JANUARY 28, 1921

earth is only a street in the sky. At birth we enter upon it. At death we leave it, to enter upon eternity. And the walk adown that street is the march of Time. For some, it is a parade of pleasure and amusement. For others it, is a many nilorimation and some the White Way was the wrong the march of the rest. The White Way was the wrong birth we enter upon it. At death we leave it, to enter upon eternity. And the walk adown that street is the march of Time. For some, it is a parade of pleasure and amusement. For others, it is a weary pilgrimage that finds relief in death. But no matter what we may do or find, or what we may want along that street, there is one thing; we must pass modern splendor and uncrowned adown it, once we have started upon monarchs, and I beheld New York as life for the last time. You will be passing into the past. The world of the seasons will no longer be for many months I hovered between the you. Something in another world misnamed upper life of New York awaits you, and what it is will be

yours forever. Like every other way, to go along it in security a guide is required. idea, the finding of my son. My funds gave out, and rather than write home for more I took a position in a big manufacturing conson, the guides along the Street the Saints. You have lost your way along the road. You are on the wrong way. Get a saint to find you under the blue skies of Italy, life in under the blue skies of Italy, life in under the blue skies of Italy, life in of Life are God's Holy Mother and the right way. Get Saint Anthony. He is the saint of lost things. You have lost the greatest thing in life— your Faith. Ask him to find it for you. There, my son, is the advice I give you. Follow it, and God's grace and God's sunshine will come back The machine was my driving master. and God's sumshine will come back again to you, through the night of sorrow and tribulation." sorrow and tribulation. Well, Father, my Faith came back. tion, when I would have ceased to

And it was Saint Anthony who found live. Some other man would wear it for me.

With the return of my Faith, life began to take on its old colors of joy and happiness. I saw and realized that slave to the machine would that if there was such a thing as evil never see its beauty nor feel its gentle in the world it was man himself who put it there. God was good.

put it there. God was good. At the request of my sick wife, I determined to visit America and try and find the son I had lost. In the early fall I left the blue in the understand the seen man's inven-

skies of Italy for the shores of America. Two weeks later I landed The beautiful world of the plains, at New York. What my feelings with their eternal silence; the roar were, Father, on landing on this of the sea across the world; the edge of the world, I cannot express. freshness of the wind as it sweeps magnitude which paralyzes the world of nature as God created it, has been lost to man. the life of the model in the set of the set The bigness, the possibilities, the the dollar god. In all my search 1 crippled my understanding.

I had landed in a country which dent that just as he had helped me to was the microcosem of the universe— a country which locked to be the half of the world having within its There was a little church down a borders the representatives of the whole human race. I had come to a country which was of Saint Anthony, and in the shades of the street. Within, there was a statue of Saint Anthony, and in the shades of the street. Within, there was a statue of Saint Anthony, and in the shades of the America I admire; America I fear.

the shrine of achieved desires, and holy stillness some little candles also the graveyard of many a ruined burned there, telling of a hope and a ambition; a country in which men faith that have lived with the years. were chasing the shadow of success : a country which was an casis for many in this weary world of travel, and roared without, in the quistness and a country which was a desert of of God's home I would pour out my blasted hopes for many unfortunates on the trail of worldly happiness. through Saint Anthony to my lost Ever on those poor unfortunates go, chasing in a wilderness of failure the butterfly of success, buoyed up with the undying hope that some day, comehow, they will net this gilded alluring fly. Then a day comes when they sink down exhausted upon the

click of money that is accursed. I want all this, Heaven may be all right, but give me this creation.' Always remember my see that the surface over the buildings around and dancing to the tuneless. right, but give me this creation.' Always remember, my son, that this earth is only a street in the sky. At instant and gaze. Some would drop a coin into my hat and pass on with

> pisce of money. It missed my hat and fell upon the pavement. Out into the busy street it rolled and after it darted my little monkey. I saw New York as the city of

There was a wild scream, a sudden adown it, once we have started upon its way. And you cannot linger. Onward, onward, you must go, till a day finds you passing the last land-mark, and with the whole journey over, behind you. That day you will have played your little role of green beams of the great lights, for life or the last time. You will be harsh grinding of brakes, a rush of whom this world is merely one un-ceasing delirium of pleasure. For but I confess I wept. That dumb little creature, with its ugly features, many months I hovered between the had been to me a friend I had seen and its black, only too true antithesis, the under world. Like a restless soul I kept ever moving along, drawn The chauffeur was discussing with about by the magnetism of one big

the occupants of the machine. could do nothing. Around me in a mist I saw a crowd of puzzled faces. In my ears I heard the babble and the

my eyes I saw the green and gold livery of the chauffeur. For a moment the green and gold played before my vision. Then in an instant the world seemed to pass from me. away his strength under its crushing The great street, the gazing crowds, the rushing vehicles, the clash and weight. Outside the glory of God's the din of the business world around -all appeared to fade away in some strange and mystic manner. In the livery of the chauffeur I saw metal monster his heart would throb my son There in the midst of the restless

rush of a vast city we met-met as I knew we would. Saint Anthony had brought him back to me.

