### THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE Author of " Cardome," " Borrowed From the Night "

TWO

CHAPTER XI

Lucy's hour with Jasper was as le as Arthur could have Vainly she exerted herself wished. to find interest in the words which flowed uninterruptedly from his lips, for Jasper reticent with others, with Lucy knew no feeling of reserve. To her he could unfold his soul, and had the girl not been so wrapped up in the thought of Arthur, whose chagrin she had felt rather than observed, she might have found by her side a worthier object of her re-But eventually her inatten gard. tion which she strove to conceal, made itself apparent to the young man, and he looked at her with

solicitude in his dark eyes. "Lucy," he said, out of a silence during which he had regarded her closely, "is there anything the matter? You don't seem like yourself.

She laughed and bringing her blue eyes back to him, said, irrelevantly :

I am thinking of something you said long ago to me, Jasper, and contrasting it with your present conversation. I suppose you have for-gotten it, but you see I did not have chance to do so, being so soon afterward thrown in with a person who oved it and lived in its atmosphere in thought, if not always in It was what you said about reality. art and your desire to be an artist, the day Arthur and Milly walked off and left us together by the spring."

'But I do remember," he hastened "I told you I envied you to reply. because in all probability you would find an artist in the school to which

you were going." "And I did." she said, slowly. "The most beautiful woman I think I have ever seen. Such eyes—O tinued steadily: Jasper, her eyes! Brown and full of "I feel that on golden light and set in a face like a me to inherit whatever of talent I cameo. Only twenty-four and with possess, even as I was sent to inherit the wonderful world of art opening my father's land. Him no parental before her and ample means to live chains shall bind to a life he knows in it, and yet she turned from it for is not his own. Though it broke my the convent door, where nobody understands her and where her lifework is the teaching of silly school-girls—verily casting her pearls before happiness in it I shall find strength swine!-And she is happy! Can you understand it ?"

"Yes," he said, and his eyes regret. dropped slowly from her tense, pale "I think I understand it, Lucy." face.

Then tell me, won't you?" she she listened, and her face seemed to cried, leaning forward, seeking for his freeze under his eyes, so terrible eyes, but he held them fixed on her white hands clasped nervously on her of self. By the side of it, the sacriwhite hands clasped nervously on her of self. I grew older and probably lap. because I knew you, I seemed to get | indeed, for in turning from the world closer to Sister Claire than to any of the others, and once I asked her how ness she deemed higher and more she could do it and be happy.

"And what did she say ?" he questioned.

"I cannot recall it, no matter how much I try," she rejoined. "I only a thought of compensation, human remember the words left me more or divine. perplexed than before, and the sense mind, melting the iciness his words of hurt that came afterward. I was honest in my questioning, and it had caused to enfold her. might have helped me all my life if I mother of that son would give him had gotten an honest answer. The love and companionship, which higher call comes to all of us, Jasper, would prove a staff to lean upon. and often; and it were well to know the way others found to answer it." said.

"She did not mean to perplex you, for those who need them," he said, simply. "What is this special thing Lucy," he said. "She simply spoke her language and you could not simply. understand it-that is all. No one you have in mind ?' ever really made another comprehend his meaning and purpose unless paused, puzzled by her answer. that other stood in the same circle with himself."

'Where do you get such notions, Jasper ?" suddenly demanded Lucy,

"Forgive me, Jasper !" She met his eyes and shook her head disbelievingly, because she did not understand. He hesitated for a drove on in absolute silence. oment; then continued without

offering any elucidation : "And having made my decision, l shut the door forever on the life that might have been mine. I might of what might befall herself, for she could not but remember succeeded there, why shall I You cannot deny it is an not here?

