

Sketch of the Archbishop of Westminster

The following interview with the young and aggressive Archbishop of Westminster was written by Miss Helen Jerome, the interesting Australian woman who is making a trip around the world for the Melbourne Age, and who interviewed President Roosevelt and Cardinal Gibbons for the New York World.

The Most Reverend Francis Bourne was enthroned a year and a half ago in the new million dollar Westminster Cathedral in London. It is said that he will be a cardinal soon. This remarkable man was a barefoot boy the son of poor and obscure parents. He knows the whole range of English life, from the hovel to the palace. He was born in Clapham, London, and got his early education in the Catholic College of St. Cuthbert, Usham; St. Edmund's, Ware, and St. Sulpice, Paris. He also studied in the University of Louvain. In 1881 he was ordained. Beginning his priesthood at the age of 23 he served in several petty parishes, among them Grinstead, Surrey. In 1889 he became rector of the Diocesan Seminary near Guilford. Within a short time he built a new college and a splendid chapel. In 1895 Leo XIII. made him a domestic prelate, and afterward Coadjutor Bishop of Southwark, with the right of succession. Then he became Bishop of Southwark. Two years ago he was translated to the archbishopric of Westminster as the successor of the late Cardinal Vaughan. He is the authoritative voice of the Catholic hierarchy in England.

He is a man who in his calm, dignified personality, his handsome ascetic face, his "air"—that most uncompromising thing called "air," which none others in this mixed-up old world possess save Englishmen—typifies the strange, inexplicable inevitability of that extraordinary thing called lineage—birth, race—they are all one. One feels at sight of the stately pile called "Archbishop's House" in old Westminster, that England, more than any other country, is imbued with the seriousness of the duty of impressiveness. Flights of stately steps lead onward to the shrine which houses Westminster's archbishop—closed doors and softly carpeted halls give the mansion an air of cloistered calm, which impresses one with the grave importance of this gentleman's position. A vast, stately salon is the ante-room to the audience chamber. One can hear a pane drop in the strange stillness of this great house.

Life here is a quiet, calm, marble-hearted, ascetic thing. There are no green trees in the streets outside to comfort the human side of an ordinary poor sinner, as at Baltimore. Nature has chosen gray as the national color for London, and Archbishop's House in Westminster rears its exalted head proudly and coldly, with nothing to lighten its solemnity, not even the roar of traffic outside, for it stands in an aloof street, where the glorious hum of life does not penetrate. How quiet, how terribly serious it all is! I thought as I sat in lonely splendor in the audience chamber of His Grace of Westminster. A door opens with slow deliberateness, and with the perfect punctuality common to royalties and gentlemen, the Archbishop of Westminster entered the room. But what a surprise to me! I expected, of course I did, an old, white-haired gentleman—for some occult reason we all demand this in archbishops and cardinals. We insist upon them being old and venerable, a curious contradiction too to the accepted notions of Christ, who was young enough even for America, where only youth is wanted. Perhaps we imagine with pathetic humility that poor humanity can only attain to the required sanctity of an archbishop at a very mature age, when life has ceased to be the glad, pulsing, tempestuous, wicked thing we all love it to be.

Yet here, to my astonishment, a young man confronts me—a young man of aristocratic bearing, tall and thin, with the slight build and the stately carriage of the well-born Englishman. I almost felt amused at the realization of such an exalted position for such an extraordinary youthful-looking man. "Surely the youngest archbishop in the world!" I could not help saying in gentle remonstrance at the sudden upsetting of all my preconceived ideas concerning archbishops.

The archbishop smiled amusedly. "No," he said, "there is one other who is younger than I. He is Archbishop Glennon, who is only 42, while I am 44." (He looks 30.) Archbishop Glennon holds a see in America, where it is not so strange to be young and powerful. But here in England, where Gladstone was a gay young fellow of 60, and where statesmen only commence to put off their swaddling clothes at 50, this young and younger-looking archbishop is something of a new departure.

Just think what a remarkable boy he must have been, as the boy is so truly the father of the man!

The Archbishop of Westminster is not partial to the newspaper interviewer, so that for the interest which attaches to his remarks for American readers Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, Australia, is to be thanked. But for the possession of a written request from the great Australian cardinal I should certainly never have gained access to the house in Westminster. With perfect courtesy the archbishop prepared to answer me, after first inquiring as to the health of the Australian and American cardinals, of both of whom he is an honest admirer.

