THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT

day pounce upon the colored 'comic?" supplements. They spread them out upon the floor and soon their innocent laughter resounds through the room. The parents beam on them; it is a sort of new "children's hour" thoughtit be not other time. Longfellow's. The parents turn to their own section of the paper and feast upon Macbethean banquets of the world's assorted horrors. The little ones are engrossed in the mishaps of Happy Hooligan or Mutt and Jeff, or in the demoniacal ingenuity of the Katzenjammer Kids. Yet while the minds of the adults have been dwelling upon the murder, dishonesty and vice so entertainingly supplied by the papers, the impressionable minds of the children have been saturated with a debauchery of fancy, a harmful travesty of Life and Truth as baneful in its effect as the black news of reality. They have been feeding upon moral poison - the clownish crudities of the comic supplement. But how few parents realize the insidious effect of these coarse and malignant horrors perpetrated as jokes upon their tender children. Years ago a hue and cry was raised against the evil influence of "Peck's Bad Boy." It was wretched stuff and soon forgotten. Very young children were unable to read it, so its power for tutoring them into disrespect and rebellion against their elders was insignificant. But the wide-reaching evil influence of these cheap and cruder pictorial representations of cruelty. cunning, trickery and brutality is momentous and immediate. It is in fact a national peril, and students of juvenile crime can no longer ignore its influence upon the receptive child-mind.

To laugh at the discomfiture of an elder person to whom affection is owing, to seek revenge by underhanded means, to betray guileless and trusting confidence, to be supremely selfish, untruthful, brutal and crafty, these are the qualities of the heroes of the comic supplement Were a person to enter a household and induce the young people to indulge in malicious practical jokes he would soon be shown the door by the irate master of the house. Yet every week such a visitor is received by the parents, nay, even welcomed, for it "amuses the children." Proper pictorial amusement is easily and cheaply obtainable. The child should never be permitted to be merely amused. That which induces his laugh should also impart a lesson-not a moral-however mild and subtle.

The comic supplement is comic; it is incipiently criminal. It appeals to one of the basest traits in human nature-joy at another's misfortune. It wrecks the conceptions of right and wrong in the unformed minds of the young. You parents who say these things "amuse" your children, can you afford the price you will hereafter pay for this indulg-

FAMILY PRAYER

The good old custom of family prayers seems to be dying out in the cities at least.

Theatres, clubs and other attract tions outside the home keep members of the family away until late in the evening, and, arriving home at vari-

ous hours, they think they are doing vell if each individual can rush through a few short prayers before retiring. Modern city life has almost, if not altogether, destroyed one of the most beautiful practices of a former generation. We believe a to usurp the place of parents, and great many of the best men of the present day owe their strong faith and their steadfastness in religion to family prayers when they were young. It impressed upon them the importance of prayer and taught them the beauty of union in the worship of God. Private devotions are all very well, but if devotion is left to the choice of the individual, the young will soon grow careless; and one who innocence implies ignorance: and is careless in prayer soon grows careless about other duties of religion. On the other hand, family prayers in common are a form of public worship and naturally lead to attendance at Mass-the great act of public worship -on Sundays. We hope that Catholic families will revive the good old practise-if it has been allowed to lapse-of reciting the Rosary in common. The Rosary is a prayer that How the children of the present unites the family as no other form of prayer can, and its effects are visible for long years after the members who joined in it are scattered. It is the family prayer by pre-eminence, and family prayer is needed now as at no

OUR YOUNG WORKERS

A subscriber writes us commending our timely action in "safeguarding the minds and morals of the immigrants." At the same time he points out that the present is a very dangerous time for the youthful workers of our own land. Investigations that are being made in various sections of the country as the causes of the growing immorality which is an evident fact, even while they may not hit upon the right remedy, that there is now more than ever a need of special vigilance lest our youths be infected. We may not agree with all the findings of committees. We are, indeed, very loath to believe that there is the close connection between low wages and vice that some reformers are postulating as undeniable. But the fact remains that the dangers to the young are to-day greater and his needs more pressing and peculiar than in other days. It is hard to escape the atmosphere of sensuality. In offices, in factories, in workshops, in the popular literature there are perils for the young. Yet speaking generally their greatest peril comes to them through the agency of their fellow-workmenoften alas! through their elders If is said byethose who know that nothing can possibly exceed the foulness of the conversation that may be heard daily in too many workshops and offices.

There is no reverence paid to the young; nay, it would seem to be the particular business of some men of mature years to corrupt youthful minds by loathsome talk and suggestive and abominable jests. Even when the young man or woman is fortunate enough to escape this evil his Faith is often subjected to every kind of insult. Men who are glib of speech and who are given to onesided reading are able to put questions and propose difficulties and objections which few of our young people are able to answer. There are numerous reforms needed before the lot of many youths will become what it should be, and as practical Catholics we have the solemn duty of working to bring about such reforms. In very truth they have a special claim on our prayers. They have also a particular need of any other help we can give them, and they should be encouraged, supported, and if possible given personal service, notwithstanding the red-tape microbe, by our Catholic clubs and organizations. With practical effort and earnest prayer there can be great hope that the present crying evils will be removed from the lives of these youthful workers.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mis-taking it. The bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope.

FAITH'S HARMONY WITH SCIENCE

The Catholic Church has always fostered science, and in every century she numbers among her believers eminent scientists. It is not our intention at present to verify this statement, only to call attention to one great scientist of the immediate past—Pasteur. He was a devout Catholic, who in addition to the benefits he conferred upon suffering humanity by his wonder-ful discoveries, made it his life work to reconcile nature's facts with relig-

ious principles.

Protestant authors are writing eulogies on Louis Pasteur because he placed science on the religious pedestal, where it truthfully belongs, and are of these. Henry Fairfield Osborn, director of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, a noted paleontologist, goes so far as to suggest that a statue of his be erected in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. He expresses the opinion that some such tribute would have been paid to his memory if he had lived in "the early centuries of the Church, before there had arisen any divorce between the study of nature and the matters of the spirit, and has even the love of his generation and the reverence of succeeding generations by his mighty

In explanation of his position he

Our belief to-day is that Pasteur should stand as a symbol of the profound and intimate relation which must develop between the study of nature and the religious life of man, between our present and future knowledge of nature and the development of our religious conceptions

He calls attention to the deeply religious conception a St. Augustine and other Fathers of the Church had of all the natural phenomena, and pays his compliments to the present as follows:

"The great scientific inquiry of the latter half of the nineteenth century so far from being regarded as des tructive, is a constructive, purifying, and regenerating movement; it takes us back to the lost faith of our fathers, a faith which spiritualized the Old Testament, a faith which finds in nature a manifestation of the divine order of things."

The tribute which he pays to Pasteur is worthy of reproduction:

"The life work of Louis Pasteur was more than humanitarian, it was more than scientific, it was religious. He regarded natural processes which in their superficial view appear relentless, cruel, wholly inexplicable, as part of a possibly benificent order of things; he again revealed through his profound insight, through his unparalleled toil, discouragement, and even scorn on the part of his contemporaries, deeper laws which are beneficient, protective, and restorative in action

It was Pasteur who in one of the nost trying periods of his life wrote: 'God grant that by my perserver ing labors I may bring a little stone to the frail and ill-assured edifice of our knowledge of those deep mysteries of Life and Death where all our intellects have so lamentably

In the end all science is founded on religion—for God is the author of elation. There never can be a real contradiction between them, what ever the appearances may be is one and cannot contradict Him self. That has always been and is to day the teaching of the Catholic Church.-Intermountain Catholic.

THE ARMENIAN SITUATION

The history of the Armenians for the ast quarter of a century is the story of the martyrdom of a people. Chronic persecution has destroyed the flower of the nation. Between the choice of Mohammendism or death these brave Catholics have not hesitated and it stirs the souls of men to know that thousands upon thousands of the in the twentieth century, have chosen certain death ather than prove false to the Faith. What remains of the Armenian people in Turkey are reduced to abject poverty. Aggressive proselytism, pro-pelled by munificent donations from American Protestants, is taking giant strides and decimating the ranks of the Catholics. During the Adana massacres in the spring of 1909 most of the Armenian Catholic churches schools and hospitals were destroyed by the Turks and, up to the present have not been restored. The Armen ians, proceeding on the theory that Protestant hospital or school, with the inevitable corollary of a Protestant church, is better than no church school or hospital at all, are flocking in increasing numbers to the Protes-

As if these trials were not enough, the young Turks have seized upon the Italian war to make the Armenians believe that the Catholic clergy were acting as agents of the Italian government. The charge is without proof and absurd on its face, but like the charges of our own A. P. A. and other

non-Catholic associations, it is bringing harm upon the Church. So non-Catholic associations, it is bring-ing harm upon the Church. So serious is the situation in Constan-tinople that a schism in the Church is threate ned. The Patriarch, Monsignor Terzian, in his desire to offset the propaganda of the non-Catholics the calumnies of the Turks realizes that his only course is to re-build, at any cost, the destroyed churches, hospitals and schools as well as provide a home for the 2,500 orphans under his care. His Emin-ence Cardinal Farley has recom-mended the cause of Monsignor Terzian to the faithful, and the Holy Father, who as Patriarch of Venice was in close contact with a large congregation of Armenian Catholics in that city, has expressed his solicitude

over their condition. The Armenians, who have been called because of their sufferings for the faith, the Irish of the East, are the oldst Catholic nation in the world. In the time of Christ they numbered over ten millions, but now they are but three millions. Of this number, all but 150,000, are separated from communion with Rome though they are Catholics in everything else. It is over these 150,000 that Monsignor Terzian exercises spiritual sway. The danger now is that, unless we come to his assistance, the Church lose this last remnant of the first Catholic nation .- St. Paul Bul-

PROSELYTISING IN CANADA

To Editor CATHOLIC RECORD, London Ont.:

Dear Sir,—Most of your readers will remember that last November I had occasion to reply to a vicious attack made by a Mr. Tebb, of Hespeler, Ont., in one of the papers on the Catholics of Ireland. I think that your readers will have come to the conclusion that I did not gross misrepresentations and wicked calumnies with which this gentleman's article swarmed. At the time I did not know who he was or what was his position in life. It has just come to my knowledge that he is superintendent of a Home for Irish children, at Hespeler, called "The 'The Coombe" after a locality in the city of Dublin, where a proselytising school exists notorious all over Ire land. This arrant bigot is now in charge of hundreds of poor Irish children of Catholic parents, who are being brought up bitter Protestants you may say truly by force of cir-Now I will put a few facts before you that ought to make the Catholics of Canada burn with indignation and rouse them to put an end to the scandal without delay. The Coombe and other schools of the kind in Dublin were founded

about fifty years ago by a Mrs. Smyly, for the perversion of Catholic children, and are still carried on by one of her daughters. No real Protestant child is received into these schools. One or other of the parents must be a Catholic and in the majority of cases both parents are Catholics and the children will have been baptized and brought up in the Cath olic religion. The wealthy Protestants of Ireland who would not give anything to a Catholic institution though, thank God, our poor people contribute up to 12,000 pounds, (\$60,000) for the perversion of these children and call it charity. Who can describe the anguish of parents having, through want and poverty, to part with their little ones, knowing that they will be brought up to hate and contemn what they themselves revere in their inmost hearts, the faith for which our fathers suffered and died? It has often happened that they have repented of their bargain and have gone and claimed their children back, only to find they had been spirited away to some part of the country or to England where it was impossible to trace them. of the children, after pring some years in the school,

Finding by experience that numbers turned to the true fold when they went back to their families, the Smylys tried to put a stop to this by sending them to Protestant situations in England. But a more effectual though much more expensive means of doing this was to send them out to Canada, and so this Home was erected at Hespeler, which up to the present has received about two hundred and thirty children. Diversity of religious sects make no difference to the promoters of this clever scheme, provided the children are rescued from Rome, so although they are supposed to be brought up in Dublin in the tenets of the Irish Protestant Church, known to themselves apprenticed round Hespeler to Pres oyterian and Baptist farmers and go to the churches and Sunday-schools of these denominations.

The schools are kept up largely by fraudulent misrepresentation. In none of the begging circulars that are sent round is there a word to show that the children rescued from vant and poverty are the children of Catholic parents. Of course the bulk of the Irish Protestants know exactly what they are contributing for, but a good deal of the money that comes

from England would be stopped if the subscribers had the true nature of the work described to them. In connection with the schools a magazine is published called "Erin's Hope," which, like the circulars, dwells the charity given but carefully avoids touching on the religious question. I will take three cases from the number before me and let your readers judge for themselves.

1. A woman had a drunken hus-band and lost all hope of reclaiming him. She had no means of support-ing her children, had to take a posi fion as a domestic servant and gave up her children to the Home.

2. Father and mother died leaving behind them a three year old child. After the death of the mother a cousin took charge of the child and not being able to support it gave it up to the Home.

3. Two very small girls were given in by their grandmother after the death of their parents. One child was asked if she remembered her mother: "Yes," she replied, "she did washing on a Monday, got sick in bed on Tuesday and was buried on Friday. Then Granny took us."

Now none of the proselytisers who parade the help they have given in these cases of abject distress would contribute a single shilling to them f those who had charge of the children refused to have them brought up in the Protestant religion. On the contrary they would do everything in their power to hinder them from being taken into a Catholic in-stitution in which they would be brought up in the religion in which they were baptised. And let us note well that the whole thing is illegal, that according to the law of England. and, I suppose, according to the law of Canada, young children are to be brought up in the faith of the father unless he gives a written attestation that he desires the contrary, and it is illegal for the mother, or grand-mother or any other relative after the father's death to allow the children of a Catholic father to be brought up Protestants. So that the prosely tisers in all these cases have induced these poor people to do an act con-

Here is another case from "Erin's Hope." A child six years old is reand her grandmother had hoped to Sh weeks her husband died too, and as he was the breadwinner, the poor woman was unable to keep more than the baby sister to whom sh clung.

I will now give one of those heart rending cases which have occurred from time to time and show the calous and revolting cruelty. It was told to me by a medical man, under whose immediate notice it came, and who averred he had come across a dozen of similar ones. was a sailor, whose wife died while ne was on a long voyage. The only child they had was taken charge of by an aunt or cousin, who to get rid of her, or in view of the money bribe that is often given in such cases gave her over to the proselytisers The father on his return home found his wife dead and his only child spirited away. He could get no sat isfaction from the cousin who prob ably was bribed to secrecy. poor distracted father never saw his child again. For all we know she may be among the "happy children" are almost wholly Catholic) freely at Hespeler under the care of the benignant Mr. Tebb. Such deliberat kidnapping has been often practised and even after application to the courts it has been impossible to discover the children. This hellish system is a repetition under another form of Cromwell's work when he ordered thousands of poor Irish orphans to be shipped off to the West Indies as slaves to the English planters.

> I hope that the Catholics of Canada, now that they are made award of the system, will not allow the matter to rest. If they cannot prevent their country being made a dumping - ground for proselytised Irish Catholic children, they should at least insist on certain conditions being made for their admission What could be done would be to in sist that the Immigration Department should allow no child to enter Canada for the Home without a certificate showing the religion of the father and mother. Also if the father is a Catholic, a written attest ation from him that it is his will that the child should be brought up a Protestant. This should present is that no child can be admitted without the marriage certificate of its parents. If the father is dead a certificate showing in what religion he died, and if he died a Catholic documentary proof that he desired his child to be brought up a Protes tant. All these things are in accord ance with the law of the land and their observance would be a guaran tee that in the emigration of the children the ordinary dictates of humanity were not being violated. As a further precaution a Catholic visitor should be appointed, who should visit the Home from time to time and interview the children. It might often happen that the parents, epenting of their former weakness might write to them to this effect and that the children moved both by their parents' entreaties and by the

grace of their baptism, might desire it themselves if no impediment were placed in their way. Thus perfect of conscience would be secured.

I notice in the report for 1907 that among the visitors to the Home in that year were Mr. G. Bogue Smart, Ottawa, Chief Inspector of Immigrant children, and Mr. J. J. Kelso, Toronto Provincial Inspector, If the material necessities of the children are well looked after, as I suppose they are, these gentlemen have no further responsibility. It is otherwise, how-ever, with the Catholics of Canada and especially the Irish. I hope they will take action at once.

AMBROSE COLEMAN, O. P.

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March 1st the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China

There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000.
The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields white with the harvest.

Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow - Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by

The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly acedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser.

Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of alms-giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of festation of love for the Blessed

REMITTANCES	
Previously acknowledged\$1,095	70
M. Murchison, Lothian 5	00
Thos. St. Amout, Henfryn	50
Jennie St. Amour, Henfryn	50
A Friend, Kingston 1	00
Shad 1	00
C. E. B., Hamilton 1	00
Mrs. Angus Walker, Char-	
lottetown 1	00
Angus Walker, Charlotte-	

1 00 W. W. Walker, Charlotte-A Friend, Port Arthur..... 5 00 James McIntyre, Dominion No. 4.....

TALE OF MARTYRDOM

Terra Nova Girl..

J. B. Perkins, Belleville.....

Subscriber, Herring Cove

Charles Kitts, Barry's Bay..

A FRANCISCAN PRIEST PUT TO WHEN HE REFUSED TO AB-JURE HIS FAITH

A story of religious persecution in he Balkans has been printed recently, first in the papers of Vienna and then in those of Italy and other countries. Briefly, it is this: In the district of Dulcigno, in Albania, the Monteneto make them abjure Catholicism and embrace Orthodoxy, and barbariously murdered a Franciscan friar who refused to deny his faith.

The "Neue Freie Presse," of Vienna, published the following details of

the event: The murdered priest, Father Angelus Palic, was known in the Franiscan Order as a pious ecclesiastic always ready to make sacrifices, and vas highly honored among the Catho lic Albanians. He was forty-three years old. On March 7 some irregular foldiers joined with the fanatical Orthodox priests near Djakova to force the population to forsake the Catholic faith for the Orthodox beief. About 300 persons - men women and children—among them being Father Angelus Palic, were bound with cords and invited to emprace the new faith under threat of

"After Father Angelus had refused the demand for the third time, and at sign from the Orthodox priests, sol diers fell upon him and began to peat him to death with their rifles He fell to the ground, his limbs and ribs broken, whereupon the Ortho-dox priest ordered the soldiers to desist, and asked him whether he would embrace the Orthodox faith. shook his head and said quietly No, I will not forsake my religion nor will I break my oath.

Father Angelus was again struck with a rifle, and finally a soldier put a bayonet through his lungs, thus ending his sufferings. It is stated that Rome intends to honor the memory of this Franciscan who died as a martyr for his Faith.' -St. Paul Bulletin

He that would climb a tree must grasp the branches, not the blossoms

own will in many things, if thou wilt keep peace and concord with others. future of Tyburn.

CATHOLIC NOTES

1806

When Cardinal Gibbons confirmed class of 410 at St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, May 1, there were 59 adults among the Confirmandi, and of these 30 were converts to Catho-

Our Roman cable tells of the praccomplete recovery of Holy Father from his recent alarming illness. The news will be joy to the 3,000,000,000 Catholics over world, who earnestly prayed God for such a blessing.

A Public school teacher named Miss Koch of Marcus, Ia., has been dismissed from her position for circulating the bogus K. of C. "oath' among her pupils. Credit for securing her expulsion is due to Knights of Columbus of Marcus. In all of the forty years' existence of the Public schools in that city, but one Catholic has ever been employed as a teacher.

A letter from Denmark in the Paris Jesuits established at Copenhagen, have won the admiration of classes; their methods of education are so well-liked that the Danish Government has authorized them to receive in their schools young men of no religions. Furthermore, the cer-tificates and diplomas given by the Jesuits have the same value as those given in the official academies.

The twenty - fourth Eucharistic Congress, this year on the Island of Malta, was from every point of view a most brilliant success, and every detail of the impressive program, was carried out with the greatest enthusiasm and remarkable tion. Crowded churches, halls and streets and the most fervid piety, on the part of the thousands who gathered on this Catholic island, marked Sacrament of the altar.

In Spain, in every city or town here there are soldiers in garrison ney march in a body on Holy Thursay to visit the Repositories in the everal churches. At Barcelona this ear, a correspondent of the Paris Univers says just before the men were given the word to march, an order was read aloud before all the ompanies dispensing from taking art in this religious ceremony all whose conscience might be violated thereby. Not a soldier stirred from

The influx of pilgrims to Rome for the Constantinian Celebrations, in spite of the known impossibility of an audience with the Holy Father, is extraordinary. The Octave of St. John Lateran was a revelation of the Faith there is in Rome. Sunday April 20, there were twenty—some bservers reckoned thirty—thousand people in St. Peter's in the morning at the Cardinalitial Mass at which the Archpriest of the Basilica, Cardinal Rampolla, officiated, and the DEATH BY THE MONTENEGRINS same number at Benediction in the evening.

A Proposition is under consideration for the reinstatement of nuns as nurses in French hospitals. The feeling of the whole country is in favor of this measure. All classes of the population showed hostility when the nuns were excluded from the public hospitals. When it came to the point of breaking up the congre gations of the Little Sisters of the Poor protest was unanimous and forcible means of defence were taken by the people in general to prevent the order of the government from being put into effect.

In the passage on April 17, by the Ohio Senate, of the Carrol Bill authorizing the State Board of Administration to establish a day school in the Ohio Penitentiary. Rev. F. A. Kelly, O. P., for nearly eighteen years chap-lain of the institution, found the dream of his life approaching realization. Long ago Father Kelly saw the necessity of education, in the reformation of prisoners, and he established a small school himself. It was such a success the General Assembly will now enlarge it.

Melva Beatrice Wilson, the wellknown New York sculptor, has abandoned her promising career and en-tered the Sisters of Charity. Miss Wilson's most ambitious work was wonderful bas relief for the sta tions of the cross for the new Cathedral of St. Louis. It is said to be the finest piece of purely ecclesiastical in America. Endowed superb vigor, the sculptor handled the maul and chisel herself, and spent day after day on the scaffold. ing, imprisoning souls in stone.

Those interested in Tyburn know that the Oratory of the Martyrs, where a reproduction of the old Triple Tree has recently been erected, has been enriched with many precious relics which within the last few months have been gathered in from many parts. Recently the Bishop of Tuy in Spain sent to Tyburn one or two bones of the forearm of the Ven. Thomas Maxfield. Tyburn already numbers about twenty founders, giving at least 105 pounds in honour of the 105 martyrs. As is generally kuown, 100 are needed to secure the

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER VI

FOR LIFE AND DEATH " Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere Be bolde."

Maurice spent the most of his leave at Gallow, and the best part of his days were devoted to shooting and hunting. I must confess that it would have afforded us unmixed satisfaction had he brought home empty bags, and been pounded out with the fox-hounds; but we were compelled to admit, even among ourselves, that he both rode and shot remarkably straight; and, more than that, he amazed us by a deed of such daring courage, one frosty Sunday afternoon, that we were obliged to award him a large meed of reluctant but respectful, admiration.

Maurice was a hero in our eyeshero whose sarcasms stung like nettles, who declined our society, derided our manners and appearance, and actually dared to mimic our

pure Milesian accent.

There was no shooting on Sunday and Sunday afternoon was generally dedicated to a long walk or a long Rody and I, who were aimlessly lounging about the yard, saw Maurice starting off toward the bog, accompanied by Carlo, who wa bouncing and bounding round him in a state of exuberant delight.