interesting life and almost as free as that the one whom Milly loved was Arthur Stanton, and that he had said she stood between the one foresworn. If I cannot paint pictures on canvas, I shall assist nature in making a fair picture of him and loneliness. this portion of the earth allotted to me. There now! Laugh at me if unspoken, however, for something, she could not define what, in the you will, but in this confession you man by her side, prevented their discover why I spent three days this utterance. Then, out of that long spring planting wild roses along the old fence that separates our land from "I shall not expect anything of my Mr. Dalton's, why I select my corn and wheat fields with reference to wife I cannot give. She shall come to me in the full knowledge of my the remainder of the landscape as well as in consideration of the fitness of me—indeed, I believe she will only

come because of the fact that love is the soil. Lucy did not laugh, but her eyes not asked of her. We shall both know it to be the companionship of met his with a new gleam of comtwo lonely hearts, two thwarted prehension in their blue depths. lives. Presently she again shook her head. As she heard him, the bright, sun-"It was a beautiful sentiment,

Jasper,"

flecked road upon which they traveled, became to the eyes of the she said then, "but it will not carry you through. It is only a girl, suddenly long, black and lonely, fictitious interest you take in this and she beheld herself as the wife of work to which you have set yourself. whom this man by her side spoke. She seemed to feel the gasping of It may last to the limit of your youth, but when you find your face turned to the west—what then ?" her dying heart as it went forward chained to the dead one in his breast; So long did he remain silent, a then, a great wave of oblivion swept

feeling of fear of she knew not what, over them and the dark road suddenbegan to grow upon her. When at length he turned his face toward her ly ended. Slowly, as one awakening, she came back to the conscious world to from the white road creeping dream. ily on under the interlacing branches find nothing changed. The turnpike of the great trees, it was so grave and old it smote her as untamiliar. ran dreamily on, here showing large patches of sunshine, there covered "I have told you so much, Lucy, with alluring shadows, and over it he began, "I may as well complete the horse went with the light easy the picture of my life for you. I step of a thoroughbred. She stole

shall then live in my son. glance at Jasper and saw that his The color deepened on her cheeks face wore once more its exalted at the words, and though the answerexpression, made the more proing warmth was on his brow, he connounced by the paleness it still

showed. Her mental swoon, or the "I feel that one shall come after projection of her soul into futurity, he had not noticed, so deeply was he absorbed in his own thoughts. She studied his face as she had never studied another, not even the one which was stamped on her soul. heart to part from him, I shall my self open for him the door of the life was on it, in addition, all that a woman who loved him would want to find there. Gradually her eyes to carry me to the end of the journey

without one backward glance of road creeping on before them. ' "What do you see ?" she cried to A chill for all the sunniness of the herself, and again the picture that afternoon crept along her veins as had stunned her rose weirdly before her-the dark, lonely way, and they two bending on silently to the end was oblivion. Something which

The

like a shriek rose from the innerfice of the artist nun looked poor most recess of her being. Reaching her lips it voiced itself in an exclamation, which drew him swiftly from his deep reflection. complete than it could give. Re-'Did you speak, Lucy ?" he asked,

linguishment with her had been with the smile again on his face. "It is getting late," she said, the hope of finding something better while he gave up with rever

cearily. "Let us go home." "I fear I have proven poor com drearily. pany this afternoon," he said apolo-getically, as the horse's head turned meward, they went back in a brisk trot. "I believe we are both in a bad mood, or rather I made you share mine. It is very rarely I permit myself the luxury of talking aboutmyself. Indeed, I do not recall that I have ever spoken to anyone as

was always that about you, Lucywe would tell you all about our. selves ; and singularly enough, havnever afterward regretted it. Nor

"Your wife, of course !" she said, quickly, marvelling at his stupidity. the stupidity. "A stupidity of the may I not ?" An ashen hue overspread his face And Lucy, with one thought of

THE CATHOLIC RECORD woman who had steadily ignored their vindictive savagery had given her;! therefore, she insisted that orders for its destruction, had d "That's all right, little girl !" he said, and then for a long while they Jasper's invitation should be ac-

"But mother," pleaded the girl, "I reach, but they had destroyed the omised Arthur first. I must keep purest effluence of that soul. Burning words rose to Lucy's lips, promised Arthur first. I must keep and then words of encouragement my word.' against the despair, prompted by sympathy for her friend and a dread

The argument was not without effect on the straightlaced woman, who said : who said : Well, make your engagement wi.h