The crowd began to disperse. The remains of the little monkey were taken away but from amid the dast I picked up a dirty piece of red cloth. There is something, sometimes, in around the globe-in a word, the It was the old, worn skull cap. I will always keep it. It will be for me an undying remembrance. What

achievements of your country, crippled my understanding. forgiven. Tomorrow morning we start eastward—eastward to the blue skies of Italy-eastward to a little home that lies in the shades of the

> man today realizes the power that lies buried in America. America today is old. She will be the New World of the fature, and when that Here it was I would go every night, and while the mighty city throbbed New World comes it will be some-thing that the intellect of today does understand, because today this not world knows it not.

Father, forgive me for being so long. Forgive my wanderings and my musings. And, gentlemen, I ask of you the same. That was how my Italian friend ended his strange story. He wished me good night. Asked

somehow, they will net this gilded alluring fly. Then a day comes when they sink down exhausted upon the wayside, their dreams and their ambitions shattered, failures and wrecks upon the jetean of Life, derelicts upon the ccean of Time. Excertishing seemed ser strange in the wayside, the served server in the derelicts upon the ocean of Time. Everything seemed so strange in this strange land. I felt that I had not stepped into a new world, but into another world, it has been called the New World, but the only called the New World, but the only and yet give me a chance to look for thing I found was that the New my son. I remembered the strange grinder. It has been long, but I World was very old, very old. There tradition of our race in foreign lands, do hope you will pardon all its tradition of our race in foreign lands, and I hired this cld street organ and imperfections. So good night, gentleand i nired this did sirest organ and a little monkey. With them I made enough to keep me. They were my only friends. I have passed along every street in this large city. On my way I would examine the faces in the crowds, but men. I have still my rosary to say. never saw the face of him I longed IN THE SHADOW for. Sometimes my life has been hard, very hard. However, I always felt a with the dust of the continent that they appeared to have been running since the beginning of created things. They looked like the last remnants of the remnants are in the remnants in grup life's blood, was holding me of the world's first days, when God in bondage. No sickening roar nor Geneva Conference. created everything on a scale of revolving metal was stunning my other States may de Argentina and other States may decline to enter brain. No would be master mind of into any peace pact which gives I thought men did not live in this the farce of time called big business overwhelming control to nations that -I thought men did not live in this land for the joy of living. The wild rush on the streets, the fast, ever-moving traffic, the sharp, strained looks of the passers by—all told of a life that was unnatural, of an exist-ence screwed up to the highest point of excitement, in the fever of some great game that was deadly and in a lane called big business was using me as a pawn to satisfy his whims and schemes. The curs-ing spell of the demon god, money, life was not a weary, unending pil-grimage between the graceless shrine of Industrialism and a wrecked shack overwhelming control to nations that are entirely selfash in their de mands. Even the Irish question, threatening the tranquillity of the universe, is of slightly lesser impor-tance when the fate of one hundred and eighty millions appeals for the cohideration of mankind. The difficulty is that no one seems ence screwed up to the highest point of excitement, in the fever of some great game that was deadly and momentous in its outcome. I found that game to be the game of Chang-that game to be th Days passed into days and months Soviet supremacy we were given into months, and still I continued to to understand that the forces of hell his impressions to a man whose duty go up and down the highways, confi- had prevailed. Robbery, rapine and and calling it is to see life in its naked truth and to be a representa-tive of the country he lives in—the Catholic priest. Thad with me the address which my son had placed in the only letter he ever sent home from America. With the assistance of some unknown Italians, I found the street. To my disappointment I heard that he only had remained there about a month. And so my search began. For many months I remained in New York. I searched every quarter, Sometimes my endeavors would bring some details, but when I had ruthlessness were the dominant dent that my son would appear.