"Let us go with him," I observed, It's a nice dry day impulsively. for walking on the bog.

"I fancy there will be two words

said Rody, dubiously. that Beresford would rather have our room than our company, by long

We can offer ourselves, at any rate," I answered, airily, tightening the elastic of my hat, as I commenced to run down the lane, shouting Maurice! Maurice!" at the top of of my melodious voice.

Well, what's up now?" turning round, impatiently.

"Where are you going to?" panted, breathlessly. There and back again," was his

prompt rejoinder. All right, we will go with you,"

answered with a smirk.
"We are coming with you," reiterated, launching myself over very stiff stile with a generous dis-

play of navy blue stockings.
"With me?" he echoed, with raised brows and a look of irrepressible disgust. And what have I done to deserve such a treat?"

Oh, we have nothing else to do, and one walk is as good as another." "But supposing that I do not wish for the honor of your company.

What then?" impressively.
"Oh, we will come all the same," I answered, frankly. "The bog is as much ours as yours."

'Undoubtedly," replied Maurice but I am going round by the Black Bridge, and you may get more of the bog than you bargain for. It's no easy way for a young lady, and I warn you that I am not going to drag you out of the drains."

You told me the other day that young I was, but lady I would never be, so that is nothing; and I should like to see the ditch that I could not jump," I concluded, boastfully.

Come on, then," said Maurice, fate, and starting off at so brisk a walk that Rody and I could only keep up by assuming a kind of ambling silence, over the short green turf, through the whin bushes, and then horse. How I wished I were her!" drain, now scaling a gate. not meet a single creature for at least a couple of miles, and then we encountered a boy and girl who were keeping company. They did not appear very much enamored of each other, and were walking about six yards apart, the girl rolling and unrolling the corner of her apron, and the man chewing a straw. Both looked extremely sheepish as we passed them, and still more confused when Rody, glancing over his shoulder, said, in quite a cursory

That's Micky Brennan and his sweetheart, from Brackna. Give her a kiss, Micky! We're none of us

"Be quiet, you young fool!" mut-

tered Maurice, angrily.
"Why should I be quiet?" answered Rody, argumentatively. "I say," he continued, after a silence of a few seconds, "you are as old as Micky. You ought to be thinking of getting married too, eh, Beresford? I heard your uncle tell my father that he hoped you would marry

young."
"Really?" with a dubious smile. "I wonder what she will be like?" said Rody, speculatively, after an un-

usually long pause. "What who will be like?" asked

Maurice, absently. " Mrs. Maurice Beresford, to be

sure." "Like me, of course," I answered

backing gracefully before them both, and winking expressively at Rody. 'Like you!" scoffed Maurice.

would just as soon fall in love with a chimpanzee or a red Indian," he added, contemptuously.

"Oh, you might do worse!" I replied, cheerfully. "Any way the red Indian would have the worst of the bargain. Oh, my heart on fire what a temper she would have to deal with, wouldn't she, Rody?"

"What did you say?" demanded Maurice, stopping short and survey-ing me with grave astonishment.

'What is that pretty new expression of yours?"
"It is not mine, and you need not look so shocked; it's in 'Oliver Twist,'" I replied, with a triumph-

ant toss of my pigtail.

"Pickpockets' slang," returned
Maurice, with a shrug of the shoulders," and all very well for the Artful Dodger, but scarcely—"

"I say home is a proper inter-

"I say, here is a yawner," inter-rupted Rody, who had been walking on ahead; "I shall go round by the stick in case of accidents. Better be sure than sorry

And so shall I," I added, emphat ically, as my experienced eye took in the width of the deep black drain, with its crumbling, ragged-looking banks, that lay yawning right in our way.
"Beresford will take it!" said

"Berestord "He this Rody, confidently, "He this Rody, confidently, "He this results off. Ha, ha!" He thinks he

will shake us off. Ha, ha!"
And he proved quite correct.
Maurice stepped backward a few
paces, pulled his hat well down on
his head, made a short run, and
landed on the opposite side as lightly
as a deer, and then walked on, evidently perfectly indifferent to my
fate—as to whether I made, the tranfate—as to whether I made the tran sit safely, or groveled in four feet of black bog-water. The stick was greasy, and extremely I found the crossing a very ticklish and delicate maneuver, and was loudly assured by Rody, from the bank, "that I was for all the world like a cat on walnut shells.' However, I got over safely, and soon we had overtaken our companion, and were once more frolicking along side of him, bandying our hearted jests, and Maurice, in spite of himself, was gradually drawn into

the conversation.
"By the way, French," hecasked, "have you made up your mind what you are going to be—what profession

you intend to adorn?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Rody whirling his stick about; "I would not mind going into the Line if there were no examinations; but they are such a beastly grind—it's not good enough.

Then what would you like to be ? "Well," reflectively, "I think I'd like to be a farmer; have a good

large place, shooting, plenty of young horses, a couple of hunters, ride and sell, and that sort of thing,' waving his hand expansively.

"Ah, I dare say; a good man

young men share your tastes. not say a four-in-hand, steam-yacht and a moor, while you are about it? I know what I would like to be,

I broke in, impatiently.
"Well, let us hear," said Maurice, with benignant toleration.
"I should like to be a girl in a

circus. I think it must be delightful," I added rapturously; "nothing to do but ride from morning till night, sticking on, and dancing on those pads. What fun it must be and quite easy. It's all done by bal-ance. And I should love performing to crowded houses, and showing off and after a bit I would come out as first lady rider, in the side-saddle and riding-habit business, and do the haute ecole.

'And what does your grandfather think of your little scheme?" asked Maurice, with exasperating gravity. He would have a fit on the spo

if he heard it even mentioned. thinks a circus low, fancy that! I heroically resigning himself to his had the greatest work to get permission to go to Ball's travelling circus here in Kilcool. I went with Deb; it was lovely, and oh, how I For some time we proceeded in did envy the girl in the black velvet

'What a picture you would make!" deep black bog-hole on a narrow, slippery stick, now jumping a wide drain now scaling a grate. We still the still the still the still the still the still the scaling a wide drain now scaling a grate. We still the sti country gentleman, and Nora's ambition is to ride in a circus."

Oh, that's all humbug! She is to marry me some day if she is a good girl," responded Rody conde-

scendingly. "A most suitable match; permit me to congratulate you both," Maurice, affably. "A charming house yours will be to stay in—booby traps on all the doors, squibs for supper, and apple pie beds for your too con-

"Well, you need not mind," retorted Rody, roughly, you won't be one of them." No, you may strike my name off

your visiting list," returned Maurice lryly. "I shall not intrude." dryly. By this time we had reached the

road, and my appearance bore visible traces of our somewhat adven-turous walk. My dress was torn, my boots were exceedingly muddy, and my pigtail had come unfastened. As we stepped over the last style Maurice gallantly handed me down,

and surveying me with a gaze of cool, dispassionate scrutiny said: You look rather picturesque at a distance, but perhaps you are a little

disappointing on close inspection, Miss O'Neill.' 'She looks like a second-hand scarecrow," added Rody, with his usual candor. "By the way, I won-der if the train has passed?"

The line at some little distance crossed the road. No, not yet," I replied, replaiting my hair with nimble fingers, as I preceded him along the footpath; "I ee the gates open, and some people

going across. And there, about a hundred yards ahead of us, sure enough, one gate was flung wide, and a man was oungling at the opposite one and endeavoring to unfasten it, while a horse and cart—in which sat a young girl holding the reins vaited on the line.

"It's Beauty Connor and Micky," I remarked, as I recognized

the pretty face of a well-known country belle. Her horse, a hand some young bay, was fidgeting and restive, and kept backing, and starting, and pricking its ears; refusing to be soothed and so-ho'ed by the voice

of the charmer.
"What is the fellow about? What the mischief is he doing at the gate? He must be drunk!" said Maurice,

impatiently.
"Of course he is drunk," returned Rody, composedly. "Who ever saw old Micky Connor sober on Sunday? He has been having a drop below The Cross,' and no doubt sees sev-

'I don't envy that girl her drive home," returned Maurice, as he noted the fretting, fiery horse, already reeking with heat and flecked with foam—" and, my God, I hear the train!" he added in a voice of horror. At that moment the low sullen roar of the approaching ex-press was distinctly audible through

the thin, frosty air.
"The train, daddy—the train!"
shrieked the girl frantically, standing up in a frenzy of excitement, while her horse plunged violently and threatened to upset her. It seemed to be on us almost in a minute—in less than a second it had rounded the curve, and was coming on-so smoothly—so inevitably—and oh, so fast; and still the man was wrest ing with the gate, and still the girl was screaming in the cart. It was more like a horrible nightmare than

a ghastly reality.

Rody and I stood rooted to the ground, paralyzed, unable to move, but trembling all over. The next in stant Maurice had dashed across the rails, and in another moment, with a sound of thunder, the mail had gone by, leaving the ground still reverberating, and leaving Beauty Connor safe in Maurice's arms, the cart shattered to a thousand pieces, and the horse a crumpled, convulsive bleeding object in the middle of the six-foot way.

'How awful '!' I exclaimed, shud-"You are not hurt, are you?" dering. I asked, eagerly, as I ran over to my cousin. "And you have saved her Oh. Maurice !

Yes, she is all right," he answered, breathlessly. "But it was a close

His hat had been whirled away and ground into powder. His left hand had been badly cut, his face was un-usually white; but he held Beauty in his arms, unhurt and safe. One could almost tell by his eyes that just now he had looked death in the face, and wrenched a victim from his

grasp. He was supporting Beauty and endeavoring to soothe her, but the awful shock she had just received had entirely unhinged her. She lay with her head on Maurice's breast, her lovely golden hair streaming over his shoulder, weeping hysterically and moaning pitifully, apparently a dead weight—boneless.

Her father who had been most effectually sobered by seeing his horse and cart dashed to pieces, and his daughter snatched from a similar fate, at last found his tongue, and hobbling up to us said, "Oh, thin, the divil mend it for a train! Glory be to God, Beauty, me darlin,' you are safe and sound; 'tis you that had the narrow escape"—taking hold of her. "Only for the young gintleman from the house you were in smithereens. Bedad, he saved your life at the risk of his own; faix the sight left me eyes; I never saw so near froze the marrow in me thing, it I was bothered with the gate and I nivir heard the train till she was on the top of us, and it was too late. And the poor young mare! Oh, Holy Father! You're not a hair the worse, Beauty," depositing his daughter on a stone, and hurrying over to where the animal lay. "Oh, she's destroyed, Mr. Beresford, she's destroyed—'tis in pieces she is! and I, that was reckoning to get sivinty pounds for her at the fair of Cahir nee!" I could not bear horrid sights, and turned my whole attention to Beauty, while Rody and Maurice went over and stood beside the dead norse, and listened to old Micky's loud lamentations and invocations I averted my eyes from that hideous, mangled sight, and the blood-be spattered line, and, overawed, and rave for once, endeavored to soothe poor Beauty, who still sat sobbing and shivering, her turquoise blue eyes bedimmed with tears, her plaid shawl all torn, and her hair falling loosely round her face and shoulders But strong country girls have better nerves than finely organized, tea-drinking young ladies, and Beauty soon came round, dried her eyes gathered up her hair, picked up her tattered shawl, and, seeing her father and Maurice rejoin us, she stood up, and taking my cousin's nand, said, in a low voice still

broken with sobs : "I humbly thank you, sir. I owe you my life. As long as I live I'll pray for you day and night on bended knees. May the Holy Virgin and all the saints protect you—may you have luck and grace wherever you go, be it to the world's end!"

Maurice was shy-Maurice blushed —Maurice was extremely embarrassed—as he stood bareheaded on the road with his hand in Beauty Connor's, receiving her thanks and blessings. I felt proud of him-I was glad that he was my cousin, for the first time in my life. He was a person to be admired and respected now; he had saved life; he had confronted death of his own accord and Rody and I agreed, as we slowly wended our way home, that Maurice as he stood in the setting sun, with his bare curly locks, slight figure, and resolute eyes, looked handsome, resolu every inch a hero.

CHAPTER VII A RUN WITH THE FOXHOUNDS Forward and frolic glee was there, The will to do—the soul to dare."—Scott.

The well-known "Darefield" hounds hunted in the neighborhood of Gallow. It was out with them that Tom Connor (grandfather's rough rider) broke in the young horses, which he afterward showed off at Ballinasloe or Cahirmee fair as "first class weight-carrying hunters."
Tom was the greatest humbug in the
province of Munster. If a prize had been awarded for drawing the long bow especially with regard to his own equestrian exploits, it would have en Tom's lawful due. He was at his best when engaged in the sale of a horse to an inexperienced English

"Is it throt, your honor?" he would say impressively. "He cannot with convainiance to himself throt less than twelve miles an hour.'

'Can he gallop is it? In a shower of rain he can gallop so fast that all the drops fall on his tail."

"Jump wather?" throwing up hi eyes, as though to invoke the testi-mony of heaven and earth. "Why wouldn't he? It's canal lepin' ye mane, of coorse."

Connor would conclude by flourishing this invaluable animal over the nearest "lep" and selling him to the stranger for a couple of hundred guineas. Tom was a great authority on riding, and admitted, with a certain superb condescension, that Mr. Maurice rode very well for an officer," a class of whose performances on the pigskin he had the meanest opinion. How I envied Maurice, as day after day I saw him prancing down the avenue on a handsome young hunter, bound for a meet of the foxhounds!

Why should I not accompany him?" this was a question that I asked myself ten times an hour. I had a good horse, and if Tom was to be relied upon, my riding "bate all he ivir saw;" then, query, why should not Freney and I disport our-selves in the hunting-field? This dea, which had been simmering in my brain for months, I at last found courage to introduce to grandfather abruptly, of course.
"Grandfather," I exclaimed, sud-

denly bursting into the library, hav ing stood quaking outside with the handle of the door in my grasp for at least ten minutes, "grandfather, may go to the hunt to morrow with Maurice? Do let me!"
Grandfather gazed at me over the

edge of his paper for some moments, in reflective silence. I think he must have been softened by the share list, for, to my great amaze ment, he deliberately replied

"You may go if you like, if your cousin will take you."
"Oh, may I? Oh, thank you,

thank you, grandfather!" I returned, with an irrepressible jump of de-light. Then I glanced at Maurice who had suddenly laid down his book, and was regarding me with a curious and not altogether amiable expression of countenance.

You'll let me go with you, won't you, Maurice? I'll be no trouble to you—in fact, I'll show you the way," added: with a giggle of boastful

complacency.
"I'll have nothing to say to it," replied Maurice, rising and figurative y washing his hands of me. could not undertake to be respon sible for her," turning to grand father with grave protestation "Can she ride?" he added, dubious "I know she goes tearing about the fields like an escaped lunatic but she will want a little judgment and a certain amount of horseman-

ship, to follow the foxhounds." "You make your mind easy about her riding, Maurice," said grandfather, dryly, and without raising his eves from his all-absorbing paper. You will find that she can take care

of herself." But I assure you, sir"-returned Maurice, vehemently. I did not want to hear what his assurance or argument might be; I was fully re solved to accompany him at any cost no matter what he said or thought or did; and I sped out of the room lashed down to the servant's hall and electrified Dan, who was reading a greasy-looking Freeman's Journal with the astonishing news that I was going to the hunt the next morning. and to be sure and give Freney no water, and have him saddled and

ready to the minute of ten o'clock. Then I flew upstairs and devoted the remainder of the evening to pre paring my toilet for the great event mended my gloves, polished up the handle of my whip, sought out a cherished blue tie, and gave my habit an extra brushing. That night I could hardly sleep; I thought over the delicious prospect, then dozed off into broken slumber, then

woke again.
Once I dreamed that it was dream; the mere thought was madness. I got up and struck a light. No, it was all right; there was my gray habit spread out on the old sofa, with a collar neatly tacked in by my own hands before going to bed. There were my gloves, my whip, and my veil. "No, it was no dream," I exclaimed, as, with a skip of delight. I once more blew out the

candle and jumped into bed. Behold us the following morning. the cynosure of an admiring circle as we took our departure from the hall-door. Never was young escorted by a more reluctant cavalier than mine. We trotted side by side in silence for a considerable distance, Maurice's face looking as black as thunder, and expressive of speechless disgust, I wearing a smirk of airy elation on my radiant counten-ance. What did I care for Maurice's black looks ?-not one straw!

Grandfather had given me leave to go to the hunt, and ten Maurice would not keep me at home. My companion cast more than one doubt ful glance at my gray tweed habit and sealskin cap—not the orthodox ladies' hunting get-up by any manner of means; but inspection, I flatter myself, assured him that I would not "come to pieces," and that, as far as riding went, I was "all there," as he afterward expressed it. was "a fine, soft morning," to quote Dan; a thin Scotch mist was lightly drizzling, the sharp, frosty feeling so detrimental to hunting had left

the atmosphere, and falling—perish the thought—would be safe! Cantering gayly along the grass at the side of the road I felt ready for anything, from charging a gate downwards; so did Freney apparently, as, reduced to a walk he sidled conceitedly along the road. Maurice's snorting steed, a handsome brown four-year old, conscious of all the glories of a brand-new bridle, of his youth, and fine personal appearance, looked exactly what Tom Connor had described him, down-

right "rampageous," and flt to fiy out of his skin! We arrived punctually at the meet, which was in the village of Rusk, about six miles from Kilcool. It was already pretty full; the long, narrow street was crowded with ledhorses, horsemen in groups and norsemen slowly riding up and down in twos and threes.

Equipages, varying from the lordly drag to the lowly ass's car, lined the street at either side; deeply-laden jaunting-cars were to be counted by the dozen, and spectators by the hundred.

Maurice and I followed the genera example, and kept our horses slowly moving to and fro.

As we passed a gay yellow ladeau, a large, fair, bold-looking woman, half-buried in furs, put up her eye glass, and calmly surveyed us from head to foot with an air of supercil ious interest.

Now, who are they?" she asked of a mustached dandy, who, with a bunch of violets in the button hole of his exquisite pink coat, was ranged up alongside.

A block in front compelled me to near his reply.
"Don't know. I'm shaw, (sure)

a new variety of the natives. Queer

cut of a girl, eh?" I moved on, scarlet. I glanced at Maurice : he had heard, I was sure, for he looked rather angry. "I am a queer cut," I confess to myself, as observe two ladies riding toward us, got up in neat blue habits, severely plain stick-up collars and tall hats. My sealskin cap, blue tie (which I thought the ne plus ultra of elegance), and my wide, flapping, chamois-leather gauntlets, were all out of place. I consoled myself by a critical inspection of Maurice—at any rate he was all right. His modest black coat, leathers, tops, and dog-skin gloves bore favorable comparison with the rest of the crowd felt a secret thrill of satisfaction as I saw more than one approving eye cast upon Freney, and overheard a gloomy-looking little man, in extra ordinarily tight trousers, describe him to his companion as "an uncommon likely, well ribbed up little

A move, a murmur in the throng 'the hounds were coming." I craned my neck, and saw four or five red coats trotting across the bridge, fol lowed by a lot of agitated tails.

A few minutes later we were jog ging along in their wake, toward tha famous domain of the fox family Gonnerby's Gorse.' wild with excitement as I cantered ing congratulations and commendaup two fields. I was not to be re I flatly refused to wait on the road with the carriages. I would, and should, see the hounds put into cover. watched with all my eye-power their tails busily waving through the furze, and Freney and I both quivered with repressed anticipation as we listened to the sharp crack of the thong, artistically wielded by the first whip. All at once there move, a sudden cessation of talking. cigars were flung away, and men be gan to settle themselves firmly in their saddles. The commotion increased. Simultaneously with the talismanic words, "Gone away," for broke in full view of the field. and we all rushed madly and furiously down hill, and made for the

only open gate. Gentlemen, gentlemen, let the Give the hounds a chance, gentlemen, I implore you! shouted the nearly frantic master.

It was not a bit of use; he might

as well have talked to the wind! The

field, like people themselves hotly pursued, were already cramming ostling, and pushing each other through the aforementioned gate, and at least a dozen were away with the leading couples of hounds. Soon I was away also. It was all I could do to hold Freney; his excitement was more than a match for mine. I could barely steady him over the first two fences, through which he crashed seemingly regardless of any consequences. I observed a small elderly gentleman just in front of me, mounted on a brown hunter with a white streak in his tail, and I imme diately adopted him as my guidingstar or pilot, and followed him faith fully. In and out of a boreen (lane) we went, across some large stubble fields, and several enormous double ditches, which Freney took like a cat-I saw nothing of Maurice, nor did miss him. I only wanted to see the hounds, and, if possible, the fox. We were making for the hill of Dare. I had still sense enough to see, but I tion. felt (and, no doubt, looked) quite crazy with excitement. I had already "the sport of kings" without Maurice's

seen one or two loose horses, and witnessed various croppers. At first I had a vague idea of offering assistance and stopping to sympathize but finding that others galloped pitilessly on—my pilot included—I did the same. Again we crossed a road, and again the ground descended. At the bottom of a large grass field l descried a rather formidable wall cope, and dash, a novelty in the Dare-field country, so famous for banks and doubles.

One man was slowly and weakly setting his horse at it, and two others were vaguely looking up and down the field in search of a friendly gap. No, my friend," I mentally claimed, as my well trained eye took in the obstacle, "you will not find a lower place, look as you like."

served, as I drew nearer, that one of them was the dandy who considered me "a queer cut of a girl." None of them liked the place, that was very evident, and one of them drawled out ironically: "Make way for the lady-she'll give us a lead and they moved to one side as I came galloping up.

I put my horse at the wall rather

slowly, and threw up my right arm as he made a tremendous bound into the air—a satisfactory bound—we cleared the obstacle cleverly. were over, and in another Freney and I were skimming away across the next field. As we landed lightly on an "on-and-off," or crashed through bushes, or tore along the headlands. I believe I was actually the happiest girl in the whole world. There was one short check as the fox turned from the hill of Dare, skirted round it, and

made for King's Court at its foot. Over a fence into a boggy plantation, lost my sealskin cap; but what of that, since I had long since lost my head! Three minutes later we emerged

into the lawn, over a nasty wet ditch, and I observed with a sensation no words can describe, that there were only three people with the hounds beside myself—the huntsman, a steeplechase jockey, and my friend on the brown hunter. A stiff post and rails divided the park from the pleasure-ground. Over we sailed close on the huntsman's heels.

screamed The lady for iver!" three or four eagereyed spectators. 'If it isn't little Miss O'Neill, may I never — It's herself is the divil to ride!" cried an old earth-stopper, waving his tattered caubeen madly round his head. "More power to your elbow, miss."

Close by, among some laurels, I heard a tremendous scrimmage. The " Who - oop huntsman cried: worry—worry!" and, jumping off his horse, plunged into the middle of the

pack. The poor fox was dead. I was sincerely sorry for him, although I had been one of his most ardent pursuers. 'It's all over, I suppose?" I asked,

breathlessly.

"All over this time, miss," returned the first whip, glancing curiously at me, as I sat bareheaded on my panting, blowing bay, whose throbbing sides and extended forelegs gave evidence of a long gallop. "Uncom-

mon good going, too-forty five minutes racing pace."
A few minutes later the rest of the field straggled up, Maurice included. There was a cut on his cheek; he had evidently had a fall—ditto his steed, whose head and chest were plastered with mud. He looked not a little surprised to find me, sitting Freney in an easy, dégagé attitude. without a cap, and with my tawny mane flowing down my back, receiv

tions from a very considerable audi-However outré might have been my appearance, I had ridden boldly and well. I had lived from first to last, throughout one of the fastest runs of the season. "Where were runs of the season. the two correctly got up young ladies now! Where was the dandy with the violets in his button-hole?" I thought, as I triumphantly glanced round. I was quite the mistress of the position, the heroine of the hour.

