

prefer the tinsel and the glitter of this world. I prefer to play with the toys of time, to hear the haunting click of money that is accursed. I want all this, Heaven may be all right, but give me this creation. Always remember, my son, that this 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 down 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 down 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 landmark, and with the whole journey over, behind you. That day you will have played your little role of life for the last time. You will be passing into the past. The world of the seasons will no longer be for you. Something in another world awaits you, and what it is will be yours forever.

"Like every other way, to go along it in security a guide is required. My son, the guides along the Street of Life are God's Holy Mother and the Saints. You have lost your way along the road. You are on the wrong way. Get a saint to lead you in 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 again to you, through the night of sorrow and tribulation."

Well, Father, my Faith came back. And it was Saint Anthony who found 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 if there was such a thing as evil in the world it was man himself who 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 skies of Italy for the shores of America. Two weeks later I landed at New York. What my feelings were, Father, on landing on this edge of the world, I cannot express. There is something, sometimes, in magnitude which paralyzes the intellect, something which the mind seems unable to grasp and thought define. I experienced all these sensations when I landed in America. The bigness, the possibilities, the achievements of your country, crippled my understanding.

I had landed in a country which was the microcosm of the universe—a country which looked to be the half of the world having within its borders the representatives of the whole human race.

I had come to a country which was the shrine of achieved desires, and also the graveyard of many a ruined ambition; a country in which men were chasing the shadow of success; a country which was an oasis for many in this weary world of travel and a country which was a desert of blasted hopes for many unfortunates on the trail of worldly happiness. 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, 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 jetties of Life, 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 thing I found was that the New World was very old, very old. There 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 oldness. Beside your wonderful buildings in the world's greatest cities, there are old, tottering, wooden structures that tell of the first pages in your history. Your magnificent railroads seemed so large and black 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 world's first days, when God created everything on a scale of greatness.

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 existence 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 Changing Coin.

I have told you all this, Father, because I thought it was good that a son of the Old World should tell his impressions to a man whose duty and calling it is to see life in its naked truth and to be a representative of the country he lives in—the Catholic priest.

I had 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

followed them out, failure would be my reward.

I was out on the streets in the early hours of the morning. Many a time have I seen that cold, cheerless sight namely, a sunrise over the buildings of New York. I searched the thoroughfares in the evenings, mingling in the gay life on the so-called White Way, and as I walked that avenue of pleasure I thought of the wrong way about which my friend the priest, had spoken. For me, the White Way was the wrong way, and the only thing white about it was that it was not white.

I saw New York as the city of modern splendor and uncrowned monarchs, and I beheld New York as the hell of modern civilization. I saw your master minds that makes of a man a plaything upon the board of life. I saw your gilded joyous, that flutter and sparkle under the green beams of the great lights, for whom this world is merely one unceasing delirium of pleasure. For many months I hovered between the misnamed upper life of New York and its black, only too true antithesis, the under world. Like a restless soul I kept ever moving along, drawn about by the magnetism of one big 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 concern. Brought up as I had been, under the blue skies of Italy, life in a large industrial plant did not suit my nature. The faultless attention to a machine was something I could not give. To me the whole system was unnatural. I was the machine. The machine was my driving master. That machine would be there, demanding the same tireless attention, when I would have ceased to live. Some other man would wear away his strength under its crushing weight. Outside the glory of God's sunshine would stream down, but that slave to the machine would never see its beauty nor feel its gentle touch. To the soulless beat of that metal monster his heart would throb on its way to death. I could not understand the sacrifice. It was contrary to Nature. The whole world of machinery has been man's invention. It had turned him from God. The beautiful world of the plains, with their eternal silence; the roar of the sea across the world; the freshness of the wind as it sweeps around the globe—in a word, the world of nature as God created it, has been lost to man.

Many other means of employment I tried. The unreality of it all sickened me. It was all the worship of the dollar god. In all my search I never forgot Saint Anthony. He had been faithful once, and I felt confident that just as he had helped me to find the right road in life, he would lead me some day to my son.

There was a little church down a dark lane which bordered on a main street. Within, there was a statue of Saint Anthony, and in the dark holy stillness some little candles burned there, telling of a hope and a faith that have lived with the years. Here, while the mighty city throbbed and roared without, in the quietness of God's home I would pour out my soul and ask of Him to lead me through Saint Anthony to my lost child. I never left that little shrine of the side way without feeling stronger and a better man. In my soul there would be a renewed hope and the touch of grace.

One night, as I was leaving my little church, I met one of my few friends. He told me that he had heard that my son was in a certain town in the West. He named a certain town. A few days after I came here.

Loathing American industrial life, I searched for some occupation that would permit me to live in the open and yet give me a chance to look for my son. I remembered the strange tradition of our race in foreign lands, and I hired this old street 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 I never saw the face of him I longed for.

