

when they were attacked. So he bade Romeo be quiet.

"You are too young to know anything about these things," he said. But as Romeo listened he became more and more indignant with the speaker. The crowd was growing larger and larger, and some of the men were beginning to cheer the man with the red necktie as he grew more violent.

Finally he swept himself into a fury.

"Down with capital, I say," he cried. "Let the workmen take what is his. These buildings and these streets, all this city was built by the hands of working men, and they ought to own it. Why should we slave when the capitalists live in luxury. Why should we work when the Government officers can ride in their fancy cars paid out of our taxes. Why don't the priests and the bankers and the Government officers come out like us and work with their hands instead of living on our money?"

This was too much for Romeo. He had stood somewhat ashamed for the moment when his father failed to answer the man's first attack on the priesthood and the Government, but now he had forgotten his father and remembered only some of the things he had studied and some of the doctrine he had read in his Christian Doctrine and American history classes.

"It's a lie," he cried. "It's a lie. A priest doesn't work for money. Some priests don't even get a cent. They give up their lives to save people's souls, and you know it. And this Government is the best Government in the world."

There was consternation in the crowd for a moment. The speaker looked down at the boy and then at Manuel Rossetti. The boy faced the stare boldly, but Manuel Rossetti looked shamefacedly at his son as if he wanted to apologize for him.

Many men in the crowd started talking at once. It was easily seen that some admired the courage of the youth who had taken issue with the speaker. But others were plainly angry at the interruption. "Is that your brat, Rossetti?" asked one of them. "It's well seen he's going to the church schools."

The speaker with the red necktie was not disconcerted at the interruption. In fact, he had heard the last remark, and meant to make the most of it.

"That's the way they're bringing up the children," he cried. "That's what they teach them. They know more than their fathers nowadays. They are brought up to believe all the fairy tales that tell them in the schools about their gods and their commandments and their submission to the people who have the money. That's the way they bring up our children, filling them full of lies and tommyrot."

Just then another voice broke out in the crowd. It was a man with a blue sweater, a tall man, and one whose voice was stronger and more clear-cut than that of the man with the red necktie.

"The boy is right," he cried to the speaker. "It is you who are telling the lies. Where did you come from any how?"

"Russia," said the man on the soap box, "the only free workers republic!"

"Are you an American citizen?" asked the man in the blue sweater. "No, I wouldn't become the citizen of any capitalistic country," said the man with the red necktie.

"Then you ought to go back to Russia where you belong," cried the man with the blue sweater. "This is no place for you to try to spread discontent among honest men. The people of this country rule themselves. They are a free people, and if things don't go the way they want them, they have a right to vote and to remedy them. They don't want revolutions and bloodshed like Russia has today. If things were so fine in Russia, why didn't you stay there?"

There was now a confusion of voices. Men who had listened to the speaker with the red necktie night after night, as if under a spell seemed to find themselves.

"The boy was right," one of them cried out. "It's the man who has been telling the lies." Several joined in similar cries. Others shouted out defending the soap box orator. The confusion grew general. Romeo found himself in the midst of a babel of tongues and was being swayed back and forth as the bodies of strong men pressed against him. Then he saw the man with the red necktie leap from his box and dart quickly up the street. The crowd followed him, Romeo was left standing alone with his father and the man with the blue sweater. He looked up into this man's face. There was something strangely familiar about it—not he could not at first recognize the man.

"You did very well, Romeo," said the man with the blue sweater. Romeo now knew this man. Of all men in the world, it was the one he most hated and most despised, Brother Thomas.

"You are to be complimented on your son, Mr. Rossetti," said Brother Thomas. "I have stood here many nights myself and listened to this man, but I have never seen any one contradict him till tonight. The people of this community owe a lot to Romeo."

Romeo's ears tingled. From any one else in the world the words would have been sweet. But from that man!

