

can alone affect this. Where the Catholic Church rules (rules, that is, not merely tolerated) there is no complaint of empty cradles, race suicide, or other abominations.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE RUSSIANS STILL HOLD OUT

From Berlin comes an official statement that during Thursday night and Friday morning the Russian army on the west front of Lemberg, driven back by Von Mackensen, retreated to the prepared positions at Grodek. If the Russians seriously intend to defend the Galician capital, as their magnificent struggle to hold the line of the Dniester on the south front seems to indicate, great battles will be fought next week to the north-east of Grodek. South of that town, which lies seventeen miles due west of Lemberg, two lakes of considerable extent, connected by a river that carries their overflow south to the Dniester, form a natural line of defence that the Austro-German armies are not likely to tackle. A smaller lake extends to the north of Grodek for a few miles, but north and north-east of it lies open country very lightly wooded, which presents no obstacle to the movement of the vast number of pieces of heavy artillery forming the most effective offensive instrument at Von Mackensen's service.

THE ALLIES IN THE WEST

This renewed French advance in Alsace, after two months of inactivity, is intended to prevent the Germans from concentrating all their reserves in Flanders and northern France to resist the French and British offensives there. A Rotterdam despatch to The London Daily Telegraph and The Globe states that during the nine days the Belgio-Dutch frontier was closed 400,000 German troops passed through Belgium from the eastern front. A huge mass of artillery was also collected, including 200 heavy guns. This great and well-equipped army was undoubtedly assembled to undertake an offensive movement, but during the past three days the troops have been hurried into the trenches for use in defence.

Sir John French announced last night that east of Ypres the British hold all the German first line trenches taken on Wednesday. The second line trenches captured had to be evacuated. The attack at Festubert on the same day was not entirely fruitless. The British failed to hold the trenches taken during the night against a counter attack by the Germans, but in the afternoon they tried again and made a slight advance. "Judging by the number of dead Germans in the trenches entered by us," says the British Commander in Chief, "our artillery fire was very effective. The Germans claim the 'entire destruction of a British attacking force north of La Bassée,' but Sir John French makes no mention of this news, which he assuredly would not have suppressed had any serious disaster occurred."

THE ITALIAN FRONT

First line Austrian and Hungarian troops are appearing in large numbers on the Italian frontier, and General Cadorna has been telling his soldiers that now they will have fomen worthy of their steel. In the Monte Nero operations the Italians on Thursday encountered for the first time some crack battalions on Hungarians hardened by ten months of fighting in the Carpathians. The Italian Alpine troops proved more than a match for the Magyars, and they were put to flight after suffering heavy losses. The bombardment of Gorizia, perhaps at the moment the most important of the numerous Italian offensive operations, continued at long range. Until Gorizia is occupied the Italians will not push their main force on to Trieste.

The Italians are now on the defensive at the head of Lake Garda, in the Trentino. A despatch from Verona says that the Austrians are attacking the Italian troops on both sides of the Adige Valley, one force being based on Mori, the other on Rovereto. The result of the fighting is in doubt. It is clear, however, that the Italians have sent into the Trentino very much smaller forces than are engaged along the Isonzo, and that all they hope to do there is to prevent the Austro-Germans from breaking through to the Italian plain while the major part of Italy's troops are engaged elsewhere.

Major Morant, a well-known German military critic, pays a high tribute to the fighting qualities of the French and British armies. Both have made great sacrifices of men recently in carrying on offensive movements in the hope of relieving the pressure on the Russians. The French have been the more successful, it would seem, because of their careful preparation for attack, particularly in the massing of artillery and the expenditure of unlimited quantities of ammunition. — Globe Summary, June 19.

Every man must give the world the best that is in him, without fear or hope of reward. The reward of genius is labor, and none other has it a right to seek after.

If a flake of snow will quench a spark of fire, what should be the effect upon the tongues when rests day after day the snow white host of the altar? — F. P. Donnelly, S. J.

THE FIRST MASS IN ONTARIO

CARAGOUHA-LAFONTAINE, AUGUST 12, 1815

"Whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread, and gave to His disciples, and said: 'Take ye and eat: This is My Body.' And taking the Chalice, He gave to them saying: 'Drink ye all of this: for this is My Blood—Do this for a commemoration of Me.'"

This was the first Mass in the world, celebrated by the Creator made Man, on the eve of His mortal death, at Jerusalem.