Several gentlemen who knew grandfather came up and talked to me, and said very nice things about my horse and my riding. I was cordially invited into King's Court to partake of luncheon and to rest. rest!" as if it were likely I could when I had just been presented with the brush! Oh, ecstatic moment! when the wet, draggled piece of fur was attached to the off side of my saddle by the nimble and respectfu fingers of the huntsman himself! indeed! I would not rest till all Gallow and Kilcool were ringing with my triumph!

My cap was found in the plantation-hedge and restored to me, and l now wanted nothing to complete my happiness.

I felt a very fine person, indeed, as I bowed and nodded my adieus, and trotted off home. As I went along I mentally reviewed every fence and every field, riding the whole run over again, wrapped up in contemplation almost too blissful to realize, Maurice was nearly as proud as I was myself; and I was more impressed by his few words of warm praise and congratulation than all the other grand compliments put together. I cannot describe the grim satisfaction of grandfather, when I burst into the library, and laid the brush on the table be fore him, much in the same way as a dog would bring a stick to his master. Neither will I linger to relate the rapture of Dan, of Deb, of Patsey White, and Tom Connor; even Sweet lips vouchsafed a grunt of approba-

countenance, I turned over a nev leaf with regard to him, and endeavored to propitiate him by an ac cess of politeness that must have puzzled him not a little. I ceased to allow myself the pleasure of slam-ming doors in his face and contradicing him flatly. I now agreed reck-lessly and indiscriminately with everything he said; ran his errands, fetched him the newspaper, pushed the butter and salt in his direction at meal-times, and even went so far as to mend his gloves! I don't think he liked me one bit better all the same; I am sure he still looked upon me as a rude, ugly, ill-tempered hoyden. However, he suffered me to accompany him to the neighboring meets, and that was all *I* cared for. On the topic of hunting and riding we met on neutral ground, and dis cussed various runs and our joint experiences most amiably together, as we jogged home side by side, those damp, December afternoons but, once dismounted, we assumed our ordinary attitude toward each

other, viz., an armed peace. At the end of January Maurice returned to Dublin. I witnessed his departure with very sincere regret; I had now no escort, and was conse quently no longer permitted to grace) the hunting-field.

TO BE CONTINUED

HONOR THE PRIEST

A TRUE STORY By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

Sunset was flooding the West with such a glory that men stopped in the streets of the busy city and said to each other: "Look at the sky." And no wonder. The splendor of the heavens was glorious. Great masses of purple clouds, shaded into red and faint-rose color, floated in a sea of melted gold; the softer tints of green and amber and mauve lay like islets in the sea, and quivered above the horizon, while the shafts of stronger light visibly shot over the spires and housetops, till the dull streets glowed, and men shaded their eyes and gazed at the sight in half awed ecstacy. I stood at the end of a long wide corridor in the hospital, at a window facing the West and watched the glory grow dim as the sun-god descended slowly and grand-ly behind the river in the distance. Suddenly, the thunder of the motorambulance, and the sharp toot of the horn broke the spell, and I turned to another window where I saw down into the courtyard of the hospital—the daily scene repeated,

a new patient brought in. It was an accident case. ome young man of about twentyfive, an unfortunate under the in fluence of liquor, who was run down by a train, and both arms crushed, as fell with them outstretched on the track, in his stupid, unconscious condition. Why he was not all crushed and killed was a miracle. Carried at once to the operating room, it was to a sad conclusion. doctors were forced to save his life by a double amputation, the left was amputated between the shoulder and elbow, the right arm etween elbow and wrist. There was no help for it. The flesh and bone and tissues were a mass of jelly! Blood-poisoning would set in, and death would ensue within twenty-

four hours, otherwise. It was a cruel fate, but pitiful, skillful hands made the suffering With the bound stumps short. swathed in bandages the patient was laid on his white bed, and the nurse at his side waited for the effects of

the anaesthetic to pass away.
"I will call you, Father," she said 'He is a Catholic, for he wears our

Lady's medal."
"Very well." I replied.

I walked out to one of the long porches pondering over the fate that was before this mangled being, Both hands gone! and only, apparently about twenty-five. Had he a wife, or child, or mother to support ? What a cloud of sadness is over life! I thought of the splendor of the western heavens a little while ago, and looked up at the peaceful sky already studded with stars. What a contrast! And within the great building, glowing with electric lights in every window and corridor, hundreds of beings were lying, praying to the God who created sun and moon and stars, and them-to have mercy on their helplessness. How pitifully weak is man when illness and pain have gripped him. How terrified he is at the great unknown future if he has wandered from the path of rectitude, and yielded to passion. What remorse he feels, and how he longs to atone for the past. There are those for whom death and suffering have no terrors, but they are the few. The majority of men and women quiver at the touch of suffering and shrink at the thought

I was moralizing thus, as I paced the long porch absorbed in reverie, and with deepest pity in my soul for the patient brought in amid the glory of the most splendid sunset I had ever seen. I looked up to see the

nurse beckoning to me: Father, he is conscious, but there is no immediate danger and it is growing late. It will be quite safe to wait until to-morrow when he will

be more rational." "Very well," I said and made my

way to my room.

The following day I went to visit the young man whose fate had so in-terested me. He was suffering intensely and his pale face, drawn with agony, was deeply pathetic. "You have had a terrible time, my

poor fellow," I said, "but everything

is in your favor. We all think you oing to get over this accident, and that you will not be long in the ospital. Have you a family?" He flushed and said in a subdued

Yes, father I have a wife and child, I wonder if I could see them?"
"Certainly, my friend," I said.

"give me your address and I will soon gratify you." He gave me the address and I despatched a messenger, warning him, however, not to tell the extent of the accident, but to say the man was in jured by the railroad and was in the

Hospital. When I returned to the patient's room, his gratitude was touching and he began to tell me how he had been down hill. No work, discour agement, bad company and drink. He was a Catholic, yes, but he had not been to his duty for years, a good many years. His wife was a good Catholic, and his little girl—two years old-he loved with deep affection. He had a good position, made money at the time of his marriage, but luck turned against him. gave up going to Church—although it nearly broke his wife's heart—and the very evening he fell he had quarrelled with her, and got intoxicated and when he came to himself he was in an ambulance rushing to the hos pital. And now—what could he do without both hands! Wouldn't it be better to die? I consoled him and told him how God never sends a trial without the grace to bear it, and begged him to be patient, and to try to think that God was infinitely good to spare his life even with the loss of his hands. He was young and who knows what would be done for him. Most of all was God good to give him time to think of the past and repent He might have been swept into eternity without a moment's warning, his sins upon his soul. And then his wife and child!

At mention of them tears came to his eyes, and I saw he was deeply

attached to them. "I am not worthy of a good woman's affection, Father," he said said "My wife is an angel !patient, forgiving and ready to forget everything if I only do right."

"Most women are that way," I returned: "God has been good to you. She will be here soon and you wil be brave and hopeful I am sure.

All this time I had not even known his name, but an hour or two later when a message came that Mrs. Preston had arrived, I knew at once who it was. I was at the door when a pale girlish looking woman with deep brown eyes full of trouble, appeared in the hall. I felt it was wife, and advanced to meet her, Oh, Father !" she cried. "Will Jack Oh! it would kill me! What has happened to him? He is the best man on earth, and I had not heard one word of the accident until your message came. What happened? They would not tell me down stairs."

Her pleading face, and eyes brim-ming with tears almost unmanned I motioned her into a vacant room opposite, and prepared her for the fact that her husband was a help less cripple as to his hands, but that he was otherwise uninjured.

She covered her face with her hands and wept softly. I allowed her to give vent to her grief for a few moments, and then I said:

Stay here until I tell your hus band of your coming. Now be brave and remember a good wife always bears the heaviest share of the burden in a case like this. Be encouraging and bright, and help him hear his great trial. Come in after a few minutes.'

went to Jack, and told him his wife was there. He became greatly agitated, but when the door opened, and his wife flew to his side, threw on her shoulder and cried aloud. He held up the bandaged stumps of both arms!

"Look, Amy!" he said bitterly, "see what kind of a man you have to support you and the baby!"

Don't fret Jack, dear," she said without seeming to notice them, "you are going to get well, and you have your feet and your brains and your voice. Suppose I had lost you," she wept, laying her head on his

God forgive me, Amy! I'll be a better man if I get well. It's just like you to forget what I have been but where will I ever find a job?" There are dozens of things you

can do! You have been the dearest husband in the world. We will get along splendidly. Don't bother until you are well; how we ought to thank God for sparing your life !'

close call wasn't it, 'It was a

Father ?" said Jack. "It was indeed," I returned, "and as Mrs. Preston says, you have much

to be grateful for."
"I am grateful," said Jack, fervent-"and I'll go to my duty and be different man!" I knew he was in earnest and so took leave, promising Preston as she pleaded with tears in her eyes, to be good to Jack and to see him as frequently as pos-

I did not visit him until the next day, when I found him alone, and suffering greatly from both arms. I talked to him, and saw he was in excellent disposition. Then I suggested he should prepare for a good fession next day, and receive Holy Communion. "I will, Father! I don't know why the Lord is so good to me. Look at Amy, my wife. Why you would think I had never given her a minute's pain—and God knows I've been a wretch to her. And then. to hear her talk, you would think a man without hands had a better

chance than a man that had them both. She will bring the baby to see me to-day, and with them around I'll get well. And then we'll see if I will be useless altogether. She says not and so I'll grit my teeth and bear the pain ; for I deserve it Father-I have not been a good man!" I cheered him up. And I appointed the next him up. day for his confession.

That morning his wife and little girl came. The mother had drilled the little thing so well that she did not wince at her father's appearance, even when he tried in vain to em brace her with his poor stumps, but with the sweetest of baby ways chatted to the poor invalid as if nothing was wrong. She was a beautiful little girl with brown eyes She was a like her mother's, and a smile like her father's, and a pretty little way of talking. The caresses of the child were evidently a delight to the sufferer, and he was relieved that his swathed and bandaged arms did not frighten her, His wife was all affection and sympathy and, although the visit was short because he was in pain, it was comforting to both. When she was leaving and as she kissed him goodby, he whispered: "I am going to confession to-day Amy—you will pray for me won't you?" Another warm kiss was the reply; Indeed I will, Jack; you know nothing could please me more.

This was told me afterwards by Jack. I began to get deeply interested in this little family. There was evident refinement in the mother. The child was charming, and Jack was a fine, clever fellow spoiled somewhat by a hasty temper and self will, but forgiving and repentant that all his misdeeds were forgotten.

He made his confession that day, and I brought him Holy Communion next morning. He wore a peaceful, happy expression when his wife to visit him. She noticed it, and when she knew the cause her happiness was radiant. Soon his thoughts turned to the future. thoughts What would become of him. They were not destitute, as they had the rent of one or two small houses, besides their little home; but he could no longer work with his hands, and this thought depressed him greatly. Amy's efforts were now directed to wards getting him something to do. Fortunately the right arm was ampu tated below the elbow, and an artificial hand could be supplied. arm healed first, and it was measured for an artificial hand. Jack's hopes

were raised as each day brought a better condition. One evening while sitting up in his room, he began to talk to me of his past. "Father," he said, "my curse has been my hot-temper. Ever since I was a boy my fits of rage have always ended in some misfortune. Do you know as I lie here on my bed, I can trace it back year after year. and the memories are not such as to make me proud. I had a good father and mother, and a good comfortable home, and I should have been better. The more I think, the more I believe that the cutting off of my two hands was a specially appointed punishment from God. I am sure of it." "Why do you say that. Jack ?" I ventured to remark as he became suddenly silent. "Well, I will tell you Father, and you may

tell others. It may be a lesson to some hot-headed fellow like I was." When I was twelve years old I be came an altar boy in our church, and because I was quick at understandng things about the altar and the Church, I was a favorite with our Pastor, who always wanted me if there was a strange priest, or the

Bishop, or a festival coming. Of course I liked it, and after two years I began to feel important. Our priest was always gentle to me when he saw me growing hot, and so we her arms around his neck, her face bathed in tears, yet smiling, the big fellow broke down and laid his head fellow broke down and laid his head loss of my two hands is a special punishment from God. It was some east-day and I was to serve at Benediction. It was an extra day-that is, it was not a Sunday. I was working in a store, and forgot about the hour. When I thought of it I was half an hour late, but I rushed like mad down to the Church, and was just slipping into the Boys' Sacristy when, our priest, who was not offici

ating, appeared at the door. You young rascal, he said, 'com ing at this hour into the Sacristy when services are over. I'll teach you to loiter around when your business is here,' and he lifted his hand and gave me a box on the ear that sent me spinning against the wall But he was half smiling all the time

"Enraged at being held up withou being able to explain, I doubled my two fists, and made at the pries like a mad fury. I wanted to strike him to the ground if I could. My mouth frothed, and my forehead became full of sweat.

"But the priest who was a big strong man, grabbed my two fists easily in his hands, and with his voice trembling said:

'Oh Jack! Jack! you don't mean to strike your Pastor! Don't you know the Lord punishes those who raise their hands to the Lord's an ointed? Stop my Son!"

"'I don't care!' I choked out, 'I will hit you! Let me go! But the priest held me as if I were a baby. Then, as we neared the door he took both my hands in his strong fist picked up my cap, put it on my head,

and opened the door. "Go home Jack! he said, 'and when your temper is over, come back and tell me you are sorry for raising your hands against a priest of God!' and he shut the door. wild with anger I yelled at the closed door: 'I'll never come back, and I'll never tell you.' '

"And, Father-I never went back : I told my mother I didn't want to be never make up with that priest. But now since this accident, I feel more and more that it is the punish-ment for having dared to lift my hands against a priest. Both of my hands are gone! It might have been my feet, but you see it was the hands I raised against the Lord's anointed. Father, don't you see it is a punishment? Oh! if I could only see that priest, and tell him-late as it isthat he was right, and that I am sorry. Then I might get God's for giveness, and some good luck. It's a poor lookout for my life, and I am only twenty-five. Don't you see, Father?" The poor fellow choked back a sob, and looked at the bandaged stumps on both arms with a

despairing, heavy sigh.

I had listened with deep sympathy. I knew such things had happened. I had known before of persons who had lifted their hands to strike a priest, and had been punished in stantly. But I was loth to think that Jack was as hardened as these examples I had heard about. I desired much to console him, and it was hard to do so. He had been so open and candid with me. "My poor fellow," I said, and he saw from face and the tone of my voice all that was feeling, "I will not deny that such punishments have come: you must not lose hope for the future, you are sorry now.

"Deeply sorry, Father. And if I only knew where he lived I would go to the priest and ask his pardon on "I am sure of it. Jack." my knees. said, "but you have not told m

his name.' He must be old now," he said, he was not young then." "He was

I started at the name. That same priest, Father McCort was at present in the hospital, ill unto death, in the very same hospital where we were both conversing.

Jack saw the start. What is it, Father? Do you know him?

Not only do I know him, but he

It's Impossible!"
"It is true," I said, "and I will see him this very day, and bring you to his mind. It will all be fixed up, and your trouble will be lifted from your soul. See how good God is. Oh! Jack, be grateful." The poor fellow broke down. Tears streamed from his eyes; he turned his face to the pillow, and when he raised it, I had to wipe away the tears-he was helpless to do so. Oh. Father. do you think he has had spite at me all these years? Do you think he will keep up the bad luck I have had, by turning me down, and saying I deserve what I got?

'No! No! No!" I said. "Do not even think of such things. A priest would never harbor such thoughts. Try to be calm. Come Jack! I can see the light already shining on your future. Be humble and God vill smooth all the hard things away. I will go and talk to Father McCort. And with a glad nod at the poor young man, I left the room.

At once I sought Father McCort's corridor, and entered his room. He been ill some time, but his gentle kindly face warmed into a smile as he held out his thin, wasted hand in greeting.
"Glad to see you, Father Alexan-

der. Making converts still?"
"Something better, Father McCort. I trust you are not suffering to-day, improved," I said.

Sit down and tell me some of I motioned for them to rise. your active work," he rejoined. time is not long and it matters little how I feel; still I am some better." I seated myself, and inwardly thanking God, I said aloud, "Father, do you remember when you were

families; not so very progressive, but solidly Catholic. I remember a family of Prestons; they had a fine son Jack, who had a temper as hot as fire, but as forgiving a lad as ever breathed-just a blowup and it was over. I wonder where he is?"

"Suppose you were to hear that he is in this hospital at present," I said, watching him closely.
"What? You don't mean it! In

this hospital? It cannot be possible! What is wrong with poor Jack ?" And then I told him of the acci dent that robbed him of his hands Tears gathered in the old priest's

eyes. Poor fellow! poor Jack! that's a dreadful misfortune. Is he still

He is married to a fine little wife, and has a beautiful baby girl. I saw them both," I added. "A Catholic wife did you say?"

Yes, indeed; a brave little Then I proceeded to tell woman. him of Jack's anguish, his sad tale of the day he lifted his hands to the priest, and that he believed the accident to have been a punishment.

"I remember the very day," said ather McCort. "I recall distinctly Father McCort. the whole occurrence. Just you tell Jack to come here as soon as he can, and I'll fix the matter in his mind, and put him at ease forever."

After a few more pleasant words I took my departure. I went at once to Jack's room. Mrs Preston was there. Her husband had been telling her the story he told me, for her eyes were wet with tears, and her bright face very serious. "I have just come from Father McCort's room," I said joyfully. "He remem-

bers you perfectly, Jack, and is impatient to see you. You will get a an altar boy. Shortly afterwards we moved away from that place, and I dear old priest. He is not long for began to stop going to Church and to go down hill; for I vowed I would as I mentioned the town of X— and

said you were a fine lad."
"The splendid old hero!" said Jack, "I don't deserve one kind word from him. Oh, Father! I'll have to go to see him. When do you think go to see him. When do you will I could venture? My arms are get-ting on fine, and the right one will have the artificial hand next week." Ask the doctor," I said. You

are sitting up and moving around the room. A trip through the hospital surely won't hurt you." Jack asked the doctor if he could visit a friend down stairs. thing to divert your mind, Mr. Pres ton, will help hasten your recovery,

said the surgeon.
So it was decided that the next day, if Father McCort was strong enough, Jack and his wife would visit him. Of course I would be of

the party. Father McCort signalized hi assent and next afternoon Jack. leaning on his wife's shoulder, with myself on the other side, went down the elevator. Quietly and leisurely we made our way to the priest's room. He lay on the pillow, very white

and still, his eyes turned to the door. When the little group entered a beautiful smile brightened his wasted face. He held out his hand. "My dear son, Jack! I would know you at once. What a man you Then noticing the stumps in

the empty sleeves of the dressing gown he said with tears in his voice. My poor fellow! my poor boy!'
But Jack fell on his knees. Th sight of the old priest, with death stamped on his face, tore at his heart. He cried out: "Oh Father McCort! I don't deserve a kind work from you. Once I lifted my hands against you, and swore I would never ask your pardon, though I knew I was in the wrong.

Will you forgive me now? God has punished me for my sin." The priest raised himself on his pillow and put his trembling arms around the man. "Forgive you, Jack? Forgive you? Why there's is here in this house."

"Here?" cried Jack; "here in this house? Father McCort of X—? this house? Father McCort of X—? this matter. My poor boy! You have a had a variation enough! Of nothing to forgive! You have sufhad expiation enough! Of have course I forgive you; for you were in one of your tempers, Jack, and you didn't know what you were doing. Brace up, my boy. Soon your old pastor will be with God; and if he has any influence with the heart of Christ you will never feel the loss of your hands.. Do you hear, Jack?'

And then the good priest exnausted, sank back on his pillow,
"Oh, Father!" sobbed the man shaken to the roots of his being, " believe you. Give me your blessing. Tell me I will get well, and I will be a better man. My wife who listens will be my witness. So help me God!" And his wife, herself crying God !" softly, wiped the tears from his eye —supplying his lost hands. Father McCort made a supren

effort, and raised his hand. May God almighty bless you Jack, and give you prosperity, comfort with your family, and peace with your own soul. May your poor lost hands never stand in the way of your advancement; and may you be happy as long as you serve Him.

And the priest solemnly made the sign of the Cross over the boy he had known in childhood; and he allowed his hand to rest on the bowed

There was silence; it was a solemn scene. We all knelt, and then as the priest closed his eyes wearily stooped and kissed the thin hand that had given him his First Com-munion. His wife did the same As they left the room Jack turned again for a last look at his friend.

The priest smiled faintly and parish priest in X—?"

"Indeed I do. It was a fine little town. Good people, and prosperous

They never saw him alive again. He died within a week, and his

promise was kept before God. Jack Preston recovered rapidly procured an artificial hand, to use it surprisingly well before he left the hospital, and finally departed, a new man in soul and body. He obtained an excellent position almost at once, and has successfully kept it. He has persevered faith fully in his promise to his pastor. His family has increased, and pros perity and peace this day hover over the happy home circle. He does not seem to miss his lost arms, for both

are supplied by artificial ones. The name of Father McCort is uttered with hushed reverence in that household, and sometimes Jack Preston says to his friends: the truest of truths that the angels in heaven rejoice over the sinner who has lost God and found Him And then he says to his again !" two little boys who are his pride and "Remember, my sons, always joy: "Remember, my to "Honor the Priest."

GARLIC FOR TUBERCULOSIS

Dr. Minchin of Dublin has discovered that garlic is of great value in treating the dread white plague. He declares that garlic is not only of value after other treatments have failed, but that it is highly efficacious in all cases where the feet, hands and joints have been affected, and that amputation has, in a number of such cases, been avoided by the simple use of garlic. It is also recommended that the patient eat gar lic, raw, at least once a day.

As is perhaps natural, the medical profession has questioned Dr. Minch-in's discovery, but further investiga-

tions seem to fully confirm his findings. The scientific name for the active principle of garlic is allyl sulphide, which is a powerful germ cide. For this reason, people who are in the custom of eating garlic are far less subject to any form of tuberculosis than those who refrain from the odorous vegetable. 'garlic treatment" is not designed to supplant the outdoor treatment. for the two complement each other. Garlic is the specific for the disease ment.-London Lancet.

ARE CATHOLICS

INTOLERANT? W. T. GEER, A. M., UNTIL RE-CENTLY ANGLICAN CURATE

IN WOOLLHAHORA, GIVES IM-PORTANT FACTS When the Samoan High Chief, Mataafa, died last February the newspapers of Sydney, New South Wales, ade varied comments. He was

described by one as a "noble figure perhaps the greatest Samoan that has ever lived." The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph wrote: "Mataafa died, as he had lived for many years, a devout Catholic, but, though a Catholic all his life, and a

regular attendant at the church, he was ever tolerant in his manner. W. J. Geer, A. M., until recently Anglican curate in All, Saints, Woollhahora, using these comments as a text writes as follows:

Here we have the quiet assump-tion that Catholics, as a rule, are olerant, and that it is an exception to the general rule to find one who s not tolerant.