"Romeo, my boy," said Brother Thomas, "you have done nobly. This year we are going to give out two Bishop's medals. And one of them will go to you, the boy who not only knows the truth about his Country and his Faith, but who has the manhood to defend them."

—Daniel Doran in New York Leader.

THE MURDERERS OF FATHER COYLE

John Wilby, in America

On the evening of August 11, the Very Rev. James E. Coyle, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Birmingham, Alabama, was murdered. Father Coyle, whose death writes the editor of the Birmingham Age-Herald, "leaves the community shocked and benumbed" was a foremost citizen in his community, a man of scholarly attainments, and above all, a true priest of God. Seventeen years ago at the call of obedience, he left McGill Institute in Mobile, of which he was President, to become the shepherd of his people in Birmingham. At the time of his death, he was Dean of the Northern District of Alabama, a member of the Bishop's Council and of the Diocesan School board, and an examiner of the junior clergy. In addition to the labors connected with these responsible offices and inseparable from a large parish, the deceased priest conducted a parish monthly, and gladly gave his aid to every movement for civic betterment in Birmingham. He was a citizen of the highest type; Catholics mean when they say, "a true priest of God." His work began every morning at five with prayer and meditation, and "all day long," writes a correspondent in the journal quoted, "he was about his Father's business, as the poor, the sick, the troubled, and the oppressed in this city can today testify." It was this model citizen, this lover of the poor and the afflicted, this devoted priest, zealous for the glory of God, who had taken up all the time he might after him of comfort, station and pleasure, to work for God's children, who fell a victim to a cowardly murderer.

According to the press accounts, the murderer was a Protestant minister, one E. R. Stephenson, a wretched hanger-on, known locally as "the marrying parson," a name which fitly indicates his character and attainments. But the press accounts are wrong. True, the coroner's warrant affirms that E. R. Stephenson is a murderer.

But there are facts into which an official does not inquire, and of which the law takes no cognizance. The bearing of these facts upon the murder of this zealous priest is known to every Southern Catholic, and the Bishop of Mobile, bowed with grief as he stood at the coffin of Father Coyle, gave them voice. On his first visit to Birmingham, twenty-five years ago, said the Bishop, he had been gratified and touched by "the kindly, cordial greeting extended him by his non-Catholic brethren." But of late, that sympathy and cordiality had been lacking.

What has brought about the change? Who is responsible for bringing the crowd of mountebanks to misrepresent the doctrines of the Church, to assail her clergy and malign the Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, and Benedictine Sisters, the noblest women in the land? "These disturbers were brought here by politicians and secret societies for their ignoble purposes. They call themselves Americans, but they are un-American because they are false to American principles of justice, charity and equality. I realize that their sentiments are not indorsed by the great majority of the citizens of Birmingham, but they allowed this clique to misrepresent and dishonor them."

"Would this unfortunate man who shot Father Coyle as he sat quietly on his own porch, have done this if he knew what the Catholic Church teaches and what her priesthood represents? He had a distorted view of the Church and looked upon it as the enemy of humanity, and upon its priests as emissaries of the devil. Would he have committed this fearful act, if he had known the Catholic Church as she is, the doctrine she teaches, the self-sacrificing lives she exacts from her ministers? But the people of Birmingham have permitted themselves to be misrepresented, with the terrible result of this tragedy."

In his charity Bishop Allen has softened the details of the story of bigotry in the South. The real murderers of Father Coyle are the loathsome creatures who for years have been flooding our Southern communities with foul and lying charges against the Catholic Church, her priests and her faithful children. Even were these accusations true, no decent man would so publish them. Even were it demonstrated beyond all doubt that an Anglican convent, a home for Methodist deaconesses, or a barracks of the Salvation Army were inhabited wholly or in part by immoral persons, no man save the wretch in whom all respect for womanhood had died, would publish far and wide and for money, so sad a story. For the sake of his mother and his sisters, in reverence for the woman he calls his wife, out of a desire deep in the heart of every

good man to believe all women good, he would seek to keep so terrible a revelation from the public, while using every means at his disposal to bring a shocking scandal to a speedy end. Least of all, would he try to make his living by exploiting the wickedness of lost women, nor would any decent man wish to listen to his disclosures. What, then, can be said of those who calumniate innocent women?

