INTOLERANCE

At the meeting of the American Sociological Society, Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan read a paper on "Intolerance: Its Cause and its Future," of which the following is a summary. "No thoughtful person believes in unlimited freedom of speech. No government permits unlimited freedom of speech. Inserved on of speech.

dom of speech. Inasmuch as a man can injure his neighbors by the

written or spoken word quite as definitely as by physical violence, speech cannot on any logical or rational theory be left unrestrained by the civil law. Therefore, the issue is that of rational limitation,

of such limitation as permits the fullest freedom which is con-sistent with the welfare of the

neighbor. After centuries of ex-perience, the balance between individual freedom of speech and limitation in the interest of

society received one formulation in the First Amendment to the Con-

stitution of the United States. Those of us who believe that the

degree of freedom guaranteed in that amendment does describe a

reasonable rule are properly dis-turbed because we believe the spirit

if not the letter, of the amendment

has been gravely violated with con-

siderable frequency in the last few

years.

In his excellent survey and discussion of this subject in his book, "The Foundation of the Modern Commonwealth," Prof. Arthur N. Holcombe points out that in the United States.

United States the liberty of public

favor since the beginning of the twentieth century. According to him, the principal causes of this regrettable change are the strained

relations between capital and labor, revolutionary propaganda, particu-

larly that having its origin or its supposed origin in foreign countries,

and the espionage acts passed in the years 1917 and 1918. These statutes

"were much less tolerant of the expression of unpopular opinion than the Sedition Act of 1798." They "would not have been supported by public opinion during the Mexican or Civil Wars... Freedom of speech and of the press as the expressions.

the expressions America, . . . is a much less substantial right than the

freedom of speech and of the press enjoyed by the men of the early nineteenth century."

"Without attempting to outline

an adequate program for the future

I wish to specify two or three lines along which our efforts should be directed. First and most immediate is opposition to the Sterling Sedition

iscussion has declined in popular

that even he was absent till after himself. the Gospel, and when he did come. he was carried in on the shoulder of a very tall man, who was well known to some of the congregation

He was twelve, and slightly made, but wiry and well grown. His small, pale face was lit by a pair of intelligent gray eyes—an attractive little face for its winning smile, though rather plain. His gray knitted jersey was much darned, his shock of rather red hair was well brushed, and the aforesaid face was very clean, and smelt of soap, and so did his thin red hands.

Just as he reached the railings which enclosed the church, two Servite nuns of the Third Order passed

vite nuns of the Third Order passed him, one guiding and supporting the steps of the other, who was stout, elderly, and apparently nearly blind.

At this moment a huge, boister-ous young retriever, bounding along yards ahead of his owner, as usual, paused bellowing and barking furiously in front of the nuns, and threatened to jump as high as their shoulders in his excitement, with the almost certain result of knocking them down, linked together as they were. He evidently did not like the strange and unusual appearance of their veils. The younger and slighter seemed frightened, but they succeeded in getting past the dog, and hurried towards the church porch. He now deter-mined to attack their defenceless

retreating figures.

But suddenly a small pair of them unconscious of everything not exactly in front of their line of his vision—passed on into the porch in safety. Dog and boy rolled over on the ground together. Wilfrid set his teeth, and, the more the animal struggled, the tighter he held on but his heart seemed to held on h held on, but his heart seemed to be thumping strangely, and his head felt very queer.

He dare not lock up to see if the their sockets, but he didn't belong to the Boys' Brigade for nothing, and still he held on, though he knew that the dog's frantic efforts to escape were getting more and the dismissed the boys for the day at 4 o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Ashton told them of Wilfrid's adventure, and then asked two or three of the elder boys if they would volunteer to call nuns were safe, and his arms felt as if they were being wrenched out of to escape were getting more and more violent. He was kicking, too, with his powerful hind legs, which was anything but pleasant. However, as long as he had life and con-sciousness he would hold on; but, oh! the relief when a voice above his head thundered:

"Down, you brute, you! Leggo, can't you?" to the boy. "Leggo, I tell you, so that I can thrash him!"
"Are they in?" said the boy, without relaxing his grasp in the