This is the ordinary Protestant notion. How many times have I heard the remark: "If they. (the Catholics) get the upper hand again they would be just the same as they used to be and persecute us Protestants." And then some reference is about "Bloody Mary," or The horrors of the Spanish Inquisition," or, perhaps, "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew" is given as a proof that "Rev. Mr. Smith and his nice young curate and Miss Jones, who sings in the choir, and our family would all be wiped out." is very curious that Protestants should be under this strange de-

lusion when, as a matter of fact, his-

other foot. The plain truth is that the Catholic Church never has claimed—and never will claim—the right to compel people by force to become Catho-Her only methods are those of persuasion, instruction and example. It is true that a few Catholic sovereigns have allowed persecutions, as did Queen Mary of England, or have even been persecutors as was crime of the Irish was their allegi-Louis XIV. of France in his measures ance to the old faith, and the history against the Huguenots — likewise some Spanish kings—for the Spanish Inquisition was the creation of the government, and dealt in most cases with political offenders. It was not the creation of the Church to deal with heretics. Indeed, the Popes tried to induce the inquisitors to

mitigate the extreme penalties. We live in an age of toleration, and it is hard for us to understand the fierce persecutions of days gone by. Cato, when at the age of eighty-six he was accused of certain offenses of his past life, he said: "It is difficult to render an account of one's conluct to men belonging to an age different from that in which one has So, both Catholics and Protestants, in forming an opinion on persecutions of the past, need to remember, the great difficulty of freeing their minds from the influence of the atmosphere around them, and of entering into the spirit of those times with their different ideas, harsher methods, and particular circumstances. Catholics hold no brief for Queen Mary or the French and Spanish monarchs, nor do they wish to maintain that their measures were right. Nor is it fair to the Catholic Church to pick out the blackest acts of some of her mem-bers, and then call Catholicism a religion of tyranny. Suppose you picked out all the fatal mistakes of doctors, and called their profession one of murder, that would be as just as crying out about "the fires of Smithfield" and "the massacre of the Huguenots," and then branding the Catholic Church as persecuting and intolerant. .

But Protestants should be the very ast to speak about religious intolerance. Protestant victims of religi ous persecution are few in number compared with Catholic victims. Suppose we compare them. During Queen Mary's reign about two hundred were put to death. Who advised their execution? Certainly not the Catholic Church. The Protestant Bishop Burnet writes that "Cardinal Pole, the Papal Legate, never set on the clergy to persecute heretics, but to reform themselves ;" and that "he advised that no open persecution should be raised against the Protestants." Nor was it Queen Mary. Although

many of the 200 had aimed at stirring up a rebellion and dethroning her, Queen Mary continually advised her council to act "with modera-tion," and "without rashness." When we remember how Mary had seen the Catholic Bishops confined for years in dungeons, how the Protestant reformers wrote and preached against her in the filthiest terms, and how terribly she suffered from ill-health, the wonder is that Mary pleaded for and obtained the release of as many as she did. Her biographer shows that the Queen was not present at the council when comes, when Orange preachers, by

Cranmer's case was dealt with. In any case, Queen Mary was not the instigator of the persecution in her reign. It was the work of her ministers and her council, and almost every one of them had conformed to Protestantism in Edward's reign This shows that they were men of no religious principle, who 'simply acted from motives of political ex-pediency. Cranmer, Ridley and were fanatics who would again kill and destroy the momen they had the power, therefore (so they argued) they had better be put out of the way.

But compare 200 put to death in Mary's reign with more than 70,000 who were executed under Henry VIII And poor "Bloody" Mary had no such blot on her memory as had "good Queen Bess," who kept Mary Queen of Scots shut up in prison for nine teen years and then had her beheaded. In contrast with the policy

of Cardinal Pole, the Protestant Archbishop Parker urged the "tak ing of her away." The Protestant tradition about "Bloody" Mary is no The Protestant doubt mainly due to Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." The Anglican Church has dropped this "Book of Lies. now Dr. Littledale, a bitter opponent of "Romanism," though one of the first to introduce "Roman" doctrines and practices into the Church of England, described Foxe as "that unmitigated liar," in the Church Times, when he was the editor of that High Anglican paper. However, Foxe and many another "un-mitigated liar" helped to create the Protestant tradition when, for nearly three centuries, no one was allowed to write or speak on the other

side. "Good Queen Bess" had her Catholic victims tortured before their death. "The rack," says the historian Hallam, "seldom stood idle in the tower for all the latter part of Elizabeth's reign." Many forms of torture were introduced in her reign, one of the most horrible being "the dungeon of rats" into which water flowed at high tide. Queen Elizabeth established the reformed religion in England by making the profession of the Catholic religion crime by law, and by enforcing that law with the most barbarous penalties. All the Catholic Bishops save It one were deprived of their sees, and took refuge on the continent, and every Catholic priest who was caught tortured, drawn, hanged and tory shows that the boot is on the quartered.

The story of the sufferings of Irish Catholics is well known. English Protestants for more than 200 years starved, robbed and slaughtered help less Irish Catholics. It is estimated that two millions of the Irish died for their e faith. Cromwell butchered 600,000 men, women and children and sold 20,000 as slaves to the planters of the West Indies. The sole of the world has no parallel for such savage and such long-continued per secutions. The sufferings of early Christians under Nero were not so terrible as the sufferings of the Irish Catholic Bishops, priests and people under Protestant rule.

Ronald Stewart, a Scotchman, has written of "the long-drawn-out agony" of Scotch Catholics. He says: "The endurance of the sur-vivors of the old Catholic Church of Scotland through those slow-dragging ages of slavery and persecution can never be sufficiently honored. And what can be said of the heroism of the little band of priests. comfort and security they said goodby forever. Tracked by spies, hidder in rocks and hillsides, or concealed in the house of some Catholic family; exposed, shelterless, to the the northern winters : or rigors again, suffering in filthy and overcrowded prisons, the priests of the Scottish mission never faltered from their duty. They were doomed to witness every day some new exercise of oppression and persecution or their sorely-tried and impoverished people, to see frequently some noble ottish family, renowned for its fidelity to the ancient faith, sink into beggary under the confiscations of the dominant enemies of the Church and they had to console the afflicted and encourage them to persevere, despite their misfortunes, and not to purchase ease and security as the price of apostacy.' I think Cardinal Newman said

To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant." If only Protestants could learn the true facts about the beginning of their various religions they would not for very shame talk any more about "Bloody" Mary or "those bigoted Catholics." The Catholics of to day do not want to show any bitterness for what they have suffered in the past, but to live on friendly terms with their Protestant citizens. My work in Anglican Church began on the east side of Ballarat, where Irish Catholics are in an overwhelming majority. From Elaine to Ballarat, from Wallace to Pootilla, I knew almost every Protestant family, and they always spoke in the highest terms of the good will and kindness of their Catholic neighbors. I remember an exciting State election there, the seat was contested by a Metho-dist and a Catholic, and the Methodist won easily. My late father often said that he had always been treated with the greatest respect by Catholics.

In the south of Ireland, where Catholics greatly outnumber Protestants, in some parts by 100 to 1, a Protestant mayor is quite common; are in the north, where Protestants and in the minority. Catholics and Protestants live side by side on the best of terms until the 12th of July

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their wild and whirling talk, so work upon the feeling of their hearers that they that they come out shouting "to hell with the Pope," and almost ready to eat their unoffending Catholic neighbors.

The record of Protestantism is the record of persecution. Luther advo-cated persecution. Calvin burnt Servetus, John Knox taught people are bound to put to death the Queen, along with all her priests, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer re velled in blood-shedding.

The Protestant Archbishop Usher taught: "To give any toleration to Papists is a grievous sin." Huguenots butchered thousands of

priests and buried some alive. Was it ever enacted in any Catholic country that everyone fused to attend Mass should be heavifined? Was it ever enacted in any Catholic country that no Protestant should keep a horse worth more than pounds, and if he did so, Catholics night take it from him? no Protestant children could inherit ands until they conformed to the Catholic faith? Was it ever enacted in any Catholic country that a Protestant should be racked ten times for his Protestantism, a punishment which was inflicted upon Father Southwell; or that a Protestant woman should be pressed to death between stones for harboring a Protestant clergyman, a punishment which was inflicted upon Margaret Clitheroe? But enough of this. Everyone knows the reality of these horrors, though for three hundred years they have been omitted from Protestant histories.

Frequently recollect that Jesus is looking on, and counting the degrees of glory He is to obtain from each pain that you patiently bear.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Mr. Thomas Coffey Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the leachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of you for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence seaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, cansulprecommend it to Catholic families. With my lessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delega UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. Mr. Thomas Coffey:

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. Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain.

† D. Falconio, Arch, of Larissa, Apos. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1913

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE PEOPLE

III "THE PROVINCIAL UNIVERSITY."

Underlying President Falconer's demand that the High Schools take over the present first year university work, is the assumption that the University of Toronto is THE PRO-VINCIAL UNIVERSITY.

Sir George Ross in his letter to the Globe protesting against the exclusiveness, injustice and ingratitude of the President's proposal, says:

"Besides, it should not be forgotten that the university is a Provincial institute. Its charter makes no distinction as to locality or social standing It is the university of the whole people, not of large educational cen where wealth accumulates and men decay.

The Provincial University idea owes much to Sir George. Evidently he still clings to it. It is not surprising.

The Globe, apparently alarmed at the reception of President Falconer's demand, sprang to the defence of the " Provincial University." The Provincial University is the university of the people, a sacred trust, and so on in a vein so enthusiastic that it borders on the hysterical. "The Globe never did and never will stand for the degrading of educational interests to the level of the ins and outs of political parties." This sounds positively magnanimous; but what does it mean?

What is the meaning of of Education responsible to Parliament if the people may not freely and by right demand an account of his stewardship? And if the Provincial University be "the main source of those streams of scientific knowledge and intellectual culture which flow through the secondary and primary schools and enrich and that a reason why it should be above sacred for mere representatives of the people to ask for profane explanation or justification of the expenditure therefor of the people's money? Is this the Globe's conception of responsible Government?

The same spirit inspires Prof. Kylie when he says: "This type of argument recalls that so often used by politicians in the country districts of Ontario to the effect that money given to the university is money taken from the schools.'

Special privilege always and every where shelters itself behind the sacredness of its functions, functions too high, too holy for common people to appreciate; they do their whole duty when they contribute the

money. Nevertheless, we shall examine the present stage of development of the Provincial University idea. Sir George Ross with paternal

pride points out: "When I first became officially connected with the University in 1883 its staff consisted of only twenty-one persons, including professors, lecturers and demonstrators. By the last report of the President the staff (1912-13) consists of 383 In 1883 there was but one persons. In 1883 there was but one faculty, that of arts. Now it has a faculty, that of arts, medicine, applied science, household science, forestry and education, or six in all. In 1888 total attendance at the Univer-

the number of students registered totalled 4,136."

Notwithstanding Sir George's cavalier dismissal of personal attention as "coddling and mothering," Professor Kylie approves and emphasizes President Falconer's best argument when he says:

"University buildings are large and xpensive, university lecturers must e paid higher salaries than high school teachers, university classes are large and pupils cannot receive the personal attention which they are given in the schools."

This opens up a question much larger than that of raising the standard of matriculation, a question that would still persist and become more acute and pressing as time goes on even after the temporary relief that would be afforded by the substitution of senior for junior matriculation.

SirlGeorge's interesting retrospect since 1883 may help us to picture the condition of things say in 1923. Then shall we meekly and gratefully accept the invitation (or the command) of President Falconer or his successor to do another year or two of university work in the High schools?

If personal attention be an unim portant factor in university training why not print the lectures and issue them in book form? The advantages are obvious. Amongst them, the student, without "coddling or mothering" in High school or university, might "find his own way with the minimum of personal attention." If, on the other hand, personal attention is of paramount importance, there must be some limit to the num ber of students where effective university work can be done.

Have we not arrived at a stage in the development of the Provincial University idea when we should take this consideration into account?

Another consideration is suggested by the following statistics for University College:

First Year Students Second Year

From city of Toronto and from outside of the Province 637, from the Ontario, excluding Toronto, 469.

Now if Toronto were to pay half the \$500,000 a year that Ontario gives Toronto University, or better, if the City were to supplement the Provincial grant by another half million it might solve some problems. Toronto is growing very rapidly. It will become a great city. The University of Toronto will be come in a large measure the University for Toronto. It will need greatly increased subsidies. It wants them now. Will the City of Toronto rise to its opportunities United States.' We confess Well, not while the Provincial University idea can be imposed on country politicians. It would be too much to expect of human nature. And there is a whole lot of human nature in the city of Toronto and in its press. Do we blame Toronto University? Not very much. Have we any censure for the fault-finding vitalize the life of the Province," is country politician? Yes. He does not go far enough or deep enough. and beyond criticism? A trust too If we include medical students, dental students, veterinary students, summer session, and all the rest as well as those who are supposed to be getting a liberal education we have 4,136 in all. The grant, therefore, from the provincial exchequer is about \$1,200 a student. When the representative of a constituency remote from Toronto compares this with the \$1.70 a pupil for primary and secondary education combined, he might be pardoned if he left the sacred trust " of a Provincial University to others and promised to look after the educational interests of his constituents. But he ought to

go deeper into the question; it is worth studying. In the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of the Province there are 898 teachers, 646 of them University graduates. Of these 646, Toronto University supplies 373 or 58 per cent. 179 are graduates of Queen's, and 94 of other universities. So it would appear that those vivifying streams that vitalize our secondary schools take their rise in other sources as well as in the Provincial University. Queen's, having succeeded in pushing to the front, gets recognition and help; Western is legally permitted to live, and though Have the members for western dividual.

sity did not exceed 350, in 1912-13 Ontario seriously considered President Falconer's wise remark that "it would benefit Provincial cities and towns by taking the higher education into their midst?" Are we, under the guise of a Provincial University, pampering an institution which even now is well on the way to become the University for Toronto, a centre (to re-quote) "where wealth accumulates and men decay?" Are we starving elementary education and hampering secondary schools?

With the motto, apparently, of 'whatever is, is best" our leaders in the educational sphere have selfcomplacently, even boastfully, allowed the system to pursue its hap-hazard coarse and Topsy-like it has "just growed;" sometimes (to change the figure) it drifted in the direction that self-assertive friends of the Provincial University, or, more rarely, energetic educators with broader outlook, might determine.

We expect to be classed as opponents of Toronto University; nevertheless we are nothing of the sort. We would have our educational system considered as a whole and we have put forward some of the considerations that we think must not be overlooked if we decide that we shall not become "old and foolish." This much we may say for ourselves. in devotion to the best interests of education as well as in the desire to see Ontario in the van, we step aside for no man.

THE POPE AND POLITICS The following is from the Christian Guardian of May 14th inst:

"Are those Protestants in error who

claim that the Pope demands a fealty which at heart is inconsistent with loyalty to the nation? In its issue the Marian, a Roman April quarterly published at Ala., and enjoying the Catholic Opelika. special endorsement of James Car-dinal Gibbons and the Bishop of Gibbons and the Bishop of Mobile, declares that they are. This is what it says: 'Catholics do not believe that the Pope has any divine right to interfere with our country n things purely political. The Pope interfere with our has no right to These Popes (who did in terfere in things political) had no livine right to interfere in these things political; they had a human right, and this human came from a human The source was the people right came source 'twas they who gave this right; 'twa they who could take it away.' It 'If, by an impossible supalso savs: position the Pope should man army and fleet to storm our coast, do you know what Catholics here would do You would have two million Catholics in the American army ready to die to resist the Pope's invasion; you would have thirteen million Cath olics in their homes praying for their sons, brothers and fathers in the field; you would have forty-five thousand Catholic nuns upon their knees before the tabernacle the God of armies to strike the guns from the Roman emissaries You would have seventeen thousand priests in the front ranks of the army fighting till they We confess that and its duties in the premises? this is different language from what our Canadian Roman Catholic editors use, and reads somewhat differently from the famous 'To hell with the U. S. Government 'sermon preached by Archbishop Phelan in St. Louis. Whether the Archbishop or the Marian strikes the truer note we cannot say, but the Archbishop's attitude appears to be much the commoner one on the part of the Roman hierarchy. We fear Marian must have backslidden."

We assure our Methodist contem porary that it has not made any startling discovery. Not only Canadian Catholic editors but Canadian Catholic school-boys could teach the Advocate a lot about Catholic belief and practice.

We have no doubt that the editor of the Advocate has sufficient mental capacity to understand the Marian article, if he could get rid of his peculiar mental warp long enough to try to understand anything from Catholic point of view.

Suppose, for instance, that a Supreme Court judge, or the Lord Chancellor of England, if you like, not in his official capacity but as a private individual, infringes on the civil rights or property rights of the Guardian's editor. Would the editor not feel free to assert his rights and bring that person who infringed on them, judge though he be, into the Courts? Would he not fight him there as freely and as earnestly as if he were the humblest in the land? Some prejudiced foreigner with an incomplete, biassed and hazy knowledge of our law of contempt might express astonished incredulity on hearing of such a case. But no ordinarily intelligent citizen of this country would be surprised. We are accusit will not be killed by kindness its tomed to distinguish between the demise would be gratefully recorded. official character and the private in-

If the Pope commanded army and navy he would do so as a temporal that decent, self-respecting Protestprince. Some of his predecessors were temporal princes and engaged in war. Catholics fought against them. They had no difficulty at all in distinguishing between the Pope as Head of the Church and the Pope as a temporal prince. The Pope is no longer a temporal prince, but placed the printed exposure at the Catholics distinguish between the disposal of all who cared to know man, the scholar, even the theologian who may fill St. Peter's chair, and the successor of St. Peter as Head of the Church. As a theologian the Pope's opinions are worth just that respect which his learning and capacity en-

Passing over the Marian's lapse from orthodoxy which escaped the vigilance of Cardinal Gibbons and the Bishop of Mobile to be discovered by the Christian Guardian, we must ask | Catholics do from the despicable calour Methodist contemporary for its umnies. authority for the last part of its article. Of course as an antidote to the Marian article for its Methodist readers it will serve without authentication. But since we do not know who Archbishop Phelan may be, whether living or dead, and as we never heard of the "famous" sermon with the startling title, we are curious to have some information with regard to both.

title them to receive.

Will the Advocate be good enough to gratify our curiosity?

AN " EX-PRIEST "

An unfortunate individual calling himself "Patrick" Morgan has posed as an ex-priest and ex-Capuchin in various parts of the country. Our attention is again called to him and it becomes our disagreeable duty to notice him in our columns-let us hope for the last time.

Harold Morgan is an Englishman who was received into the Church when about eighteen; expressing the desire of becoming a priest he was sent to Ushaw Catholic College. After some months the President he was wasting his money on Morgan as it was quite evident that he was incapable of ever attaining sufficient education to proceed to the study of theology. Morgan at the time was a quiet young fellow apparently of good habits, and he received a certificate of good moral character on leaving the College. He went to a Capuchin Monastery in Wales where he desired to become a lay brother. A lay brother in a religious order is merely a working man who adopts a religious rule of life but continues his manual labor. A lay brother may or may not know how to read and write. During Morgan's novitiate or period of probation, it was discovered that he was addicted to opium. He was dismissed. He was never even a lay

brother. These are the grounds on which he advertises himself as an expriest and ex-Capuchin. He might with equal reason call himself exoope or ex-premier of England.

Nevertheless he posed as an expriest and ex-Capuchin. In a letter over his own name in the North Hastings Review, Tweed, under the date May 10th, 1911, he claimed to have been ordained by Right Rev. Thomas Wilkinson, Roman Catholic Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, and that he afterwards " made his vows' in the Capuchin monastery at Panta-

saph, Wales. The facts of his life having been made known by the Catholic press he now writes to the Ottawa Citizen which had reported a lecture in which Morgan had talked of saying Mass and administering the sacraments. This the sensitively truthful Morgan calls "wilful misrepresentation." "I am indeed pleased to be able to say I have never been

guilty of saying Mass. "From time to time I have been spoken of as an ex-priest, but whenever a favorable opportunity occurred I have always repudiated the rather

dubious honor." The date of this letter to the Ottawa Citizen is April 15th, 1913.

Self-confessed liar and hypocrite though he be, he will still be heard from in country villages as an ex priest and ex-Capuchin. There are Protestants who will provide him with halls and audiences because nothing discreditable to "Rome" can tax their easy credulity and such characters as "Patrick" Morgan while pandering to a bigoted party-spirit which passes with some for religion, also afford the opportunity to gratify a prurient craving for the obscene and salacious. Under the cover of "religion" such lecturers give this class of people an entertainment that would bring the manager of a fifthrate theatre into the police-court.

It is well, however, to remember ants give no countenance to the Mor gans, Monks and Sheppards. When Margaret L. Sheppard, posing as an ex-nun, was regaling those who like that sort of thing, a Presbyterian Minister of Toronto investigated this disreputable woman's claims and the truth concerning her. This was Rev. J. A. MacDonald, now editor of the Globe. Many other instances might be given. Great as the pro vocation at times may be, Cath olics must distinguish between that class of Protestants whose weapons are lying, obscenity and calumny and those decent Protestants who suffer more keenly from the disgrace of their own side than

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

AT GUELPH The tenth annual convention of the Knights of Columbus of Ontario was held last week at Guelph. As usual the delegates before beginning their deliberations assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. This fact was thus alluded to by Mayor Carter in his address of welcome "When I see a large body of brilliant looking men, assembled from all parts of Ontario, business, professional, workingmen and clergy, come here and associate with some of our most reputable citizens, and begin your deliberations by asking God to bless your labors, I take my hat off to you."

In another column we give able and appropriate sermon preached by Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., to the assembled Knights.

Our readers who are aware of the good work done by this splendid Catholic organization will be pleased to note that the order has grown in the last ten years from 4 councils in Ontario to 30 councils, with a membership of wrote to Father Leeming saying that 3,500. Not the least important of the benefits which the order has conferred on the Catholics of the Province is that of bringing together in fraternal intercourse on various occasions leading and earnest laymen who otherwise would have remained strangers to each other. Such intercourse has made many realize that a large section of the ministerial everywhere there are not only sincere, zealous and loyal Catholics, but that in our ranks are found the highest types of manhood and citizenship, men of light and leading who are most highly esteemed where best known. Acquaintance, therefore, begets mutual esteem and mutual confidence which make co-operation and concerted action possible and comparatively easy.

Following are the names of State Officers elected at Guelph:

State Chaplain, Right Rev. M. F Fallon, D. D., London. State Deputy, Thomas N. Phelan,

Toronto. State Secretary, Dr. J. F. White State Treasurer, L. V. O'Connor,

State Advocate, J. A. Mulligan, Sudbury.

State Warden, J. A. Hussey, Sault St. Marie. Representatives, Dr. J. F. White

Ottawa ; L. V. O'Connor, Lindsay

Dr. Claude Brown, London. The convention next year will be held in Ottawa.

WHY NOT YOU?

Frequently in the Epistles we find the sacred writer addressing the early Christians as "saints." Why was this? Did they have exceptional means of sanctification that made them holier than us?

This opens up a larger question. What constitutes sanctity? Does it consist of extraordinary things done for Almighty God ? Does it need eytraordinary graces to attain to sainthood? St. Joseph ranks next after Mary

in the court of Mary's Son. What extraordinary things did he do? He lived with Jesus. He worked for Jesus. He worked with Jesus. Was he exceptionally favored in all this?