But in every community, North as well as South, but particularly in the more illiterate sections of the South, there are men who in no sense can be regarded as decent. The fact is evi-

dent from certain Southern politicians and the favor which they enjoy. The audiences to whom they address themselves are the uneducated and illiterate. Many are vile in mind, and, as was shown by the Surgeon-General's report on the camps, very many of them are equally vile in body as a result of sin. They feed upon carrion and refuse. They delight in turning over in their filthy minds and expressing with obscene lips, stories and tales directed against the Catholic Church. If they can read, they subscribe to the weekly and monthly publications which cater to their low desires. In the columns of these publications, they are told that we Catholics are good citizens of this or any other country—we who furnished soldiers and sailors far beyond our quota in the late War; who know the unblemished patriotism of our Bishops and priests; who boast that great patriot, now with God, Cardinal Gibbons, and those patriots beyond the water, Foch, who turned back the tide of almost certain defeat; Mercier, the "soul of Belgium" and of liberty during the invasion, and Albert of Belgium, king in deed as well as in station.

The Pope, they are told is plotting "the destruction of our liberties." All Catholics have been ordered to help him bring the country under his control. Governors, Congress, the President himself, dare not act except at the dictation of the Pope, or of the Knights of Columbus, or of the Jesuits, and the Jesuits are accused of having murdered Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, for refusing to submit to Papal demands. In gross and revolting language, these publications have not hesitated at the monstrous statement that our Bishops and priests, without exception, are licentious men, and that all our Sisters are fallen women. Other fearful charges of this nature, I dare not repeat. Nor is the campaign against the Church confined to the printed page. What community is there that has not seen its "ex-nun" or its "ex-priest," often a man or woman yet redolent of the penitentiary, occupying the Protestant pulpit or addressing select audiences of "men only," but always with the same message that Catholics are a set of low, unprincipled wretches whom no country can safely tolerate?

Nor let it be said that these charges are so monstrous as to carry with them their own refutation. They do to men of sense, but not to the audiences of which I write, not to bigots so inflamed with hatred that any accusation is true if brought against the Catholic Church. I myself am acquainted with a priest in the South, who three years ago, at the request of a common friend, bared his head to convince a Protestant lawyer that here at last was a priest who had no horns. The proof was rejected on the plea that by power of the devil the said horns had been caused temporarily to disappear. This lawyer was by supposition a man of some education and for years had presided over the county court. He was also an insidious reader of the low anti-Catholic sheets whose fearful charges he gave unwavering credence. It is not probable that he will ever be minded to take his revolver and kill the first priest he meets. But who can say? And if such was the effect on his mind, what must be the result upon minds utterly divorced from judgment, justice and the commonest elements of Christian charity? Father Coyle is not the first victim of that unmeasured bigotry so fitly represented today by the unspeakable "Tom" Watson. Nor will he be the last.

Is there no redress at law? None. The effect of a calumny cannot be nullified by a legal justification tardily following the injury. But if there is no redress at the bar of public opinion, as these diabolical hatreds grow stronger, what power can restrain the hand of the crazed fanatic raised against our priests, our Sisters, against ourselves and all that we hold dear? More than once in the past have the streets of American cities been crimsoned by Catholic blood and illumined by the blaze of burning church and convent. Fearful indeed is the responsibility of the clergyman or church or society that countenances these sowers of discord, these "inhuman monsters" as Brann once called them, spewing forth villainous and hatred against the Catholic Church.

