

heavens, if this were true, he had been chiefly instrumental in causing all her worry!

For Major Butler was at the head of the movement which aimed to make Lessmere an integral part of the city. Most of the residents of the exclusive suburb were anxious to be taken in, thus securing better fire and police protection, besides other conveniences not to be lightly put aside. None of these would suffer from higher taxation; and if there were a few undesirables who would feel it, so much the better if it forced them out of the community. Thus the promoters, led by Major Butler, who now groaned bitterly at the reflection that the very first one to suffer should be so eminently desirable in every way.

It was with a heavy heart that the Major sat down to his lonely dinner, served by Mrs. Cross One with numerous dissertations on the hopeless condition of children in general and of this neighborhood in particular. When, finally, she sourly specified the "bold little Wynn girl" the Major took himself out of the room without a word; for though he had fought at Verdun and faced many a deadly barrage without a quiver, he had a wholesome fear of his housekeeper's tongue and was not going to risk an argument. But if she had only known it Mrs. Crossen had crystallized in his mind what had only been the vaguest of vague dreams, something to envisage, as one does the impossible, to brighten a gloomy hour, then dismissing it again with a sigh at the essential foolishness of the human heart.

For Mrs. Crossen had said, referring to the Wynn children: "She spoils 'em. But what can you expect? If she had a man to boss her and them kids both—" Now, Major Butler had not the slightest desire to "boss" Mrs. Wynn or her lovable children. He was very fond of the latter, in particular Mazie, whom he had always petted to the greatest extent, and too devoted—for the first time he admitted it to himself with a blush—entirely too devoted to their charming mother. Never in his life having been a lady's man, and lacking the ready tongue and the easy manner that he had often admired in other men, it follows that the Major had a very humble opinion of his own attractions. He was content, he often told himself, merely to be Mrs. Wynn's friend, and to know that she esteemed and trusted him was a source of constant gratification. But he had not realized until this evening what a large part she and her children were taking in his life and how barren it would be if they were withdrawn. And, then, this other matter...

So halting had been the Major's footsteps that it was twilight when he came to the Wynn cottage. The air was warm and the children were playing about the side yard. Thither the Major took his footsteps, seating himself on the porch beside Mrs. Wynn. She said at once: "Thank you for bringing my child home. She might be wandering around yet with those blessed eggs if you hadn't encountered her." She laughed a little. "I scolded her, but I couldn't punish her, it was so dear of her!" The Major looked shocked. "Punish her? I should think not! She's a wonderful child. Fancy her thinking of that herself!" "Bless her little heart!" But Mrs. Wynn sighed on the heel of the words. "She said she told you all about it," with a straight, if rather embarrassed, look at the Major. "And I'm glad it happened to be you rather than some other of the neighbors. I suppose it's a mistake to talk to such young children about business matters—I know it is—but you have to talk to some one, and—"

them circling hand in hand around a rose bush, their soft trebles lifted in a sing-song chant. The Major heard them too, and he sat up in his chair with a sudden new thrill. All at once he felt very courageous, and strong, and determined.

"Listen, Mrs. Wynn!" he said. "Listen! Do you hear what they're singing?" He saw her quick, startled look as she caught the words, saw emotions of amazement, indignation and a fugitive amusement flash over her face, and he held out his hand to check her as she started to call the children. "Don't stop them, please." His eyes held hers masterfully. "Mazie was singing that evening when I caught up with her—it's been ringing in my ears ever since. Don't you think they do need a father, my dear?" He waited a moment, his new courage evaporating. "Of course I'm only an awkward sort of a chap, but I love you all and I'd like to take care of you." The dusk deepened and the children's voices sounded far off and very, very sweet. Mazie was enchanted but not surprised over the great news. "I know!" she said to the delighted Major. "You thought we needed a father and you needed a family, didn't you? Now I won't have to sell eggs, will I?" "Unless you sell them to your father," the Major told her with a smile at his future wife.

THE REMEDY FOR LAWLESSNESS

The committee of the American Bar Association appointed to investigate the increase in crime in the United States according to a press despatch from Washington has decided to report to the annual meeting in Chicago that a remedy for increasing lawlessness is necessary for the welfare of the country. Several witnesses at the hearing attributed the increase in crime to the War, to inadequate penalties, and kindred causes. The case was thus summed up by one member of the committee, who said: "We do not know to what cause the increase in crime may be attributed, but we do know that steps should be, inaugurated to check its growth."