He lived with Jesus. Do you? Somewhere near to your home Jesus dwells. How much of your leisure moments are passed in His company before the Tabernacle? Do you exchange confidences with Him as friend to Friend? Is He on your visiting list?

He worked for Jesus. Do you? Or do you work for the applause of

He worked with Jesus. Do you Or do you work against Him by failing to co-operate with His Church as represented by your parish?

What extraordinary grace is there n sawing wood and fashioning tables and chairs? Is your avocation any humbler than St. Joseph's ? Why not try doing it with and for the Church in France as having by Jesus, and see if you, too, will not become a saint like St. Joseph? St. Paul, in his epistles, reminds you that Christian and Saint are synony COLUMBA. mous.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SARTO IS the name of a newly incorporated town in Texas, and it was so named in honor of the Holy Father. It is said to give devery promise of becoming a thriving community. Certainly, if there is anything in a name, Sarto has every right to look to the future with hope and confidence.

"WE HAVE somehow lost our grip

on God," said Rev. Alexander Con-

nell, D. D., in his presidential address at the Free Church Council at Newcastle, England, a short time "The churches seem to have ago. lost the old impressiveness of their appeal. . . . The Christian testimony on great issues of morals and breadth and gravity and authority." Substitute the term Protestant for Christian, and Dr. Connell's testimony is entirely in harmony with that of other candid and clear-sighted observers of his own order in every country where the religion of the Reformation holds sway. The principle of authority was repudiated in the very act of breaking away from the Catholic Church. How then could it be expected that any more simulation of that great principle, usurped and unwarranted as it was, could hold with the same element that had renounced the genuine? Well would it be for those who thus lament the trend of the times if to honest scrutiny of the cause they devoted a tithe of the energy now wasted upon trif-

ling issues of the hour!

As IT IS, those to whom the masse might be expected to look for light and guidance are too often found to prostitute their calling to the most ignoble ends. Far be it from us to question the honesty or good faith of body. But in the absence of that authority which Dr. Connell deplores, the weight of influence in determining the ideal is not with them but with that growing class to whom the Christian ministry is little more than a means of livelihood. Of these, the Niagara River minister who issues business cards announcing his facilities for over the river marriages, and those others who divide the fee with the cabman bringing a run-away couple to their door are possibly the extreme. Not far removed, however, is that other class who think it not beneath the dignity of their calling, to perform the marriage service for the delectation of the flippant multitude at amusement resorts. Thes we could not, if we tried, characterize more severely than have some of

time ago: "The sense of decency and moral order has been shocked by what has been performed at these various places by men ordained to the Christian ministry. It is a shame and disgrace that it is tolerated in a community, and if the Church does not wake up and stop such unseemy conduct, the State must. All honor the clergy of the English Church and the priests of the Roman Catholic Church for their high ideals There is no fear of them transgressing and outraging the moral sense of the community by any such deplorable conduct. We heard a deplorable conduct. We heard a good deal recently about the Ne Temere decree, and properly so, but be it observed also that if any fool conduct in regard to the wedding cerenony is desired—any exploitation of a sacred ceremony in the interests of sport or commerce or pleasure, you need not look to either the English Church or Roman Catholic for assistance — this is to be left to "Pro-testant clergy."

NOTWITHSTANDING the bitter state Church in France has been passing of late years, and the manifest apostasy of the governing authorities, it becomes increasingly evident that the heart of the French people is sound. We have recently had a striking testimony to this from no the spirit of charity. less an individual than the Anglican Bishop of Oxford. Dr. Gore has incurred much acrimonious criticism from his fellow-churchmen, because of his favourable attitude towards Welsh Disestablishment, and in con-

troverting the idea that the Church of England had succeeded to any appreciable degree in becoming the Church of the poor, he adverted to her bearing under establishment vindicated not only her hold upon the poor, but the loyalty of the mass of the French people to her. It seems to us worth while under the circumstances to reproduce the substance of Dr. Gore's remarks.

"I CANNOT," said Dr. Gore, "help looking across the sea to the French Church in this connection. There is hardly anything in Europe which interests me at this moment so much as the great spiritual revival which we see taking place in the French Church. The French Church is in many ways vindicating its claim to be the Church of the country in directions which surprise us. French Church has passed through a great crisis of Disestablishment and Disendowment. I think what attracted our attention at that time was the magnificent loyalty with which it asserted its principles and made its spiritual claims, and at the same time betrayed an extraordinary degree of indifference as regards its secular position, and as regards its financial resources. I think that was religion seems to lack something in extraordinary. I watched that prothough doubtless the French Church has lost influence in many ways, there has been, and I believe there will increasingly be, a great revival. Whatever their spiritual claim was—and, of course, I cannot but regret that that spiritual claim bound the Church in France in such complete subjection to Rome—but whatever their spiritual claim was they asserted it. They put their spiritual principles first, and their secular position and their finances last. They did wisely.'

> SUCH ATTITUDE on the part of an English churchman is not new. It finds its parallel in the longing gazewith which John Henry Newman, as: Anglican Vicar of St. Mary's, and leader of the Oxford Tractarians, looked back to the age before the Reformation, and to the joyous swing, as he termed it, of the Church's advance always, in face of secular opposition or State persecution. It was of course the Divine life within which made this possible, but this was not then fully appreciated by the Oxford Vicar of eighty years ago, any more than by the Oxford Bishop of to-day. That the issue may be as happy in the later instance as in the former, Catholics who look on interestedly might well pray.

THAT DR. GORE is not less conscious of the dissolving tendency of the Anglican Establishment than of the vigorous rejuvenation of the Church in France, is evident from his further reflections upon the situation brought so conspicuously intoview by the agitation for Welsh disestablishment. Having quoted his sentiments as to the one we cannot do less as to the other. "I regret. profoundly," he said in his speech in the House of Lords, "that in our when, if anything is true, it is true that there is going on now in our Church a doctrinal disintegration unparalleled in our history, such that if things go on as they are going OF SAID CLASS, a writer in the on now it will not be possible in a Presbyterian had this to say a short generation's time to say what the Church of England's real position is even in fundamental matters of doctrine-that in such a period as this the Establishment is running away from principles and taking refuge in historical institutions: for that is what we are doing. We are trying to keep the Church of England together by flying for refuge to Establishment, when we ought to be taking the trouble to assert what our principles are and saying whether we intend to stand by them. I believe generally that to run away from principles to institutions is a grave disaster. I believe that the Church of England would have been far, far wiser in this crisis if it had sought to make the Welsh people understand what it stands to, and had shown far less zeal on behalf of its secular position or its endowments." It must at least be counted a gain to the Church of England that she has one prelate who has the wide vision and the courage to declare what these of persecution through which the remarks imply. In that she has an inmeasurable advantage over other organizations of Protestantism.

> Lend your better self to all. God will not suffer you to be taken advantage of if you are prompted by

The sentiment in favor of Catho lic schools is growing, Judge Gem-mell of Chicago says that the Catholic schools are far superior to the Public schools, because they teach the young the principles of honor, morals and industry. THE CARMELITES OF THE DIVINE HEART OF JESUS.

An historical characteristic of the Catholic Church, and one which marks her off from every other institution in the world, is her perpetual youthfulness in the face of change, and her ability to rise superior to the decay of empire or state, howsoever great the ruin it carries in its train. This, we know, is the mark of the Divine life within, and the fulfillment from age to age of the promise of her founder. Reviled and persecuted too, in one country, she is ever found to take on new life in another, and confronted, as she is continually, with new social problems, or varying forms of human misery, it is ever given to her to indicate the right means of solution or alleviation. This is especially seen in the rise from time to time of new religious orders or congregations, called into being by Divine Providence to demonstrate, by the consecrated lives of their members, that the healing balm flows from that greatest of virtues, Charity.

That the crying evil of the age, the open sore that menaces civilization, is the condition of the children of the poor in our great cities it is not necessary to demonstrate. The fact is patent to the most casual observer. It is the theme of endless discussion on the part of sociological theorists, and the cause of much concern to those who would better the world's conditions. On this continent, the incoming multitude of those who speak not the English tongue are especially the object of this solicitude, and since a large proportion of these are of Catholic faith or antecedents, the Church, true to her mission, throws about them the mantle of her Divine charity, and seeks, first of all, to safeguard the faith of the little ones.

It was to this end that a new religious congregation, the Carmelite Sisters of the Divine Heart of Jesus was called into existence less than a quarter of a century ago. The foundation dates from August 2nd, 1891. It began with no endowment, depending solely upon confidence in God, and the charity of His children. Its growth from that day has been in keeping with the Divine promise, and in Europe alone to-day it has 21 houses, with 400 sisters, who have 1,000 children under the age of fourteen in their immediate care, and 1,100 more living with their families. The history of the Congregation and its objects may be briefly stated.

Founded in Germany in 1891, the Order soon spread into other countries, and in 1897 came under the particular notice of the Holy See. In 1904 Father Raynoldus, then General of the Discalced Carmelites (now Archbishop of Reggio) affiliated it as a self-dependent branch of that great Order, and in 1908 Bishop Carl Em. Csaky, in whose diocese three St. Joseph's Homes were already estabmending the "extraordinary zeal of the Sisters, their pious life, great self-denial, as also their extraordinary strong and deep religious sentiments;" and further remarking that " by the propagation and fostering of the religious life of faith, they are bestowing wholesome service upon immortal souls and upon human society." To crown all, His Holiness Pius X., on April 28th, 1910, conferred upon the Congregation the "Decretum Laudis." The mother house of the Order is at Racca di Papa, near

The objects of these Carmelites are: I. The taking care and training of poor or forsaken children until such time as they may earn their own living. This work is done without charge where parents are unable to pay the small fee that otherwise is expected. II. The founding of homes where little children of working people may spend the day: where school children may remain after school hours, and where working girls may spend the evening. III. Visiting Catholic families and encouraging them in the practice of their religion; also taking care of the sick and poor. IV. Finding out where there is need of a church in poor or sparsely settled districts and working for the erection of same.

The first St. Joseph's home in America was opened in Milwaukee, Nov. 11th, 1912, under the auspices of Archbishop Messmer. A second home has now been opened at 52 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, and other homes will be established in Canada as opportunity offers. The Sisters have undertaken to look after the foreign Catholic population, and as they speak most European languages, they this veneration dates from the times are eminently fitted to safeguard of the apostles.

their faith, and to ensure to the children a proper Catholic training. The need of this in face of the persistent efforts of non-Catholic societies to rob them of this treasure will be apparent to all. And since the Sisters have no endowment they are dependent upon the charity of the faithful in carrying on this work. They took up their abode in Toronto in an empty house, and endured patiently all the discomforts which that implies. But, little by little, their needs have been supplied, and they are now in a position to prosecute their work actively. A number of neglected children have already come under their charge, and as their facilities increase there will be room for more. Much depends upon the cooperation of the Catholics of Canada, and, having regard to the urgency of the work, there is no reason to doubt that this will be forthcoming.

TRIBUTE TO THE

CHURCH

NON-CATHOLIC MAYOR OF KAN SAS CITY TELLS HOW PREJU DICE AGAINST THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IS BEGOTTEN

Henry L. Jost, Mayor of Kansa City, Mo., speaking before a packed udience at the Redemptionist Hall of that city, brought out some view points of the Protestant in a clea and forceful way. We reproduce the

"I speak this evening as a non-Catholic. I am a communicant of what is known as the High Episcopal Church, a religious institution branded by many Protestants as the ante-chamber of the Catholic

Church. The human mind is a very strange thing. Its conclusions and judgments take shape from its environments. Its early impressions become fixed convictions. In many Protestant homes the child is warned and cautioned in his first moment of perception against the enslaving ower of the Church of Rome. He s led to shun and fear a priest as he would a burglar or a highwaynan. Part of his teaching in pa triotism is to fight the growth and expansion of the Catholic Church as an agency specially designed to accomplish the ruin of the Government.

By the time he has attained his majority, he is perfectly sure that the motive of every priest is impure and that the strain of criminal guilt is upon the soul of everyone merging from the confessional. ask him why? He says 'because.' He knows all about Martin Luther -but he never heard of Augustine; he can quote the preachments of Calvin by the hour-but he is ignorant of the eloquent utterances Chrysostom; he has mastered the details of every rebellion and knows intimately the life and history of every rebellious soulhe has neglected to acquaint himself with the state and progress of Christ's cause in the hands of those who have remained faithful and loyal

"I hold no brief for the Catholic Church. By reading the history of the human race I learn of its activity and achievements. there that it has carried the cross and its teachings across the seas into lished, issued a pastoral letter com- wildernesses and unto unlettered cople and thereby widen the op portunity of man.

"Being the foremost factor in civilization, its work of development has been of such magnificent degree that it ill becomes us who are on the outside of its organization, to challenge or question its worth as a divine instrumentality." - St. Paul

AN ILLOGICAL CHARGE

The honor paid to Mary, in the Church, is so great and widespread that Catholics have often been accused of detracting from the honor of the Saviour by the deep veneration they have for His Mother. Consider the charge for a minute. Is there a particle of truth in it? Who ever heard of a son being dishonored by the honor paid to his mother? Does not the honor paid the mother redound to the son and vice versa The answer is evident. If we consider who it is that has the greates love for Jesus, we shall always find that it is those who have the greatest love for His Mother.

A certain writer has called the love of Mary the overflow of the love of Glance over the lives of the saints, and see how lavish they have been in their praises of the Blessed Virgin; glance over the history of the Popes, and see how many of them have blessed and spread the numerous devotions in her honor; visit the various shrines erected by her grateful clients, and see what a concourse of people go to honor her.

It was no less than the Archangel Gabriel, the ambassador of the Most High, who set us the example in those words of most profound reverence which now constitute the fond prayer of Christians: " Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed are thou among women." If God and his angels have so honored Mary, need we fear going too far in our veneration of her? In the Church

The venerable missals, which were transmitted to the first churches were employed for promoting and propagating her honor. The holy Fathers cannot find terms more redolent of humble and affectionate veneration than when they speak of Mary. The propagation of the honor of Jesus went hand in hand with the propagation of the honor due to His august Mother. All classes of people, and old, have vied with one another to do her honor; all raise their eyes to this loving Mother; all invoke

And now that May, the month dedicated to Mary by the Church, is here, her children throng the churches to join in the devotions in her honor, and to thank God for the Redeemer and the graces which it has pleased Him to bestow on man kind through His handmaid, as Mar was pleased to call herself.-N. Y Freeman's Journal.

PAPAL ABSOLUTION FOR FUTURE SINS?

From The Tablet

It is only with great caution that one can accept the details given in the law reports of the daily press, whether they concern the evidence of witnesses in the witness-box or the more weighty utterances judges on the bench. So much of what is actually said in court is omitted or condensed in publication that the phrases which survive though accurately rendered in them selves, are apt to assume a quite dif ferent significance from that which was conveyed to the original hear ers. One may, therefore, feel some hesitation regarding the entire accurup again, and, pressing on, never ceased firing, and my shots acy of a passage which apparently occurred in Mr. Justice Darling's summing-up of the libel action re cently brought by Lord Alfred Doug las against Mr. Ransome and the Times Book Club. Still, upon the general drift of the allegation made by the learned judge all the newspapers are agreed. Moreover, the historical fact at issue has sufficient prima facie foundation in the autopiography to which the judge himself appealed, to call, perhaps for a discussion of the incident in some detail. But first of all let us try to understand the setting of this purely incidental incursion made by the Court of King's Bench into the territory of Church history. Discussing the responsibility of libraries for circulating the works, or studies of the works, of an author of notoriously evil life, Mr. Justice Darling seems to have put it to the jury that the mere fact that an author or an artist was a bad man was not in itself a ufficient reason for locking up all the productions of his genius keeping them out of the reach of the "If the contrary were true, public. said His Lordship—I quote here from the report in the Daily Telegraph. which may be usefully compared with the versions of the Times and the Daily Express cited in The Tablet last week — "we should not be allowed to read the Acts of Parliament of Charles II. Ought we to look at works of art or pictures or statues of a man of bad life? Cellini is mentioned. Have you read his Life? He wrote it himself. A most consummate blackguard shows him to be. You will find he was an assassin. ing a brooch for the Pope, he asked the Pope to give him absolution for a murder he had committed, and the Pope gave him absolution. Then he asked the Pope to give him absolution in advance for any murders no might commit in defence of the Church, and the Pope gave him that On another page you find that the Pope was no better himself. Were they not to look at the Perseus and Medusa of Florence? His Lordship asked. Were they not to read how it was made - one of the most interesting stories in the history of art? Were they not to consider Cellini's art because he was bad? It was impossible to say so." Against the general drift of the learned judge's argument there is nothing to be said. It is simple common sense But, assuming the report to be substantially accurate, one may respect fully offer a protest against certain details in the illustration he has chosen. There was surely some con-fusion in His Lordship's mind regarding two completely different inci-dents recorded in Cellini's autobio graphy. The only reference we can find in that work in any way bearing upon the absolution of future sins oncerns, not the murder committed by Benvenuto in connection with the cope clasp of Clement VII, but only the strange and much earlier adventure which converted Cellini for the time being into an artilleryman, de-fending the citadel of Rome, the famous Castle of St. Angelo, against the troops of the Constable of Bourbon. These, it must be remembered, were undoubtedly foreign invaders, who had made themselves masters of the greater part of the city, and were besieging the Pope and his adherents their innermost stronghold. Cellini, whose genius for every kind of craft and mechanism is undoubted, had been shut up in St. Angelo with the rest, and there seems no reason for distrusting the general truth of the account which he gives us of his own employment as master of the papal ordinance. He was in all probability the most capable man able in such an emergency, and he is probably not greatly exaggerating when he speaks of his own achievements in such terms as the following: with them I every day performed some very notable feat; to such pursixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "I set myself firing my guns, and with them I every day performed

pose that I acquired unlimited credit | and thanks from the Pope. Not a day passed in which I did not slay someone of the enemy beyond the walls." Benvenuto then goes on to lescribe how Pope Clement, one day walking to and fro on the keep of the castle, recognized a Spanish mongst the besiegers who had once peen in his service. Cellini, himself, meanwhile, who was serving his guns on the very summit beside the tatue of the angel, happened to catch sight of the same officer, conspicuous as he was in a brilliant red uniform. Loading one of his falconets (gerifalco,) and calculating very carefully the elevation which would be necessary for so long a shot, the artist aimed his piece at this red target, and had the good fortune (we must always remember that we are reading Cellin's own unconfirmed narrative) to hit the man so exactly in the middle that he cut him into two pieces. The Pope, watching from the lower platform, was demarksmanship, and summoned Ben venuto to question and congratulate Whereupon (Cellini told him all the care I had taken in my method of firing, but as to how the man came to be in two pieces neither he nor I knew the reason. Going down on my knees I besought him to absolve (ribenedissi) me from the homicide, and from other things that I had done in that fortress in the service of the Church. At which request the Pope, raising his hands and making a large distinct cross upon my face, told me that he blessed me, and that he pardoned me all the homicides that I had ever committed and all those I ever should commit in the service of the Apostolic Church. Leaving him, I went

hardly ever without result." Now this is obviously something quite different from what is suggested in the report of Mr. Justice Darling's summing up in the Douglas case. Open hostilities prevailed between the Pope's followers and the invading army, and Benvenuto had killed his man quite fairly in defensive warfare. None the less being vaguely conscious, it would seem of certain ecclesiastical censures and disabilities which weighed upon any form of homicide, even when quite justifiable. Benvenuto took the opportunity which presented itself by his unexpected summons into the presence of the Pope to ask Clement to rehim from any such have followed Mr. Cust's translation in the extract given above, but the word Cellini uses in his request is ribenedire which means to bless again, and which is the term technically employed for taking off a curse, e. g., in "reconciling" a church or a cemetery after desecration. As we may learn from the great dictionary of Tommaseo and Bellini, in Cellini's time the same word was used for any release from censures, and possibly for the "churching" of a woman after childbirth. It was not, therefore, sacramental absolution Benvenuto was asking for, neither is there the slightest sugges tion in the autobiography that the artist, as stated by Mr. Justice Darling, himself petitioned for absolution n advance for the murders he might commit in future. The Pope, how-ever, who probably knew something of Cellini's reputation as a swash buckler, seems to have told him with a sort of grim humour that so long as his deeds of violence were as innocent as this, he absolved him not from the homicides committed the past, but from those of the future as well, always supposing they were committed "in defence of the Apostolic Church." This last clause and the words "in that fortress," which I have also italicized in the extract above, make it clear both were thinking only of such acts of war as had occurred, and not in

the least of assassinations in a private quarrel.

But, it will probably be urged, how came Clement to use any such unfortunate phrase about future homicides? What need was there to assure a man like Cellini that he might kill as many more of the besiegers as he could without incurring ecclesiastical censures? The simple explanation lies in the fact that Pope Clement spoke with a knowledge of Canon Law, and that Cellini, who possessed something of that same universality of interests which we notice in Shakespeare's genius, had at least a vague inkling of the penalties to which any "homicide" exposed him. "Homicide," be it noticed, is the word used by both, and the most important point is that according to the Canon Law any homicide, however innocent, of itself rendered the perpetrator irregular. Now "irregularity," though in its effects it regarded only the reception or exercise of orders, was still a penalty which might be incurred by a layman. It placed him n some sense under a would have been a bar to his reception of any of the minor orders if he had wanted to enter the ministry of the Church. Curiously enough, Cellini, in one of his occasional fits of piety, did later on, at the age of fifty-eight, receive the tonsure and apparently contemplate an ecclesiastical career. But he married two years afterwards and lived to have legitimate children. One can hardly suppose, however, that these ecclesi-astical aspirations were present to his mind when he asked Pope Clement in 1527 to take off the irregularity he imagined he had incurred as a successful marksman. Nonetheless the idea of irregularity following on

Perhaps no more curious illustration can be found of its prevalence than the disturbance caused by the case of Abbot, Archbishop of Canter-bury, who accidently killed a man when hunting in Bramshill Park in 1621. Protestants as they were, hardly any dignitaries of the English Church subsequently elected to the episcopal bench would accept consecration at his hands. Despite the dispensation issued by King James I, Abbot was still held to be

Pope Clement, however, seems to have known his Canon Law, when he equivalently told Cellini that by such an act he had incurred no penalty, he no doubt was thinking of a distinction which may be found in the Canon Law books even to the present day. Let me translate, omitting, to avoid confusion, the references to the Corpus Juris, a reevant passage from the very valuable Synopsis rerum Moralium et Juris Pontificii of Father Ojetti, a lighted by this extraordinary feat of book published in 1905. Speaking of the irregularity caused by homicide, he says: "In a war which is just, but aggressive, those and those only incur irregularity who actually kill the enemy or maim them : and this, not on account of any crime thereby committed, but on account of the (presumed) lack of humanity which is involved (defectu lenitatis) On the other hand, in a war that is just and purely defensive, not even those combatants who actually kill the enemy incur irregularity. Th that in the case supposed such a belligerent only slays antagonist in self-defence, with such restraint as renders the act blame moderamine inculpatae less (cum tutelae). Clerics, however, are here excepted, as they become irregular by the mere fact of taking up arms. unless, on the other hand, the neces sity of the people or the city attacked be so grave as to require the services even of ecclesiastics." Clearly in Clement's judgment Cellini, being a layman, was entitled to the full benefit accorded him by the fact that he was a combatant in a just and defensive war. He also probably assumed that any war undertaken by the papacy was necessarily just and de ensive, and consequently assured the artist that the homicides might commit in future when fighting for the Apostolic Church would all of them be equally free from ecclesiastical pains and penalties.

