

us, and he was born January 1, 1888, in the old First Ward of Buffalo; the ward "Fingy" Connors ruled. In youthful days, we are told:

At Columbia Donovan ran on the cross-country team, rowed two years on the crew, and played football three years. He was quarterback and a fighting, rearing player, and, although light, was considered one of the most deadly tacklers in the East. He boxed, wrestled, ran and kept fit and hard as nails.

When he graduated from law school he went to Buffalo. His battle was only starting. There were other brothers to be educated.

There was a crack cavalry troop in Buffalo—Troop 1 of the First Cavalry. Donovan didn't have a horse, and he had ridden only once or twice. By getting up at five o'clock in the morning and practicing he learned to ride. A month after he joined the troop he was corporal; in three months acting captain; and when the troop went to camp six months after he had enlisted he was captain.

He had joined the law firm of Donovan, Reiche & Depew in Buffalo soon after getting his degree from Columbia in 1907, married in 1914, and advanced rapidly.

In 1916 Donovan went to Europe for the Rockefeller Foundation and opened a line of communication by which milk got through from Holland to starving babies in Poland. The conditions he saw strengthened his belief that the United States could not escape getting into the conflict in Europe.

He returned to drive his troops harder than ever and started a school for officers with his troops as students. Meantime—

Donovan had studied French and German, had studied athletics and the training of men, and, in the sweltering heat of the desert borderland, he drove his men. There he became known as "Galloping Bill."

"The boys called me that," he said with a laugh, "because I drove them hard. I knew if we went to France it would not be a cavalry war, and I was determined to have my unit physically fit."

On the border he had seen the Fighting Sixty-ninth, admired its spirit, and realized its potentialities. Donovan applied for a transfer to the Sixty-ninth, redesignated the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry of the Rainbow Division.

The regiment went to Camp Mills with Donovan as major of the First Battalion. He had boxing gloves for all—and their fights would have shamed professional boxers.

Probably at that time there was no more abused man in the A. E. F. than Donovan. His men swore, threatened, growled—and admired him, because there was nothing he asked them to do he didn't do himself.

It was shortly before the great drive toward the Ourcq River in July, 1918, that Donovan became "Wild Bill." It was this way:

He was still driving his men to the limit, and one day he led them over walls, embankments, across ditches, through wire entanglements, on a killing three-mile run. When the brigade, tired, but all present, dropped down, Donovan raged up and down the line, swearing and scolding.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" he demanded. "You're all in. What will you do when you get into a real fight? Look at me, I'm in condition, and you should be."

"But, for the love of Mike, Colonel," said a small man down the line, we ain't all as wild as ye are.

Then "Galloping Bill" became "Wild Bill."

The regiment, in the hard fighting of the Ourcq drive, proved that Donovan's hardening of condition of the men was right. He led his men in the assault. The climax of fighting came at Landres and St. Georges in October, less than a month before the armistice. As we read:

Again and again the regiment, due to its superb physical condition and lighter burdens, had outstripped others, and in the fierce rush against the demoralized Germans it swept ahead—and on October 14 found itself sticking out ahead of the line like a sore finger, with the Germans on three sides. And then a sniper's bullet shattered "Wild Bill's" knee.

He dropped, but, propped against a bank, directed positions of his men, refusing to allow himself to be taken back until sure they were safe. Donovan was picked up by four men, placed in a blanket, and started back.

"Take cover and leave me, boys," he ordered. "You can never make it."

A shell exploded near by and one bearer laughed and said: "We can go anywhere you can, Colonel."

"I was feeling like the last quarter of a hard game," he admitted, "and it didn't seem possible they could get through with me. They carried me a long way and, finally, when they eased me to the ground one man wiped the sweat from my brow and said:

"By God, Colonel, I never thought I'd do this for ye when ye fined me eighty dollars for bein' drunk."

It was Donovan's third wound, and most serious, but his perfect condition told, and after months in hospital, fretting to get back to his men, he rejoined them in the Army of Occupation, helped reorganize the regiment, and, somewhat to his

surprise, found himself the idol of the men who had cursed him.

Colonel Donovan received the Distinguished Service Medal, the Croix de Guerre, the Italian Croce al Merito di Guerra, and, finally, the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest military honor in the gift of his nation. And we are told that when Donovan received the Congressional Medal he said: "It doesn't belong to me; it belongs to the boys who won it." So he presented the medal to the regiment and it hangs now in a case in the armory.

THE FIGHTER IN PEACE TIMES

Returning home to a wrecked law business Donovan resumed practice, but in 1919 went to Liberia with Roland Morris, United States Ambassador to Japan, to investigate conditions. Later he served as special counsel on the Fuel Commission in Europe. Then in 1922 President Harding appointed him United States Attorney for the Western District of New York. Here begetteth the story of his peace-time fighting:

Oddly enough, both wets and dries gave three cheers when Donovan was appointed, and both got a shock.

