ideas into your head?"

"They are not foolish, Teresa," put in Agnese. "I could learn English, too, and then some day I could be a maid to some English lady, or serve in a good shop, perhaps, and it would be very nice indeed to speak English."

"I think both you children are quite mad," said Teresa, taking up the dish again. "Ah, young people were not so in my young days. They were quite content to know our own beautiful language," she continued, speaking as she always did with a strong Florentine accent, which was certainly not pretty.

"Well, well, you have no money to spend on learning English, so you may as well be content. Then, too, you think the rich are always happy. You are quite mistaken. They have their cares and their troubles, too. I can assure you, for was I not thirty years cook at the Marchesa Antibaldi's and their rich relations had their share, and with the eldest son blind, and then the Concetto Felicità's marriage. Dear me, when I came to think of it all!" and Teresa sighed.

"If they have their troubles they have no end of the pleasures of life," said Antonio. "He was in a very bad humor that evening, and that something unusual had upset him was very evident to his grandmother, who had quicker perceptions about a good many more things than Antonio had any idea of."

She did not answer, but took up some stockings to mend, drawing the little cheap lamp near her to be able to see better, and as she did so she gave a sigh. Life, which was so very hard to her, was very long and she often felt a little weary of it, though she knew well where to obtain help to bear the burdens that seemed to weigh very heavily on her old shoulders. This last winter they had been pressing even heavier than usual, for it had been a very cold winter indeed, and together Teresa had found it difficult to find enough money for their simple needs.

When Teresa Vari was yet quite young she had taken a situation as kitchenmaid in a noble Italian family which owned a big palace on the banks of the Arno. As she had some aptitude for cookery, after a while she was fitted for the cook's place, and in it she lived respected and trusted for many years. The Antibaldi family, which consisted of the old people with a sister, the Marchesa's who lived with them, were comparatively poor, owning only a flat in their own palace, but

they kept a carriage with very sleek horses, and a coachman who did all kinds of odd jobs in turn with driving his employers about in the carefully kept carriage. Teresa earned well in those days, for the Antibaldi's were generous and staid themselves so as to give their servants good wages and keep the dear old carriage in which they took a daily trot. That, at least, was a consolation to them, quite making up, in their estimation, for slender meals, watery soup, and the twisting and turning of the Marchesa's wardrobe. The latter was effected by a small dress maker who came by the day, ate little, and took rather a pride in transforming all the well-worn odds and ends into wearable articles of attire for her handsome employer, whose stately head was crowned with snow-white hair. Teresa was always advised by her master to put by something for a rainy day, and she usually promised never to let for long, for if the money was ever put by in the savings bank it was soon withdrawn. She had a whole host of impetuous nephews and nieces who, many of them, took advantage of their aunt's generous nature and susceptible heart to get all that they could out of her, while with others there was genuine want, which her little money was the means of very greatly relieving. And so it went on year after year, Teresa working harder and harder so as to have more money with which to help her people. She begged the Marchesa not to get another kitchen maid when Vittoria went away to be married, but to let her do all the work and have the extra wages, and as they agreed, her work was increased.

Then one day she received the news that her eldest son at Prato was ill of typhoid fever, and scarcely had she reached the house before she heard also that he was dead, his wife being also down with it. A few days after, the white-robed mortuary had carried away Leo's coffin in the dimness of an autumn evening. That of the wife soon followed. The two children, Antonio and Agnese, were then totally unprotected for, and so it was left to Teresa to see what she could do, for all the other members of the family were too poor, or pretended to be so, to move a finger to help them.

Meanwhile the old Marchesa Antibaldi died, and his wife, with her sister, left Florence to go and live in Sicily, where all their relations were, and so it came to pass that Teresa could hardly have left at a more convenient time. The Marchesa gave her a little sum of money in reward for her long and faithful service, and she established herself, with Antonio and Agnese, in the two little rooms in which she first found them. Though some years past seventy she worked on, going out by the day to cook or clean, and not refusing any work, however menial, which brought in a little money with which to make a home for her grandchildren. They were an anxiety to her and she watched them with great concern, making them the subject of numberless prayers and Communion, of mortifications, and visits to shrines and holy places, for Teresa, though not particularly well instructed in her religion, held firmly with a strong unchanging faith to the Church, which she knew could do so much for her and hers.

Teresa could not read or write, for she belonged to a past generation which had not the education which is scattered far and wide in these days, but she was not stupid, and as for a bargain in the market, why, as the fruit and vegetable vendors said among themselves in admiration, there was not her equal to be found easily in Florence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

AGAINST VAIN AND WORLDLY LEARNING.