Since then, wherever a priest of Jesus Christ sets foot, an altar is erected on which the Divine Command is fulfilled to the letter: Do this for a commemoration of Me. And it is named The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

On his landing at Otouacha, and after his welcome to the village of Tounacha, on the heights of Penetanguishene, Father Le Caron first missionary of Huronia, was made to understand that the Capital of the Peninsula was a few miles distant, at Caragouha. The latter proved to be a village of about two hundred rather large-sized lodges, inclosed in a triple palisade of wood, thirty six feet high. Father Le Caron was so impressed by it, every cabin opened, and he was given the choice among the lodges.

The good recollect Priest feared that the curiosity of the natives, and especially of the younger element of the population, would distract him too much from his solitude and prayers. He begged to be allowed the use of a dwelling outside the palisades, where he would be free from domestic turmoil and tire-some visits.

In one day, a cabin was built, made of poles and strips of bark. A few days later, an altar was raised in it, and preparations made for divine worship.

Le Caron had resided there a few days when Samuel de Champlain arrived August 4th; and the Indians witnessing the warm friendship of the great Captain for their missionary, added a second cabin for Champlain. Other Frenchmen and soldiers of the expedition were received hospitably by the Hurons in the common lodges; inside the palisade.

Let us not rave too much over the grand hospitality afforded at the Indian hostelry of Caragouha. The heart of the people was good; but their ways and their food could have been improved upon. "What don't you like?" writes Le Caron, "which is a kind of gruel composed of water and the meal of the Indian corn. Meat was so rare with us, that we often passed two months without tasting a bit, unless a small piece of dog, bear or fowl given to us at banquets."

It is from his cabin "outside the wall," of Caragouha, that Father Le Caron went working over souls among the Huron and tobacco tribes. Great conversions were not made, but the savages were prepared gently for the spiritual changes that were to follow in later years at the hands of the De Brebeuf and his associates.

During the long vigils spent in his cabin, Le Caron would perfect what knowledge he had acquired of the language, and compile a tolerably correct dictionary which is still extant and treasured as a relic. An event of more importance to Huronia than the first coming of the White Man, was the First Coming of the God-man in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Father Le Caron had celebrated Mass last in Quebec, on July 19th, the day of his departure for the Huron land. It is not likely that the long journey of 700 miles, he had the spiritual enjoyment of celebrating again, as the surroundings, the Company and the mode of transportation would not favor it. At all events, no mention is made of it in the records.

At Caragouha, in the missionary's lodge, an altar has been raised in the first days, but it had remained deserted and silent. Was Father Le Caron waiting for his friend Champlain to give him the pleasure of being at the first Mass in the country, or were the superstitions of the Red men so contrary that they would not allow at first the adoration and worship of a new God in the land?

Champlain writes: On August 12, (1615) the Reverend Father celebrated Holy Mass. And from LeClerg we hear that "Champlain had reached the Huron country in time to assist at the first Mass that Father Joseph had the consolation of celebrating there."

A gala day the 12th of August was at Caragouha that year 1615. The Priest's cabin was too small. Under the canopy of Heaven, with the giant trees bending their green foliage through which was murmuring the morning breeze, the soldiers of France had prepared the place of sacrifice. Attired in their brilliant military dress, Champlain and his aide were there. All the village squaws, papooses, all had come and stood at attention for the solemn act.

The young Priest arrayed in the ritualistic vestments spoke to their eyes. He commenced: "Introibo—I will go unto the altar of God!"

And the echoes carried to the forests, the maize fields and the lakes the Latin answers of the soldiers and their captain "Et cum spiritu tuo."

Lord have mercy on us—Praise be to Thee, O Christ—Glory to God on High!

The first Mass in Ontario was being said near the Huron village of Car-

agouha. There, three hundred years, this 12th of August, God's wishes were filled: "This do in commemoration of Me." God made man was offered by the first white man in the land. This hallowed spot on earth is in the present parish of Lafontaine, Simcoe County, Diocese of Toronto.

The Sacrifice of the Mass is at the same time a renewal and a remembrance of the Sacrifice of the Cross—"For, as often as you shall eat this Bread and drink the Chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He comes." (I Cor. II.) Missionaries never fail to impress this phase of the Sacrifice upon their neophytes: All merits come from Jesus Christ crucified.

