

recognition with English. You see it in the speech from the Throne, in the bilingual speeches of members in Parliament and of senators, and in the records of Hansard. It is there—constitutional.”

I regretted my inability to understand the French of Monseigneur. In Montreal you naturally desire to speak French since, according to the figures of Godfroy Langlois, about 90 per cent. of the French there speak some sort of English; which may be true of Montreal, but not of St. Hyacinthe or Sorel. At the same time the Archbishop, himself partly Italian, is also a speaker of Italian; and when he goes to the seat of Roman Catholic power it is not to France, but to Rome. Besides, in Montreal are several thousand Italians who do not necessarily learn French, and perhaps do not as a rule acquire that language more readily than do the Jews or some of the English. So that the preservation of the Roman Catholic faith in Canada is not exclusively a matter of conserving French, but all languages that belong to the Church.

“Do you think Montreal will become more, or less, French?” I asked him.

“More and more,” he said. “There is no sign of decadence.”

“But as the chief city in Canada becomes more cosmopolitan, will not the French element become of less relative importance?”

He would not admit this, in spite of the fact that the bulk of the big business there is done by the English-speaking people. I asked him:

“Plainly the French are progressing in business more rapidly than ever before. For instance, the chief financier in Montreal is a French-Canadian. How will this affect the Church? Will it tend to a loosening of regard for authority and matters of faith?”

“By no means. The more wealth the French people get the more generous they are able to be towards the Church.”

On the streets of Montreal you may see friars who by their vows are committed to lives of poverty; barefooted and tonsured amid the walls of wealth. The Archbishop knows them all; understands them all. He knows the value of poverty in keeping the faith.

And he has a keen eye for economics. Quebec is said to be the best labour market in America. In the small French towns there are many big factories; somewhat because of cheap water-power, but quite as much because in the little towns and villages of Quebec good labour is more abundant and more easy to control than anywhere else in Canada, even in Montreal. On the surface this may not seem to have much to do with the Archbishop; but when it is sifted down you see that he is to the labour question from the Church side something what Samuel Gompers is to the American Federation.

“Why is the town your factories are in one of the best labour markets in Canada?” was asked of a Montreal manufacturer.

“Because we seldom or never have a strike,” was the reply; and when asked how strikes were prevented, he said, tersely:

“The Bishop.”

The Archbishop of Montreal is eternally opposed to undue disturbances in the labour world. He likes to see the people busy, contented and happy. If he had his way there would perhaps never be a really big strike anywhere in Canada. Most of all he deprecates the interference of the American Federation of Labour.

I remembered that a deputation of labour men in Montreal had once interviewed the Archbishop on labour matters; that was when he was a bishop—wanting to know why he had permitted one of his clergy to preach a sermon attacking the A. F. of L. The bishop made clear his position to which he has held ever since, that Canadian economics of labour are Canada's own peculiar business, and that Samuel Gompers has no right to be considered as the head of the labour movement in Canada.

I DON'T know the precise views of His Grace on the education of labour; but it is certain that the present order of things whereby the people work cheerfully and mainly without strikes, and where the bishop is the efficient strike-preventer—suits him infinitely better than what may be expected to happen when labour is more highly organized, and educated and trained to the art of resistance. He is not opposed to the education of labour. But, being a hard-working man himself, he believes first in the law of labour, fair wages for good work, a minimum of strikes, frugal living and contentment. However, the day may come when Quebec is no longer the best labour market in North America. In what he considers the best interests of the French-Canadians, that day will be a long while coming, if the A. F. of L. tries to hurry it along

and if the Archbishop can prevent it. I don't suppose he traced any analogy between the influence of Samuel Gompers on Canadian labour and the natural influence of the Pope at Rome on religious affairs in Quebec. One is artificially evolved. The other is historic.

And it is the historic evolution of things that gives the Archbishop his peculiar angle. Not only in the development of Canada, in the French language and literature, in the success of bilingual self-government in this country; but perhaps more fundamentally in matters of faith. On this he spoke with great emphasis. He maintained that the Roman Catholic Church has the only system of belief traceable to a point upon which all men could agree.

The Protestant Church—

“But in reality there is none,” he said. “My good friends the Protestants are divided into many camps, into many kinds of interpretation. They may talk of church union. But what common interpretation will a united church accept? And how much is each party to such a union prepared to surrender for that common belief?”

A GAIN you realize that from the historic angle he is right. He spoke without the least trace of animosity; as one who has many personal friends among Protestants, who works with them regardless of creed in the name of social betterment.

“Five hundred years ago,” said he, “what church had your ancestors and mine?”

So far as I knew, before the days of the Reformers, it was the Roman Catholic Church.

“And that is the one Church now,” he said. “It has not changed its principles or its faith. Truth never changes. In science truth is absolute, whenever we get past the variations of phenomena to the unchangeable law. In mathematics it is so. By no jugglery of interpretation can two and two ever be got to make anything but four. So with matters of faith. There is but one interpretation of fundamentals. It traces back to one common authority, the keys of whose revelation to man are in the hands of the Church.”

He quoted a Latin ecclesiastical proverb which translated reads—“Kill errors, but save men.”