If any further evidence were needed that there was no question in the Pope's mind of sacramental absolution from crimes of any private nature, it would be supplied by an account Benvenuto has given us of another interview with the Pope in 1529, two years after the incident above recorded. Cellini had been accused, and apparently not without justice, of appropriating some of the gold entrusted to him by the Pope for various works that he was execu ting for his patron. In 1529 he was received into favour again, and when he was at last admitted to see the Pontiff, Cellini tells us that he said to him: "Most blessed Father, from the time when the sack took place until now I have been unable to confess or communicate, because they (the priests) will not absolve me. Then, after explaining that he had appropriated some of the gold entrusted to him, Cellini went on: Now I am at Your Holiness' feet, who art the true confessor (la quali 'l vero confessoro), may you grant me such favour that I may leave" in order to be able to confess and communicate, and that by the means of the pardon of your Holiness I may regain the grace of my Lord and God." Then the Pope, with a slight, gentle sigh, recalling perhaps with a his own straits, spake these words "Benvenuto, I have certainly the power that you attribute to me, by which I can absolve you from any improper action that you have committed, and I am besides willing to do so.' Clearly the Pope hereby meant to

release him from anything equivalent to a reserved case, and also waived his claim to restitution; but according to Cellini, Clement went on: "Nevertheless, such as you say that it was, I reckon it a gift to you and I entirely pardon you. Make this assurance to your confessor, i there is nothing else that applies to Then when you have confessed and communicated let me see you again, and it shall be to your advan-tage.' When I had left the Pope's side, and Messer Jacopo and the Archbishop had come to him, His Holiness spoke of me as kindly as it was possible for any other man in the world to have done, and he told them I had confessed and been absolved (che mi haveva confessato et assoluto)." Clearly this means that so far as the reserved case was concerned, the Pope had heard the penitent's avowal, and so far absolved him that Cellini could now complete the work of his reconciliation with God by going to any confessor and making his confession in the ordinary way. But the fact remains clear that Benvenuto had still to make his sacramental confession, and was bound to have the dispositions which would be required of any other penitent. It was thus, and only thus, that he could be restored to the that he could be restored to the grace of God. The artist clearly re-fers to this when he tells us almost immediately afterwards: "I went to complete all that remained of my agreement with the Pope." If Clem ent had been a man who was capable as Mr. Justice Darling apparently supposed, of granting off-hand an unlimited absolution for future

* Licentia: I should prefer to translate "have a permit," i. e., a permit to choose a confessor, which implied full faculties for reserved cases,

assassinations, is it likely that he would have insisted in such a case upon the intervention of the ordinary confessor? Evil as the times were, the fundamental principle that no valid absolution could be given in foro conscientiae without true repentince was steadily kept in view.

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP McNEIL, TORONTO

To the Pastors of the Archdiocese of Toronto:

Rev. Dear Father,-When I, though unworthy, was appointed to the important See of Toronto, both Priests and People assured me in their re spective addresses, that I could coun on their co-operation, especially in the work of establishing Seminary of St. Augustine. Within a few weeks after my arrival I called upon the Clergy of the Archdiocese to contribute \$20,000 for this purpose and the readiness of response may b seen in the fact that the Priest subscribed more than was asked. and have already paid more than half the amount. The time is approaching for the laity to redeem in part their pledge of co-operation. They will all, I have no doubt, follow the example of generosity shown them by Mr. Eugene O'Keefe and by the Clergy. Beginning on Sunday June 8th, an envelope collection will be taken up in all the churches of the Archdiocese, and I count on a total collection of at least twenty thousand dollars to meet current expenses. A new seminary is not a mall undertaking, and the generous co-operation of many is a necessary ondition of success. On the other hand, the blessing will far greater than the cost

We are meeting a two-fold spiritual need. In the first place there is our own diocesan need of priests, and in the second place there is the need of more semi naries for Canada. The Holy See has for some years urged that new seminaries be founded in view of our fast growing Catholic population throughout the Dominion, and the Holy Father is very pleased to know that Toronto Diocese is doing its part well to meet this need. Our own forefathers in Canada would have lost the faith if priests from Europe had not followed them across the Atlantic. Many families that settled in remote places did in fact fall away Now another large movement westward is taking place. Many Catholics of the Eastern Provinces are settling west of Lake Superior. It is our turn to do for them what others did for us in similar circumstances We can help them substantially by financing a thoroughly good seminary course for the training of priests, and that without really adding to our own financial burdens. If we are to have a Seminary at all, let us have one good enough to attract students from far and wide. It is only during the first few years that the cial strain involved in this undertaking is likely to be severe. As soon as people fully realize the benefits of it, they will not be backward in supplying needed support. This year there is a Jubilee proclaimed the Holy Father in connection with the sixteenth centenary celebra tion of the peace of the Church under the Emperor Constantine and the contribution to the Seminary according to each one's means, wil fulfil the condition of gaining the plenary indulgence, which the Holy Father imposes in regard to "alms for some pious purpose."

envelopes, tabulate the names and sums given, and forward to the Archbishop the total amount, with list. These lists will be deposited in the

Diocesan Archives.
In regard to the visits to be made to churches to gain the Jubilee in-dulgence, six visits to any one of the churches named in Bulletin No. 2

Sincerely yours in Domino, Archbishop

KIND WORDS FROM CANON SHEEHAN

The number of bouquets that find their way to the editorial desk being anything but numerous, we hope we will be pardoned for giving the following from Canon Sheehan, the famous author of "My New Curate," a place in our columns:

Doneraile, Co. Cork, May 5, 1913.

Dear "Columba:" Permit me to thank you for your eview of my book "Miriam Lucas," which appeared in the CATHOLIC RECORD of March 22nd. It is one of the very few reviews which grasped the underlying motive of the book, which was to check the incipient and very insidious advances made by Socialistic leaders in Ireland. Whether it has had, or will have, any effect in that direction remains to be seen. But it is a pleasure to find one reviewer who has studied the book and seized on its central idea. I am, yours very faithfully,

P. A. SHEEHAN, P. P.

We are exceptionally grateful to Canon Sheehan for his kind words, and for the gracious personal letter accompanying them. Praise from such a source is praise indeed. May it be our privilege to review many more volumes from that holy place of Irish and Catholic letters - the quiet study at Doneraile. COLUMBA

THE PENITENT

He came to the church-'twas the feast of the Sacred Heart-His face was worn and drawn like one in pain, of the night itself he seemed a

part— Tall, standing there beneath the drenching rain.

Those who had prayed throughout the day had gone. And not a whisper rose upon the air Where God was waiting patient, all

alone, For hearts to come and speak their humble prayer.

The weary wanderer paused a moment in the gloom— Behind him was the noisy city's roar, Twas long ago in early manhood's

bloom Since he had knelt inside those walls

And turned his thoughts upon the squandered years; The idle days that brought no fruit or gain,

And down his cheeks ran hot, repentant tears As entered he the silent holy fane.

And all around was dark save where a light

Burned ever on with soft unfading glow. A welcome for the wanderer of the night. No matter whom, how poor, how lone, how low.

He knelt before that light and bowed his head— His heart was nigh too full for him to speak Forgetful that he begged in vain for

Forgetful that his limbs were sore and weak O Heart." he said. "O patient Sacred That men know not, that I have oft

bread,

And bade with scorn thy grace from me depart. When vice and folly held my soul en-

O tender Heart, have mercy on me now: My soul is thine, I bow before thy

will. bear the seams of hunger on my brow:

Tho' men desert me, Thou hast mercy still.' I ask but rest till Thou shalt call me home.

And pardon for the wrongs I've done to Thee, No more from Thee in sinful ways I'll O Sacred Heart give hearing to my

When morning came they found him cold and dead, kneeling there as he had knelt

that night: The rugged face all calm, the weary Bowed just the same before the kindly

Perhaps the tired wanderer's prayer was heard; That he had found a refuge from his woes:

Perhaps the heart that had so often erred Had mercy found at last. Perhaps! Who knows? BRIAN O'HIGGINS in " A Bunch of Wild Flowers."

The great rule of moral conduct, says a wise man, is, next to God, to respect Time.

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Tabor. Ranging southwards, the mountains of Gilboa, four or five hundred feet lower, shut in the low-

lands; while far beyond them, across

the hidden course of the Jordan, rise the mountains of Gilead. Looking

to the south, across Esdraelon, the hills of Samaria are seen, through

the openings of the wooded heights

of the Carmel range, reaching north-ward to join it. Turning slowly

towards the west, the whole length

of the Carmel hills, running thirty

in the pure air of these parts, as if close at hand. About twenty miles

off, almost directly west, rises the headland of Carmel; its top crowned with woods of oak and fig trees, its

slopes varied with orchards, laurels

and olives, and its seaward face sink-

ing abruptly into the Mediterranean

waters. Nestling at the northern base of the hill, on the sea shore, the

white houses of Haifa arrest the eye. The blue waters specked with sails, stretch far away, beyond, to the dis-

Acre is seen, though Acre itself lies

too low to be visible. The brown

sandy shores, sweeping far to the

north, are hidden only here and there, by intervening hills. Leaving

the coast, and looking from north

west to north, the panorama shows a

sea of hills—the highlands of Galilee —broken by the fertile upland plain

of Battauf, close at hand, with the

ruins of the once famous Sepphoris,

on a solitary hill at its southern

edge, and beyond, on its northern

slope, the cottages of Cana of Gali

iee. In the background, twenty

miles away, tower the hills of Safed,

2,770 feet above the sea, rising over the ever-heightening summits of the

highlands of Upper Galilee. But

Safed itself is only midway in the

landscape. Mountains rise beyond mountains, to the north, till they

culminate more than sixty miles off.

as the crow flies, in the highest

peaks of Hermon, 10,000 feet above

the sea-level. As the eye wanders

round from the point from which is

began its survey, hills beyond hills

still meet the view, stretching away,

with rounded tops, towards the Sea

of Galilee, and rising again, beyond

it, to a greater height on its eastern

In the town of Nazareth, then

most of His life. Amidst these hills

as a child; and "grew," as a boy, "in wisdom and age and grace."

the landscape on which He daily gazed, and it was along these moun-

tain peaks He walked. He must often have stood on the hill-top from

which the whole country is seen,

and the little bay of the great plain

below the village, with its encircling

heights, must have been familiar to

Him in its least detail. If there be a spot to which a Christian pilgrim

might rightly turn as the most

sacred in the history of his faith, it

OUR CIVILIZATION

No matter from what nation you have descended, it is the Catholic

Church that you must thank for lift-

into civilization. Says that acute

Protestant historian, Lecky:
"The Catholic Church was the

very heart of Christendom, and the

spirit that radiated from her pene

trated into all the relations of life

and colored institutions it did not

create. As long as a Church is so powerful as to form the intellectual

condition of the age, to supply the standing point from which every

question is viewed, its authority will never be disputed. It will reflect

so perfectly the general conception of

the people that no difficulties of detail will seriously disturb it.

This ascendancy was gained in

mediæval society more completely than by any other system before or

since, and the stage of civilization that resulted from it was one of the

most important in the evolutions of

society. By consolidating the heter-

ogeneous and anarchical element

that succeeded the downfall of the

Roman Empire, by infusing into Chris

tendom a bond of unity that is super

ior to the division of nationhood, and

a moral tie that is superior to force. softening slavery into serfdom

and preparing the way for the ultim-

ate emancipation of labor, Catholic

ism laid the foundations of modern

civilization."—History of Rationalism, vol. 2, p. 37.

MIXED MARRIAGES

SOME PLAIN FACTS REGARDING

THEIR CAUSES SET FORTH

BY FATHER DOWLING, S. J. CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN LARGE-

Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., former

president of Creighton University

this city, and now pastor of St. Aloysius Church, Kansas City, has

been giving some plain talks on mixed marriages to the young

people of that parish recently. From a recent instruction we quote

the following answers to important

Why do Catholic girls marry non

Catholics ?-Because, first, they keep

company with them and thus have their affections entangled before they

are aware of it; second, they are misled by material advantages, at

better living, more comforts, less work, more time for pleasure,

costlier dress, attractive manners. But that is not all, they do not

think, go farther back and reflect that marriage is not necessary but

LY TO BLAME

questions:

ing your ancestors from barbarism

is Nazareth.

The whole Bay of

tant horizon.

miles northwest, to the coast, seem

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTE COST

MAN'S NATURE, DIGNITY AND DESTINY "There shall be joy before the angels of God upon one s nner doing penance." (St. Luke xv, 10.)

Christ's mission on earth was to save sinners "I came not to call the just, but sinners to repentance.' (St. Luke v, 32.) As the good shep herd leaves the flock and seeks dili gently for the sheep that is lost, so Our Saviour, the Good Shepherd of our souls, seeks diligently for the sinner and brings him back to the peace and happiness of God's fold.

The sinner should strive earnestly

to keep from wandering away from fold. A knowledge of his nature, his dignity and his destiny will tend to keep man from falling away from God.

A knowledge of himself is one of

the first things to be acquired by man. The old pagans understood this. One of their philosophers left us the maxim "Know thyself"; while the Christian poet beautifully and truthfully tells us "The proper study of mankind is man."

It does not require very much study for man to see that he is the greatest of God's creatures on this earth and that God has given him dominion over all terrestrial beings. What gives man this superiority Is it his strength, his agility, or the acuteness of his senses? No. For in all these qualities man is surpassed by many of the animals.

Where, then, does his superiority lie? It lies in the rational element, which distinguishes man from all other creatures on earth. Man has reason, which other earthly beings do not possess. He is a rational

When we say man is a creature, we acknowledge a Creator. Yes; man is the work of God, Who, creating him to His Own image and likeness, endowed him with an immortal soul and a mortal body. Since man has an immortal soul destined to be happy or miserable for all eternity according to his works here, is he not foolish who, wandering away from God's fold, trades the soul for the body, the immortal for the mortal, heaven for the vile things of

Man is distinguished from other creatures here below by the dignity of his nature. This dignity appears in his exterior although its source is the image of God that is in him. An ancient poet tells us that God gave man a noble countenance and made him stand erect with his face and head towards heaven. He is thus reminded to elevate his thoughts above the low and grovelling things of earth.

He who, imitating the animal, lives for sensual gratifications, works for temporal rewards and centers his affections in worldly treasures and pleasures, lowers the dignity of his nature and degrades the image of God that is in him. "Seek ye, therefore, first the king-dom of God and His justice, and all these things will be added unto

Man was not made for temporal things. God made man to know, to love and to serve Him here and to be happy with Him forever here-Such is the grandeur of man's destiny—the possession of God for all eternity. All the wealth, the fame, the honors and the pleasures of this world dwindle into insignificance when compared with this ineffable good.

This eternal destiny of man is so great, so important, so necessary that to acquire it he must sacrifice all things perishable — wealth, may attain his destiny the sinner must return to God's fold and give up everything that would tend to raw him away from his heavenly

we would frequently reflect upon our nature, our dignity and our destiny it would help us to resist temptation, restrain us from falling into sin, or, having fallen into sin, would assist us in giving joy to the angels by returning to God's grace. "There shall be joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing

TEMPERANCE

A FRENCH TEMPERANCE

SOCIETY The Abbe H. Thuiller, a French pastor, is secretary of the Anti-alcohol White Star Society, a Catholic total abstinence organization of which he writes in a Paris paper, urging Catholics to co-operate with it against the evils of intemperance. He says: "Aside from immorality He says: "Aside from immorality and irreligion, there is no plague worse than alcoholism," and he declares that there is no remedy more efficacious for this evil than membership in a temperance society Wherever these societies are estab lished," he writes, "alcoholism takes a backward step. The facts are there; and the thing that has the greatest value in the eyes of Catholics is the encouragement of Sovereign Pontiffs, of Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops."

The temperance pledge is the foundation stone of all the temperance societies. This pledge alone does not suffice evidently. It is necessary that people so pledged unite together to strengthen one another, and to make all the better an active propaganda against drink. But the pledge is the indispensable bond of the Association.

organization does not insist on that length of time. It is necessary to attract people into the society who might balk at a year's abstinence. "That is why," he writes, "the White Cross Society founded by the lament. ed Monseigneur Meunier, Bishop of Evreux, and approved by twenty-five Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, accepts pledges for the Lenten sea-son or for at least one month each year, the exact month to be determined by the pledge taker."

ECONOMIC SIDE OF ALCOHOL QUESTION

"A few years ago," says Frank V. O'Hara in the Catholic World, the "Federal Bureau of Labor undertook an investigation to find out the attitude of employers towards the use of intoxicating liquors by employees. Employers were asked if, in employing new men, they were accustomed to give consideration to the use of intoxicating liquors. Out of nearly seven thousand employers answering this inquiry, more than one-half reported that they required in certain occupations, and under certain circumstances, that ployees should not use intoxicating liquors. Many different reasons were given by the employers for the requirement.

Moreover, the effects of the drink habit upon the distribution of wealth are cumulative and permanent. Sins of the fathers are visited upon the children through many generations in the industrial world. The man who uses alcohol to excess, and who lowers his own economic position in society thereby, also places his children at a disadvantage in the struggle for a livelihood. As a general thing they do not inherit the property that they otherwise would inherit. They must depend to a greater extent than would otherwise be necessary on their labor power

for their support. Then, too, as a rule, they will not receive so good an education as they would receive if their father were not a drinker They are thus doubly handicapped in the race of life."

TEMPERANCE NOTES

"At all events," remarks the Baltimore Sun, "statesmen and diplomats who drink nothing stronger than grape juice will not be apt to have blood in their eyes or to bring blood on the earth. There is much to be said in favor of cool heads and steady nerves.

Some time ago the newspapers chronicled the death of a once famous baseball player. He was found dead in a cheap rooming This man was once a star house. pitcher for the New York giants The plaudits of the public and the love of good fellowship turned the poor fellow's head. Drink killed

Judge William G. Gemmill of Chicago, recently issued a report in which he distinctly stated that liquor is the cause of 46 per cent. of the wife and child abandonment cases which appear before his court. Remember this per cent. represents the direct cause. When it is considered that there are a considerable number of cases where liquor enters indirectly as a cause, we can then recognize the fearful havoc wrought by this vice so far as pertains to omestic life.

The Catholic view, after all, is the true and the best one. It is that temperance is required and commanded by the laws of God, and that total abstinence is a heroic virtue to be commended, and propagated. The use of alcoholic beverages in the strictest moderation is not wrong, but the abuse of them is condemnable, and leads to perdition. No one can be a Christian who abuses his privilege either in meat or drink. Better to abstain than ever to abuse the privilege of drinking intoxicants. -Intermountain Catholic.

AROUND THE HOME OF OUR SAVIOUR

The scenes amid which Jesus spent the greater part of His life, have always been dear to the devout heart. The Christian who is privileged to visit Nazareth and Galilee, carries away precious memories of his pilgrimage; while for others it is a sweet and wholesome exercise to dwell in imagination on the details of the place where the Saviour lived

Nazareth lies nearly twelve hundred feet above the sea, and some of the hills which cluster round, shutting it in, rise, about five hundred feet higher, writes Cunningham Geikie in his Life of Christ. It is a mountain village, only to be reached from the plain by a tedious climb.

One characteristic of the hills round Nazareth existing already in Christ's day, and, indeed, much earlier, is a striking proof of the denseness of the population of Palestine in former times, and of its restless industry and energy. Many of them are honey-combed with countess excavations of various kinds. Cemeteries of over two hundred tombs cut in the soft rock, some of them large tunnelled vaults, with separate hollows for twelve bodies;

TOBACCO HABIT Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

LIQUOR HABIT

Marvellous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure guaranteed. Although the pledge for a year is the usual obligation, Abbe Thuiller's the usual obligation, Abbe Thuiller's the usual obligation of the description of the Association of the Associat

GRATITUDE PROMPTED THIS LETTER

Prominent People Proud To Testify For "Fruit-a-tives"



130 ATLANTIC AVE., MONTREAL, MARCH 1st. 1912

"For years, I suffered from Rheu matism, being unable to work for week at a time and spent hundreds of dellar on doctor's medicines, besides receiving on doctor's medicines, besides receiving treatment at Notre Dame Hospital where I was informed that I was incurable. I was discouraged when a friend advised me to try "Fruita-tives". After using three packages, I felt relieved and continued until I had used five packages when a complete cure was the result after years of doctoring failed. I consider "Fruitatives" a wonderful remedy. You are a liberty to use this testimonial to prove to others the good that "Fruita-tives" has done me"

has done me"
TIMOTHY McGRATH. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited,

large numbers of cisterns, grape and olive presses, store or dwelling caves, wells and quarries, are every where abundant, as, indeed, they are over the whole country, but especially in the Shephelah Philistine plain. The cisterns are from twenty to thirty feet deep, shaped like a church bell or inverted funnel, about two and a half feet across at the mouth, and fifteen to twenty-five at the bottom, the whole cut out of the solid limestone, showing that Palestine must always have been, for a good part of the year, a waterless country, needing to store up the rains of autumn and spring. It is not uncommon to find groups of from three to ten, or even more, of these fine excavations together. What must have been the density of the population, what its civilization and industry, to leave such remains in such numbers?

The view from Nazareth itself is limited, as might be expected from its nestling in an amphitheatre of hills that shut in the little valley, except to the west, where it opens on Esdraelon. From the top of the hill at the back of the village, to the north, however, it is very different. Galilee lies spread out like a map at one's feet. The eye wanders over the plain of Esdraelon in its broad western sweep. Three hours to the east, it rests on the round outline of Tabor, with its woods of oaks and pistachios, and, beyond it, on the swelling mass of Jebel el Dahy or Little Hermon, which closes in the plain, at about the same height as

WHISKEY HOLDS ITS VICTIMS UNTIL RELEASED BY WONDERFUL SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION

Liquor sets up inflammation and irritation of the stomach and weakens the nerves. The steady or periodical (spree) drinker is often forced to drink even against his will by his unnatural physical condition.

Samaria Prescription stops the craving, steadies the nerves, builds up the general health, and makes drink actually distasteful and nauseous. It is tasteless, and odorless and can be given with or without

the knowledge of the patient. Thousands of Canadian homes have been saved from misery and disgrace by some devoted wife, mother or daughter through this wonderful Canadian Remedy. The money formerly wasted in drink has restored happiness, home comforts, education and respect to the families formerly in want and despair.

Read the following, one of the numerous unsolicited testimonials

I can never repay you for your remedy. It is worth more than life to me. My husband has been offered liquor several times, but would not touch it. He said it had no charm for him now. May God's choice blessings ever rest on you and yours are my prayers ever. No one knows it but those who have tried it. As soon as I can I will see others that I know would give anything to stop their husbands from drink. I will give them your address.

(Name withheld by request).

Now if you know of any family needing this remedy, tell them about it. If you have any friend or relative who has formed or is forming the drink habit, help him to release himself from its awful clutches. Samaria Prescription is used by phy-

sicians and hospitals.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mention-ing this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Co., Dept. 96, 49 Colborne street, Toronto Canada.