Not yet fifty years of age, his people hoped that Father Coyle might bless them with his ministry for many years. He had given them all that man could give. For them he left his beloved Ireland in the flower of his generous youth, his parents, his home, and all that the heart of a good man holds dear, for the wear-

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ing toil of a Southern mission. But God knows best. On the afternoon of August 14, his bereaved people, led by the little children of the parish, came to the church to pray for an hour before the Blessed Sacrament for the repose of his soul. Within those sacred precincts he had ministered to them, raising his hand in priestly absolution, breaking to them the Bread of Life, and there had they listened to the Word of God expounded by a man whose life was an example of the goodness to which he sought to win them. God rest his noble soul, and may the Almighty grant that through his death a victim of fanatic hatred, the clouds of prejudice against the Church and her children may be speedily dissipated.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, Sept. 18.—St. Thomas of Villanova, the glory of the Spanish church in the sixteenth century, entered the house of the Austin Friars at Salamanca. Charles V. appointed him Archbishop of Valencia. He gave all his money to charity, fed each day 500 needy persons, and gave a present to every poor maiden married in his diocese. When he died in 1555 it was said he was almost the only poor man in his See.

Monday, Sept. 19.—St. Januarius, Bishop of Beneventum, was martyred under Societian. His relics rest in the Cathedral of Naples. The blood he congealed in two glass vials and its liquefaction, when brought near the martyr's head, is a prodigy that continues even to the present day.

Tuesday, Sept. 20.—St. Eustachius and companions, martyrs. Eustachius was a distinguished officer in the Roman army, under the Emperor Trajan. While hunting he perceived between the horns of a deer the image of the crucified Saviour. He became a Christian. He lost his position and was reduced to poverty, tilling the soil for a rich owner. His wife and children were taken from him. Later barbarians overran the country and Trajan called on him to lead the armies against them. He was victorious, but refused to sacrifice to the gods, whereupon he and his family whose members had been restored to him were put to death.

Wednesday, Sept. 21.—St. Matthew, the publican, who became one of the twelve apostles. He preached the faith far and wide and is said to have died in Parthia.

Thursday, Sept. 22.—The Theban Legion, which marched 6,000 strong into Gaul, but on being commanded to turn its swords on a Christian population, near Lake Geneva refused. The Emperor Maximian ordered them all executed, and they met death calmly, urged on by their captain, St. Maurice.

Friday, Sept. 23.—St. Theola, in whom the love of virginity was kindled by St. Paul at Iconium. She gave up marriage and her home to follow the saint. The Roman power pursued her; she was punished severely, humiliated in public and ordered to be burned. Finally she was executed, gaining the noble crown of martyrdom and virginity.

Saturday, Sept. 24.—Our Lady of Mercy. This feast celebrated the foundation of the order of that name for the redemption of captives, after the Blessed Virgin had appeared to St. Peter Nolasco, Raymond of Pennafort and James, King of Aragon, ordering them to prosecute this holy design.

"STOP MY COPY"

We take the following entertaining article from the always interesting "Notes and Comments" in that celebrated Catholic paper the Bombay Examiner, which is edited by the Jesuit Fathers: "Twenty-five years ago a gentleman in a distant part of India (we conceal names and places and disguise the incidents somewhat), while holding some local post in Government service, incurred the hostility of certain persons, who waylaid him in the dark, and would have done him some mischief if rescue had not come. Being a pious person, he was duly grateful to Divine Providence for his escape. When therefore something reminded him that twenty-five years had elapsed since that small tragedy was enacted, the suggestion occurred, why not have a little jubilee celebration? The celebration was accordingly organized among a circle of friends; pious exercises of thanksgiving were gone through, and a social evening was held in which reminiscences and laudatory speeches were delivered. Rather an original idea perhaps,