Sometimes my life has been hard, very hard. However, I always felt a feeble man. No artificial roof was above me. No huge monetary machine, grinding out and demanding my life's blood, was holding me in bondage. No sickening roar nor revolving metal was stunning my brain. No would-be master mind of the farce of time called big business was using me as a pawn to satisfy his whims and schemes. The cursing spell of the demon god, money, had no unholy power over me. My life was not a weary, unending pilgrimage between the graceless shrine of industrialism and the demand of a lone called home. No, although I walked the streets a beggar, with an organ and a monkey, I had the blue sky above me and the world of God around.

Days passed into days and months into months, and still I continued to go up and down the highways, confident that my son would appear.

For some I was an object of pity. For others I was a thing for amusement. I saw the great drama called Life in all its parts and settings. I watched the great forces of materialism in action. I saw triumphs and I beheld failures. For the passing world, I was a fool. I was something that lived on the edge of things. I was something to look at, worthy of a grin or a sneer, or perhaps a tear. That was all. But God I knew was in Heaven, and He was true and good.

This evening, as I passed along the

main street, I stopped to amuse some children. The laughter of children is for me the echo of Heaven.

My little monkey was capering around and dancing to the tuneless rattle of my organ.

The passers by would stop for an instant and gaze. Some would drop a coin into my hat and pass on with a smile. Others would cast a look of disgust and disappear with a frown.

Suddenly a gentleman threw me a piece of money. I missed my hat and fell upon the pavement. Out into the busy street it rolled and after it darted my little monkey.

There was a wild scream, a sudden harsh grinding of brakes, a rush of feet and a crash. At the end of my chain there lay the crushed body of my little helpmate. A few yards down the street there stood a big beautiful automobile. The automobile had killed my little monkey.

I wept. It may have been foolish, but I confess I wept. That dumb little creature, with its ugly features, had been to me a friend I had seen in it a symbol of myself, playing in a game foreign to its nature. And so I cried.

The chauffeur was discussing with the occupants of the machine. I could do nothing. Around me in a mist I saw a crowd of puzzled faces. In my ears I heard the babble and the roar of voices, as if they came from afar. Before me lay the crushed remains of my little monkey amid a piece of red cloth.

I was aroused from my stupor by some one touching me on the shoulder. Slowly and carelessly I turned around, and through the haziness of 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. The great street, the gazing crowds, the rushing vehicles, the clash and 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 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 amid the dust I picked up a dirty piece of red cloth. It was the old, worn skull cap. I will always keep it. It will be for me an undying remembrance. What more can I say, Father? There are moments when the heart is too full to describe its joy. That is how I feel tonight. My son and I have arranged everything. All has been 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 great Apennines—eastward, back to a waiting mother.

America I admire; America I fear. It is the world of the future. No man today realizes the power that lies buried in America. America today is old. She will be the New World of the future, and when that New World comes it will be something that the intellect of today does not understand, because today this 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 me to remember him in my prayers. As he left me he held out his hand, saying: "Father, some day I hope to meet you as I really am—a nobleman of Italy."

We shook hands, and with my blessing he left me. I saw him disappear in the silent shadows of the night. By his side there hung his street organ. And so he left me.

Such is the story of the organ grinder. It has been long, but I hope you will pardon all its imperfections. So good night, gentlemen. I have still my rosary to say.

Here Father Dupont left us. The moon came out from behind a bank of clouds and the ocean lay purple and black in the stillness of the night.

IN THE SHADOW

Out of the World War the problem that looms largest is the Russian situation. The League of Nations may or may not emerge from the Geneva Conference. Argentina and other States may decline to enter into any peace pact which gives overwhelming control to nations that are entirely selfish in their demands. Even the Irish question, threatening the tranquillity of the universe, is of slightly lesser importance when the fate of one hundred and eighty millions depends for the consideration of mankind.

The difficulty is that no one seems to know exactly what conditions obtain in that vast stretch of territory over which Bolshevism rules. When Lenin and Trotsky introduced Soviet supremacy we were given to understand that the forces of hell had prevailed. Robbery, rapine and ruthlessness were the dominant motives in an anarchic policy which was to de throne God, upturn the foundations of religion, abolish morality and destroy family life. For many months the stories of the outrages which shock the most barbaric sense of decency fed the fears of other nations that unreason had been let loose in the world and all men were in danger of falling under the lethal contagion.

It is true that some of the tales were traced to propaganda source and others were stoutly denied by certain radical publications in this country.

Nevertheless there has existed up to the present moment an uneasy feeling that in the shadow of the dismal land there lurked a monster which lay in wait to devour the civilized people of the earth.