"I only regret," he began, "that I do not personally know Cardinal Moran, whom I just missed meeting in Rome after the last Papal election, and who was concerned in my nomination."

"Your lordship is, of course, an Englishman?" "I am," said the archbishop, and though, with typical English reserve he did not display any emotion, I knew quite well how proud and glad he was that the answer could be yes. "My father was English and my mother Irish, and I was born here in England." With a passing and no doubt ridiculous wonder that archbishops had mothers and fathers, like the rest of us, I passed on to the business in hand.

"What is the attitude of the English Catholics toward the Irish Catholics?" I inquired, anxious to get reliable information from such a



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source of this very doubtful question. A thoughtful look came into the quiet blue eyes of the young archbishop as he said, slowly:

"The English and Irish races are entirely different, with a difference which nothing has or ever will overcome. There is no doubt a great union of sympathy on essential questions, such as education—but the two countries will never understand each other fully. I can speak impartially on this subject from the very fact that my blood is a mixture of both countries. I sympathize intensely with Ireland, but my heart is also with England, and as far as I can see, home rule is still quite in the far future.

"I think that if the university question had been settled as well as the land question in Ireland, there would have been a much greater unity of spirit and opinion in Ireland itself, for even politically it is terribly divided. Since Parnell instituted that party pledge, it has been almost impossible for men of the upper classes to go into Parliament at all.

"With regard to the home rule question the Catholic Church has had no direct influence. The Catholics in England are all divided into different political parties, some through inheritance and many through conviction. As a matter of fact, for political purposes there is no Catholic party at all. For instance, the Catholic Education Council has for president the Duke of Norfolk, who is a Conservative, while a most prominent member, the Marquis of Ripon is a Liberal. Yet where Catholic interests are at stake these differences don't disunite. Then again, in the question of free trade Catholics are divided; in fact, only in a very few questions are they united, such as the education question and the royal declaration grievance. It is obviously unfair," continued the archbishop, "that at his coronation every English sovereign should be forced to denounce the Catholic faith. To swear that he will have none of it. This is a very significant feature in England, when one couples it with the fact that the Catholic population here only numbers two millions."

"Does England treat the Catholic Church with fairness?" I next asked.

"Indeed, yes," answered the archbishop quietly.

"We get absolute freedom and fair play—for the British race stands for freedom. In fact, in some degrees, we are better off than the United States of America."

"In what way?" I inquired in surprise.

"Well," said the archbishop, "here in England the state subsidizes our Catholic schools as well as the non-Catholic or Protestant ones. We are expected to build our own schools at our own expense, just as other denominations must do, but after that the schools are maintained at the public expense. Here, too, we are better off than you are in Australia, where all Catholic institutions must support themselves. It is only and solely the undenominational schools which are built by the public."

"Is it true, your lordship, that England, in common with America and Australia, is bent under a modern wave of agnosticism at present?" The archbishop looked troubled.

"No," he said, at last, "there is less agnosticism now than there was five years ago. People are more and more coming to realize that a definite belief is necessary. Agnosticism is unsatisfactory as a guide to life."

"But," said he, his troubled look deepening, "I observe more indifference here than definite agnosticism. It is the indifference which is hardest to fight against. It is a cause, or a creed, or a faith has genuine abusive

enemies to fight against, conversions are more hopeful. But unfortunately, here in England, is a large class of people who simply can't be got at. They don't care—they don't take the question of religion seriously. It is simply incidental to their lives. It is a leaf that the breeze just stirs gently and subsides again. 'Cui bono?' they will say kindly and shrug their shoulders wearily. These are the people, often enough, good, honest, worthy people, whom it is impossible to touch, for they possess nothing that is touchable. This is much more hopeless, and for the Catholic Church in England more disastrous than agnosticism. For the rest there is little real hostility against us here in England. Just at present there is a good deal of bigotry among the ultra Protestants. In one or two recent elections it has shown itself. But the bigotry cycle is evanescent, it comes and goes at regular intervals and need not seriously worry us."

"How does the Catholic Church in England compare with that in the United States?"