Jasper for a later hour. They are both your friends, and it is not naidenly to show a preference for the society of one above the other.' Being a wise woman she had said no more, and Lucy, warned intuitiveagainst the act and yet not daring to disobey her mother, wrote an answer of acceptance to Jasper's

They

note. TO BE CONTINUED

## GOLGOTHA

### A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE The snow whirled about me in

great gusts and eddies, and I could scarce move along the street save by clinging close to tue walls the battered houses, of and groping with each foot as I extended Even so I stumbled into deep holes in the causeway, or floundered in hopeless bewilderment in places where there was no wall left to cling The town was oppressively silent and the light of the full moon that

scudding cloud-drifts lent it an awful air of desolation. Stark and peaks of masonry butted into the sky, and made the place seem like some awful vision of Dore. Still, I had won my way so far. need not arrive at Headquarters before dawn, and I was worn out and bruised with my stumbling and battling with the snow. There was time for me to get an hour or two's sleep, if I could but find a sheltered spot.

Then, in a sudden uplifting of the pall of snow, I found that the confines of the street were receding. was in the Grande Place. I could just distinguish the bounds of the square to my right and left-heaps of More beautiful than that other, there brick and rubble, with here and there a solitary bulk of undemolished masonry, crowded perhaps by a mocking chimney-pot, left deliberate were drawn up to his, searching the ly, it would seem, by some leering devil, who crowed over the ru.n of all that quiet joy and hearth-happiness.

Then the snow cleared yet more, and the Cathedral loomed into view, filling the whole side of the Square opposite to me. A truncated stood up against a great rag of cloud and as a star shell went up behind I saw the whole framework of rafters and broken tracery spring into sight and then slowly darken again. I

knew of a corner under the tower where there was shelter and straw. and I made for it across the open, picking my way gingerly, for there were yawning holes and dislodged cobbles at every step.

Gaunt and enormous the western facade of the church towered above me in the moonlight. The door by which I had previously entered stood at the northern end of it. Access to the interior had been easy then, but now was barred by a great pile of brick and stone-work that had been to you this afternoon, But there dislodged by a recent collapse. But my state of cold and weariness brooked no denial, and, aided by my electric torch, I succeeded in scalin ing given you our confidence, we the barrier. I landed upon level flags and looked about me.

the moonbeams slanted down and showed me the place in all the horror

stroyed not indeed the soul of France that was beyond their

Suddenly I became aware that I was not alone in the church.

nave, his face bowed in the palm of I wondered by what way his hands. he could have entered, and how he could have entered at all without my perceiving him. I made up my mind when he had done praying I that would offer him a share of my straw. Then I fell asleep, When I awoke there was a strong

vibration in the air, and in my ears a deep hum, as though a great bell had just tolled above me. I looked

at my watch; the little luminous hands pointed to midnight. There were yet two hours before I need go on my way. I was conscious of brief perplexity as to what I could have been dreaming of, thus to have awakened with the sound of a bell in my ears; then I settled myself to sleep again.

But no sooner had I closed my eyes, than I put sleep away from me, for I had a sense as of strange things happening. The dying hum of the bell rose and swelled into impalpable murmur like the thrill of a reverential and expectant multitude. I rose and looked about the

The French infantryman still knelt in prayer with his face buried in his hands ; he seemed quite unperturbed by the great throb of sound that pervaded the desolation of the vast nave. Then, looking beyond him, I saw that there were lights burning upon the High Altar, six points or centres of illumination, each with a golden halo about it, glimmering steadily through the moonlit haze. And kneeling below the altar steps were three figures in robes of cloth of

I stood rooted to the spot in amazement. The civil population had long ago left the town. Was it possible that in this city of the dead they should be singing their Mass at mid night, with none to hear it save two

#### weary private soldiers ? " Gloria in Excelsis Deo !'

The words rang unmistakably distinct, sung by one of the three priestly figures, as he stood up facing the altar. And the cry was taken up by unseen choristers, until it rolled through all the building in a great surge of melody. "Et in terra pax ominibus benae voluntatis !"

So the Mass went on its way, and ver and anon that hidden choir joined in with an echoing "Amen,' or a long-drawn "Alleluia" whose notes rose and fell like the sound of the sea borne on a gusty wind.