Be not moved, my son, with the fine and quaint sayings of men; for the kingdom of God is not in speech, but in power." (1. Cor. iv. 20)

Attend to my words, which inflame the heart and enlighten the mind; which excite to compunction and afford manifold consolations.

Never read anything that thou mayest appear more learned or more wise.

Study rather to mortify thy vices; for this will avail thee more than being able to answer many hard questions.

When thou hast read and shalt know many things, thou must always return to one beginning.

BONE FOOD

Soft and crooked bones mean bad feeding. Call the disease rickets if you want to. The growing child must eat the right food for growth. Bones must have bone food, blood must have blood food and so on through the list.

Scott's Emulsion is the right treatment for soft bones in children. Littledoses everyday give the stiffness and shape that healthy bones should have.

Bow legs become straighter, loose joints grow stronger and firmness comes to the soft heads.

Wrong food caused the trouble. Right food will cure it. In thousands of cases Scott's Emulsion has proven to be the right food for soft bones in childhood.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont.

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Advertisement for Ramsay's Pain Expeller. The Right Paint to Paint Right. A painting which does not fade, but stays as bright as the day you painted it.

Advertisement for Infants Thrive. Condensed Milk is always the same in all climates and on all seas.

Advertisement for Dr. Claude Brown, Dentist. Graduate Toronto University Graduate, Philadelphia Dental College.

Advertisement for John Ferguson & Sons. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers.

Advertisement for W. J. Smith & Son. Undertakers and Embalmers.

Advertisement for D. A. Stewart. Successor to J. T. Stephenson. Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Advertisement for How Delightful is Independence. The New Century Ball Bearing Washing Machine.

Advertisement for \$4.50 Spring Suits. We make better suits. Our leader is a spring-weight Cheviot-suit in black, navy, purple, green, blue, red and brown.

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FUNERAL OF REV. MICHAEL J. TIERNAN.

We recorded in our last week's issue the death of the Rev. Michael J. Tiernan, P. P. of Mount Carmel parish, who was for twenty-three years connected with St. Peter's Cathedral in this city...

The funeral took place on Tuesday, May 18th in the parish church of Mount Carmel. The casket containing the body of the deceased priest was placed in the sanctuary of the church, vested as if for the celebration of the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and hundreds of the people viewed the sacred edifice to pray for the repose of the soul of their late beloved pastor...

At 12:30 o'clock solemn Requiem Mass was begun by the celebrant, Rev. Philip Brennan, P. P. of St. Mary's parish, who had been the first pastor of Mount Carmel.

The Right Rev. E. P. McEvoy, Bishop of London, assisted at the funeral. Rev. J. E. Moulder, V. G. pastor of Windsor, and Rev. Bernard Davlin, S. J., of the Mount Carmel convent, were also present.

The Rev. Father explained that death is a leveler of all. He said that the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the heroes of antiquity whose names are still on the lips of his countrymen, are all alike answer to the call of death, because God has appointed that all must die.

We have within each of us an immortal soul which God has endowed with free will, to choose the good and avoid the evil, and by so doing we may obtain that eternal happiness for which we long earnestly.

Father Tiernan, the deceased priest whose death we mourn, and whose obituary notice we are celebrating, chose the good, and his virtues, shining as a light before men, are known to you all. Among those virtues his untiring devotion and amiability of manner were remarkable.

The deceased was born in the township of Middlesex, Ontario, on May 12th, 1828, in the month which the Catholic Church designates as the month of the Mother of God. He devoted his life to the service of his fellow men, and frequently during his life illness he expressed a hope that he might depart this life under the protection of Mary the Mother of the Holy Child Jesus.

At the age of 76 he died on the 17th of May, a day set apart for the celebration of the living and loving heart of Jesus. His last wish was that he should be buried in the bosom of his beloved Mother.

His Lordship the Right Rev. Bishop pronounced the last absolution, and the solemn prayers prescribed by the Church after the celebration of Mass for the deceased. The funeral procession then went to the cemetery, where the remains of Father Tiernan were deposited in their final resting place.

C. M. B. A.

Its Twentieth Anniversary BRANCH NO. 31, C. M. B. A., HOLD AN ENJOYABLE OPEN MEETING. EXCELLENT ADDRESS BY MR. BEHAN.

Joseph Behan, May 10, 1904. Branch No. 31 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association celebrated on Monday the twentieth anniversary of its organization. The celebration took the form of an open meeting in the basement of the Church of Our Lady, which was attended by a goodly number of the members of the congregation.

A feature of the evening was the address made by Joseph Behan, who was introduced by the Rev. Father. The address was a most interesting and profitable one. He spoke of the history of the C. M. B. A. and of the work of the association in this country.

