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FURTHER KIND AND WILLING WORDS.

In a subsequent letter from the Rev. Father Eugene L. Gervais, Notre Dame de Grace, to the one we recently published, he writes:—"Your Salt is worth fifty times its weight in gold to me, and my wishes are that its value may be known, and that it may be used by all similarly troubled as myself."



The Abuse of Play.

Editor Issues a Warning Against Games of Chance.

Modern young men, especially, play too much, play the wrong thing and play the right things in the wrong way, writes Albert E. Winship, editor of The Journal of Education.

Understand the play proposition and you reduce social and civic problems to the minimum.

One of the alarming evils in American life to-day is the pace set by the play of the rich man's sons. Pony in place of broomstick, saddle horse in place of rocking horse, automobile in place of a harnessed goat, steam launch in place of a rowboat, clubhouse instead of home, theatre instead of fireside, champagne in place of lemonade, roulette in place of checkers, a painted actress in lieu of a blushing playmate. There is an impression that if a girl seeks the smiles of great wealth she would better be a chorus girl than a college girl.

What wonder that society threatens revolution when a rich man whose son's amusement is a national scandal, tells me that his chief ambition is to teach the sons of the poor to work. "Theatres and actresses for my son, but a bench and tools for yours," does not tend to America's peace of mind.

There will never be less play with Americans, young or old. We have reduced the hours of work 20 per cent, evenings are being given over to diversion, the "week end" has a day and a half for exhausting play, and our holidays have been doubled. So long as the chief function of adults is to find more time for play, there is no probability that the youth will accept less.

Whether youth play too much is not a practical question, since there is no way to reduce the quantity. The problem relates to quality. The churches scold, the schools nag, reformers whine, but nothing is done except through the recent evolution of the playground movement, and this is for the poor man's children and not for the rich.

Most of us play by proxy. Thirty thousand of us at a time shout wildly when one man in 18 makes a home run or one in 22 makes a touchdown. Millions enjoy suggestive displays before the footlights, other millions, unable to enjoy the real thing, go to a nickel moving picture show and the still less fortunate take their pictures in a penny-in-the-slot machine.

Those who do actually play take the fun of the day from flinch to bridge, from ping-pong to golf. What the world needs is healthy leadership in play. We need to have our boys and girls know what to play and how. The rich need this leadership even more than the poor. It is a scandal that the rich man's college boys bet on the play the poor man's boy makes.

The danger signals should be put up to warn youth, by precept and example, to avoid everything immorally suggestive, whether it be on the stage, in the ball room, in moving pictures, or in the vaudeville parks. Warning is needed against all games of chance for gain, from craps and the slot machine to the gaming table, and against all betting, from ball games to race tracks. There is exhilaration in a game of chance. If there be no gain in the winning, if we can enjoy playing the hand we have for all there is to it, it is true sport, but the moment we are ready to profit by our luck, whether women play for a china vase, or men for a pot of gold, it is vice.

On the positive side, let us all play, not too much but well. Let us have time for recreation, for diversion, for developing skill, for learning to play square. Let us learn to be good losers.

The playground movement as a boon to the children of the common people is scarcely less than the common school itself. Now let somebody find a way to teach the children of the rich to play right, to be square, to be content with real life and its sweetness and purity.

Is it not as important that teachers and preachers, reformers and legislators seek to ennoble play as to find ways and means to make the poor man's son work? When we play right we shall work right. Play

is not worthy of the name that does not give a relish for work. Play must never give a distaste for life, must never exhaust physically, intellectually or socially, must never be an end in itself. One should play that he may work, and not work that he may play.

Play must be spontaneous, of the child's initiative and must have the halo of the imagination. Emerson said: "You can never anchor a fact, it will insist upon rising on the wings of the imagination." When play is poetic work will be rhythmic.

Play is as natural to boys and girls as gambling is to a lamb. The ideal of play is a lamb in its frolic. The limit of stupidity is a sheep with nothing to do but nibble and huddle, carrying his load of fleece blindly wherever the sheep in front of him goes, all jumping just where the leader jumped.

Some modern versifier has written this, which should be a motto in all playgrounds, schools and homes:

Not the quarry but the chase,
Not the laurel but the race,
Not the hazard but the play,
Make me, Lord, enjoy alway.

STRAY SPORTING NOTES.

Shamrocks are now on top of the heap in the National Lacrosse League and seem to be going strong enough to remain in that position. They have, however, some stiff matches before them, but they can console themselves by the reflection that the same rocky path confronts Montreal, Tecumseh and Toronto, the other likely contenders.

After all that had been said in advance about that Cornwall team, it was somewhat of a surprise to find that the Shamrocks defeated them with comparative ease. It will not do, however, to rest on that win because there is no sturdier team in the league than that same Cornwall aggregation when it is at home. No team is more fully aware of what that means than the Shamrocks.