"The Catholic Church is making slow but steady progress here," answered the archbishop, "although in England and Scotland there are only two millions of Catholics. I think that in the large cities of England no religious organization is keeping pace with the growth of population in the same ratio as we are; but no religious organization is really keeping pace with the growth of population. Cities are growing so enormously fast, and many people have only a vague belief in God, attaching no importance to any definite belief or form of worship. We have not, of course, to fight against the hostility which exists in France—as I said before, indifference is our enemy. Like Cardinal Gibbons, whose interesting opinions I read in the New York World lately, I am very hopeful concerning the outlook for the Catholic Church in America, even more than in England. I regard the Catholic Church in America with the greatest admiration. It has certainly the foremost place in the world for progress. And as for America itself, so greatly do I admire that country that I find nothing in it to even criticize. I would not presume to criticize such a country, feeling that we, in England, have so much to learn from those wonderful people across the Atlantic. I knew and admired many of my American fellow-students in France, even before I began to study the nation which produced them."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Archbishop Ireland on Education

The following extracts from a late sermon by Archbishop Ireland, though having particular application to the land across the line, are not without considerable force if we apply them to our own country, and the present opening of the schools makes them very apropos and opportune.

"Schools and colleges where the mind is solely cared for cannot suffice for the education of the children of the land. For the masses of those children, the home and the Sunday School do not apply the moral training refused them in schools and colleges. The problem facing the country is awful in its portents—what is to happen as the result of the lack of moral training in schools and colleges frequented by the multitude of its children? They who give thought to the problem are affrighted and well they may be. Remedies are proposed, but the sole remedy that is effective is feared and shunned—the inculcation of religion in schools and colleges. Moral training, it is admitted should be sought, but it must be such that religion be not evoked to define and enforce its teachings. But morality without God is void of force, as it is void of sanction.

"The peril of the age, the peril of America, is secularism in schools and colleges. I signalize the peril, how it is to be removed, the people of the land will some day declare when the harsh lessons of facts will have forced them to realize the gravity of the situation.

"To Catholics I can speak with special insistence of the necessity of religion in education. With Catholics, all hopes for weal and happiness, in time and eternity, are wrapped up in religion—in religion as expounded and practised by the Catholic Church. The religious faith is the treasure, precious above all others, with which they wish to dower their children.

"For this reason they should bend their energies to give their children a thoroughly Catholic education. There is no room for argument—experience teaches too clearly the lesson—nothing but the daily drill in the teachings of faith, and the assiduous breathings of an atmosphere permeated with the spirit of faith will sink religion so deeply into the soul of the child that it must remain there through life, unaltered and unwavering.

"To be a firm and uncompromising Catholic in the midst of prevailing unbelief and indifference, to retain the warmth and ardor of Catholic faith in the trying atmosphere of the irreligious world in which we live, requires the heroism of the martyr, the ardor and enthusiasm of the saint; and it is folly to think that the martyr and the saint are born of the perfunctory and superficial religious instruction which is usually vouchsafed by parent or priest outside the Catholic school.

"We cannot but look with alarm on the future of religion in America, when we recall what a large fraction of children are excluded from Catholic schools, and how little is done for the religious instruction of such children. The losses to the faith will be immense unless much more is done for our little ones than is being actually done. Heretofore we have not been made to feel, as we feel to-day, how vitally important it is to attend to the religious instruction of childhood. Heretofore Catholics lived very largely in a strong inherited faith, nor were they heretofore exposed to the perils which now confront them. Conditions and circumstances are altered; our plans and methods of work must be altered accordingly. If, in the past, we labored for our children and youth, we must, in the future, labor for them with energy and zeal increased a hundredfold. As never before, we must exhort parents to send their children to Catholic schools and colleges. The hope of the Catholic Church in America is in Catholic schools and colleges."

The Influence of the Church

It is pleasant to find the daily press appreciative of Catholicity as an influence for good. The other day the South Bend, Indiana, Times outlined the resolutions passed by the recent Catholic Total Abstinence Convention, held in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, viz.: That Catholics should pledge themselves to abstain; that legislation calculated to promote temperance should receive Catholic support; that Catholics should aid non-Catholic societies in their efforts to discourage social drinking, and that legislation be enacted to prohibit treating and dealing with the corruption of voters by the use of liquor, and remarked:

"The influence of the Catholic Church upon its members is undoubtedly greater than that of any other Christian denomination, so that the action of this powerful society, whose object is to increase total abstinence, must result in producing changed conditions among Catholics. Indirectly it should have an influence upon those non-Catholics who are actuated by a desire to follow and promote good movements. The members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union can elevate mankind by their example and they should do so. The union deserves the most cordial commendation of every respectable person for the firm Christian stand it has taken. This is encouraging. It furnishes inspiration to numerous other Catholic temperance societies as well as to the one mentioned. It is true, moreover, that Catholic right-action will have a helpful influence upon non-Catholics. The Church exercises an outside bearing, that is tremendous. See how the leading thinkers of the country now have taken a position beside the Church on the questions of divorce and race-suicide. For years the Catholic Church stood alone in condemning these evils. We have accomplished this we can accomplish more. Eventually the nation will accept our view with regard to the school question.—The New World.

