

for his "narrowness," she could not help admiring what passed for this—it was a striking evidence of his character, of his convictions, that had already begun to open doors into new realms for her—if not yet upon this matter of the Communion of Saints. But even upon this point, though she had disagreed with him, it had been a delight to encounter so definite a conviction as his.

It was now proof at least of her respect for his views and his firm cleaving to them that now there seemed some comfort to her in seeking out the old Italian, who was a fellow churchman of Dalton's. There was always a kind of hush in the garden that affected her in the same manner, for all her Presbyterian training, as did the atmosphere of St. Joseph's little church around the corner whither she had gone once or twice with Dalton when they had come down to Giovanni's. A few times he had asked her if she had objected to going in—he had wanted to take some flowers for the little altar. She had consented; and, whatever other impression the small church had made upon her, it had given her that sense of peace and power of soothing for which she now sought the garden.

To some measure she was finding them as now she walked up and down the old paths bordered with old-fashioned flowers, old-time fragrant herbs. Signor Giovanni had the happy faculty of making his guests at home by leaving them to wander alone at their own free will through his flowery domain. So Margaret strayed wherever a bit of color called her—among the dahlias with all their wonderful gradations of tone from lemon-yellow through the old golds, to the scarlets, dark crimsons, purple, deepening almost to blacks of marvelous beauty. Or perchance she wandered to some plot of marigolds where these quaint blossoms recalled some old grandmother's garden. The chrysanthemums, too, were in full glory, flourishing in that variety and beauty which attested the care of one who knew them as well as loved them.

If, however, Signor Giovanni let his visitors wander at will through his garden, he was not at all remiss in that courtesy and attention which he meted to visitors as though they were his guests as well as his patrons. And as now, from time to time, he joined Margaret to point out some particularly fine shade in the dahlias, some particularly handsome bloom he had for the first time secured.

Meanwhile, there was one subject he did not for a while introduce—and yet Margaret kept expecting it. This was the first time she had gone to the garden unaccompanied by Dalton, to whom Giovanni was much attached. Margaret felt sure the old gardener would soon or late bring up Dalton's name. At last it happened.

"Signor Dalton is busy this afternoon? He does not come with you?"

Margaret was momentarily tempted to say "yes" to the former question, when she recalled that Dalton might at any moment come in—though she hoped to get out before that transpired. Meantime, she could answer the other question safely, if somewhat stupidly:

"No; I thought I'd come alone this time!"

Signor Giovanni kept silence a moment, remarking inwardly that this was much the same answer Dalton had given him last week when he had come down alone and had taken an armful of flowers over to St. Joseph's—noticeably not carrying up to a box of any blossoms, as was sometimes his wont. This looked a little singular to the old man, who, during the last two years, had taken more interest in the recurrent visits of Margaret and her friend Dalton to his garden than he had shown. He had brought over from his homeland a great deal of sentiment—the flower of romance had not withered in the garden of his heart, and now it was getting the best of him.

"Signor Dalton is well?" he inquired, subtly, but with intention.

"Quite well—that, is, he was when I last saw him."

"Bene!" he exclaimed, stopping to cut a last rose, handing it to her with nice courtesy and the remark: "I tell Signor Dalton that Signorina Crutcher reminds me of these deep red roses and he agrees with me that is the reason he always buys them for her."

Margaret smiled. The old man might as well have the truth.

"He has not brought me any this summer."

"No?" inquired Giovanni. "True! He has bought no crimson roses this season. Nothing but other blooms that he takes to St. Joseph. I fear that Signorina Margaret has not wished my friend's roses," the old man continued, without impertinence, but with a solicitude that Margaret welcomed as he smiled respectfully at her.

"He has not wished to give me roses or any other flowers this summer," she began, looking very regretful over the admission.

"Ah, I do not believe that!" exclaimed the gardener.

"It is true!"

"Signorina has perhaps been cruel—"

"No; Mr. Dalton has been—well, not cruel—but he does not like me any more, I'm afraid, Signor Giovanni." As Margaret turned toward him her dark eyes, that now reminded the gardener of some of

his dark flowers with the dew on them, he was determined to take a hand in this affair. Things evidently were not going well with his two friends, who, he had been persuaded, were meant for each other.

"He has—as you say—hurt your feelings?"

Margaret smiled at the sentiment in the old man's voice.

"No," she answered, adding in a moment, "I fear I have hurt his."

And then, feeling the old man's sympathy, she told him what she believed had made the breach between them. She conceded with: "I simply can't accept your saint's the way you and Mr. Dalton do."