Champlain continues: And the Reverend Father set about erecting a cross near by. This sign of our Redemption was planted with all the solemnity that circumstances could afford: valleys of musketry rent the air, all the while the Hymn of Thanksgiving was chanted for the first time in that barbarous country. "Te Deum laudamus! we praise Thee, O Lord!" — H. B. Parish Priest.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

THE HORRORS OF GERMAN PRISONS

Three Belgian non-commissioned officers who were taken prisoners at the fall of Antwerp have succeeded in escaping from a military prison at Bergenhusen, in Schleswig Holstein, and have given an account of their experiences to a representative of the Morning Post. How they were treated whilst en route from Malines for We were put in cattle trucks, which were ankle-deep in fresh horse-manure. During the journey, which seemed never-ending—it lasted 56 hours—refreshment was twice handed round. It consisted of a slice of bread and butter for each man and a tin of some sort of decoction which was probably intended for coffee, although it did not in the least taste like coffee. The number of men put into each cattle truck varied between 25 and 40. It was midnight when we arrived at Parchim, and here, after a wait of about an hour, we were given a pannikin of soup made of rice and bran and a small slice of unpalatable bread.

FIRST COMMUNION AT THE FRONT

The Abbe P. Fonteneau, vicar of Saint-Pierre de Cholet, has sent a letter to his cure describing a first Communion at the Front, which we summarize:

From this it appears that Lucien Patron, a bright little fellow with the 77th and a general favorite with his comrades, confided to his adjutant that he had not made his first Communion. The adjutant set to work to instruct him in the trenches, and then presented him to the Abbe for examination, which he passed with flying colors. Lucien made his confession, and everything was prepared for the great ceremony to follow. The officers of the regiment gave a cake, and his captain provided a box of dainties. Mass was said at an altar erected in the grange of a farm and surrounded with piles of arms, in presence of Lucien's whole company, who had made a collection among themselves to make him a present in memory of the occasion. And Lucien was made to feel that it was the day of his life. He breakfasted with the officers, his photograph was taken with the chaplain, and his comrades promised him a silver medal and chain engraved with his name.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

The Bishop of Saint-Brieuc has received a letter from one of his priests serving as a chaplain with the French Army, in which an account is given of Commandant Jubault, of the 218th, who was killed on the evening of March 8 in the first line of trenches by a shell as he was observing the movements of the enemy:

He only lived about ten minutes. His last words were: "It is all over with me. Good-bye, dear wife, children, and friends." His death is a cruel loss for the whole division. He had won the admiration of his men by his coolness and calmness, and by his kindness to them. In camp he was to be seen morning by morning at Mass and Communion. One day, when a serious attack was expected, he said to me: "I don't know what to-day may bring. Will you please hear my confession?" On March 7 he heard that his eldest son, who had been wounded and proposed for the Cross, was about to return to the Front. He had already said to me: "I should not hesitate a minute, and so perhaps his prayer has been heard, and he has been taken that his son may be spared."

A PRIEST-SOLDIER'S DEATH

The Abbe G. F. Tabary, a corporal of the 253rd and a professor at Valsence, was killed on Feb. 19. A chaplain has described his end to the Archbishop of Albi:

A fierce fight was going on, and I was doing my best to succour the wounded of Tabary's company when one of them told me that a priest-soldier had been badly hurt by a bullet. Five of his comrades told me that they had seen him fall about 5.30 in the morning as he rallied his men for the eighth attack with the bayonet on a German position. Pointing to the enemy, he told his men to be of good courage and charge. A ball struck him full in the chest. His rifle dropped from his hands; he made a big sign of the cross and died immediately.

WHAT A NUN THINKS

The Superior-General of the Sisters of Christian Doctrine has received a letter from one of her nuns who is residing in a parish just behind the firing line. The Sister gives a moving description of the services in the church on Easter Sunday, and of the piety shown by the concourse of soldiers:

Many Communions at the early Masses: at the High Mass, sung by three priest soldiers, the church was too small for the crowd of soldiers. In the afternoon, benediction, at which a priest soldier addressed the men and exhorted them to say the prayer of humble submission which carries a plenary indulgence. Our devoted singers had practiced their places in the trenches, and the organist was a man from one of the great Paris theatres who had never before touched a piece of sacred music. It was most moving to see all those men so generously making the sacrifice of their lives. When one sees such sights one can no longer be selfish, and one is tempted to say to God: Here I am; take me, and let these live who are so anxiously awaited by their families at home."