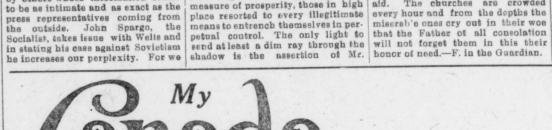
THE CATHOLIC RECORD

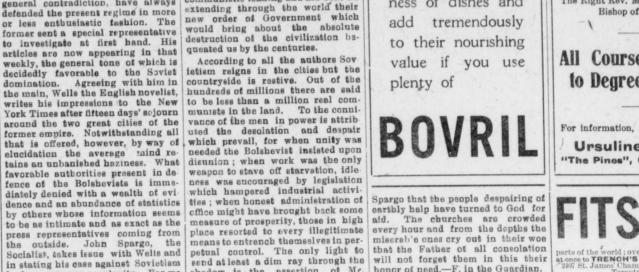
prefer the tinsel and the glitter of this world. I prefer to play with the my reward. I was out on the streets in the sarly is for me the echo of Heaven. I was out on the streets in the streets in the street in t Ing that in the shadow of the dismainant land there lurked a monster which lay in wait to devour the civilized people of the earth. Well known write of the dismainant study, the Jesuit Father Hussiein, would lead us to believe that Bolshe-vism is only the practical applicapeople of the earth.

tion of the Marxian socialistic theories and that the Russian revol-To form a judgment information, unimpeachable, was utionists received the aid and en-couragement of those with whom Mr. needed, and this many periodicals to supply. Spargo allies himself. On the other hand, the latter gentleman is bitter the mouthpieces of advanced thought in his denunciation of the rulers in Russia, who, he claims, have no whose special purpose in existence seems to be swayed by some rule of general contradiction, have always communistic leaning and are bent on defended the present regime in more or less enthusiastic fashion. The former sent a special representative to investigate at first hand. His

articles are now appearing in that weekly, the general tone of which is decidedly favorable to the Soviet domination. Agreeing with him in the main, Wells the English novelist, writes his impressions to the New York Times after fifteen days' sojourn around the two great cities of the former empire. Notwithstanding all used the desolation and despair that is offered, however, by way of which prevail, for when unity was that is offered, nowever, by way of which press, inclusion the average mind re-elucidation the average mind re-tains an unbanished haziness. What favorable authorities present in de weapon to stave off starvation, idie favorable authorities present in de-fence of the Bolshevists is imme-

My





COOKS!

You will immensely

improve the tasti-

ness of dishes and

of Arts The Ladies' College and

THREE

Residence of the Western University, London, Ontario Under the patronage of His Lordship

Ursuline College

The Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D. Bishop of London.

All Courses Leading to Degrees in Arts

For information, apply to the **Ursuline College** The Pines", Chatham, Ont.

at once to TRENCH'S REMEDIES LIMITED



SOON TO BE PUBLISHED WEEK BY WEEK, CARRYING SPECIAL SECTIONS FOR

YOUNG CANADA

RURAL CANADA

MESSAGE NO. 4 FOR "BUILD-CANADA" BUSINESS MEN

An Advertisement by Chas. C. Nixon

NATIONAL unifying force is the A great need in Canada to-day. A periodical to be issued week by week and incidentally to deliver the great merchandising force of a national weekly in Canada, as The Saturday Evening Post does in the United States, has been wanted and needed in Canada these many

years. Now, soon, the need is to be supplied by Rural Canada, the National Home Magazine, which is to change its name to "MY CANADA" and be published as Canada's national weekly.

Laboring Under a Misnomer

rural people do not wish to be as rural! Strange, but it's true !!

BECAUSE – 3.-It is a home magazine. It appeals to the mothers in town and country-for not only is its appeal to the young people; it works towards the end of having as much done for mothers and babes in Canada as is done by the live stock departments for cattle and calves, sheep and lambs, pigs, horses, hens, etc. It assists parents with child training.

BECAUSE — 4. It is human. It deals with people. It deals with great Canadians of to-day and of yesterday and does its part to inspire and help develop the great Canadians of to-morrow. It is a friend to those who most need friendship. It has personality and character.

5. It is always interesting. It leads. It points the way. People say of MY CANADA that it "knows where it is going !"

BECAUSE — /6. -It deals in human experience. It never preaches. It deals in facts and exact infor-mation, which it seeks out and publishes to offset the works of evil, of ignorance, of prejudice and of demagogues who would tear down and destroy.

BECAUSE -7.-It is a safe magazine to have in your 7.-It is a safe magazine to have in your home. It is clean, wholesome, unafraid. Only the tried and true get into the col-umns of MY CANADA. It presents the living, umns of MY CANADA. It presents the living,

Is There a Better Name Than "MY CANADA"

For Canada's National Weekly? MY CANADA. place of MY CANADA.

\$100.00 For a Name

you have that better name that we can accept use, send it in and for it we will pay \$100.00 cash. editor" and publi her of **MY CANADA** to be the judge; and his decision in this matter to be final.