"You will not have them for your friends in heaven?" the old man asked.

Margaret smiled at the naive question.

"They are just our friends, you know," Giovanni continued. "Did you ever try them?"

"I don't believe they can help!" declared Margaret.

"You are not fair if you have not tried them!" the old man exclaimed, vigorously. He continued: "St. Joseph, now, you never try him? He is the good friend of the signorinas when their heart is sore! You never try him?"

Margaret laughed gently at the idea and then she flashed through her mind something Dalton had once told her as they came out of St. Joseph's church on one of those occasions when she had accompanied him thither—something about how the young girls sometimes made novices to this particular saint for good husbands.

"No, I have never tried him," she answered meantime to the old gardener's question.

"Ah, he is good!" Giovanni reiterated. "If now you only believed he would not let Signor Dalton stay angry with you!"

A light kindled in Margaret's eyes as she said, reflectively, "I wonder!"

Meanwhile, the old man had cut an armful of flowers she had asked for. He was about to turn towards the house to get some tissue paper to wrap them. Margaret detained him.

"Don't wrap them!" said she. "Do you think if I took them over to St. Joseph he would—would—help me?" she said, with a pretty hesitation that won the old man's heart.

"Ah, I am sure, sure! And you will come soon again, you and Mr. Dalton," he added, as he opened the old gate for Margaret and her offering.

"Good! He will see her and it turns out all right!" exclaimed Giovanni, rubbing his hands together as he went back through his garden rejoicing—for he knew that Dalton made a practice of stopping at St. Joseph's many an afternoon on his way home, and that most likely he would be there before Margaret left.

When Dalton entered the church a few moments after Margaret, he could scarcely believe his eyes. She had gone up to the front of the little church, expecting to find some one there with whom to leave the flowers. There being no sign of the sacristan, she had sat down a few moments in the front pew and waited. In those few moments various thoughts flittered through her mind. She was first of all amused at herself, this Presbyterian-bred girl here with a votive offering to a Catholic saint. Then a thought of old Giovanni passed to and fro in her mind—how naive he was, how interested in her and Dalton, how kind, how eager for their breach to be closed! And suddenly as she reflected on his friendship, she glanced up and saw St. Joseph's statue looking down upon her, as it were, with benignant eyes. "Why not?" The question rang out in her heart. "Why not, after all, a 'friend in heaven,' as Giovanni says?"

And with that she rose, carried the flowers to the sanctuary railing and, in a mild, kind St. Joseph—the 'friend of signorinas when their heart is sore,' Giovanni had said.

She turned then from the altar—and her glance encountered Dalton's—smiling. He evidently understood what had passed in her thoughts about the Communion of Saints as she had bent her head a moment at the little altar.

And now as she read his glance, her heart sang out: "St. Joseph is certainly marvelously prompt!"

Afterwards, when they next went to see Signor Giovanni, one afternoon when Dalton had taken her to see the pastor of St. Joseph's, who was to give Margaret her instructions, Dalton remarked as they left the garden:

"Old Giovanni's dahlias are his masterpieces—next to his dark red roses."

Margaret's eyes glowed as she recalled what the old gardener had told her about Dalton's preference for those roses—but she observed:

"I think heartsease is the best thing he raises."

"Heartsease?" queried Dalton. "I have never seen it. Where does he keep it?"

"It's all over the garden!" answered Margaret, artlessly.—Anne Blanche McGill, in Irish Catholic.

CATHOLIC UNITY LEAGUE

Waterbury, Vt., June 11.—In an address here Father Conway spoke on the question of Christian unity and dwelt at length on the aims and purposes of the Catholic Unity

League. This league, he stated, has shown remarkable progress in the short time of its existence and now numbers seven thousand members. The League finances lecture courses throughout the country and has conducted twenty-seven such courses during the last year. It expended over twenty-seven thousand dollars in this work and in the distribution of over seventy-five thousand books and over two hundred and fifty thousand pamphlets.

The League was founded on September 14th, 1917, and does not limit, said Father Conway, its good offices to the United States but extends them to other countries, particularly India, Ceylon and the Philippines. A notable experiment has been instituted in its loan library, which now numbers over five thousand volumes. The League sends free books in any language to non-Catholics, when it receives application for such.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI.