Stirred by an impulse of comradehip, I went forward up the nave, and knelt near the French soldier. Looking at him more closely, I could see that his uniform was torn and muddy, and that he had a bandage about his brow. He wore a heavy pack upon his back and his whole attitude bespoke utter weariness. Sanctus !" Sanctus! Sanctus!

ang the choir in six tremendous chords, that soared in a great burst of sound, and then died away into a silence so deep, that it seemed to be not a mere absence of sound, but a positive thing.

The Frenchman had risen to his feet, and as the priest at the altar In the gloom his features were hard to discern, but I could perceive that he was of early middle age. The mouth was sad, but the eyes shone

POPE AS WORLD'S PEACE POWER

HON. BOURKE COCKRAN IN ELOQUENT SPEECH POINTS TO UNIVERSAL MORAL AUTHORITY OF HOLY FATHER AS SOLUTION

There is but one moral authority in the world that has any pretens to be universal, and that is the moral authority of the Holy Father at Rome and the Church Eternal This authority must be recognized if this world is to be saved. I do not I do not say that we shall recognize it by the conversion of all men; that they shall recognize the Pope's spiritual authority; but I do say that it is the

only authority that can do anything in the way of establishing peace among the nations. In every quarter of the globe, he

is the common father of them all. He is alone capable of establishing peace on the only conditions under which it can rest, and that is perfect reconciliation among all the nations. They cannot be reconciled among themselves. They are even now

threatening to continue measures of commercial destruction after the stilities in the field are ended treaty. If they go on ignoring God's authority there will be no nations organized after this War, and there will be few of the population surviv

ing. But I think the world is going to survive and end the waste that is now going on by the restoration of profound peace; and that repair the ravages of this War in a few days.

Men are at the pit, where destruc tion is continuous, ruin irretrievable; but under the stimulus of religion and the aid of revelation they can rise up to a prosperity greater than ever yet has been attained. On one side is death, desolation and destruc tion. On the other is life, liberty progress and justice. At that path way stands Our Lord Jesus Christ. holding aloft the light by which all the progress man has ever made was

accomplished. He holds it alight by reason of His Vice-regent on earth. the Supreme Pontiff who rules the Church. His authority Catholic must be recognized, I do not know

how, or the world must perish. believe it will live on through the only agency capable of maintaining peace and leading to universal disarmament.

In saying that, I only say that it can do what it has done before. Once only was peace established on earth, and that was long ago, when the continuous conflict five hundred years that followed the fall of the Roman Empire, supplemented by famine, had so decimated the human family that it had begun to despair, that the Church established the Peace of God, forbidding them to fight and quarrel; and tremendors abundance followed. But the churchmen who urged the Peace of God did it as a measure of human policy; and within three or four years the very abundance it pro-duced caused fresh wars, and human nature was again plunged in despair, when the Church exercised her

spiritual authority and she pro claimed the Truce of God.

That was a measure of religious duty imposed upon the people. She forbade it. At this time the Pope was the head of chivalry, and chiv alry embraced all the fighting forces

of the world. His word being obeyed uplifted the Host, he raised his right hand. I looked at him curiously. from Saturday until Monday, the period of Our Lord's Crucifixion and His Ascension ; and it was generally observed. Then it was extended until the period of the Truth of God As he

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church. the gold.

filtered occasionally through

now meeting his luminous eves.

them," he answered, retreating before on his countenance. the personality of the question.

learn that secret "Can one language ?" she hastened to say, feeling this withdrawal. There is nothing than can long

remain a secret to the one who determines to know," he answered. 'Then tell me," she suddenly de-

"how you, who have manded. part in this life here, stay in it and are happy? What else could I do?" he ques-

tioned, looking her fully in the face. 'All the other children died. Four generations of sons have inherited and lived in that place, and it would break my father's heart if I were to abandon the pursuit of agriculture. Long ago I realized that—I think it own to my soul that day, young though I was, when we sat and talked of such deep things by the old spring. I'll admit there were times it bit like salt and vinegar. But since some one had to suffer, why should it be he instead of me? Why should it not be I, voluntarily accepting the suffering instead of thrusting it upon him ?'