To form a judgment information, direct and unimpeachable, was needed, and this many prophetic lately are extending to supply. The New Republic and "The Nation," the mouthpieces of advanced thought whose special purpose in existence seems to be swayed by some rule of general contradiction, have always 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 this 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 that is offered, however, by way of elucidation the average mind retains an unbalanced haze. What favorable authorities present in defence of the Bolsheviks is immediately denied with a wealth of evidence and an abundance of statistics by others whose information seems to be as intimate and as exact as the press representatives coming from the outside. John Spargo, the Socialist, takes issue with Wells and in stating his case against Sovietism he increases our perplexity. For we

had just laid aside an article in the Homiletic Review, in which that well known writer on economical study, the Jesuit Father Huselmin, would lead us to believe that Bolshevism is only the practical application of the Marxian socialist theories and that the Russian revolutionists received the aid and encouragement of those with whom Mr. Spargo allies himself. On the other hand, the latter gentleman is bitter in his denunciation of the rulers in Russia, who, he claims, have no communistic leaning and are bent on extending through the world their new order of Government which would bring about the absolute destruction of the civilization bequeathed us by the centuries.

According to all the authors Sovietism reigns in the cities but the countryside is restive. Out of the hundreds of millions there are said to be less than a million real communists in the land. To the conviction of the men in power is attributed the denunciation and despair which prevail, for when unity was needed the Bolshevik insisted upon denunciation; when work was the only weapon to slay off starvation, idleness was encouraged by legislation which hampered industrial activities; when honest administration of office might have brought back some measure of prosperity, those in high places resorted to every illegitimate means to entrench themselves in perpetual control. The only light to send at least a dim ray through the shadow is the assertion of Mr.

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A Unifying and Merchandising Force

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

RURAL CANADA  
AND  
YOUNG CANADA

MESSAGE NO. 4 FOR "BUILD-CANADA" BUSINESS MEN  
An Advertisement by Chas. C. Nixon

A NATIONAL unifying force is the 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

While Canada is largely rural, really all rural outside the centers of our few large cities—rural in the sense of being in rural ridings politically—rural in the sense of East York, Toronto, including the Hon. Gen. S. Henry, Minister of Agriculture in the late Heast Government of Ontario—rural in the position of Dr. S. F. Tomin, of Victoria, B.C., as Minister of Agriculture for Canada, representing that partial rural community—the rural people do not wish to be considered as rural! Strange, but it is true!

And since October, 1918, when Rural Canada, The National Home Magazine, came under the full control of its present owners, this periodical designed to be of service to all the people of Canada and to serve directly and eventually the majority of the Canadian people, who, in the one great sense of political constituencies, are rural, has labored under the terrible handicap of misunderstanding on the part of rural people, because, at first glance, they do not realize that this journal was but another technical farm paper and they did not want to read more of the farm in old-fashioned "book latin". The periodical had really been misnamed; it has been laboring under a misnomer!

Separating Versus Unifying  
On account of the United Farmers' political movement (which has stirred up discontent and put people "at one another's throats," and pitted them against the town and city people, fostering class-consciousness and the reaction from the national editorial policy of this national home magazine, under its nomenclature "rural," has had a marked tendency to separate and to divide; what is wanted is to unify and to bring all people of Canada to understand each other and to build untidily for the greater Canada, that is to be built untidily for the greater Canada, a nation within the 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 efficiency 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—  
3.—It is a home magazine. It appeals to the mothers in town and country—for not only its appeal to the young people; it speaks towards the end of having as much done for mothers and babes in Canada as is done by the live stock departments for 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.

BECAUSE—  
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 information, 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 home. It is clean, wholesome, unfrail. Only the good and true get into the columns of MY CANADA. It presents the living, burning truths of what is needed to build up Canada, for ALL Canadians.

BECAUSE—  
8.—It is earnest, tense, honest, fair, aggressive, 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—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.

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You will immensely improve the tastiness of dishes and add tremendously to their nourishing value if you use plenty of

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Spargo that the people despairing of earthly help have turned to God for aid. The churches are crowded every hour and from the depths the miser's ones cry out in their woe that the Father of all consolation will not forget them in this their hour of need.—F. in the Gardiner.

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\$100.00 For a Name  
If you have that better name that we can accept and use, send it in and for it we will pay \$100.00 cash. You, editor and publisher of MY CANADA, to be the sole judge; and his decision in this matter to be final.

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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 you \$10.00 cash for best letter received giving reasons.

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Every loyal, patriotic Canadian wants and takes MY CANADA on sight. If you want to "drip up" a little circle of your friends and make \$10 cash for gift money, or \$50 to \$500, or more, for yourself, or for your church, or league or Sunday School, or for school library work, send for our "30-30" agents plan, with 10 cents for two sample copies, and we will back you up and see you through while you "go get them."

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

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C. C. NIXON  
In our smaller centers throughout Canada to build up Canada.