"This office is neither the side door of a saloon nor the anteroom of the 'Anti-Saloon League,'" he announced, and chased out both crowds.

He started to enforce the laws. The indictment against the Mayor of Buffalo was thought to be a dead letter, and few believed he ever would be tried. Donovan pushed the case to trial, and the Mayor pleaded guilty.

The smuggling ring was said to be too powerful to break. Donovan called the American and Canadian officials into conference, worked out an agreement for catching violators of the laws of both countries, and out of it grew the customs conference at Ottawa and the treaty by which both countries cooperate in enforcing laws and catching malefactors.

Then he went after the narcotic ring. He broke the ring, sent leaders to the penitentiary, and drove out the police under whose protection the narcotic ring had flourished. He smashed the railroad-robbing ring, indicting thirty-two conspirators; he caught one railroad and one big iron and coal company giving and taking rebates, and forced both to plead guilty and pay heavy fines; and, to show impartiality, he broke a gang of labor conspirators who blew up a bridge during a strike.

"Wild Bill" was loose in Buffalo. He was dragged in as Republican nominee for Lieutenant-Governor by force, and was beaten with the ticket. Probably Donovan was glad of it.

Harlan F. Stone (now Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court) when appointed United States Attorney-General called Donovan to Washington and gave him free rein in the department. Fullerton describes two exploits:

The Forbes case had been hanging fire a long time. Donovan merely said: "Let's acquit him or convict him; he's either innocent or guilty." And the conviction rather startled a great number of people.

The scandal of the Atlanta penitentiary has been brewing for years, but nothing had been done. Donovan studied the papers and one day disappeared from Washington. He appeared at the penitentiary at night. All night he talked with people—wardens, guards, convicts—and after breakfast he went before the grand jury; indictments were drawn, the ring exposed, and he was back in Washington almost before the news of the indictments reached there.

The enthusiastic Fullerton concludes: "They call him 'Wild Bill,' but he is wild or are we too tame? He is still going strong, untamed, and the White House is not far."—The Literary Digest.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI

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THE HOUR OF DARKNESS

It was the rabble who swarmed around the Temple, paid by the Sanhedrin; brawlingly-made over for the time being into warriors; sweepers, and doorkeepers; the lower parasites of the sanctuary, who had taken up swords in place of brooms and keys. There were many of them, a great multitude, so the Evangelists say, although they knew they were going out against only twelve men, who had only two swords. It is not credible that there were Roman soldiers among them and certainly not a captain, as John says, an officer over a thousand men. Caiaphas wished to make Christ a prisoner before he presented Him to the procurator, and the few forces at his disposition (the last vestiges of David's army) with the addition of some clients and relatives were enough to carry out the far-from-dangerous capture.

This haphazard mob had come with torches and lanterns almost as if out for an evening celebration. The pallid faces of the disciples, the livid face of Judas seemed to flicker in the red lights. Christ offered His face, stained with blood but more luminous than the lights, to Judas' kiss. "Friend, wherefore art thou come? Betrayest thou

the Son of Man with a kiss?" He knew what Judas came to do, and He knew that this kiss was the first of His tortures and the most unendurable. This kiss was the signal for the guards who did not know the delinquent by sight. "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is He; take Him and lead Him away safely," the merchant of blood had told the rough crowd who followed him as they came along the road. But that kiss was at once the first and the most horrible sully of those lips which had pronounced the most heavenly words ever spoken here in the inferno of our earth. The spitting, the buffeting, the blows of the Jewish rabble and of the Roman soldiers, and the sponge dipped in vinegar, were to be less intolerable than that kiss, the kiss of a mouth which had called Him friend and Master, which had drunk from His cup, which had eaten from His dish.

As soon as the sign was given the boldest came up to their enemy. "Whom seek ye?"

"Jesus of Nazareth."

"I am he." He had scarcely said "I am he" when the curs fell backward, either at the sound of His tranquil voice or at the light of those divine eyes. But even at such a moment Jesus took thought for His friends. "I have told you that I am He, if therefore, ye seek me, let these go their way."

At the moment, profiting by the confusion of the guards, Simon, coming suddenly to himself from his sleep and from his panic, laid his hand to a sword and cut off the ear of Malchus, a servant of Caiaphas. Peter on that night was full of contradictory impulses; after the supper he had sworn that no matter what happened he would never leave Jesus; then in the garden he fell asleep and could not keep himself awake after that, tardily he set himself up as a mighty defender; and a little later he was to deny that he had ever known his Master. Simon's untimely and futile action was at once repudiated by Christ: "Put up thy sword into the sheath, for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword. The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

He offered His hands to the nearest rogues who made all haste to tie them with the rope which they had brought. While they were busy tying Him, the prisoner accused them of cowardice. "Are ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and staves to take me? When I was daily with you in the temple ye stretched forth no hands against me; but this is your hour and the power of darkness."