The American Bar Association is the organization before which the Hon. James E. Beck last year delivered his widely quoted speech on lawlessness in which he called attention to the late Pope Benedict's diagnosis of the five great plagues afflicting modern society. In regard to the question of crime and its remedy it may be opportune to call attention to another diagnosis of national conditions affecting crime and its remedy. This is contained in the Pastoral Letter of the American Hierarchy published two years ago. After giving due acknowledgment to the disturbances which war invariably causes, the Bishops continue: "Deeper and more ominous is the ferment in the souls of men, that issues agitation not simply against defects in the operation of the existing order, but also against that order itself, its framework and very foundation. In such a temper men see only the facts—the unequal distribution of wealth, power and advantage—and against the facts they rebel. But they do not discern the real causes that produce these effects, and much less the adequate means by which both causes and effects can be removed. Hence in the attempt at remedy, methods are employed which result in failure, and beget a more hopeless confusion. To men of clear vision and calmer judgment there comes the realization that the things on which they relied for the world's security have broken under the strain. The advance of civilization, the diffusion of knowledge, the unlimited freedom of thought, the growing relaxation of moral restraint—all these, it was believed, had given such ample scope to individual aims and desires that conflict, if it arose at all, could be readily and thoroughly adjusted. The assumption is not borne out by facts."

So much for the cause of lawlessness, in suggesting the remedy the Pastoral Letter continues: "The practical conclusion which the present situation forces upon us is this; to bring order out of confusion, we must first secure a sound basis and then build up consistently. Mere expedients no longer suffice. To cover up evil with a varnish of respectability or to rear a grand structure on the quicksand of error is downright folly. In spite of great earnestness on the part of their leaders, reforms without number have failed because they moved along the surface of life, smoothing indeed its outward defects, yet leaving the source of corruption within. One true reform the world has known. It was effected, not by force, agitation, or theory, but by life in which the perfect ideal was visibly realized, becoming the light of men. That light has not grown dim with the passing of time. Men have turned their eyes away from it; even His followers have strayed from its pathway; but the truth and the life of Jesus Christ are real and clear today—for all who are willing to see. There is no other name under heaven whereby men can be saved. Through the Gospel of Jesus and His living example, mankind learned the meaning and received the blessing of liberty. Without it there can be

neither order, nor law, nor genuine freedom."

Acknowledgment of God's supreme dominion over men, and obedience to His moral code enunciated in the Ten Commandments, instilled into American Life through religious education of children and through renovation of the hearts of their elders, is the only effective remedy for crime and lawlessness. We have not yet exhausted the resources of civilization in overthrowing its enemies. The teaching of Christ still remains an untried remedy in many efforts at reform. When we turn from the wreckage of Europe to the condition of our flourishing republic, in spite of the wild anarchic orgy of crime that is sweeping over it, we are encouraged and heartened by the voice of one who in many instances has been proved to have been dowered almost with prophetic vision, our late Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., who pronounced these memorable words about the people of our country: "Retaining as they do a most firm hold on the principles of reasonable liberty and of Christian civilization, they are destined to have the chief role in the restoration of peace and order, and in the reconstruction of human society on the basis of these same principles when the violence of these tempestuous days shall have passed."—The Pilot.

THE MOOD FOR PEACE

George N. Shuster in Catholic World If we are ever to close the book of moral pestilence that egoism has written out of modern life, it must be with the aid of the Only One who brought tidings of peace. We dare not hesitate; human life and effort will no longer be tolerable if we shall have to bequeath to our posterity the husks of a sunken civilization and bid them eat in the light of hell. Only the Saviour can redeem the world. That awful commingling of towering power and the bottomless humility which was His character, is the only model that men can adopt with security. Before Him there are no supermen or kings or rulers or democracies, but only men to follow, to love and to bear patiently. He speaks as well to the primitive heart of the savage found by the missionary on the icy shores of an arctic sea as to the harrowed mind of a Papini, enmeshed in the enervating philosophies of the world. Men have pictured Him in a multitude of robes, with the features of diverse races, before the hearth fires of strange and lonely lands. Gauguin has even represented Him as an infant sitting in a basket such as the women of Tahiti use to carry their children; it is a reverent portrait, I think, for it is thus that a primitive people would take to their hearts the Babe of Bethlehem, the universal Master. Wherever in the past Christian missionaries have walked new trails in trackless solitudes; wherever a carol has been chanted in the marketplace; wherever the hope of the Viatum has been borne amidst the fleeting mistiness of the world, there has gone, like some flaming shadow, the figure of Him Who is really and eternally, despite the platitudes of expression, the Prince of Peace.

THE MASS

Early in the morning the tread of many footsteps sounds upon the pavements. A seemingly endless procession passes along the city streets. They walk quickly as those who are eager to arrive at the end of their journey. They are young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. They glide in at the door of some old cathedral sequestered in the heart of the business district or hidden away in the solitude of the slums. Who are these, and what strange quest brings them abroad so early? When the city is shrouded in mists, in silence, in darkness save where, in some isolated window, the lamp of the night watchman gleams out like the morning star. This great throng of faithful are on the way to Mass, celebrated in the early hours of the morning when the idle and the lovers of comfort are enjoying the luxury of undisturbed repose. Surely that must be a powerful magnet which can attract the poor, the weary, those who sorely need the stimulus of a little extra sleep, away from the shelter of their homes. There are tired lines on many faces, lines written by disappointments, by ill-repaid and strenuous toil, by many sorrows. But there is an eager light in the eye, a flush on haggard cheeks,—for they know that in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass sweet refreshment will come to sustain tired bodies and souls. To the satiated devotee of pleasure, the sacrifice of these faithful souls is something quite beyond conception. They do not know the salient facts about the Mass. That it is as old as Christianity; that it has been the comfort and the glory of Christians through all the ages of the world. That it was ever the symbol of grandeur and magnificence, and in times of distress the only solace and stay of troubled souls. "Yes, strip our altars," says a sacred writer, "leave us only the corn and the vine and a rock for our altar, and we will worship with posture as lowly and heart as loving as in the grandest cathedral."