Do You Like "MY CANADA"

As the One and Only Name? If you like **MY CANADA**, as the one and only name for this periodical, write us a letter and tell us why. We will pay \$10.00 cash for best letter received giving

MY CANADA,

Send 10c. For Two Specimen Copies

are mighty, modern constructions that surpass everything in the old

land; there are vast plains of thought in this country of yours; but around it all there is an atmosphere of old-ness. Beside your wonderful buildings in the world's greatest cities there are cld, tottering, wooden structures that tell of the first pages

in your history. Your magnificent railroads seemed so large and black greatness.

because I thought it was good that a son of the Old World should tell

1 .

or its present owners, this periodical (designed to be of service to all the people of Canada and to serve directly and everlastingly the major-ity of the Canadian people, who, in the one great sense of political regulting

d: it has been laboring

Separating Versus Unifying

account of the United Farmers (which has stirred up discontent had a marked tender its nomenclatu what is canada to unify and people of Canada to unify and build unitedly for the greater Canada -Canada, a nation - Canada, a natic British Empire.

So now it is to be MY CANADA !

-a unifying force -a merchandising force

-with great influence on trade

-fostering national sentiment

- selling goods with great economy and great effici-ency throughout the length and breadth of Canada

Here Are Nine Reasons Why You Will Want to Read "My Canada" Week by Week

BECAUSE -1.-It builds. It builds for all of Canada.

BECAUSE -2.—It is a magazine for the young man and for the young woman — for all people who are young in spirit and alive to the future of Canada.

BECAUSE – 8.-lt is earnost, tense, honest, fair, aggres-sive, optimistic, energetic, courageous. MY CANADA is led along by a loyal band of enthusiastic, happy workers – young men and young women of vision – workers with a mission – on fire with a consuming pas-sion to do for and give all Canadian people a sane, independent, needed service.

BECAUSE -9.—As a good Canadian you need MY CANADA and MY CANADA needs you.

Note to Advertisers

E XPERIENCED national advertisers in Can-ada are sick and weary of the waste of many small mediums and the too high per unit cost or per page of advertising per home in Cana-dian periodicals. They are coming to appreciate the one-cent per line per 1,000 circulation on MY CANADA, giving two-color advertising at one concerner of the per 1,000 circulation of the two-concerners of the per 1,000 circulation of MY ent per page per home ! They s not build up one good, pow gh publicity that ing, of mass education chrougs in one god standing medium to tell one's story proper standing medium to tell one's story proper so on, adding one good medium after anot to the limit of one's appropriation for adve investment.-C. C. N.

THE SCHEDULE

SPECIALS TO BEAR IN MIND London, Ont., and Motor and Accessory, January.

Salesmen's and Hamilton Special, February.

"MY CANADA" WEEK BY WEEK

For March and Thereafter.

CHAS. C. NIXON AND ASSOCIATES Connected With

Ye Paris Printe Shoppe, Limited Toronto Executive Office, Suites 1101-2, Temple Building, Toronto

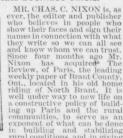
Long Distance Telephone, Main 3073

This ad. measures 200 lines x 4 cols., the size of a page advertisement in RURAL CANADA. Rate 35 cents a line. If you believe in the safe, progressive policies, as advanced by Nixon, in his papers, then back him, and encourage him, for you need him to stay in Canada and he needs your week-by-week, 12-months, year-round support.

Forms soon to be closing every Monday preceding date of issue, MY CANADA, week by week – A GREAT UNIFYING FORCE! Subscriptions \$2.00 per year in advance.

"THE MAGAZINE THAT GIVES YOU A THRILL BECAUSE IT'S TRUE !"

TO AVOID A NATIONAL BUSINESS CRISIS.



C. C. NIXON

in our smaller cent

Agents Wanted Make \$50.00 to \$500.00 Right In Your Own Home Community

Every loyal, patriotic Canadian wants and takes **MY CANADA** on sight. If you want to "drum up" a little circle of 5500, or 5400, or summary to "drum up" a ney, or \$50 to \$500, or Sunday School, or for your church, or league or Sunday School, or for school library work, send for our "50-50" agents' plan, with p and see you through while you "go get them." As Life would say: "Obey that impulse !" It will now you!

It will pay you to build with us in developing **MY CANADA** week by week as Canada's <u>national</u> weekly.

Jours for Service.

CANADA'S NATIONAL WEEKLY. Also The Review, the leading local weekly of Brant County.

HERE IS THE MAN, A YOUNG CANADIAN, TRAINED TO HELP MEET THE NEED OF TO-DAY INDUSTRIALLY AND COMMERCIALLY, AND

Chun C. Lifrans Editor and Publisher.