He is the Light of the world, and the powers of darkness seek to extinguish it; but they can obscure it only for a short time, as on a July noon when the sun is suddenly covered by a dark storm-cloud but an hour afterwards shines out again, higher and more majestic than ever. The guards, eager to return triumphantly and to receive their fees, did not trouble to answer; they dragged Him by the rope towards the road to Jerusalem as butchers drag the ox to the slaughter-house. Then, confessing Matthew, "...all the disciples forsook him, and fled." Their Master forbade them to defend Him; instead of blasting His enemies the Messiah offered His hands to be bound; and the Saviour was powerless to save Himself.

What could they do but disappear so that they might not also be brought before the judges which yesterday they had boasted of over-throwing, but which now, in the flickering of the lanterns and the swords, seemed suddenly very formidable to their distracted minds? And only two followed the infamous procession, and they from a safe distance. We shall see them later in the court-yard of Caiaphas' house.

All this bustle awakened a young man who had been sleeping in the house in the grove of olives. Inquisitive like all young men, he did not take the time to dress, but wrapping a sheet about him, stepped out to see what was happening. The guards thought him a disciple who had not had time to escape, and laid hands on him, but the young man, casting off the sheet, left it in their hands and fled from them.

No one has ever known the identity of this mysterious man awakened from his sleep, who appeared suddenly in the night, and as suddenly disappeared. Perhaps he was the youthful Mark, the only one of the Evangelists who tells this story. If it were Mark, it is possible that on that night the involuntary witness of the beginning of the Passion first conceived the impulse to become, as Mark did, its first historian.

ANNAS

In a short time the criminal was taken to the house which Annas shared with his son-in-law, the High Priest Caiaphas. Although the night was now well advanced, and although the assembly had been warned the day before, that Caiaphas hoped to capture the blasphemer early in the morning, many of the Jews were still in bed and the prosecution could not begin at once. In order that the common people might not have time to rise in rebellion, nor Pilate to take thought, the leaders were in haste to finish the affair that very morning. Some of the guards who returned from the Mount of Olives were sent to awake the more important Scribes and Elders, and in the meantime old Annas, who had not slept all that night, set himself

on his own account to question this false Prophet.

Annas, son of Seth, had been for seven years High Priest, and though deposed in the year 14 under Tiberius, he was still the real partner of the Jewish Church. A Sadducee, and head of one of the most aggressive and wealthy families of the ecclesiastical patriarchate, he was still, through his son-in-law, leader of his caste. Five of his sons were afterwards High Priests, and one of them, also called Annas, caused James, the brother of the Lord, to be stoned to death.

Jesus was led before him. It was the first time that the wood-worker of Nazareth found himself face to face with the religious head of His people, with His greatest enemy. Up to that time He had met only the subalterns in the Temple, the common soldiers, the Scribes and Pharisees; now He was before the head, and He was no longer the accused but the accused. This was the first questioning of that day.

In the space of a few hours, four authorities examined Him; two rulers from the Temple, Annas and Caiaphas; and two temporal rulers, Antipas and Pilate.

"The first question Annas put to Jesus was to ask Him who His disciples were. The old political priest who like all the other Sadducees gave no credence to the foolish stories about the coming of a Messiah, wished to know first of all who were the followers of the new Prophet, and from what rank of society He had picked them up, so that he might determine how far the seditious ulcer had progressed. But Jesus looked at Him without answering. How could that dove-hucker have thought that Jesus could betray those who had betrayed Him?"

Then Annas asked about His doctrine. Jesus answered that it was not for Him to explain; I spoke openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue and in the temple; whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them: behold, they know what I said."

This was the truth. Jesus was not esoteric. Even if He sometimes said to His Disciples words that He did not repeat in the open places of the city. He exhorted them to cry out on the housetops what He told them in the house. But Annas must have made a wry face at the answer which pre-supposed an honest trial, for one of the officers standing by struck Jesus with the palm of his hand, saying, "Answerest thou the high priest so?"

This blow from the quick-tempered attendant was the beginning of the insults which were henceforth rained upon Christ up to the cross. But He who had been struck, with His cheek reddened by the blow, turned towards the man who had struck Him, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?"