## The Mask of Jim Burrell

By F. D. JACOB

“I TELL you, gentlemen, there isn't such a thing as sentiment or heart in this world. Every man living is after the stuff for himself and has his price, and you have only to name the right figure to buy every mother's son of them.”

The speaker, a grey-haired, ruddy, clean-shaven, blue-eyed man of sturdy build, attired in a loose brown suit, emphasized his remark with a vigorous blow of his fist upon the arm of the chair on which he sat in the rotunda of the X—Hotel, Hamilton, and glanced round at the frequenters of the place with a condescending smile on his broad and intellectual face.

The landlord of this famous hostelry—it being no less a personage who had just delivered himself—usually had the last word on almost every topic brought up for discussion by the patrons of the house who used its comfortable rotunda as a club, and there wasn't a topic under the sun from the latest trick in ward politics to the bewildering mysteries of German theology, that didn't lie on the dissecting table and have the scalpels used upon it.

However, whatever the subject, Jim Burrell, formerly school teacher and prospector out West, had either more facts to bear upon it than anyone else or he speedily cleared the field of all opposition by resorting to his wonderful powers of ridicule, the rankling shafts of which seldom left the victim any desire to become their target the second time.

To the surprise of the club, however, on this occasion the landlord's remark was not to remain unchallenged, for a newcomer to the privileges of the house, a burly, coon-coated young farmer, uneducated perhaps, but with the honesty of the schoolboy written all over his sun-burnt face, broke forth with considerable warmth from a far corner of the room where he had been seated listening to the buzz of conversation. “You're wrong there, Burrell. I know hundreds of men who can't be bought with all the money in the world. You can't cram stuff like that down me, and I guess when you've had a good sleep to-night you'll think differently yourself.”

Burrell turned round his chair so that he

I suppose all agree that saving men by some means or other is the business of the church and of science and of society. But the trouble seems to come when we begin to define just what are the errors that have to be killed. I am quite sure the Archbishop was sincere when he said that to save a man he, if need be, would sacrifice himself. His life of works based upon his interpretation of faith proves it. He was constitutionally on the rock bottom of sincerity when he alluded to the Hebert case, since made still more celebrated as a test case by the recent finding of the Supreme Court. He knew all the details of the case. To him there could never be any real marriage between two Catholics united by a Protestant minister. Marriage he construed as a sacrament, not as a civil contract; as part of the faith and as such not capable of being secularized. Once married as a sacrament, always married; the Church does not believe in divorce. In the case of either the contracting parties being non-Catholic the Church would do all in its power to convert the non-Catholic—for the sake of the sacrament of marriage.

In all these matters the Archbishop spoke as one having not mere authority, but as one having convictions. Many things to Most Rev. Dr. Paul Bruchési are final, not admitting of compromise or argument. But there is no phase of modern life affecting his many-sided station that he will not study, will not work hard to accomplish in the interests of the Church. To him the dome of St. James is the symbol of St. Peter's at Rome. And Rome is absolute. I asked him:

“In the course of time, if ever the Church should have the experience in Italy that she has had in France, would you expect a transfer of the Papal See to—?”

He probably anticipated the rest.

“No,” said he. “I think the Roman Catholic Church will always be centred in Rome.”

The time for the interview was already more than twice up. And I had discovered that there is probably no man in Canada more anxious to impart truth genially and generously than the Archbishop of Montreal.

The next article will deal with Herbert S. Holt, Light, Heat and Power financier.

could face the interrupter, and with a look of contemptuous pity, retorted, “You are young yet, boy; this world isn't a Sunday-school, as you will find when you are a bit older. Money runs everything. This sentiment business never did count anywhere and I've cut it clean out for years.

“You make me laugh, Hempel,” he went on, ironically. “Men like you—” but the rest was cut short by the porter's whispered announcement that the Missus would like to see him for a minute in the kitchen and Burrell's instant departure thereto.

“What a shame to see a man like Burrell hold such low opinions of people, and such a clever man, too,” broke out the young farmer, with a sigh, as the hotel-keeper disappeared through the intervening door. “I've heard of men who hadn't an ounce of feeling in their make-up, but this beats all. My, my, what a pity,” and walking across the room he stood at the window watching the crowded street while the frequenters in the rotunda, disappointed in the looked-for “scrap,” called for refreshments and delved once more into the topics of the day.

JUST then Hempel felt a hand on his shoulder and, turning round, saw the tall, well-knit figure and benign features of Dan, the popular hostler of the hotel's stables.

“Come with me,” remarked that worthy, quietly, “I happened to be in the room when you and the boss had your bit of a tiff, and I just thought I would like you to see what might perhaps be news to you and show the old man in a different light. He loves to talk, does the boss, but talk and actions are not quite the same thing.”

The two left the hotel together, and, turning up a side street after a walk of less than a hundred yards, entered the hotel stables. Here, in a large, airy, well-lighted building stood about a dozen horses of various breeds and ages tossing hay out of generously-filled mangers or absorbed in the pleasant work of nosing to the bottom of big, bulging feed-bags. There was a general look of comfort about the place, and the red-brick floor was as clean as the deck of an ocean liner just after

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