but quite pretty and becoming; and so far well. But a further thought occurred to this almost martyr to duty. He wrote, or got written, a glowing and enthusiastic description of the function, and posted it off to a weekly paper more than a thousand miles away in a different Presidency, requesting publication. The editor was well entertained by reading the contribution, and so were his journalistic assistants. But when it came to the question of insertion they unanimously decided that such an item, however interesting to the person or persons concerned, was of an altogether too domestic and private a nature to call for proclamation to the whole of India and the world. One of the literary staff remarked 'I might just as well ask you to insert an account of the Silver Jubilee of my set of artificial teeth, which practically changed me from a sick man to a healthy one.' Another remarked 'Such an item would probably find a place in a strictly local paper which devoted itself professionally to details of every little thing, social or other, which occurred in its own limited neighborhood. But I cannot imagine any newspaper of general circulation outside that locality deeming the item of sufficient interest to the wider public to call for publication; nor can I imagine any editor of such a general paper publishing items of that description.'

"And so the item did not appear. Three weeks later there came a letter from the sender remarking with regret that the contribution had not appeared. He went on to say that he had been a subscriber for seventeen to eighteen years, and had secured about three other subscribers, etc., and concluded: 'Kindly remove my name from your register from the 1st proximo; and the amount of subscription outstanding' will be remitted to you by such a date.'

"With certain reflections on the saving grace of the sense of humor, and the equally saving grace of the sense of proportion, we proceeded to excise the name from the register. Such incidents never surprise us, because there are such people in the world, and every editor from time to time comes across them. An analysis of this type of mentality, which we may label the stop-my-copy type, takes one or more of the following lines:

(1) The editor must insert in his paper anything which I take a fancy to send him, or else I shall order him to stop my copy.

(2) If the editor does insert anything I send, he must insert it wholly, verbatim and at once, otherwise I shall stop my copy.

(3) The editor must never express any view contrary to mine on any point in which I feel keenly interested; otherwise I stop my copy.

(4) He must not even reproduce from other papers any news item or expression of opinion contrary to mine on such subjects—otherwise I stop my copy.

(5) The manager must never remind me that my subscription has fallen into arrears, no matter how far. If he does I must stop my copy.

(6) If I make any complaint against the despatching staff, that my copy did not arrive, or my postcard was not attended to, the office must at once acknowledge the mistake and apologize profusely for it. If on the contrary the manager clears his office from blame and makes no apology, then there is only one course: I must stop my copy.

"About twice a year we find ourselves confronted with persons of this type, with the same result each time. Our average, we believe, is a lower one than falls to the lot of many other editors. About half of them get up against are persons who have for years been writing most eulogistically to the editor saying how much they value The Examiner, how much good it does them, how they look forward to it week by week, and feel quite disappointed if a copy misses; and in short they would not be without it for the world. And yet as soon as there occurs any one of the five or six petty-fogging incidents just enumerated above, back like a flash of lightning comes the watchword of the situation: 'Stop my copy!'

"One's only further interest in such a quondam subscriber is to try and analyze his mentality. Does he really imagine that anyone, merely by paying his subscription, thereby acquires a sort of proprietary right over the paper, with power to put into it whatever he likes? Does he really imagine that his subscription is a sort of favor which the editor is doing him, and ready to grovel and offer bribes of free publication of whatever is sent in, in eternal gratitude for the honor of having such a person on his register? Does he really imagine that the high-importance which he attaches to his own private affairs, private opinions and feelings is the objective measure of their importance in the eyes of the universe, to be recognized and conformed to as a law by all and sundry whom it may concern? Does he really imagine that he is promoting the cause of civilization, culture, liberty, progress, or any of those other things which we prize so highly nowadays, by assuming the swollen proportions of a despot, and dictating to the journalistic world what it shall do or shall not do, under the appalling and calamitous penalty of having his name removed from the subscription list? Has he ever asked himself what would happen if places were changed; if he him-

self were editing a newspaper of a certain type and kind, with a certain outlook, and found himself besieged by contributors asking him to publish 'in his next issue' items which, in view of common sense and the sense of proportion, he would never dream of inserting freely? We leave the matter at that, and let the object-lesson speak for itself."—The Southern Cross.

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