PRESIDENT NONE - 50 - EASY

salvation is "What does it profit a man to gain the world and suffer the loss of his soul?" Fourth, they do not know what they are facing, disappointment, torture of soul, often a life of sin, the practice of race suicide, and other practices against duty and conscience. They lack the proper ideal of marriage and motherhood, the right idea of their obligations and responsibilities. The try to escape advice that is impalat able; they will learn by no experi-ence, but their own; they never speak to their suitors about relig-

Why do Catholic girls not marry Catholics ?—Because Catholic young men do not ask them. The Catholic young men are often unable to offer the requisite inducements of sobriety, industry, responsibility and ability to support a wife. Frequently they do not keep pace with the girls in culture and aspirations; their tastes run to pool, boxing, wrestling, gambling; they do not develop intellectually. Ask Catho-lic girls why they do not marry Catholics and they will inquire, Where are the desirable young men? The answer is, that some are gather ing the fruits of their sin in diseased bodies and polluted minds. They do not avoid marriage because they are leading chaste lives. The social evil makes sin too easy and should be stamped out, not regarded a necessary evil. Marriage would be more common if the social evil were not so prevalant.

Why do Catholic young men avoid marriage?—Many, no doubt, have good reasons to decline marriage but many avoid it because they are selfish, self-controlled, cowardly, (2) They say they cannot afford to marry. If their parents reasoned as they do, they would not be born. Let them live frugally, cut out drink and gambling, lead clean lives. Let them save with a view to marriage.

They claim that girls are too doubtless much larger, Jesus spent extravagant and expect too much. Apparently non-Catholics, who marry in these streets, He was brought up them, do not think so. Usually the girls are more economical, reason-Here for many years, He labored as a man for His daily bread. This was

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When a Man Dies

He wants to know that his Insurance will be paid immediately-w thout delay or auibbling.

In its prompt payment of over \$4,600,000 to beneficiaries under more than 3,000 Policies, the

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has earned a reputation second to none for promptness in the settlement of all claims.

North American Life Assurance Company SOLID AS THE CONTINENT"

HEAD OFFICE, -TORONTO, CANADA ableand self-sacrificing than the men

(4) The men do not keep company with the right kind of girls, know how to make themselves respected. (5) Parents are too in dulgent and do not inculcate respon sibility by obliging their sons to help support the family. The sons soon consider all their ways too little for pleasure. An appropriate epitaph over many a young man would be "He led a selfish and sinful life; was useless to parents, family, him-self, his country, his church, his God; shed no tears, for he the duties of a man and a Christian." It is natural for young men and women to marry. If a large number fail to do so, something is wrong. Catholic young men must be blind to let others carry off the rich prizes of refined, educated, highminded, virtuous, talented, goodlooking, healthy girls, such as they find in this parish—fit helpmates for any man.

All this answers the last question Why do non-Catholics marry Catholic girls?—Because they know a good thing when they see it; because they know that these girls carefully reared are the best of woman kind, modest, virtuous, loving and kind, with the fragrance of God's grace upon them and the glory of the Sacraments enshrining them

generous, self - sacrificing, such women as a man can look up to and trust and find helpful in every condition of life.

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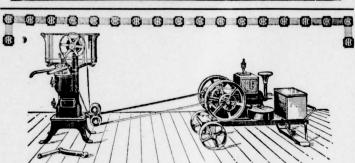
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Cream Separator Savings

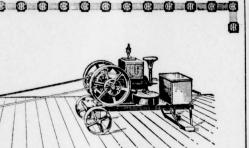
ANIHC cream separator saves money for you in more ways than most people know. It saves cream because it skims practically all the butter fat out of the milk. It saves on the feed bills. Calves and pigs thrive on the sweet, warm skim milk that comes fresh from the separator. It saves fertility. The dairyman who feeds the skim milk to animals parts with a very small amount of fertility. The man who sells whole milk loses close to \$4.80 per cow per year in fertilizing matter. These three savings, while not all that a cream separator makes, are important enough to warrant the most thoughtful consideration.

I H C Cream Separators Dairymaid and Bluebell

are also furnished as complete power outfits, as illustrated above. The engine is a one-horse power, back geared, hopper-cooled, I H C engine which can be detached and used to run any small machine. The separators are built for long life and skimming efficiency. They have heavy phosphor bronze bushings for bearings; a never-failing splash oiling system; trouble proof bowl spindle bearings; dirt and milk proof spiral gears which are easily accessible for cleaning. There are four convenient sizes of each style. Ask the I H C local agents who handle these machines for demonstration. Get a catalogue and full information from them, or, write the nearest branch house.

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The Dwindling Dollar

These are the days in which the "Almighty Dollar" has lost nearly 50%, of its "almightiness."

A \$2,000 income today leaves you in practically the same position as a \$1,000 salary found you a few years

A life insured for \$1,000 today is \$500 of the money of twenty years

To provide the same protection

Double Your Insurance

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Look Into This Gate

BEFORE you buy any farm gates look into the "Clay" Steel Gate. It has features possessed by no other gate. It is the ideal gate—the very gate that all farmers want and have wanted always. Consider these good points of "Clay" Gates: (1) They always hang true—they can't and won't sag, bend, break, burn, blow down, or rot; (2) They can be raised (as shown) to let small stock through or to lift over snow in winter; (3) are so light that a child can won't them with ease; (4) positively keep back light that a child can work them with ease; (4) positively keep back breachy cattle.

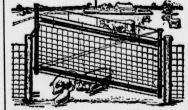
Clay Steel Farm Gates

Will last a life-time. They are fully guaranteed. The leading stockmen of Eastern Canada, and the model farms at Guelph, Ottawa and Mac-donald College use Clay Gates, knowing their worth.

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In a recent competition on the subject of "the Ideal Farm Gate" open to the Students of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, every competing student with but one exception declared "Clay" Gates to be the most perfect farm gate made.

60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

One or a dozen Clay Gates sent for 60 days' free trial in order that they may be tried out before being purchased. 30,000 Clay Gates were sold in 1912 on these terms.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHO IS A GOOD MAN

The question is asked, Who is the good man? The question has been asked often before; in one form or another it is as old as the instinct of morality in the human soul. It was the Supreme Teacher of orality. The answer given by Him I make my own. None wiser, none ore practical, will ever be spoken. And Jesus answered: The first ommandment of all is: Hear, O Israel: the Lord thy God is one God; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength—this is the first commandment. The second is like unto it Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy To the scribe, who confessed that the observance of these two commandments is "a greater thing than holocausts and sacrifices," Jesus said: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven."

The essence and the motives of moral goodness do not change with They are to-day what they were of yore. Hence, to-day, I repeat the words of the Saviour and to him who accepts them as the norma of his conduct I say: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of

The first and chief condition of moral goodness is to love the Almighty God. I am not preaching a sermon: I am talking plain, every day moral philosophy. But moral philosophy, no less than religion, in its higher principles rests upon the Almighty God as its very basis and foundation. This great truth I cannot too strongly emphasize. The lesson above all others needed today, when the question of righteous conduct is forced so imperious ly to the front, is that of man's duty to the Almighty God, God is for gotten, or at least is treated as a being with whom we have little con

Thou shalt love the Lord thy The love due to God is, of course that effective, earnest love which transcends mere sentiment and emotion and so penetrates the whole soul as to bend into service all its faculties, and to exact from it the full complement of worship and man cannot tear himself from God. Man is by nature a dependent being, the creature of God, having from God whatever he is, whatever he

DUTY TOWARD ALMIGHTY GOD

The simplest dictates of justice and of gratitude bid him turn toward God, in profession of his dependency, in worship of the divine supremacy in praise of the divine power and goodness, in thanksgiving for all favors received from the divine Gød forgotten, no one should call himself good and just

The fulfilment of duty toward the Almighty God is all the more important since duty to God is and must ever be the paramount motive of loyalty to duty along other lines of human conduct. Leave God aside-what power remains to compel the soul to righteousness Separated from the idea of the Supreme Legislator, the moral law a theory, an abstraction. Logi-lly, and in time, practically its cally, and meaning and purpose become pleasure and personal aggrandizement. concepts of morality, unsupported by a living authority which there is no escape, do not build up the strong soul, able to tragedies of life-what about them? beat down the rising billows of temptation and to impose silence upon

the wild clamorings of passion. Human interests, in the last an alysis, reveal themselves as selfish interests. The service of society or voked by a school of modern phil. osophy, is a misty dream, from which the sin-burnt heart turns in deris-

The good man will be a devout worshipper of the Almighty; he will be a religious man. He will kneel often in adoration and prayer; he will seek out in earnest study the law of the Supreme Master, and will loyally conform to it in his private and social life.

The good man has his duties to himself. Chief among these is the utter cleanliness of heart, the righte-ousness of the inner soul. Mere exterior morality is a sham and a pretense. It does not last; it withstands no severe trial. At best it is a hypocrisy, a lie acted out by the himself, an effort to deceive his fellow men.

CLEAN OF HEART, CLEAN OF MOUTH

Clean of heart, the good man will be clean of mouth. Vulgar and ob-scene language, oaths and blasphemies will never pollute his speech. He will be clean of act, respecting his body as the very handiwork of God. He will be clean of hand, never reaching out to the things that are not his by strictest rules of social justice. The good man will not be the lazy and indolent servant; he will improve his mind by thoughtful study; he will improve, as circumstances permit, his condition in life, bringing into active exercise the latent talents given to him by the Creator, that they be developed and put to profit. He will be brave in effort, resigned in failure, calm and

effort, resigned in factors, self-possessed in success.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as the license paid.

One day last year a drunken man the point of an umbrella

his very nature, and by the author of that nature, the Almighty God. The neighbor means family, society,

country.
Say what some will, tolerate as they may what civil law reluctantly tolerates, the indissolubility, as well as the oneness of the sacramental tie of wedlock remains not only the dictate of the Christian religion, but also the natural and necessary protection of the family hearthstone Where the good man rules, true and faithful, benignant and forbearing there is seldom needeven of separation where separation is deemed urgent it must never be supplemented by the rupture of the marital bond That he is a good husband and a good father is one of the highest enconiums before God and men that the good man may ambition or hope

The good man's relations with his fellowmen within the social organism will be characterized by abs justice and charity. "Avoid evil.' Do no harm to rich or to poor. Be honest and honorable. The acquisition of wealth, be it of one dollar, or of a million dollars, is praiseworthy when it follows upon industry, the use of high talent, the vigilant ob-

servation of opportunity.

To be poor through slothfulness vastefulness, or wilful ignorance is a sin and a disgrace. But throughout justice must prevail, nothing must be taken that belongs legitimately to others, no methods must be employed that law and equity

'Avoid evil : do good." When acquired, wealth must be put to good use. Let it, indeed, serve in fair abundance the owner and his dependents. Let it be stored up in view of future contingencies. To reduce the use of wealth to mere necessities, to put the rich in this regard on the plane of the un-successful, is to eliminate from society the spirit of enterprise, to smother in the human breast the promptings to hard work and to sacrifice of ease and pleasure. But in its exuberance wealth must go be yond the owner and the owner's family. It must never be forgotten that society is not without claim upon

one's surplus revenue.

The unrest of poverty and of labor is a happy omen. But here, as else where, justice must be the rule must be no hatred of the wealth in the possession of others there must be no violation of the rights of others, no act of injury or injustice to others, be they rich and the employers, or the fellow strug-gler in the more humble ranks of life.—Archbishop Ireland.

THE VALUE OF LETTING

One of the most practical and absolutely truthful bits of philosophy that have appeared in a long time was recently published in Medical Talk, on the wisdom of "letting Says the writer:

If you want to be healthy morally mentally, and physically, just let

That little hurt that you got from a friend, perhaps it wasn't intended, perhaps it was, but never mind, let

Refuse to think about it. Let go of that feeling of hatred you have for another, the jealousy, the envy, the malice-let go all such thoughts. Sweep them out of your mind, and you will be surprised what a cleaning up and rejuvenating effect it will have upon you, both physically and mentally. Let them all go: you house them at deadly

But the big troubles, the bitter disappointments, the deep wrongs and heart-breaking sorrows, the Why, just let them go, too. Drop them softly, maybe, but surely. Put away all regret and bitterness, and let sorrow be only a softening influence. Yes, let them go, too,

and make the most of the future Then that little pet ailment that you have been hanging on to and talking about, let it go. It will be a good riddance. You have treated it royally, but abandon it; let it go. Talk about health, instead, health will come. Quit nursing that

pet ailment, and let it go.

It is not so hard after once you get used to the habit of it-letting go of these things. You will find it such an easy way to get rid of the things that mar and embitter life that you will enjoy letting them go. You will find the world such beautiful place. You will find it beautiful because you will be free to enjoy it—free in mind and body.

Learn to let it go. As you value health of body and peace of mind, let go-just simply let go.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THREE FRANKS-A BOY, A DOG

AND A MAYOR From the time he was a baby toddl ing about the floor in the family yard, Frank Graziadei, aged ten years, has had for his playmate a curly-haired black dog. The boy's father, Dominick Graziadei, is a bootblack who has a numerous family to support in Utica, New York. Three years ago the city enacted an ordin ance compelling all owners of dogs to pay a yearly license fee of \$1 for every dog. There are seven little tots in the Graziadei family and the parents decided that it would be foolish to use for a dog license money that was badly needed for the

being; he has absolute need of others. Altruism, the love of the neighbor, is imposed upon him by pet, blinding the animal. The boy

wept bitterly over the tragedy, band the sightless eyes every day, fed the dog from his hands and when the pain had gone and the wounds healed, took his pet out several times a day for romps in the parks or on the streets. The dog, not being able to run around except when accompanied by the boy, gradually became fat and unsightly in appearance. Mrs. Graziadei complained that the animal ate more than any of her children and was in the way around the house. But the boy collected meat bones from butcher shops, fed the dog carefully, and tried hard to

keep it out of his mother's way.

The dog license year expires May 1, and ten days are usually allowed for the renewal of licenses. After that the dog catcher will seize un-licensed dogs, take them to the pound and put them to death unless they are redeemed by their owners in three days. Six weeks ago Frank overheard his parents saying that they would not get a license for dog this year because it was blind and useless. Frank tells what fol-

"I cried like everything that night and told my dog he was going to die. But he just wagged his tail and licked my hands with his tongue. He wasn't a bit worried. Before I went to sleep I planned hard on how to The next day I went out in the streets and tried to earn a dollar to buy the license tag. But I was too small. My teacher caught me crying in school and I told her why. She brought me to her house after school and gave me 10 cents for raking her yard. She told one of her neighbors about me and the dog, and I made 10 cents more. It just seemed as if everybody wanted to give me jobs raking yards and running errands after that. I made the dollar in no time. Then I stole Frank out of the house and took him down to the city hall. He got in everybody's way down there because his eyes ain't any good any more. One woman with her hands full of tax money fell over him and screamed. Frank just wagged his tail-I call him Frank because that's my name and we're chums. A tall man ran out of his office and Frank got between his legs and nearly threw him down, too. Everybody acted mad until I told them Frank didn't have any eyes any more. Then I got

my license and some money, too. The boy in his eagerness to obtain the license for his pet had gone to the city hall before the time fixed for the issuance of dog license. The tall man who ran out of his office to see why the woman screamed was Mayor Frank Baker. After he had gotten the blind dog out of the dilemma in which his affliction forced him, the mayor chatted with the boy, heard the story of his love for the dog, of his fears for his safety and his efforts to keep him. Then he told the city clerk to give the boy his license tag. The mayor praised the lad for his devotion to his dumb and blind companion while the boy counted out his dollar in pennies, nickels and dimes. Then he patted the blind dog gently

'Frank can't understand English,' said the boy. "Both of us are

Italians.' " I wish we had more Italians like the two of you," said Mayor Baker, laughing. A few moments later he and City Clerk Bannigan and several others chipped in and made up a little purse for Frank. The boy his blind dog home proudly, and there aren't two happier chums in the city of Utica to day than Frank, the boy, and Frank, the dog.-M. F.

Sammon's in Our Dumb Animals. THE KIND OF BOY WANTED What kind of a boy does a busi

ness man want?" repeated a shrewd, other day

"Well, I will tell you. In the first place he wants a boy who doesn't know too much; business men generally like to run their own business, and prefer some one who will listen to their way rather than try to teach them new kinds; secondly, they want a prompt boy—one who understands 7 o'clock as exactly 7, not 10 minutes past; third, an industrious boy, who is not afraid to put in a little extra work in case of need; fourth, an honest boy-honest in his service, as well as in the matter of dollars and cents: and fifth, a good natured boy, who will keep his temper even if his employer loses his own now and

"But you haven't said a word about his being smart!" was suggested. 'Well, to tell you the truth." was the rather hesitating answer, "that's about the last thing we worry over. The fact is, if a boy is modest, prompt, pleasant, industrious and honest, he's quite as smart as we

care about—and that's a fact!"

The foregoing story is just now floating about in the press, and if it be not true, it is, at least, well invented. Politeness, promptness punctuality, perseverance, and withal pleasantness, these are the cardinal virtues of the business world, upon which all success therein must hinge. Nor are these virtues that can be learned from books; they can be acquired only by patient practice— practice in the home, the school, and, in fact, everywhere. And if our educators and even our reformers would place less stress on the value of mere bookish knowledge, and insist more on such things as these, they would ease to be the mere disturbers that they now are, and become indeed

and the world industrial. YOU ARE LIKE WHAT YOU LOVE There is something finer than to do right against inclination, and that is to have an inclination to do right.

benefactors of both the world social

There is something nobler than re-luctant obedience, and that is joyful bedience. The rank of virtue is not measured by its disagreeableness, but by its sweetness to the heart that is joy. For what you rejoice in, that you love. And what you love, that you are like.—Henry Van Dyke.

NATURE'S REQUIEM FOR THE DEAD

Written for the Catholic Bulletin by Rev. Henry B.

In the fall of the year Comes the fall of the tear And all of them here

For the fall of the year And the fall of the tear Are the gall and the fear, Yes, the pall and the bier Of the dead.

But even the pang of sorrow leave a thrill of joy. There is a splendid beauty which escapes even the horror of the scene when the fair virgin martyr, stript of wealth, honor and mantle, mingles her dying prayers with the fierce animal rage of the bounding leopard which craunches her tender bones in his blood drip ping jaws. There is a beauty in the lingering sigh of the dying child. There is a splendor even in sombre widowhood. There is, too, a myster ious resplendent beauty in the blush of the dying year, when nature strews the couch with autumn

Have you been out in the silent woods during the past few days Have you seen the grand old hills emblazoned with the heraldry of autumn? The crest of royalty is there, mounting the house of death. The crimson blood of martyrdom flecks the field of virgin gold. standard of royal purple is mantled The season's with pale blue stars. armored legion is resting on the hills The sunlight falling on their varied helmets glisten at noonday like a shower of shimmering gold shaken from the angel's wings.
Standing upon a slight elevation

saw in the distance a wooded forest whose leaves were aglow with the broken rainbow's deepest hues. The splendid array seemed to be an army of giant angels who, wearied with much travel in the valleys of men, had folded their gold-becrimsoned wings and, bowing their heads to the East, were resting on the peaceful hills. And then I heard the sudden sighing of the sad, November winds. It was the voice, in plaintive unison of the suffering souls of purgatory And the message of that sigh? Ah it was the same story as that so elo quently told by the green, gold and crimson of the autumn leaves. These giant angels were praying-praying praying. As I wearily wound my way homeward I, too, murmured the De Profundus" and my soul was indeed lifted out of the depths knelt on consecrated ground, for Nature, with strange liturgical con tradiction, in vestments of crimson and gold, the raiment of the living, was saying Mass for the dead.—From Father Tierney's Lecture, " Back to

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAINTER

So great an artist as the immortal Raphael "thanked God that he was born in the time of Michael Angelo Buonarroti." He was a poet of a controversialist." very high order, and a master in painting, sculpture and architecture such as the world has not since propractical man of many concerns, the duced to rival him in versatility of

Born in the Castle of Caprese, in Tuscany, on March 6, 1474, he very early began to justify the prediction made at his birth that he would excel in those arts that delight the senses At school he was ever ready to steal away from his books to practice draw ing, but it was not dreamed of ther that he would live to be recognized as the greatest artist of his time and to be chosen by the several Popes in succession to decorate the walls of the Sistine Chapel or the architect to complete St. Peter's.

His father, seeing how strong was the bent of his genius, reluctantly consented to place him under the care of Ghirlandajo as a pupil for three years, beginning April 1, 1488, and the master, an unusual thing, agreed to give him twenty four floring for his service. When Lorenzo de Medici opened a garden in Florence for the use of artists, filled with antique statues and busts, Michael Angelo instantly resorted thither, and Lor



enat leed old Dutch to trop held its

tempt at sculpture, a copy in marble from an old mask of a laughing faun, that he took him under his own patronage, gave him rooms in his palace and treated him like a son. There the youth studied with zeal and success until his patron's death in 1492.

The artist left Florence to Rome by invitation of Julius II. the new Pontiff, who wished to draw around him all the men of genius. The Pope gave the artist an unlimited com-mission to build a mausoleum. The design was too magnificent for the church it was to adorn, and the Pope, after some thought determined to re build St. Peter's as a fit covering for his superb monument, which be completed according to his original design, and Michael Angelo passed eight months at Carrara procuring the marble.

In 1527-30 Michael Angelo displayed genius of yet another kind, as an engineer, being engaged in fortifying the city of Florence against assaults of the Imperial troops. The city fell, and he restored himself to the Pope's favor by promising to complete the two statues for the Medici Chapel. Again he was anxious to resume the monument to Julius III. and again he was prevented by the Pope, who ordered the walls of the Sistine Chapel. was in 1533. After much studied delay on the part of the artist, who kept privately on his work upon the Julian mausoleum, "The Last Judg-ment" was opened to the public on Christmas Day, 1541, Paul III. being Pontiff. He afterwards completed two large paintings, "The Conversion of St. Paul" and "The Crucifixion of St. Peter," for the Capella Paolina

In the reign of Paul III. this extraordinary man, seventy years old, en ered upon a new department of art. San Gallo died in 1546, and he was ummoned to succeed him as architect of St. Peter's. This office he held through five pontificates, accepting no emolument, and nearly all time crossed and perplexed by the invidious plots of his enemies. With this stupendous work on his hands he had also to carry forward the Pal azzo Farnese, construct a palace on the Capitoline Hill, adorn the with antique statues, make a flight of steps to the Church of the Convent Ara Coeli, rebuild an old bridge across the Tiber, and last and greatest, convert the baths of Diocletian into the magnificent church of Stella Maria Degli Angeli.

Under Pius IV. St. Peter's was carried up as far as the dome, which was modeled in clay and carefully executed to a scale in wood. But th architect had no time to direct it. A slow fever attacked him in February 1563, and in a few days put an end to his life, at the age of nearly eightynine or ninety years.-N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

INFLUENCE OF A GREAT

In the sphere of spiritual life, says Wilfrid Ward (in his "Witnesses To The Unseen," and in answer to those who assert that Newman's influence has been much over-rated). Newman exercised an influence similar to that of Wellington, the soldier, who, from his great courage and sense of duty alone, much influenced his Even those who have admitted their great spiritual debt to Newman, and who only knew him as the composer of "Lead, Kindly Light," have given, however, a very imperfect notion of the man himself. "Mystic," "giant controversialist," "recluse,"—these are some of the terms which have een applied to the Cardinal even b those who had unusually great opportunities both of knowing him and of properly describing him.