'No! No!" she cried. "I could never agree with you in that in a thousand years. You have your life to live, and it is your duty to live it to its fullest. If parents have children more highly endowed with the gifts of the gods than themselves, they should find in it matter for congratulation that they have been made the instruments of bringing those gifts into the world, and lend themselves freely to aid in their development, instead of putting obstacles in the way."

Where did you get such notions, Lucy?" he exclaimed, the deep smile hesitation. on his face and then instantly con-'It is all, I suppose, a tinued:

matter of temperament. With some it might be easy to follow such a course as you outline; with me it would be impossible : I will not say there is no selfishness in it. Perhaps because I am selfish to a most refined slipped her hand into his, and said, degree is why I can do it." brokenly:

and noting it, she asked 'There is nothing remarkable in when had she before seen this gray

Then a thought flashed into her

'And there is something else," she

"There are many things, doubtless

"You mean." he began, and then

'Love," she said softly.

"The woman I love I shall not marry," he said in a voice that mated with the color of his face, and marry," then she remembered it was thus he looked on the afternoon of the picnic, when some one alluded to the time Milly had thrown her arms around his neck, in gratitude for his saving a bird's life." One reason her mind instantly assigned for his conession and it sent the scornful light into her eves.

And do you expect me to sympathize with you in this ?" she asked in ringing voice. "Then you shall be disappointed, and if you feel the sharpest pain of your life be this fate, take it as my belief that inquired. you richly deserve it and worse, there be worse ! I do not know that there is even anything good in the sacrifice you are making for your father. It may be, sifted to the bottom, that you are afraid to put your talent to the test. You prefer the certain consolation the knowl-

edge of sacrifice gives, to the possible realization of having made a great mistake in following your inclina-"Why, Lucy !" he exclaimed, sur-

prised out of his habitual calm by her assertions. "What causes have I ever given you to form such an estimation of my character ?"

"The one," she answered slowly, who proves a traitor to the supreme love of his life because of the altogether false notion regarding difference in positions, is liable to be guilty of any other base and unmanly thing

Lucy," he said, after a moment's had his fortune to make. She could unutterable beauty and patient craft-hesitation. "It is not difference in readily believe that in his desire to manship, for the church was more "You have made a great mistake,

love for another. In all her brief life little Lucy Frazier had never heard a voice so of a soul, and the answering tears crowded into her tender eyes. She the

Arthur, gave the desired permission, of its desolation. Gargoyles from because she feared her mother.

The morning that Lucy had half made a promise to meet Arthur, her brought a letter for her daughter, contents. Knowing this, and, wholly unaware of the hopes slowly contents. forming in her mother's mind, Lucy remarked the note was from Jasper Long, asking to call on her the fol-

expressed her willingness and started in surprise when Lucy said

she would not go. "I do not care to go," she had from

candor torbade any attempt at conto bring me a book."

to the treatment that had been and looking eastward I was directly accorded her by the society of the faced by the High Altar. It was the neighborhood, Mrs. Frazier had never quite absolved Mrs. Stanton and her daughter in law for their studied neglect of her. She had always felt that what was a matter of personal

duty with them, her closest neighdeference which Arthur had seemed her a good impression ; in addition,

unencumbered farm, while the other

Arthur was willing to bury his dishaughty descendant of the had destroyed that place, or who in

the broken arches grinned down upon

mother, returning from the town, had chairs, balks of prone carving, and the accumulated rubbish of months. and her watchful eyes, while the girl A great gilt crucifix, that must have perused it, silently demanded its come crashing down from the rood screen, lay out on the floor below the chancel steps, the racked Figure looking up to the open heavens. And far off upon the desecrated and disrobed High Altar the pale rays lowing Sunday afternoon and take her for a drive. The mother metal work, and the gleam that came down to me from it across the gloom

was the one touch of faded glory in all that once glorious scene.