The rogue, abashed by such calm, found no answer. Annas began to see that this Galilean was no common adventurer, and he was all the more eager to get Him out of the way. Seeing, however, that he was not succeeding in extracting anything from Him, he sent Him bound to Caiaphas, the High Priest, so that the fiction of a legal prosecution might begin at once.

THE COCK CROWS

Only two of the fleeing Disciples repented of their cowardice, and trembling in the shadow of the walls, followed from afar the swaying lanterns which accompanied Christ to the den of fratricides: Simon, son of Jonas, and John, son of Zebedee.

John, who was known in the household of Caiaphas, went into the courtyard of the building with Jesus; but Simon more abashed, or not so bold, did not enter and stood at the door without; then after a few moments John, not seeing his companion, and wishing to have him at hand for sympathy or defense, went out and persuaded the suspicious doorkeeper to let Peter also come in. But as he stepped through the door, the woman recognized him: "Art not thou that disciples?"

But Peter took an offended air. "I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest. I know him not."

And he sat down with John near the brazier which the servants had kindled in the courtyard because, although it was in April, the night was cold. But the woman would not give up her idea, and coming to the fire and looking at him earnestly, said, "Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth," and he denied again with curses, "Woman, I know him not!"

The gate-keeper, shaking her head, turned back to her gate, but the men aroused by these heated denials looked at him more closely and said, "Surely thou art one of them; for thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth thereto."

Then Simon began to curse and to swear, but another, a kinsman of Malchus whose ear Peter had cut off, cut short his testimony: "Did I not see thee in the garden with him?"

But Peter, now hopelessly involved in lies, began again to protest that they had mistaken him for another and that he was not one of the friends of the Man.

At this very moment Jesus, bound among the guards, crossed the courtyard after His colloquy with Annas, passing to the other part of the palace, where Caiaphas

lived, and He heard the words of Simon and looked at Him. For just one moment He turned His eyes upon Simon, those eyes where Simon, denying Him now, had once recognized the gleam of divinity.

For an instant only He looked at him with eyes whose gentleness was more unendurable than any com- more. And this look pierced for all time the pitiable, distracted heart of the fisherman. To the day of his death he could never forget those sad, mild eyes fixed on him in that terrible night; those eyes which in one flash expressed more and moved him more than a thousand words.

Thou also who wast the first, of whom I hoped most, the hardest but the most zealous, the most ignorant but the most fervent, thou also, Simon, the same who cried out my true name near Casarea, thou also who knowest all my words and has slept with thy head on my cloak and hast kissed me so many times with those lips which now deny me, thou also, Simon Peter, son of Jonas, deny me before those who are about to kill me! I was right that day when I called thee a stumbling block and reproached thee with thinking not like God but like men. Thou mightest at least have fled away as the others did if thou hadst not the strength to drink with me the cup of infamy which I had foretold to thee. Flee away now that I may see thee no more until the day when I shall be truly free and thou shalt be truly made over by faith.

I am about to die, and I pardon him who brings me to death, and thee also; and I love thee as I have always loved thee, but canst thou forgive thyself?"

Under the weight of this look, Simon hung his head and his heart beat furiously in his breast. Not for his very life could he have brought out another "No." His face burned with an intolerable heat as if the brazier before him had been the mouth of Hell. He was torn by an unnumbered tumult of passion and of remorse; in one breath he seemed frozen; in the next all his body flamed. A moment before he had said that he had never known Jesus, and now it seemed to him that he had spoken truly, that at this moment he knew Him for the first time: that he finally understood who He was, as if those eyes full of loving grief had pierced him with a flash like an archangel's sword.

He was scarcely able to drag himself to his feet and to stumble out to the door. As he went out into the street in the silent, solitary darkness a distant cock crew. This gay, bold note was for Peter like the cry which awakens a sleeper from his nightmare. Then in the dim light of dawn the last stars saw a man staggering along like a drunkard, his head hidden in his cloak, his shoulders shaken by the sobs of a despairing lament.

Weep, Peter, now that God mercifully grants you the grace of tears, weep for yourself and for Him, weep for Judas, your traitor brother; weep for your fleeing soul, for all those who will come after you and who will do as you have done, deny their Saviour, and who will not pay their redemption by repentance. Weep for all the apostates, for all those others who will deny Him, all those who will say as you have said, "I am not one of His disciples." Who of us has not done at least once what Simon Peter did? Who of us, born in the Church of Christ, having prayed to Him with our childish lips, having knelt before His blood-stained face, has not said, fearing a mocking smile, "I never knew Him."

Thou at least, unfortunate Simon, although thou wast Peter the rock, wept bitterly and hid in thy cloak thy face convulsed with remorse. And before many days Christ risen from the dead will kiss thee once more because thy perjured mouth has been washed clean forever by thy tears.

TO BE CONTINUED

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