Then, and then only, did Wilfrid's hands let go, and then he dragged himself up from the muddy asphalt, sat down on the curb, and began to go rather white

Curious to see what this extraordinary boy really would do, Sir Anthony helped him out of the mud and deposited him gently on the

face grew whiter.
"You'll never get there at that rate," said his friend. "I'll take you in. How long will it last?"
"Happening at that m you in. How long will it last:
"About twenty minutes by now,

"All right, then. I'll do both, and with a strong arm he raised the boy to his shoulder and took him in, and sat him down on one of the stored. As he left the church, a worried-looking verger confronted

Wilfrid's experienced eye soon saw that the Gospel was over and

saw that the Gospel was over and the Preface about to begin.
"I can't kneel," he said in a whisper, apparently much distressed; "but you can."

Sir Anthony Merival looked hard at the boy. Did he mean to be impertinent? No, most certainly not. His face expressed nothing

very small boy sat by himself in one of the sixty chairs provided for the school. And the morning after be done, even if he couldn't do it

"All right!" he answered.
"Sort of proxy, eh?" and went
down on his knees as Wilfrid

as Sir Anthony Merival, a neighboring baronet, who was most certainly not a Catholic; and this requires an explanation.

Wilfrid Aloysius Christopher Carter was on his way to Mass. He was twelve, and slightly made, but wiry and well grown, His small, pale for the said to himself. "Good Heavens!" he said to himself. "If any of my people saw me kneeling in an R. C. Church, they'd sit up a bit! Here am I, taking an early morning walk by the doctor's orders to run down my fat, and I find myself at Mass!"

At the Elevation Wilfrid

the chair and collapsed in a heap on the floor; but it was quite clear he had not fainted, as he rose again into a squatting position directly after with a suppressed moan. When the Mass was over he lifted up a pair of pleading eyes to his companion's face.

"Mind waiting a minute, sir, till

the people have gone?"
"Certainly not."
They remained till only the sacristan was visible, busy about the altar, and the verger was heard beginning to sweep at the far end of the church.

"What now, then? Home and breakfast, eh?" 'No, sir; had breakfast. School. I can manage if you help me out-

But, though the school was only a very short way from the church it was quite plain that Wilfrid could not walk without help, and Sir Anthony once more hoisted him on to his shoulders. Deuce had been chained to the rails outside, and was now released, but was too subdued to do anything to show joy at his master's appearance.

"Don't take me in, sir, among the boys," when they reached the building, Wilfrid implored, and retreating figures.

But suddenly a small pair of lean, sinewy hands, like steel in their grip, seized his collar and held him back while the nuns—whose veils acted as blinkers, and made them unconscious of everything not gently, he took the bruised boy in his arms, laid him down on the remembered nothing more till the Angelus woke him, and Mr. Ashton lifted him up and carried him down the hill himself to his mother's

cottage.

Before he dismissed the boys for Mr. Ashton told them of Wilfrid's adventure, and then asked two or three of the elder boys if they would volunteer to call at Mrs. Carter's next morning to carry the boy up to the church, supposing he were fit—those who knew something of first aid preferred. This sounded rather exciting, and no fewer than seven offered themselves, also after Mass to carry him to the school. The consequence was that next The consequence was that next morning, at a quarter past eight, boys of all ages and sizes filled up the lane outside the Carters' garden gate, and Mrs. Carter, when she

opened the door, was greeted with:
"We've come to fetch Wilf!"
"He's ready," she said cheerfully, and he appeared on the door "In? the nuns? Of course they are!" roared the impatient voice.
"Leggo, I tell you. How can I whack him with you holding on his legs and back very stiff still, but his face radiant with the plan pro-

Mrs. Carter watched the procession go up the hill with pride. She was a woman of few words, and because of that, her husband and chil-Deuce, you brute, I'll give it to dren were to rise up and call her

And his master took the dog by And, when the Canon came in to blessed in the days to come. the collar and whipped him with such energy that he cowered and crouched abjectly to heel, yelping abjectly under his breath. Wilfrid abjectly under his breath. Wilfrid

you're hurt. What can I do for you?" said the voice, loud, but very kindly. "Where do you live? I'll take you home."