Montreal paid the penalty for losing players at critical times in that Toronto match, but the players also displayed an extraordinary lack of judgment in attempting to play a blocking game when half the playing time remained. There is always the possibility that what has been done in one half by one side can be duplicated in the succeeding half by the other side. It does not often happen, but it is a possibility, and the winged wheel fellows now know how true it is.

The Toronto scribes seem to have been affected by the warm weather, judging by their comments upon the work of the officials in Saturday's match. There is no more efficient referee than Mr. Joseph Lally, and certainly there is no more honorable gentleman acting in these days. Officials are human and will commit errors; so, too, are newspapermen, for that matter, but it is inconceivable that Mr. Lally could have acted in any but an honest manner in Toronto. We are too prone to criticize officials in this country and altogether too blind to the faults of players whose infractions of the rules render them liable to punishment.

What a fantasy was that which appeared in a daily last week purporting to emanate from the brain of a gentleman connected with the Shamrock Lacrosse Club and taking the form of an appeal to the public on behalf of that club. To my way of thinking the appeal was most impertinent. Why should the public support that club, other than on the grounds that the players afford a certain amount of open air entertainment? A professional organization cannot put out the same claims as could an amateur one. The present day business aspect of Canadian games precludes all question of sympathy. Professional clubs must take chances as does the ordinary business man when he ventures into the commercial arena. The Shamrocks have done nothing to secure for themselves the good will of those who wish to see the amateur spirit thrive.

HANS.

News From Catholic England.

The Career of the Marquis of Ripon—His Stern Devotion to Duty—Trouble in Scotland Due to Wycliffe Preachers.

(From our Correspondent.)
Despite the fact that he had been in poor health for some time the news of Lord Ripon's death came as a surprise to his many friends and admirers. Last Friday the Marquis was taken ill in the morning, and passed away at eight in the evening, being in his eighty-third year. The first public reference to the event which deprives the Church in England of a devoted son was made by Archbishop Bourne on Sunday, when preaching at Chelsea, in the church so often attended by the late Marquis. Speaking with his usual quiet eloquence upon the great Chancellor of England, Blessed Thomas More, whose martyrdom was proof of the belief of the Catholics of England for a thousand years that the headship of their religion was centred in the Roman See, His Grace went on to compare the example of devotion to duty offered by the life of Blessed Thomas More to that example of unswerving obedience to authority offered in our own day by the actions of the Marquis of Ripon, who, becoming convinced thirty-five years ago of the claims of the Catholic Church, did not hesitate for a moment in embracing her doctrines, though in doing so he was believed to be wrecking a brilliant public and political career.

AROUSED A STORM.

Many people still remember the storm of indignation which arose, when a few days after the consternation occasioned by Lord Ripon's sudden resignation of the Grand Mastership of the English Freemasons—in which he was succeeded by the then Prince of Wales—it became known that he had been received into the Catholic Church. It is thought that this loss of one of his best men had something to do with Gladstone's famous attack upon the Papacy, of which he afterwards repented. But Lord Ripon quietly followed his conscience, and lived to triumph over prejudice and to become the first Catholic viceroy of India. The Archbishop referred to the attitude adopted by the late Marquis in opposing his Catholic Peers and supporting the recent Education settlement suggested by the Government, a line of action which was greatly regretted by a large section of the Catholic community, and caused a great deal of surprise. Of this Dr. Bourne said loyalty to duty was the keynote of the Marquis's life.

A GRAVE MISUNDERSTANDING.

In the midst of our educational struggles his conscience bade him pursue a course which he knew would be misunderstood, and keenly did he feel the misunderstanding of many of his fellow Catholics. Yet he held on his way, determined never to falter in his duty to Church or State, and ready all the time to relinquish office, at the very instant when his conscience forbade him to follow. His Grace went on to speak of this man's inner piety, his frequent communion, his daily mass, his whole-hearted service in the cause of charity and his personal ministrations to the poor as a simple brother of St. Vincent de Paul, of which society he was the President. In addition to the near relatives, the Mayor and Corporations of Ripon, Huddersfield and Harrogate attended in St. Wilfrid's Church yesterday morning for the solemn Requiem. The body had been removed from the private chapel at Studley Royal the previous evening; the route from the Marquis's magnificent domain to the town being lined with mourning tenants and town-folk. Yesterday business was suspended, and while the bells of the Cathedral tolled solemnly, by order of Dean Fremantle, after the service at St. Wilfrid's, the slow return was made to the family vault in Studley Park, where the last rites were performed in presence of the Marquis's son, and the near relatives and friends of the family. At the same hour a solemn requiem was being sung in Westminster Cathedral for one of her most generous founders, the service being attended by large numbers of politicians and men well known in the affairs of the nation, while the King, the Prince of Wales, and many public bodies sent representatives; the Archbishop himself giving the absolutions at the catafalque.