MORE FOREIGN MISSIONARIES

Seeing that our Lord wishes the souls of men to be saved through the cooperation of their fellow-men, the Intention named for the present month would seem to be one of those which He has always in mind. It is at least an intention which is ever uppermost in the minds of His Vicars on earth, the Sovereign Pontiffs, and one that should appeal to the prayerful help of all who have the interests of the Church at heart. The recruiting of workers for the apostolate of souls was certain the task which the Saviour made His own, while here below. He appointed Apostles, taught them, tried them out, as it were; after the Resurrection, He completed their instruction, strengthened them, and then sent them out to convert the world. Those Apostles in their turn trained their successors and set them to work. Others followed them, and in a few hundred years they had gained Europe and portions of Asia and Africa to the service of their Master.

At the time of the Crusades, it was thought that the whole race had been converted to Christianity; but the missionaries engaged in the work were sorely mistaken, for the reason that they ignored the shape and the extent of the earth. They did not know, or even suspect, that there existed other continents beyond the seas, on which millions lived, millions as yet untouched by the Gospel's saving message. In the course of centuries, the daring of navigators and travellers changed the face of things. New horizons were sighted, new lands were discovered, new regions were explored, and whole populations unknown to civilized peoples were revealed.

Conscious of her mission to instruct all mankind, the Church set to work to reclaim these newly found flocks to Christianity. She cried out to the older Christian nations, as her Founder had done before her: "Lift up your eyes and see the countries already white to harvest." Nor did she cry out in vain. Zealous missionaries, either acting independently or as members of religious bodies, moved by her eloquent appeals, went to the ends of the earth, carrying with them the Word of Life. They brought millions into the Fold, and in doing so added many thrilling pages to the history of the Catholic Church.

But, after all, how comparatively meager were the results! The gleaming of a few million blades makes very little impression on a vast wheatfield; so great was the harvest of souls that it was practically left untouched. It seems appalling that even today, twenty centuries after the Resurrection, a thousand million human beings, having souls to save, have no knowledge of the Redeemer. Two-thirds of the human race have never yet had the Gospel preached to them. And the reason? Not because the work is too vast, but because the workers are too few; not because the multitudes of poor pagans will not listen, but because there are not missionaries enough to preach to them and instruct them.

How great is the work that remains to be done! In foreign mission lands! How often should we Catholics examine our conscience and ask ourselves if we are doing out duty to the pagan world! Why should we hesitate to do our share? Is it not a wonderful work to attach infidel nations to the kingdom of God? Is it not an admirable work to bring into the Fold multitudes of stray sheep whose entry therein our Lord so pathetically longs for? Is it not a noble work to spend our lives, or to help those who are spending theirs, carrying His message of love and setting up His Eucharist in every corner of the world, thus endeavoring to fulfill the prophecy of Malachi, that "In every place there shall be sacrifice in His name of a clean oblation."

And yet, if late in the day, something happily is being done at last to carry out this programme. In a letter written recently by the Director of the Seminary of Foreign Missions, in Paris, we read that it has been chiefly in the past fifty years that selfishness has lost its

hold on Catholic nations, and that a missionary spirit has been roused among them. Only in the past half century has the plaint of the Master been taken seriously to heart and in a manner worthy of the enterprise. An apostolic spirit is developing in every land under the sun; missionaries are at work in foreign fields, thousands of men and women have quitted home and kindred and have labored and are laboring among the heathen to extend the kingdom of God. From the Frozen North to the Equator, we see missionaries of both sexes, noble successors of the Apostles, filled with the same zeal, toiling year in and year out, and ready if necessary to die for the Faith. It is a consoling sight to see seminaries rising in various lands, even here in Canada, for the purpose of training men and women for the foreign missions. It means that Christ is at last coming into His own, that in the not too distant future the Faith will be preached and firmly established in all heathen countries.

The work has been begun. There are thousands of devoted missionaries—to quote what we wrote a couple of years ago—not merely bishops and priests, but even the laity of both sexes. Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods, laboring in foreign countries and instructing people for whom the Faith is a new experience. Those zealous missionaries are gathering in souls, one by one, and thus gradually widening the field of action which Mother Church is exercising in the world.

But even those efforts are far from responding to the needs. Our missionaries are not numerous enough to work on the scale that the need calls for. We cannot repeat too often that the harvest is still great; that while the disproportion between the supply and the demand has lessened in the past few years, it is still flagrant; that while hardly any foreign land is without its missionaries, they are not numerous enough. Take one example. In India, in the past six years, Church membership has passed from 1,171,000 to 2,970,000, a consoling increase of 154%. At the same time, the number of the clergy should have risen from 1,504 to 3,820. In 1920 it stood at 3,145 only, that is to say, a shortage of 675 priests.