And he stooped to help the boy up. Wilfrid pulled himself together desperately.

"Not home; not home," he said anxiously. "I'm all right. I'm going to Mass. If you'd just help me to the railings, sir, I'll manage."

Curious to see what this contact of the morning. Deuce was once more chained to the railings outside St. Christopher's Church. His master had given him the run of a nice yard or so of well-kept grass, but he could not reach the path nor the legs of the passers-by. But, by way of consolation, he had discovered that, by stretching out his hind legs to an almost incredible and had shows of the limit of the railings, sir, I'll manage."

Curious to see what this contact of the morning. Deuce was once more chained to the railings outside St. Christopher's Church. His master had given him the run of a nice yard or so of well-kept grass, but he could not reach the path nor the legs of the passers-by. But, by way of consolation, he had discovered that, by stretching out his hind legs to an almost incredible and had shows of the lighting up with its splendor a picturesque ceremony.

Wilfrid, Bishop of Southminster, sat at the entrage to the sanctuary, with his back to the high altar, in cope and mitre, with his pastoral it via a group of priests and assistants, and as he looked down over the legs to an almost incredible and him—girls all veil."

Loude of the morning of the morning outside St. Christopher's Church. His master staff in his hand, and surrounded by a group of priests and assistants, and the could not reach the path nor the legs to an almost incredible and the could reach the morning. Deuce was once more chained to the railings outside St. Christopher's Church. His master staff in his hand, and surrounded by a group of priests and assistants, and the could not reach the path nor the legs of the passers-by. But, by way of the was holding a Confirmation. And as he looked down over th accessible in the first ten minutes. He then turned his attention to the

ground.

Inside the church, just behind the

Happening at that moment to lift 'About twenty minutes by now,
I'm late.''
'And who will there be to take home after?''

L'and who will there be to take home after?''

L'and who will there be to take home after?''

L'and who will there be to take home after?''

L'and who will there be to take home after?''

L'and who will there be to take home after?''

L'and who will there be to take home after?'' you home after?"
"Don't know, sir. I'll manage somehow."
"All right, then. I'll do both," be—it was Wilfrid! Sir Anthony and with a strong arm he raised the light in human nature was re-

"That your dog, sir?" he said.
"Oh, Lor, yes! What's he

"The dog's a fool!" exclaimed his owner, and once more Deuce's sides ached, and his yelps resounded through the air. Benson stood looking doubtfully at the two half-crowns which Sir Anthony had given him for the trouble he would have over the grass. He was newly appointed to the post, and extremely conscientious.

"But what am I to say to the"

"But what am I to say to the Canon about the notice board, sir?" he murmured uneasily, not knowing the stranger by sight. "Eh! What? Oh

"Eh! What? Oh, tell him, I'll call and apologise (Sir Anthony Merival) some time today."
"Very good, sir," answered Benson, deferentially, and went to fetch his gardening tools to restore

Three months later Sir Anthony was talking to the Canon in his study at the presbytery. He had been received by the latter into the Church a week ago.

"I should like to do something for that boy," he was saying. "If it hadn't been for him, I should never have been to Mass nor been received into the Church, for I should never have known you in the call in the have known you in the ordinary

course of things."
"For the last you must thank Deuce," said the Canon, with a smile. "Do you remember how you called on me to apologize for the damage he did?"

"Well, I trace it all back to Wilfrid's pluck," went on Sir Anthony. "Now, do give me your advice. I mean I should like to provide for his education, to make things easier. His people seemed to be poor, I thought. Aren't

they?"
"Yes," answered the Canon, res, answered the Canon, and there are three girls, and quite a recent baby, another boy. The father is sometimes out of work, not through his own fault. The mother is a most admirable woman. You know boys always get their characters from their mothers. their characters from their mothers, don't you? If you mean you want to educate him, I believe he wants to be a priest, and, if he is of the same mind in three or four years' time, you could pay for the course of study at the seminary, but it

would be about twelve years."