PHILANTHROPIC WORKS.

Among the many philanthropic works in which the Church in Great Britain is now engaged, one of the most useful if least ostentatious is that of the Catholic Prisoner's Aid Society. In the monstrous towns in which we live, conditions do not favor the making of saints, and it is, alas, only human nature that some of our people should fall very far from the high estate of virtue to which their lineage as Catholics gives them a claim. It is again Mother Church, which teaches us never to despair of reinstating the prodigal, and experience has proved that prisoners once convicted need a friend very strongly indeed if they are not to sink under the weight of disgrace and ignominy which attaches to them, and to accept in despair the ready friendship of more experienced criminals, who work unsuspected with these rough human tools. The objects of this ex-

cellent institution which has just held its general meeting, are to render assistance to Catholics on their release, offering them clothing, lodging, temporary maintenance, tools and materials, while efforts are made to find them employment. The families of prisoners are also assisted during the absence of the bread winner, and persons in custody or charged with any offence are given legal advice and helped in every possible way. Goals and convict prisons are also regularly visited by members of the laity, many of them belonging to the legal profession, chief amongst whom is that typical Scottish Catholic convert, Mr. Lister Drummond, who is to be seen in all our great public processions, be the weather fair or foul, and to whom we owe in part the formation or revival, of many charitable organizations and customs.

THE RETURN OF THE CRIMINAL.

One of the fatal mistakes which the Society endeavors to prevent is the return of the criminal to his old haunts and companions after release. It is comforting to note that through the sensible and generous outlook of a large number of employers of labor throughout the country the society has been responsible for obtaining fresh starts in life for several hundred men, far removed from their previous unhealthy moral surroundings. Bishop Fenton spoke of this phase of the work from his experience as a prison chaplain at Newgate, where he had heard heartrending stories of good resolutions ruined by the impossibility of obtaining employment when the real circumstances were revealed, thus almost driving the man back to crime against his better self. The society is not a believer in overgrown cities and tries to disseminate its proteges as far as possible over the land, preferably settling them in quiet townships where a cottage and a patch of ground can be had for a few shillings in which it is possible to live with self-respect and bring up healthy, happy children. In some of the most deserving cases the means of emigration have been advanced, and after the man has got work in the new world, his family are sent out to him. During the year some 700 cases in all were assisted in one form or another, a special committee of ladies being employed to deal with female prisoners, who are in the minority, it is good to note.

ST. THOMAS A'BECKET.

It is just a decade since the organized pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Thomas A'Becket in Canterbury Cathedral or rather the site of his martyrdom, were recommenced in England. Fine weather marked the occasion this year, and as we approached the old city looked its loveliest, a gray agate framed in the sparkling emerald of verdure, a cloud hills. Dominating the landscape rose that enduring sign of the cross carved by the loving skill of many generations—Christ's Cathedral. Here and there amongst the bent old houses, smaller fane raised the short square towers which are so familiar a feature of a Kentish landscape, where every hamlet has its church. The London pilgrims, strengthened by further contingents from other parts of the country, and the local Catholics, formed up in line outside the station, and to the strains of such hymns as "Faith of Our Fathers," "Martyrs of England," and "Our Lady's Power" marched up the grand old gateway of the city towards the Cathedral. They passed many landmarks of the numerous pious lands whose very feet, so long at rest, had trod that hallowed way before. There was the ancient hostel where poor pilgrims were fed and housed in the old days, then another house where Dan Chaucer's merry band are said to have tarried. Then as we passed into the deeper calm of the Cathedral close, we caught a glimpse of the ivy grown ruins of the Monk's Hospice, the beautiful and familiar Norman staircase, the exquisite baptistry, and the crumbling walls which mark the site of the Bishop's Palace connected with the cloisters by the archway of the cloister. Entering the holy pile, we were permitted by the courtesy of the authorities, to pass with our own guide through the glorious choir, past the site of the ancient high altar, past the tomb of the Black Prince above which still waves his tattered banner, to the apse where once stood the wonderful shrine of the soldier saint, of which no vestige now remains.

WHERE BECKET FELL.