The basement of the tower had been a bell-ringer's chamber, fenced the nave by folding doors, answered, adding immediately, for which had long since gone, doubtless to serve for dug out roofs in the cealment, "and Arthur is coming up trenches before the town. This little chamber lay in the centre of the For all her apparent indifference west wall, so that standing within it one place in the ruin where there was a refuge from the unceasing draughts. I had had occasion to sleep there once before, when I had made a bed for myself with straw pleasure with the others, had been that I had found in a neighbouring

yard. bors; and she was not disposed to yield her plans for her daughter to but it was long before I was able to favor the whims of their son, Jasper, by his courteous deference to her on struction of so much wonder and lovethe one occasion they had met, a liness for no cause, and my sense of anger was greater, because I had grudgingly to bestow, had left with her a good impression; in addition, War. The men who had laid their he was the only heir to a large and guns upon that church had not merely spoiled for ever a thing

position that separates us, but her achieve more quickly and easily, than this. In it were materialised the emotions and aspirations of like for the family he had never ceased to regard as strangers and built not so much of stones as of the clearly express the hopeless sorrow interlopers; while Jasper, in seeking sighs and tears, and laughter of Day Interiopers, while dependence of the city I heard Lucy, was actuated by purer motives. And Lucy, she determined, should not spoil her future at the bidding of of all the Louvre. The men who of all the Louvre. The men who of all the Louvre, the men who of all the Louvre. The men who of the city I heard there was a deep crash of shattered the transformed and the city I heard there was a deep crash of shattered the transformed and the city I heard there was a deep crash of shattered the transformed and the city I heard there was a deep crash of shattered the transformed and the transform

raised his hand in that brief gesture. I saw a strange scar upon the palm.

I cannot say clearly how the Mass All that I can say is ended. that I was suddenly aware that the priest had gone and the sanctuary was darkened, and I was alone, with the place dim and silent and deserted about me, as I had found it. I looked around for the French soldier, but he must have slipped out, and gone on his way unobserved.

For some time I did not move, for was full of the wonder of what 1 had seen. Then I went round the whole church with my torch ; all was as I had always known it. The altar was bare and dust-begrimed ; there vas not a candle anywhere, nor any sign that anyone but myself had been in the building for many days. I found no possible entrance save that which I myself had use . All around

it the dust lay thick upon the floor. I searched this with my torch. I saw the marks I had made on entering, but otherwise the dust showed a non combatants must not be injured virgin surface.

against something that lay out on the bare snow. Struck by an unaccount able curiosity, I turned my torch upon it, and saw that it was a great tone figure of Joan of Arc, that had

fallen from the facade. The sword had been broken by the fall, but the hand still grasped the hilt, and there vas faith and resolve in the eyes and the set of the chin and mouth.

As I hurried along a narrow street eading from the Square, a British soldier passed me.

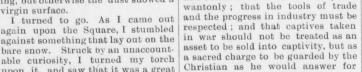
'Merry Christmas, mate!" he cried,

as he went by. 1 was too taken aback to return his greeting. Was this Christmas Day? Then I realized that in the occupation of my mission of the last about which our President has been few days I had lost count of dates, making such a vigorous and effective and that it was indeed Christmas

masonry

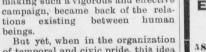
embraced the ember days During the whole of the eleventh century the Peace of God was practically recognized everywhere, and when at the end of it, Urban II. preached the First Crusade, he was but enforcing it anew by forbidding them to war against each other, and commanding them that they unite for the purpose of rescuing th Land from the pollution of the tread of a heathen conqueror.

The Crusades failed in their object but they furnished transportation to armies and helped to establish the trade and commerce of modern times. Out of them grew the great cities which became the cradles of progress and liberty. During those Crusades the Popes themselves pro posed that international law abo which we hear so much today. They imposed it upon the knighthood of Christians, imposing upon the contending forces the principles that they must respect the weak ; that wantonly; that the tools of trade



them at the throne of God. Before that time, even in the high est civilization, the rule of war was woe to the conquered. A conquered city was put to sack and pillage, and men and women and children were

placed in captivity and sold into slavery. They graced theswheels of the Roman chariots when the Roman conqueror had his chance. The city delivered up to destruction was But ever since the authority of the Popes was established over those rules of international law



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