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BARNABY RUDGE (Continued from page 2.) would respond with lusty voices, and with three times again; and then, on he would go again with a score or so of the raggedest, following at his horse's heels, and shouting till their throats were parched. The old ladies too—there were a great many old ladies in the streets, and these all knew him. Some of them—not those of the highest rank, but such as sold fruit from baskets and carried burdens—clapped their shrivelled hands, and raised a woezen, piping shrill "Hurrah, my lord!" Others waved their hands or handkerchiefs, or shook their fans or parasols, or threw up windows and called in haste to those within, to come and see. All these marks of popular esteem, he received with profound gravity and respect, bowing very low, and so frequently that his hat was more off his head than on; and looking up at the houses as he passed along, with the air of one who was making a public entry, and yet was not puffed-up or proud. So they rode to the deep and unspeakable disgust of John Grueby, the whole length of Whitechapel, Leadenhall Street, and Cheapside, and into Saint Paul's Churchyard. Arriving close to the cathedral, he halted; spoke to Gashford; and looking upward at its lofty dome, shook his head, as though he said "The Church in Danger!" Then to be sure, the by-standers stretched their throats indeed; and he went on again with mighty acclamations from the mob, and lower bows than ever. So along the Strand, up Swallow Street, into the Oxford Road, and thence to his house in Welbeck Street, near Cavendish Square, whether he was attended by a few dozen idlers; of whom he took leave on the steps with this brief parting "Gentlemen, No Popery. Good-day. God bless you!" This being rather a shorter address than they expected, was received with some displeasure, and cries of "A speech! a speech!" which might have been complied with, but that John Grueby, making a mad charge upon them with all three horses, on his way to the stables, caused them to disperse into the adjoining fields, where they presently fell to pitch and toss, chuckfarting, odd or even, dog-fighting, and other Protestant recreations. In the afternoon Lord George came forth again, dressed in a black velvet and trousers and waistcoat of the Gordon plaid, all of the same Quaker cut; and in this costume, which made him look a dozen times more strange and singular than before, went down on foot to Westminster. Gashford, meanwhile, bestirred himself in business matters; with which he was still engaged when shortly after dusk, John Grueby entered and announced a visitor. "Let him come in," said Gashford. "Here, come in!" growled John to somebody without; "You're a Protestant, ain't you?" "I should think so," replied a deep gruff voice. "You've the looks of it," said John Grueby. "I'd have known you for one anywhere." With which remark he gave the visitor admission, retired, and shut the door. The man who now confronted Gashford, was a squat, thick-set personage, with a low retreating forehead, a coarse shock of red hair, and eyes so small and near together, that his broken nose alone seemed to prevent their meeting and fusing into one of the usual size. A dingy handkerchief twisted like a cord about his neck, left its great veins exposed to view, and they were swollen and starting, as though with gulping down strong passions, malice, and ill-will. His dress was of thread-bare velvet—a faded, rusty, whitened black, like the ashes of a pipe or a coal fire after a day's extinction; discolored with the soils of many a stale debauch, and reeking yet with pot-house odors. In lieu of buckles at his knees, he wore unequal loops of packthread; and in his grimy hands he held a knotted stick, the knob of which was carved into a rough likeness of his own vile face. Such was the visitor who doffed his three-cornered hat in Gashford's presence, and waited, leaning for his notice. "Ah, Dennis!" cried the secretary. "Sit down." "I see my lord down yonder!"—cried the man, with a jerk of his thumb towards the quarter that he spoke of, "and he says to me, says my lord, 'If you've nothing to do, Dennis, go up to my house and talk with Muster Gashford.' Of course I'd nothing to do, you know. These ain't my working hours. Ha ha! I was a-taking the air when I see my lord, that's what I was doing. I takes the air by night, as the howls does, Muster Gashford." "And sometimes in the daytime, eh?" said the secretary—"when you go out in state you know." It Has Many Offices.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.