The great Cardinal Newman says of the Mass: "To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming as the Mass. I could attend Masses forever and not be tired."

It would seem that the sentiments of the Cardinal were deeply understood and appreciated by the multitudes of those who frequent our churches for the purpose of obtaining the inestimable blessing of daily Mass. Thirsting at break of day with the Royal Psalmist for this sacred benefit, no sacrifice is considered too great in order to obtain it. The faithful know that here alone can be found the strength and sustenance to enable them to endure with courage the cares of this hard life, a desert land where there is no way and no water. So in the sanctuary they have come before Him, that they may enjoy the sight of His glory.

The poor and unlettered peasant who hides beneath her humble shawl does not know the meaning of the Latin words. But words are not necessary to her faith; she knows that they are simply the means, not the end of this most stupendous Action. They are not merely addresses to a Supreme Power—they are instruments of something far greater, instrument of consecration, of sacrifice. "Quickly they go,—they are awful words; they are a work too great to delay upon. Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the Lake in the days of His Flesh, quickly calling first one and then another."

Flames spring to life in many hearts that are destined to burn brightly through the long hours of the weary day, brightening all, sweetening all that is hard and irksome, smoothing over misunderstandings, lightning burdens. Here is a young business man kneeling with eyes intent upon what is going on upon the altar. With all the faith and fervor of a cloistered nun, he follows the great Action, and advancing with the poor peasant wrapped in her shawl, at the foot of the sanctuary lamp he receives the Body of his Lord that it may preserve him to Eternal Life.

The worldling cannot understand this picture. He sees this young man beside him at his desk. He knows that in a world sadly fraught with sordidness, he is clean of lips, steady of hand and willing of heart. He does not know the sacred source of this miracle of grace, a saint in the midst of the busy world. It is the Mass.

The poor peasant fingers her beads and lifts her eyes to the white Circle of the Host shining above the head of the priest. Tears stream from her faded eyes, as she pours out the little tragedies of her existence into the great Heart of Christ. Although she cannot understand the words of the Rite, she follows her Saviour in spirit as the priest passes to and fro, lifts up his hands, and bends down in adoration before the miracle which has been wrought through him. She follows Him through the various stages of His Passion, sees Him mocked, buffeted, crowned, nailed to a Cross, buried, risen from the dead. In spirit she sees the shining procession of the Saints whose names she has learned to venerate in Litany and song, as, at the mystic words, they are called forth and pass before the altar, their palms in their hands. Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia, Perpetua and the rest—they who suffered many of the same trials which she is suffering now and who are enjoying the fruits of victory.

Now is commemorated the memory of a Just Man, flourishing like a strong palm tree planted beside a stream, one who labored humbly at a workman's bench, who was exiled in a foreign land, who soothed the slumbers of a young Mother and her little Child, and who bore ever a lily in his hand. Now is recalled the life of a little Virgin Martyr, who, in the face of her torturers, steadfastly refused to burn incense to pagan gods. Sacred presences, they surround the altar at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, bringing messages of hope and comfort to weary souls.

The priest disappears from the altar; the lights die out, and the worshippers go forth to join the vast army of toil.

In the next morning is breaking. The sun is rising in all its splendor, a mighty fire kept burning with undimmed brightness by the Hand of God. One more Mass has brought peace and grace to a weary and sin-stained world.—The Pilot.

THEY NEVER MISSED MASS

In the "God's Acre" of a small town in the Midlands of England, are the graves side by side of a brother and sister. Owing to circumstances which they could not change, they had lived seven miles from a church, and yet never had they been absent from Sunday Mass. From childhood to old age, summer and winter alike, had they gladly tramped every Sunday and holy-day morning their fourteen miles—seven in and seven out—to hear Holy Mass. Moreover, every first Sunday of the month they walked in fasting, so as to go to Holy Communion, nor did they break their fast till half-way back on the road home, when, sitting down beside a spring, they would eat the bread they had brought with them, and drink the sparkling water. A few hundred yards from

their halting place was a Protestant nobleman's house, and they always prayed as they passed it by for the conversion of the family to the Catholic faith. The years came and went and the answer to their prayers came also. The aged couple, brother and sister, have gone to their reward; the once Protestant nobleman's family is now Catholic, and a beautiful church has been built within a stone's throw of the spot where the good Catholic old man and woman were wont to break the fast after

Holy Communion.—Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The Lord does not want splendid workers so much as He wants simple and loving souls that are altogether given up to Him. It is the song of the little children that He would not suffer to be silenced; and it was the mite of the poor widow that He commended more than all the golden gifts of the rich. Our Master has a wonderful eye for the service of the little and the lowly.



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And He Said Unto Them

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