Here we paused, but only for a moment, for the vacant space woke deep echoes of indignation in our breasts. But a few paces beyond we knelt with one accord reciting the Rosary about the place where "the old Knight who was a young saint" laid down his life for the Church. Then each pilgrim reverently kissed the small square stone, hallowed by countless veneration, which marks the spot where Becket died. The noble painting which hangs in this part of the Cathedral might well serve as an altar piece to a shrine of the martyr. It is a wonderful presentment of the great

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figure of the Churchman clad in his sacred vestments and towering high above his monks, as with proud glance and fearless carriage he awaits the onslaught of the dark mailed knights. Before we left the Cathedral we paid our duty to the long neglected shrine of Our Lady of the Crypt, above the altar of which is still faintly traceable a mural painting of Our Lady said to date back to Anglo-Saxon times. In the humble little Catholic Church we assisted at Benediction and listened to a convincing and appropriate discourse by Monsignor Howlett, realizing as we did so the literal meaning of the old phrase "the House of God," which only has its full significance when applied to a shrine still inhabited by the Blessed Sacrament. Then in the cool of the gathering twilight we paid a visit to that Mother of Christian churches in this land, St. Martin's, and wondered, as we gazed upon this bent and fragile foundress of so vast and magnificent a throng as cover the hills and valleys of England even to this day, Canterbury itself, even modern Canterbury, kneels in admiration about its wondrous Rood, and so the streets are hushed, the bustle of modern rush is absent, the houses make friendly shadows, and the leafy trees of the Dane John on the old ramparts invite reflection, while altogether the atmosphere of the past remains, and thus makes a visit to the old city give something of the exhilaration felt upon a mountain peak from whose altitudes we see the lowly valleys of our life spread out before us and catch a glimpse of those glories which lie beyond the sunset.

INDIGNATION IN SCOTLAND.

Intense indignation prevails in Scotland at the methods adopted there by a section of Wycliffe preachers, who by their abominable conduct have at last succeeded in causing some of the Catholic population to lose their temper. This, of course, was the aim of these worthies, but was not quite so comfortable of accomplishment to themselves as they might have wished. At Ayr recently one of the lecturers, having used insulting language towards the Church and her most sacred rites, followed up a threat to expose the Blessed Sacrament in the streets of the town by entering the Catholic Church one morning just before it closed, and without removing his hat, attempted to force an entry to the sanctuary. Fortunately a few stray worshippers were present, and Canon Collins was sent for and forced the intruder to leave, but whether he boasted of the outrage he had been unable to consummate, or whether the people were sufficiently incensed by what had already taken place, or possibly really imagined the ruffian had succeeded, is not exactly known; whatever the reason, the upshot of the whole affair was that McDonald and three other worthies got such a thrashing as their wildest imaginings had never pictured, administered by three belligerent Catholics, all of whom rejoiced in good old Irish names, and who, when brought before the Sheriff on a charge of assault, got off with a small fine, and a vote of sympathy in view of the provocation sustained. Hitherto our people have been remarkably self-restrained, but one or two strong arguments of fraternal vindication to the Wycliffe fraternity, whose activities in the district have

suddenly ceased, and whose departure has restored the peace and tranquillity which previously reigned amongst the inhabitants, of all religious beliefs.

PILGRIM.

The Cause of Irish Martyrs.

It is with a good deal of pleasure the public will hear of the very satisfactory progress made by the cause of the Irish Martyrs in general, and that of the martyred Archbishop of Armagh in particular, during the past few months. The cause of Oliver Plunkett, which was begun several years before the causes of the body of Irish martyrs, is naturally more advanced. Already the summary of the Apostolic Process is on the point of completion. The arguments of the Advocate (technically called "informations"), which are based on the summary of the Diocesan Processes, are finished, and will be immediately submitted to the Promoter of the Faith, or, as he is popularly called, "the Devil's Advocate." Needless to say, the progress attained in the result of long and tedious labor, a fact which a great many persons—and often persons whose position would incline one to think they should understand the complications and minute scrutinies involved in every step taken by the S. Congregation of Rites—seem to forget only too frequently. Volumes have been written on the processes of beatification and canonization, and each detail mentioned in these works must be gone through with as much rigor and care as if the entire cause depended upon it. At the present moment there are three hundred and eighty other cases before the S. Congregation of Rites. Half or two-thirds of these will in all probability be rejected; many others will perhaps never go very far, while the remnant must undergo a long, hard trial which is understood by very few.

Will Join the Church.

Though a descendant on both sides of her family of the original "Trinity Church" property owner, Ankoee Jans, and brought up in the belief of the Dutch Reformed Church, Madame Lillian Blauvelt, known to musical Montreal, who left New York last week for Russia via Japan, is intensely interested in the Catholic religion and for some time has been instructed in church doctrine by Father Herbert Vaughan, the celebrated London preacher and Jesuit. Madame Blauvelt's friends say she will be received into the Church at Westminster Cathedral, London, this winter. Nearly all of her London friends, including Miss Kate Vannah, the well known poet and musician, are members of that congregation. Madame Blauvelt admits there are many reasons why she should join the Catholic Church. She is the only woman in the world who has ever been accorded the coveted order of St. Cecilia, bestowed upon her in 1900 by the thousand-year-old Academy of St. Cecilia, in Rome after she sang the requiem at Verdi's funeral, and as a further honor her name was inscribed on the bronze tablet beneath the St. Cecilia window in the Vatican.