A NOCTURNAL ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT IN A TRENCH

In the last Journal d'Enver, of the diocese of Paris, Canon Couget relates the following thrilling episode taken from the note book of a military chaplain:

The soldiers of a certain trench were informed that they were to make an attack the following day. They asked for the chaplain, who arrived towards the end of the day. Having heard all the soldiers' confessions, in a corner of the trench, he gathered them together, and proposed to give them Holy Communion at once. "But we have broken our fast," objected the men. "Moreover, Father, we should prefer it if you would come very early to-morrow morning to give us Communion, just before the action." "Impossible," replied the priest, "for he had promised the men of a distant trench to visit them at daybreak. The disappointment of the poor soldiers was visible, when the chaplain, turning to one of them who was a deacon, made them this proposal: "Would you like me to entrust the Holy Eucharist to your care? To-morrow your comrade the deacon will give you Holy Communion before the fight." Then they looked for the most secluded and the best sheltered spot in the trench. A small cavity was dug in the turf; it was made even, cleaned and adorned with a few wattles of dried up foliage; a bit of tallow acted as a lamp. Then the priest went away, after having deposited the Blessed Sacrament in that improvised tabernacle. Whilst at the end of the trench one sentry mounted guard, another watched on his knees before the impromptu tabernacle. The night went on. Every hour, two men instead of one left their hard bed on the bare ground; one kept watch over the enemy in the dark, the other came to kneel before the altar of the Divine Redeemer buried under the ground with our soldiers, receiving during a whole night the homage of adoration and the fervent supplications which each of those heroes brings him in turn! When dawn began to break, trembling with emotion, the deacon who for the first time held in his hands, stained by gunpowder, the Sacred Body of the Divine Master, administered Holy Communion to his companions and to himself, and filled with joy and supernatural strength, those brave fellows went to fight their country's battles. How, with such an army, could France not be victorious?"

A NERVY MAN WHO PRAYED

Elbert Hubbard, who went down in the Lusitania disaster, wrote many a nasty and ungodly and erotic article and had a clientele among a certain set, whose religion is pure paganism—for the body alone. Much of what he wrote ought to go down in the sea with him—however, one unique paper of his, known as "The Bacillus of Bigotry," aimed at the P. A. is well worthy of recalling, writes R. C. Gleason in the Catholic Columbian. It contained an anecdote that will bear repetition. Hubbard said:

"Once upon a day it was my privilege to ride from New York to Albany on the engine of the Empire State Express. The engineer was a little, bronzed, weather-beaten man of near fifty. I showed my permit and without a word he motioned me to the fireman's seat in the cab. He ran around the engine with oil can in hand, then climbed to his place and waited for the conductor's signal to start. I was watching, too, and back in the crowd I saw the hand swing aloft. At the instant, the engineer turned and made a quick motion as if crossing himself, seized the lever and we were off. For exactly three hours the telegraph poles sped past, and we rolled and thundered onward through towns, villages, cities; over crossings, switches, bridges, culverts and through tunnels and viaducts at the terrific rate of a mile a minute. The little man at the throttle looked straight ahead at the two lines of glistening steel; one hand was on the throttle, the other ready to grasp the airbrake. He spoke not a word, nor looked at his fireman. But I saw that his lip kept moving as he forced the flying monster forward. At last we reached Albany. What a relief it

was! My nerves were unstrung. I had enough for a lifetime. The little engineer had left the cab and was tenderly feeling the bearings. I turned to the fireman—"Bill, why does he keep moving his lip when there at the lever?" "Who, the ole man? Why, don't you know: he's a Catholic. He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident, never touches a drop of anything—the nerviest man that ever kicked a guage cock, he is, s'elp me!"

SHAKESPEARE THE CATHOLIC

The distinguished Shakespearean reader, Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, who is now visiting San Francisco, and making a lecture tour of the coast, was given a reception in San Diego by the directors of the Panama California Exposition. During his address at that reception, Mr. Griffith—who is a convert—said among other things that "Shakespeare's greatness came from the great minds and learning of the so-called Dark Ages, which in reality were so glorious that we have as their result the immortal Shakespeare."