On the platform on either side of the chair were seated: Rev. Father Behan, S. J.; J. J. Behan, Grand Secretary C. M. B. A.; Jas. E. J. J. Behan, District Deputy; James Behan, President; Rev. J. J. Behan, Vice President; P. J. Behan, Treasurer; M. J. Behan, Secretary; and Richard Behan, Charter members.

The Rev. Father explained that death is a leveler of all. He said that the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the heroes of antiquity whose names are still on the lips of his countrymen, are all alike answer to the call of death, because God has appointed that all must die.

We have within each of us an immortal soul which God has endowed with free will, to choose the good and avoid the evil, and by so doing we may obtain that eternal happiness for which we long earnestly.

Father Tiernan, the deceased priest whose death we mourn, and whose obituary notice we are celebrating, chose the good, and his virtues, shining as a light before men, are known to you all. Among those virtues his untiring devotion and amiability of manner were remarkable.

The deceased was born in the township of Middlesex, Ontario, on May 12th, 1828, in the month which the Catholic Church designates as the month of the Mother of God. He devoted his life to the service of his fellow men, and frequently during his life illness he expressed a hope that he might depart this life under the protection of Mary the Mother of the Holy Child Jesus.

At the age of 76 he died on the 17th of May, a day set apart for the celebration of the living and loving heart of Jesus. His last wish was that he should be buried in the bosom of his beloved Mother.

His Lordship the Right Rev. Bishop pronounced the last absolution, and the solemn prayers prescribed by the Church after the celebration of Mass for the deceased. The funeral procession then went to the cemetery, where the remains of Father Tiernan were deposited in their final resting place.

Whereas the sad news of the death has cast a shadow, not only over the city of London, but over many other places in Western Ontario, and whereas the deceased by his long residence in this city had endeavored himself in a particular manner to do good to every way very successful indeed and is bound to prosper.

Resolved that the members of this branch deplore the death of our former pastor and brother member of Branch No. 4, C. M. B. A. Resolved that this branch have a Mass said for the repose of the soul of the late Father Tiernan, and that the members attend the same.

MARRIAGE.

M. D. UGALL-BARLEY. A quiet but pretty wedding took place in St. Joseph's church, Beverton, on Wednesday, May 19th, between Miss E. M. Uggall-Barley and Mr. M. D. Uggall-Barley.

The bride was accompanied by her father, Mr. M. D. Uggall-Barley, and her mother, Mrs. M. D. Uggall-Barley. The groom was accompanied by his father, Mr. M. D. Uggall-Barley, and his mother, Mrs. M. D. Uggall-Barley.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Behan, who officiated in the Nuptial Mass which was celebrated. The bride was dressed in a simple but elegant gown, and the groom in a dark suit.

The wedding party consisted of the bride and groom, the bride's father and mother, the groom's father and mother, and the Rev. Father. The reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents.

The Rev. Father explained that death is a leveler of all. He said that the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the heroes of antiquity whose names are still on the lips of his countrymen, are all alike answer to the call of death, because God has appointed that all must die.

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Resolved that the members of this branch deplore the death of our former pastor and brother member of Branch No. 4, C. M. B. A. Resolved that this branch have a Mass said for the repose of the soul of the late Father Tiernan, and that the members attend the same.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON, May 19.—Grain, per cental.—Wheat, No. 1, 35s; No. 2, 34s; No. 3, 33s; No. 4, 32s; No. 5, 31s; No. 6, 30s; No. 7, 29s; No. 8, 28s; No. 9, 27s; No. 10, 26s; No. 11, 25s; No. 12, 24s; No. 13, 23s; No. 14, 22s; No. 15, 21s; No. 16, 20s; No. 17, 19s; No. 18, 18s; No. 19, 17s; No. 20, 16s; No. 21, 15s; No. 22, 14s; No. 23, 13s; No. 24, 12s; No. 25, 11s; No. 26, 10s; No. 27, 9s; No. 28, 8s; No. 29, 7s; No. 30, 6s; No. 31, 5s; No. 32, 4s; No. 33, 3s; No. 34, 2s; No. 35, 1s; No. 36, 0s; No. 37, 0s; No. 38, 0s; No. 39, 0s; No. 40, 0s; No. 41, 0s; No. 42, 0s; No. 43, 0s; No. 44, 0s; No. 45, 0s; No. 46, 0s; No. 47, 0s; No. 48, 0s; No. 49, 0s; No. 50, 0s.