The late War thinned out the gallant little apostolic army in various fields and the call is still urgent to fill its depleted ranks. Two years ago, Benedict XV, sent a pressing invitation to the heads of religious organizations, showing what were the needs of the foreign missions, and asking for recruits. That invitation is still open is evident from the call issued by Pius XI, in the present Intention, for which he asks the prayers of our world-wide League. More helpers are required in the foreign missions not merely to extend the influence of Christianity into new fields, but also to keep up the work in those fields already under cultivation. Like other people, missionaries grow old with fatigue and years. They die and disappear, and their apostolic work, still unfinished also disappears with them unless it is transferred to younger hands.

But what about the Church and her work at home? In many countries the bishops are complaining that vocations are multiplying and that the need of a local clergy is urgent. In civilized lands the Church still has her struggles; she has not yet got the upperhand of heresy; she has continually to oppose truth to error, faith to incredulity, good to evil. All this is true; the Church is only too well aware of it; but notwithstanding these handicaps she is conscious of her strength against which nothing can definitely prevail, and she still dreams of conquering the world to Christ. So that, even though her needs at home be great, she urges us nevertheless to offer ourselves for service, or at least to pray for an increase in the number of missionaries who will undertake to labor in the foreign field, telling us, as an incentive, that there is no greater work of God, no truer piety, no more authentic asceticism, no stronger proof of zeal than the activity of a holy missionary at work instructing poor pagans in some far-off corner of Asia or Africa. She encourages the heads of the Church at home by assuring them that God will not let souls suffer if the foreign fields are also looked after; she assures them that the toil and fatigue and labor of foreign missionaries will be the great vocations for home service. Let us, therefore, pray during the present month for an increase in the number of foreign missionaries. Our assiduity in carrying out the will of our Holy Father in this respect will be a test of our love for the Church of God and an earnest of our zeal for souls.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

GETTING TOGETHER TO SOLVE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM

London, June 4.—Catholics, Anglicans, and Free Churchmen are taking part in a Summer School, to be held this year in the County of Derbyshire, when the topic of "Industry and Human Nature" will be under discussion.

The sessions last for nine days, though on only one day will there be a united meeting at which all the religious creeds will take part. On this occasion Prior McNabb, for-

merly Provincial of the English Dominicans, will speak on the part of the Catholics.

The Catholic Social Guild is taking an official part in the Summer School, which meets each year to discuss the best way of bringing about a Christian order in modern society and industry. On the common platform the different creeds meet for discussion, though there is no attempt whatever to mix up the religious exercises of the different denominations. The Free Churchmen have their prayer meetings to themselves; the Anglicans hold their own services, while special arrangements are made for the Catholics to attend Mass. There is no Catholic church in the place where the Summer School meets, and by a special privilege of the Bishop the portable altar is allowed and Mass is celebrated in a room.

PRIEST PRODUCES "SPIRIT PICTURES" IN MAGAZINE TEST

Father de Heredia, the Jesuit, author of "Spiritism and Common Sense" is in great demand these days to produce "spirit" pictures for the various scientific magazines. He has spent his spare time, apart from his priestly duties, investigating spiritism and has followed it not so much with the mind of a scientist as with the uncomplicated logic of a boy, for that is the way, he says, to strip spiritism of the frauds commonly practiced in its name.

In a recent demonstration for the Popular Mechanics Magazine, Father de Heredia showed how spirit pictures could be made under "ketch" conditions so that the closest observer could not detect how it was done. Using the Magazine's own equipment, including camera, plates and chemicals, numerous "spirit" views were produced even to the white cloud of "ectoplasm"



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commonly associated with them. The priest clips his "ghosts"—a beautiful child, a gliding figure, a line of marching soldiers, an aged woman—from foreign periodicals. He always has a supply with their surfaces washed with luminous paint and freshly exposed to the light. A sitter enters the studio. Perhaps fearing fraud he has even brought his own camera. He examines everything relating to his mission. Father de Heredia refuses to use the plates until the subject has written his name on them to insure that no shifting can be done.

The Jesuit watches him sign the plate, his own hand—in the palm of which is the paint-treated spirit picture—resting lightly on one corner. The plate is then placed in the camera by the subject himself, who may even press the bulb. The sitter is eager. He insists on developing and printing the plate immediately. His eagerness increases. The print is still wet, but there—unmistakably—is not only his own likeness, but that of the aged mother for whom no normal person ever ceases to yearn.

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