"Well, in any case," replied Sir
Anthony "I'll make myself responsible for his future. My wife won't mind; she will want to be a Catho-lic herself in a few weeks, I am perfectly certain, and our own two boys are well provided for. They'll have quite as much as is good for them the little beggars!"

Fifty years had come and gone, and once more the scene was St. Christopher's Church. The great building was bathed in the golden light of the afternoon June sunlight as of yore. The same shadows cast by its roofs and pinnacles crept across the road with the passing of the hours. Both within and without it was you little changed by out it was very little changed, but the hands and hearts that had loved it and lived for it and adorned it and worshipped in it were sleeping on the green hillside to the west. The outlines of the hills around were unchanged, and still the river ebbed and flowed twice a day under the bridge in the little town below the church; but of the people, few were left.

It was three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon of that summer's day, and the sunshine was pouring through the tall narrow windows above St. Christopher's altar in the south transept, whereon scenes of his life are pictured, painting a lively intricate pattern of blues and lively intricate pattern of blues and summer state anti-syndicalist statutes. I hope it is not necessary for me to protest my opposition to the I. W. W. and my abhorrence of all methods of industrial sabotage. If these statutes merely prevented such destructive tactics, they might be contemplated with indifference lively intricate pattern of blues and reds on the mellow stone wall over the sacristy door, and lighting up

The keen, clever face, with that most winning smile of his, softened as the boys each knelt before him and, when he spoke to them all afterwards, those present said they could never forget the beauty of his Inside the church, just behind the boys, knelt Sir Anthony Merival, drawn there by an attraction he attraction his head, and then touched it respectfully.

"Thank you, sir," he said, and took one rail in his right hand and the next in his left, and was proceeding to make a slow, but sure, progress towards the gate, but his face grew whiter.

"You'll never get there at that "You'll never get there at that rate," said his friend. "I'll take"

Inside the church, just behind the boys, knelt Sir Anthony Merival, drawn there by an attraction he afterwards, those present said they could never forget the beauty of his words and of his voice as he grandsons and in some cases, the great-grandsons of the Eirst Amendment of the Contact the boys he had once known. There were not many people, indeed, in the church who had worshipped the church who though they knew little of his European reputation as a scholar, and not much more of his extra-

ordinary sanctity.

Next morning he paid a visit to both schools, and, when his tall, bent figure appeared in the boys' class-room, it was all their master could do to restrain their wild enthusiasm, for they had been told something of his story.

The base that it is better to error the side of freedom than on the side of repression."—Social Action N. C. W. C.

It was noticed that he looked for the boy who had served his Mass that morning, and, when he had asked his name, and had been told it was "Wilfrid," he laid his hand on the boy's head, and said

"My mother used to call me 'Wilf.' Does yours?"
"Yes, my Lord," with a

Bill which has recently been introduced in Congress. There is no need to point out the enormous abuses to which a law of that kind would be subject in the hands of intolerant administrative officials. The second form of activity should be concerted effort for the repeal of all the State anti-syndicalist statutes.

if not with positive favor. But the insidious thing about them, as likewise about the Federal sedition bills, is that they lend themselves to manipulation against necessary freedom of speech. A law which would prohibit written or spoken incitement to specific acts of violence here and now, whether against the Government or against individuals, would be intelligible and reasonable. But a law which forbids membership in a society whose principles include a belief in violent revolution in some vaguely distant future time is neither necessary nor consistent with reasonable freedom of speech. Such 'incitements' to overthrow the Government are merely long-distance prophecies. They ought not to disturb the equanimity or the patriotism of any person who can see straight, and who has a sense of interference with freedom of expression necessary in order to prevent immediate and considerable injury to any person or institution If so, the interference is justified if not, it is not justified; if the matter is doubtful, then all experience teaches that it is better to er

A wise man knows an ignorant one because he has been ignorant himself; but the ignorant cannot recognize the wise because he has never been wise.

We learn wisdom from failure
"Yes, my Lord," with a
delighted grin, and all their hearts
were won.

After that the Bishop went on to
the cemetery a few yards further

We learn wisdom from failure
much more than from success. We
often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake
never made a discovery.

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