LONDON, May 19.—Wheat, steady, at 35s; No. 1, 35s; No. 2, 34s; No. 3, 33s; No. 4, 32s; No. 5, 31s; No. 6, 30s; No. 7, 29s; No. 8, 28s; No. 9, 27s; No. 10, 26s; No. 11, 25s; No. 12, 24s; No. 13, 23s; No. 14, 22s; No. 15, 21s; No. 16, 20s; No. 17, 19s; No. 18, 18s; No. 19, 17s; No. 20, 16s; No. 21, 15s; No. 22, 14s; No. 23, 13s; No. 24, 12s; No. 25, 11s; No. 26, 10s; No. 27, 9s; No. 28, 8s; No. 29, 7s; No. 30, 6s; No. 31, 5s; No. 32, 4s; No. 33, 3s; No. 34, 2s; No. 35, 1s; No. 36, 0s; No. 37, 0s; No. 38, 0s; No. 39, 0s; No. 40, 0s; No. 41, 0s; No. 42, 0s; No. 43, 0s; No. 44, 0s; No. 45, 0s; No. 46, 0s; No. 47, 0s; No. 48, 0s; No. 49, 0s; No. 50, 0s.

LONDON, May 19.—Wheat, steady, at 35s; No. 1, 35s; No. 2, 34s; No. 3, 33s; No. 4, 32s; No. 5, 31s; No. 6, 30s; No. 7, 29s; No. 8, 28s; No. 9, 27s; No. 10, 26s; No. 11, 25s; No. 12, 24s; No. 13, 23s; No. 14, 22s; No. 15, 21s; No. 16, 20s; No. 17, 19s; No. 18, 18s; No. 19, 17s; No. 20, 16s; No. 21, 15s; No. 22, 14s; No. 23, 13s; No. 24, 12s; No. 25, 11s; No. 26, 10s; No. 27, 9s; No. 28, 8s; No. 29, 7s; No. 30, 6s; No. 31, 5s; No. 32, 4s; No. 33, 3s; No. 34, 2s; No. 35, 1s; No. 36, 0s; No. 37, 0s; No. 38, 0s; No. 39, 0s; No. 40, 0s; No. 41, 0s; No. 42, 0s; No. 43, 0s; No. 44, 0s; No. 45, 0s; No. 46, 0s; No. 47, 0s; No. 48, 0s; No. 49, 0s; No. 50, 0s.

LONDON, May 19.—Wheat, steady, at 35s; No. 1, 35s; No. 2, 34s; No. 3, 33s; No. 4, 32s; No. 5, 31s; No. 6, 30s; No. 7, 29s; No. 8, 28s; No. 9, 27s; No. 10, 26s; No. 11, 25s; No. 12, 24s; No. 13, 23s; No. 14, 22s; No. 15, 21s; No. 16, 20s; No. 17, 19s; No. 18, 18s; No. 19, 17s; No. 20, 16s; No. 21, 15s; No. 22, 14s; No. 23, 13s; No. 24, 12s; No. 25, 11s; No. 26, 10s; No. 27, 9s; No. 28, 8s; No. 29, 7s; No. 30, 6s; No. 31, 5s; No. 32, 4s; No. 33, 3s; No. 34, 2s; No. 35, 1s; No. 36, 0s; No. 37, 0s; No. 38, 0s; No. 39, 0s; No. 40, 0s; No. 41, 0s; No. 42, 0s; No. 43, 0s; No. 44, 0s; No. 45, 0s; No. 46, 0s; No. 47, 0s; No. 48, 0s; No. 49, 0s; No. 50, 0s.

LONDON, May 19.—Wheat, steady, at 35s; No. 1, 35s; No. 2, 34s; No. 3, 33s; No. 4, 32s; No. 5, 31s; No. 6, 30s; No. 7, 29s; No. 8, 28s; No. 9, 27s; No. 10, 26s; No. 11, 25s; No. 12, 24s; No. 13, 23s; No. 14, 22s; No. 15, 21s; No. 16, 20s; No. 17, 19s; No. 18, 18s; No. 19, 17s; No. 20, 16s; No. 21, 15s; No. 22, 14s; No. 23, 13s; No. 24, 12s; No. 25, 11s; No. 26, 10s; No. 27, 9s; No. 28, 8s; No. 29, 7s; No. 30, 6s; No. 31, 5s; No. 32, 4s; No. 33, 3s; No. 34, 2s; No. 35, 1s; No. 36, 0s; No. 37, 0s; No. 38, 0s; No. 39, 0s; No. 40, 0s; No. 41, 0s; No. 42, 0s; No. 43, 0s; No. 44, 0s; No. 45, 0s; No. 46, 0s; No. 47, 0s; No. 48, 0s; No. 49, 0s; No. 50, 0s.

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