Truer words were never said. Those glorious ages of which the ignorant love to prate as "dark" were the most fruitful the world has ever known. They flowered forth in every form of beauty that religion, art or literature may know; and assuredly they gave us nothing more wonderful than that quintessence of poetic genius, Shakespeare the Catholic. For Shakespeare was a Catholic in his traditions, in his sympathies, in his expressions. None but a Catholic age could have produced him. Heinrich Heine, the German poet, writes Dr. James J. Walsh in The Catholic Mind, "insists that if Protestantism had really come into England before the dramatist's time we would never have had Shakespeare, for his genius would have been eclipsed by the shadows of Puritanism. As Heine was a German Jew," Dr. Walsh adds, "his opinion is at least unbiased by national or religious prejudices." And there are dozens of other witnesses; Carlyle, for instance, who tells us that the "glorious Elizabethan era, with its Shakespeare, as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributed to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages." It is refreshing to see a man of Mr. Griffith's gifts endowed also with the courage to speak out before the world, as he did at San Diego, the truth about the world's debt to the Catholic Church.—Intermountain Catholic.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowin, March 22, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowin. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted to the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big feast. May God be praised Who designs to open months to His praises in the Far East to replace those still in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

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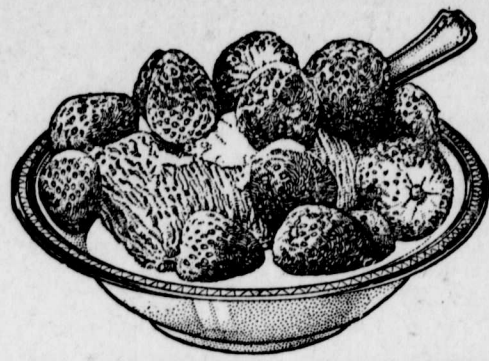
COMING INTO ITS OWN

We see it stated that the New York Sun will issue, at the end of August, a special edition designated as a "Roman Catholic Number." The three leading articles are to be contributed by Cardinals Gibbons, Farley and O'Connell, while the dominant note of the edition will be "Education in America."

The project is one of an unusual character in the field of secular journalism. It is of importance that it should have been launched in New York, although there are other cities where it could be carried out with most commendable results insofar as Catholic history and Catholic population furnish the foundation for building. In all of these there is enough of interesting information to send such a number as that announced by the Sun to phenomenal proportions.

As it is to be a "Roman Catholic Number," we assume that its principal subject, "Education in America," has particular reference to Catholic education. If that assumption be correct, the edition will be seriously deficient if it does not contain in some detail a review of the work and some of the addresses of Archbishop Hughes on the subject. Reading the latter in the light of present day conditions uncovers a wonderful vision of the future and makes one feel that education in America, according to the Catholic viewpoint, would have approximated realization to day had this illustrious prelate's zeal and labor been proportionately

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maintained throughout the country since his death.

But aside from these considerations, it counts for something in the same direction that an influential daily of the great metropolis should devote a special number to the subject. The protect would seem to indicate that Catholic education is rapidly coming into its own.—Church Progress.

SOCIETY'S VOICE

They say that the bell which sounded our liberty in '76 is fast cracking. It seems that a peculiar kind of germ which battens on metal is gnawing a larger crack day by day in the Liberty Bell.

Now, there is a bell hung up in society which rings out to the world everything that happens. Every morning it clangs out all the dark deeds of night, "when the dunest powers of hell are let loose." At noon it disputes with the shop whistles the attention of the masses. At night it tells the tale of all the day's achievements. At times it is made to give out its message every hour. We call this bell the press.

Men want the press to be free. The masses want yellow journals, because they feed on scandals, murders and robberies. Like the germ that is destroying our Liberty Bell, public opinion and popular sentiment are making daily a wider rift in the moral standards and ideals of the press.

Our press no longer educates—except in scandal—because its editors are not trying to draw the masses up from the gutter, but are stepping down from the plane to which they fought their way by hard thought, education and experience to the low level of a public incapable of deep

thinking, indifferent about high-minded living.

The daily papers to day are printing pleadings for sin, hatred, revelation, irreligion—the ugly in all its many shapes. Perhaps in doing so the editors are trying to justify themselves for pandering to the low tastes of the masses. At the same time, however, they are encouraging men who think ugly thoughts to look upon them as worthy of consideration. It is only too true that the man who sees his name in print for the first time feels an indescribable joy. When he finds that his thoughts are taken up and discussed by other correspondents, he quickly concludes that his arguments, however radical or irrelevant they may be, must be worth while. Thus the press helps greatly in the formation of the demagogues who overrun our country at the present time. What we need to-day is clear thought and sober thought—not shallowness and incandescence.

A strict censorship of the press is the crying need of the hour. Our press no longer rings true to high ideals, high thinking, high idealism striving. Like the Liberty Bell, it is cracked, and it is cracking more and more every day.—The Rosary Magazine.

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