It was, perhaps, says Ward, the very complexity of his nature that led to this general failure to fully and satisfactorily characterize him. There was, indeed, in him something of the mystic; he was to some extent a recluse; he was full of power in controversy and his mind had been absorbed in patristic Theology. Yet he was, absolutely none of these three things-not wholly a theolo gian, nor a mystic, nor a controversialist. Newman was Newman. from having lost a sense of his surroundings, he was, when at Oxford, interested (says A. J. Froude) in verything that was going on in

science, in politics, in literature.

As for being a giant controversialist, it was certain, says Ward, that no man ever hated more the pedantry and parade of controversy. He would help sincere enquirers, but he was the foe of all who indulged in the "pomp of controversy," and he be-lieved in the principle of answering a fool according to his folly. Again, as a "learned theologian," he has declared that in the case of many earned men, their erudition tends to overgrow and stiffen the freedom of the mind, and who does not know or nis description of certain pedants who "are only possessed by their knowledge, not possessed of it?"

Coming down to a definition of Newman's influence upon men, Ward says that it was due mainly to putting himself (as an example for the would be converts) before those who invoked his help, or to those who perused his works; but it was also due, the Dublin Review's editor declares, to his conviction that "egotism is true modesty," for a strong man, he held, in fully revealing his own mind, its struggles and its victories, aids weaker minds in time of trial and difficulty. His was not simply a spiritual influence, like John Wes-ley's; not merely that of the dry light of philosophy, like Kant's; nor of a brilliant converser and critic, as JohnMAGIC

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son's; nor of intellectual and imagin- the present condition of things the ative power, like Carlyle's—it was, to teach man, one or more of these kinds

Catholic newspaper needs more. The Catholic paper can do a missionary of influence and thus it was to all a work-three and four times as great combination of them.

BAKING

POWDER

'He was all things to all men" (St. Paul's phrase), he suited himself | there is to noble and ignoble, young and old, where perhaps no Catholic priest has subjects and prelates, learned and ignorant, and received those who were strangers to him with singular benignity and embraced them with as much love and charity as if he had been a long while expecting them. When he was called upon to be merry, he was so: if there was a demand upon his sympathy, he was equally ready. He gave the same welcome to all, caressing the poor equally with the rich and wearying himself to assist all to the utmost limits of his

In consequence of his being so accessible and willing to receive all comers, many went to him every day and some continued for the space of thirty, nay, forty years, to visit him very often both morning and evening, so that his room went by the agreeable nickname of the Home of Christian Mirth. Yea, people came to him not only from all parts of Italy, but from France, Spain, Germany, and all Christendom, and even the Infidels and Jews who had ever any communication with him, revered him as a holy man." These words written of St. Philip Neri, the exemplar whom the English Cardinal ever had before his eyes, applied in an especial way to Newman. And his influence, says Ward, was widely felt in many other ways.

He was no orator, yet was the greatest preacher of his age; his influence was mighty in his faithfulness to his friends and in his resentment of injury done to them, or to his cause; it was felt in the combination of farseeing and dispassionate wisdom with keen and quicklyroused emotion, in his tenderness for and sympathy with the distressed in faith, which made on-lookers even fear that in meeting them half-way, he was losing sight of the very prin ciples he was in reality protecting; in the very defects of his qualities which his closest friends loved almost as they did his virtues-which made him so truly human amid his greatness.

SUPPORT OF CATHOLIC PRESS

The apathy of Catholics in the support of the religious press is very well known, and though often bitterly complained against, it does not seem to be materially abating. One reason for this non-support lies in the overweaning influence of the secular newspaper. It is read eagerly and its make-up often leads to indiffercussed in a church paper. There are thousands of Catholics in this country, it is safe to say, who are in danger of losing their faith, because they are not in touch or sympathy with the Catholic newspaper, and are drifting away from a serious consideration of their eternal welfare.

Recently an eloquent Catholic priest said in his sermon : If you have but one nickel to divide between the church collection and your Catholic paper, give it to the paper." was solid, praiseworthy advice. The church needs money, but under

as that of any band of missionaries. It can go into remote places where

church, and ever been. It often supplies the place of Sunday school service. It can keep Catholicity alive, where otherwise it would have been dead a long time ago. It is a light in the wilderness and a safeguard in the fastnesses of the mountains, where the population is sparse and the erection of a church would be impossible. It can reach nooks and corners where the missionary chapel on wheels cannot plow its way.

Something has been done, and is still being done occasionally to stim-ulate Catholics to the better support of the religious press. But it ought to be done incessantly. To make an increased circulation the propaganda must not cease. Pastors should make it a frequent theme of their sermons. It is the Catholic newspaper that may reach the lost sheep in the desert and bring him safely back to the fold. God bless the increased circulation of the Catholic newspaper.—Intermountain Catholic

PUBLISHERS SCORED

REDEMPTORIST FATHERS FLAY TAB-BARD INN BOOK CO.

uffalo Union and Times The following letter has been sent to the Tabbard Inn Book Company of Philadelphia, by the reverend Mary's College, librarian of St. North East, Pa., and will make interesting and invigorating reading

To the Tabbard Inn Book Company, Philadelphia:

On perusing your "Catalogue of Book Bargains" for 1913, we came across this item (p. 51): "The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional" by Estable, Chicking sional," by Father Chiniqui, author of "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," the forty-third edition, published by Fleming H. Revell pany at \$1, our price, 75 cents.

Now, we cannot understand how a respectable firm can publish such a scurrilous book without making itself partner to the offense, and be smirching its good name! what we are still more puzzled about is, how another respectable firm can handle such a vile attack, brimful of indecencies and lies,-and at the same time be bold enough,-to avoid a stronger expression,—to offer the catalogue containing it, to a Catholic institution.

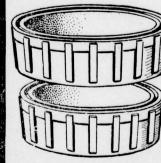
Now, please take notice of the following: If you send us henceforth they shall go into the waste basket unnoticed. Besides, this letter, with explanations of the case of F. Chiniqui, will be sent to the Catholic papers!

You cannot make yourselves part ners of an insult to the Catholics of the United States and escape justly deserved punishment.

St. Mary's College, North Last Pa The Librarian.

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SERMON BY FATHER DRUMMOND

AT THE SOLEMN HIGH MASS OF THE GUELPH CONVENTION OF THE KNIGHTS OF COLUM-

"Know you not that they that run in the race, all run indeed, but one receiveth the prize. So run that you may obtain." (I Cor. 9, 24.)

In these words St. Paul sets before us, and especially before you, Knights of Columbus, what should be the object of your ambition. The race he has in view when he makes this comparison is the race for the masof men's souls in order to save those immortal souls. He continues the comparison in the next verse And every one that striveth for the mastery refraineth himself from all Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible one." To strive for a corruptible crown is to seek an ephemeral and therefore unsatisfastory reward. An incorruptible crown is the only one worthy of an incorruptible soul, which, being a spirit, can never die, and it is thoroughly worthy thereof. Many ambitions are wrong. This one is supremely right; it ought to be and I think it is substantially

yours.
For, brother Knights, what seems to me the characteristic of your order in its foundation and in its best aspects is the desire to excel, to gather together the best elements of Catholic manhood, to be the noblest fighters among the soldiers of Christ. Nobility means commanding excel-lence. In the history of all nations the first nobles were natural born kings of men, men who excelled in gifts of mind and body. They knew more than the common run of men that knowledge gave them power. Even in our day, when aristocracy is thought little of by those who know it not, the gentlemanly classes wield a power which, though unrecognised by the multitude, is still so real that the shrewd ones among the mutable man strive to break in to those inner circles of gentlemanly traditions which for the most part, quite beyond their reach. The reason why they want to climb into the sacred precincts of gentility is that they are observant enough to notice the superiority of the gentleman born and bred. He has acquired more practical and useful knowledge in his home than they have learned in the most famous schools and universities not peopled by the sons of gentlemen. a quiet but singularly noticeable con-tempt for all that is meau, under-hand or boastful. If he has to fight with pen or tongue he, as Cardinal Newman says in a classic passage on the gentleman, cuts clean where the common man hacks and hews. As him, the accumulated wisdom of the human race, he feels nothing but pity for the political and social theorists who are continually advertising as a new panacea what was weighed and found wanting hun-

dreds of years ago.

An unexpected similarity of manners and an astonishing fellowship of feeling are observable among the hereditary upper classes of all the nations of the world. A British nobleman is surprised to find himself more at ease with a Chinese nobleman than with his own tenants on his British estate. There is at once revealed a pleasing freemasonry the result of lurid, childish oaths-but springing from nature and training. Nor is this fellow-ship due to the recent facility of communication between distant nations. It was noticed long below the era of universal steam and electricity. General Brock, the hero tricity. General Brock, the hero dom in this sixteenth, are but into the unbroken tradition of describes his great ally, the Shawnee Indian chief. Tecumseh, who was also to die a hero's death in the same war: "A more sagacious or more gallant warrior does not, I believe, exist. He was the admiration of everyone who conversed with Now Tecumseh was what superficial white men would call a mere savage, born and bred in a wigwam; but he was one of nature's gentlemen. This is the most valuable asset in the business life, better than money or genius. Its essence s a preference for what is best, a endency to see and choose the strong point in everything and to neglect irrelevant details. Showiness and seeming novelty are the favorite bait that catches the plebeian mind. But the patrician intellect mistrusts this showiness and novelty. It very properly reasons that, with respect to general princi-ples of conduct, what is new is very probably not true and what is found to be really true is not new. Thus it happens that the mind, trained from childhood in an atmosphere of long-tried principles, is not at all influenced or moved by the vaporings of the shallow, untrained mob, and respects no opinions but those of experts. These it does respect and carefully weighs and examines the persons who express them to find out if they really are experts in the subjects which they handle. For instance, such a well balanced mind will attach not the slightest importance to the philosophic forecasts of Mr. Thomas Edison because his experience is confined to mechanical invention and has never broadened out into the vastly higher realm of as the result of half a century of un-

MITCHELL SLIDE - EASY NECKWEAR MAN QUALITY STYLE VARIETY

at the same time its Ruler, the traditionally trained intellect hailed this as the pronouncement of a real expert, because Kelvin was known to combine mathematical instinct with the very highest powers of reason

Now the Catholic Church is the

home of the best traditions of man-

kind. It is the one great family, the only one that is coeval with the human race. In a very true sense the Church began with Adam. It is the fashion with unreflecting writers of the popular sort to affirm without the shadow of proof, that primitive man was a savage, who gradu ally evolved into the present civilized state. The best refutation of this groundless assertion is the well-known historic fact that not only no savage tribe has ever civilized itself but that the process of civilizing it is carried on by civilized men and requires several generations of a training which is only partially successful. No, Adam was not a savage. How great were his mental gifts, and his knowledge may be read in the 17th chapter of Ecclesiasticus, and how the Lord "brought him out of his sin and the Lord give him power to govern all things" appears in the beginning of the 10th chapter of Wisdom. These two books of the Holy Scripture are treated as apocryphal by Protestants, who are not experts in the matter of Divine inspiration, and whose opin-ion, therefore, cannot stand against that of the great Bible expert, the Catholic Church. Adam, being the first man, was also God's first gentleman. That blatant rebel of the fourteenth century who

sang : When Adam delv'd and Eve span, Who was then a gentleman?

simply showed his ignorance of what constitutes a true gentleman. Manual labour is in no way derogatory to gentle blood. Our Blessed Lord, as man, came of the Royal House of David, and yet He chose to spend the greatest part of His life in working with His own hands, and thus ennobled labour for all time. Savage races, far from represent-

ing the primitive condition of our race, are the degenerate descendants of Adam, those descendants who fell away from the pure worship of one But the patriarchs kept up the traditions of the teaching imparted by God in the garden of Eden, they treasured up the promise of a Redeemer, afterwards more clearly made to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, he has a store of traditions behind him the accumulated wisdom of the trine from Adam to Christ, the development of a living organism, whose essence is unchanged, though its adaptation to environment changes with the lapse of ages; for we must bear in mind that Christ Himself abrogated only the ceremonial of the old law, not its fundamental tenets. Even His new commandment is but an extension of the old. This development of doctrine has gone on throughout the Christian The dogmas that have been defined by ecumenical councils and Popes were all known to the Apostles, but only gradually realized by the body of the faithful. Heresies called attention to certain moot points. These were examined by the Church and decided against the heretics. To the Catholic Church Arianism,

> the one true Church. She it is who created Christian chivalry. She it is who inspired aliens like Tennyson to write about Sir Galahad whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. She it is, in a word, who created the Christian gentleman. The non-Catholic gentleman, whom I have portrayed to you at some length, is, at his best, a sorry parody of the Catholic gentleman. He relies entirely upon ancestral blood, which is, for the most part, saturated with rapine and lust. His apparent humility and condescension is at bottom intense pride, contemptuous bottom intense pride, contemptuous of the "profane vulgar" as of a different order of beings. Not so the truly Catholic gentleman. He is ever mindful of his dear Lord's fundamental teaching: "Learn of me because I am meek and humble of heart." That is the true gentlemanliness of Christ: meekness and humility. That is the goodly heritage of all true Catholics. We are the chosen people of God. We are, though we deserve it not, the elect of the human race. We are members of that mystical body of which Christ is the head. All the phases of His earthly life are reproduced in the life of the

Remember, then, brother Knights, how glorious is your lineage. You need no elaborate pedigree to substantiate your claim to a great estate. You need only prove, by your baptism and your regular reception of the sacraments, that you are one in the Mystical Body of Christ. This is the greatest peerage in the world, uninterrupted in its descent philosophy. On the other hand, when the late Lord Kelvin gave out any hend sinister, for the illegiti any bend sinister, for the illegiti mate drop away into the outer chaos paralleled scientific researches his conviction that the universe is unexplainable without a Creator, who is

sans peur et sans reproch less, sans peur et sans reproche. Yield never a jot nor a tittle of Catholic doctrine. All up-to-date fallacies are transparent frauds to the well instructed Catholic. You prove by your initiation ordeals that you are closely in touch with the theology of the Chronic problem. of the Church, which is the most complete and reasonable intellect ual discipline that mankind has ever Compared to St. Thomas known. Aquinas and a host of other Catho-lic theologians, the philosophers of the modern anti-Catholic world are but stately triflers. They are con tinually arguing from the abnormal and the pathological, instead of reasoning from the normal and healthy human mind. You are running in the race for the everlasting prize. Never forget that purpose. Never tolerate the unworthy Knight who shirks his Easter duty and compromises with membership in societies condemned by the Church. You ought by your constitution to be the elect among the chosen people of God. You have succeeded in gathering into your ranks the best and noblest Catholics. Remember that nobility has its obligations, noblesse oblige. Be always true to those principles of self-denial which forbid dangerous amusements and proclaim the inescapable responsi-bility of Catholic entertainers. Thus, better than by all empty pro-clamations, you will establish your right to that everlasting crown which alone is worthy of your admirable effort.

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THE DIFFERENCE

There are in this country at the present moment a number of posers who claim to be converted priests. Non-Catholic ministers take these vipers to their bosoms and non-Catholic people look upon them as "brands snatched from the burning." That the ex-priest business is profitable goes without saying. That is the principal reason why so many are attracted to it. Their "awful disclosures" are nothing but the most malicious lies. Their whole campaign is based on calumny which can be disproved by anyone who cares to examine into the facts. The person who withdraws from the sacraments at once appears to be possessed of the devil.

On the other hand, how different is it with those who, though brought up non-Catholics, are subsequently led into the true Church! The case of Msgr. Benson is to the point. In his latest work, "Confessions of a Convert," he refers to the Anglican church, from which he withdrew, in the following beautiful language:

I turned and looked again at the Church of England, and there was an extraordinary change. It was not that she had become intolerable. I love her even now as one may love an unsatisfactory human friend. She had a hundred virtues, a delicate speech, a romantic mind, a pleasant aroma hung about her, she was infinitely pathetic and appealing. But I did not want to go this way and that at my own will. I wanted to that at my own will. I wanted to know the way in which God wished me to walk. I did not want to be free to change my grasp on truth. I needed rather a truth that itself should make me free. I did not want broad ways of pleasantness, but the narrow way that is truth and life. And for all these things she was helpless.

Msgr. Benson is not different from the wast belowed to the same of the second to less.

The Sisters of Charity of the Immaculate Conception devote their life to teaching, nursing, and caring for the orphans, in such a manner that any girl is should make me free. I did not want broad ways of pleasantness, but the narrow way that is truth and life. And for all these things she was helpless.

Msgr. Benson is not different from years in charge of St. Patrick's Orphanaes in the second to the second to less.

The Sisters of Charity of the Immaculate Conception devote their life to teaching, nursing, and caring for the orphans, in such a manner that any girl is should make me free. I did not want to be free to change with the religious life. The Motherhouse of the second the second to less.

The Sisters of Charity of the Immaculate Conception devote their life to teaching, nursing, and caring for the orphans, in such a manner that any girl is stone to find congenial work besides all the advantages of the religious life. The Motherhouse of the advantages of the religious life. The Motherhouse of the religi

Msgr. Benson is not different from other converts. When a person becomes truly Catholic he becomes truly Christian. There is no room n his heart for strife or contention. He grieves for the unfortunates outside, but vilification of his former fellows never enters his mind. Rather, he prays without ceasing that they, too, may be given the grace of faith and find the peace that passeth all understanding.—Buffalo Union and Times.

CUSTOM OF RECITING THE ANGELUS WHILE STANDING

As all our readers know, the Angeus is recited standing on Saturday evening and on Sunday.

A correspondent of the Bombay Examiner asks Father Hull, S. J., for the reason for this practice, and the learned Jesuit thus answers:

"'Why is the Angelus recited standing on Sunday evenings?' Answer.—We have not found the question treated in the books which lie close at hand, but can venture on a playsible conjecture. In ture on a plausible conjecture. In the Early Church, as among the Jews, standing with arms outstretched was the ordinary and proper atti-tude for prayer; kneeling was an

attitude expressive of penance.
"Hence a decree in one of the early councils forbids the faithful to kneel in church on Sundays. The medieval practice of standing for the Angelus on Sundays—and also for the Regina Coeli in Easter time—is, we suggest, a relic of this ancient principle, and expressive of the idea that Sunday

and Paschal-time are festal times. "The standing begins on Saturday evening as being the first vespers of the Sunday, and is continued to Sunday evening as the second vespers. Perhaps, some cunning archeologist or liturgist may find this explanation quite wrong. If so let him tell us."

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FROM PRINCE ALBERT

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF THE IMMACULATE CON-

May the 1st, feast of the Ascension, was a gala day for St. Patrick's orphanage. In the moning, some of the little charges had made their first Holy Communion, and at 9 a. m. His Lordship Bishop Pascal, assisted by his nephew. Father E. Pascal, commenced Mass after which the administration of the sacrament of confirms on was to take pia e. Appropriate hymns were chanted by the children's choir. After Mass the twenty-three little candidates were shortly examined on the most important parts of Christian doctine after which His Lordship addressed them in a rew well chosen words, laying special stress on the greatness of the sacrament they were about to receive and on the important obligations these hereby would assume—ever to profess their holy faith and to bearthigh, the noble standard of their crucified Saviour. During the singing of the Veni Creator the children knelt two by two before the Bishop and were solemnly enrolle into the army of Christ. The little ones seemed to be deeply impressed by the touching ceremony and to realize that hencefulth something more will be expected from them than during the past. No doubt this must have been gratifying to the good Sisters who had been turcless in preparing the little ones were fraidant with joy and happiness and above all with childlike innocence, one could not help looking towards the future of these children and ask the question: What will become of them? What will they be in a few years from now? Will they remember that on this semple with the Hill of the second of their and ascend higher and higher on the scale of Christian perfection, or will they fight here will be extended the proper of the proper of the extended of the holy Ghos? When he were the shelteng walls of this Home only to swell the number of those who have set their all on whatever is earthly and periabale? Witnessing the ever increasing tide of corruption and goddesspress that sweeps over the land to show the second of corruption and goddesspress that sweeps over the land to show the second of co

that to consectate one's life to the education of youth, especially of the poor children—the care of the sick, and the elief of the tils and sufferings of or race? Why do so many of our girls spend their life in idleness, without a set purpose, thus wasting the noblest energies of mind and heart, rather than share the life of our devoted Sisterhoods, sacrificing all they are and all they have for the betterment of mankind. There is a mission worthy of a noble heart and open to all who are gifted with the required dispositions of soul and body, of mind and heart, in such a life our gurls would find that "hidden treasure" that "pearl of the great price" of which we read in the Gospel. But for some reason or another our girls will not even mantion such a thing as going to the convent. No doubt the world is prejudiced against a life of poverty, chastity and obedience. In this twentieth century the human nature can no longer bear such restrictions; and still the religious life has the highest sanction ever given to any organization—the sauction of God Himself. If a girl happens to live m unch circumstances that do not allow her to come in contact, or to be personally acquainted with any community, deather, of any can be such as a contact of the works of find congenial work, and then give her life to God in a community whose members are engaged in the kind of work for which our active Sisterhoods are wanted nowadays. Some take one of these works as their particular aim others combine them all more or less.

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Albert, close to the Orphanage. Although the building could accommodate forty beds, the first winter made it plain that it was too small. Last year a addition was 'erected, giving room for about its same number of beds, and still, during the winter the

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same number of beds, and still, during the winter the hospital was crowded to its utmost capacity. This is the best proof that the work of the Sisters is high ly appreciated by all classes. But here as everywhere else, the great trouble is 'scarrity of subjects to meet all the demands, and first of all to relieve those of the Sisters who are overworked and who must sooner or later faint under the burden unless willing hands come to share the work.

Any one wishing for more particulars about the Community of the Sisters of Charity of the Immaculate Conception, may apply to Rev. Mother Mary Thomas, Superior General, residing at the Motherhouse in St. John, N. B.

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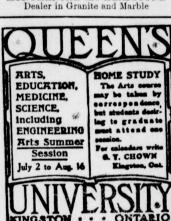
FOLEY.-At Indian River, Ont., on May 6, 1913, Miss Ada M. Foley, daughter of the late J. Foley. May

KEOUGH.-At Ottawa, on May 14th. his soul rest in peace!

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May 6, 1913, Mr. John Doyle, aged sixty years. May his soul rest in

her soul rest in peace!

1913, Mr. Lucius Richard Keough, late Mathematical Master Collegiate Institute, aged forty-two years. May

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NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. (7°/2) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st May, 1913, and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, June 2nd, 1913. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, 1913, both days

ANNUAL MEETING The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of The Home Bank of Canada will be held at the Head Office, 8 King St. West, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 24th day of June, 1913, at 12 o'clock noon.

By Order of the Board, JAMES MASON

Toronto, April 16th, 1913.

General Manager.

Phone 678

BY-LAW TO INCREASE CAPITAL

It is the intention at the above Meeting to submit for the consideration and approval of the Shareholders a By-law to authorize the increase of the Capital Stock of the Bank to \$5,000,000.

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION Funeral Directors GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES ARE WANTED for a number of little boys age one to seven years. These children are wards of Children's Aid Societies and are available for adoption. Applications received by Wm. O'Connor, Inspector, Children's Branch, Patliament Buildings, Toronto.

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A Brief Explanation of the Decree "Ne Temere" It embodies all the Decisions of the Sacred Congregations up to December, 1912, besides giving a clear and definite commentary on each Article of the New Laws on Engagement and Marriage.

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