

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1916

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TO BE AVOIDED

We were amazed some time ago to read in a contemporary reference to an entertainment "which was attended by our better class Catholics." Who are these better class Catholics? We are of the opinion that the only aristocracy in the Church is that of virtue. The man who, whether attired in broadcloth or in poverty's livery, shows in his daily life the beauty and truth of Catholic principles is the one to be commended.

Money is necessary for many things; but the life-blood of our progress that endures comes from the souls strengthened and fed with sacramental food. The Church which, however destitute of architectural glory, can boast of frequent communicants is a far greater asset to us than a church, storied and marbled, which houses indifferent hearers. This better class Catholic is a hateful phrase and strange on the lips of Catholics.

WAY TO LEADERSHIP

"Of those whose principles are sound there are many who through a misplaced timidity are frightened, and have not the courage to speak out their opinions boldly, far less to translate them into deeds." These words of Leo XIII. have numerous applications. There are men, who, while they champion Catholic principles within club-rooms, are strangely silent when they have an opportunity to defend and to push them to conclusions in everyday life. They seem to be afraid of losing prestige in the eyes of the Protestant, or of engendering enmities that may block them socially and politically. Verbose they are usually, but chary of effort when a brother Catholic needs assistance which they can render, or when a cause, unpopular because of prejudices, falls by the wayside for want of a champion. It is this timidity, let us say, that takes the grit out of words, however eloquent, and bars the way of some Catholics of means to positions of standard bearers of their co-religionists. They are too prudent, too safe, too much of an echo of the man higher up. They walk with bated breath, and with whispered humbleness so that their brethren must fain put up with the scraps that are flung to them from the temple of prosperity. A man who is willing to make a fight when necessary for things reasonable and just, for positions to which we are entitled, and to do it despite personal disinclination can always be assured of a leadership. And he will discover that he will be respected by even those against whom he is arrayed, for all men are attracted by an individual who has virility enough to uphold any cause that harmonizes with justice.

HOW HE DOES IT

When a reporter finds himself in an arid waste of conjecture and is working for a newspaper which has no reputation as a source of information he manufactures "news."

As a special correspondent supposed to be somewhere in Italy he sits down in his own balliwick and gives us inside information, born of his superheated imagination, of persons and things in the public eye. Cardinal Mercier goes to Rome, and forthwith he pens just what was said by him to the Holy Father. The Holy Father holds a consistory, and every detail is blazoned forth with scrupulous minuteness. On intimate terms with dignitaries, he threads the maze of diplomacy, and all the while he is in his own home town turning out fiction for the gullible at so much per week.

WHY THEY DO IT

Speaking of the origin of all the tumultuous occupations of men, without faith, Pascal says, "that the great object is not to feel one's self and to avoid the bitterness and interior disgust which the thought of one's self would necessarily occasion. The soul finds nothing in itself that contents it, nothing but affliction, therefore it is obliged to fly abroad and to lose the remembrance of its real

state in application to external things which may wear the semblance of honesty or duty. Hence men are loaded with infinite cares and labors which occupy them from the break of day. You might think that the course of their lives was purposely contrived to render them unhappy but it is necessary for their peace; so that what little time remains to them after their affairs, must be spent in some diversions in order that they may never be for a moment with themselves."

CHICAGO'S NEW ARCHBISHOP

MOST REVEREND GEORGE W. MUNDELEIN ENTHRONED

The installation of Archbishop Mundelein, of Chicago, occurred on Wednesday, Feb. 9, in the Cathedral of the Holy Name. The ceremony was presided by a procession, in which about nearly a thousand of the clergy participated. When the Archbishop was seated the Very Rev. E. F. Hogan, D. D., chancellor, read the Papal Bulls. Archbishop Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate, who celebrated the Solemn Pontifical Mass, enthroned Archbishop Mundelein, after which His Excellency made an address, in the course of which he said that if the new Archbishop of Chicago is "to succeed, besides divine grace, he needs the co-operation of all, but especially of the clergy. That this co-operation of his priests will not be wanting him I am absolutely sure. Their splendid record in the past is sufficient warrant of this. Under the guidance of their late illustrious Archbishop they have wrought wonders in this metropolis, and they are anxious to give the best that is in them to his successor. They remember that it is only through close union with their Bishop that they can be true priests of God, that they can, in the words of St. Ignatius, martyr, be united with the Saviour Himself. And priests and people alike know that revering and respecting their Bishop they will bring down upon themselves the blessings promised to those who uphold and reverence the viceregent of Christ."

Addressing Archbishop Mundelein, he said: "Your Grace, behold this clergy and this people: they are here to represent the Catholics of this glorious diocese and to render to you the homage and respect of all. In the name of the Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ, I entrust them to your care. Be their pastor, their father, their guide. From this chair of authority, rule them wisely and sweetly. And if, after the hosannas of day, difficulties and tribulation should come to make heavier the already heavy burden of the episcopate imposed upon you, you will have a loyal people, a zealous and generous clergy to support you. Above all, you will remember that God has given you this flock in order that by caring for and protecting it you may show your love of Him. And, remembering this, no danger, no hardship can therefore be so great as to prevent you from giving Him this proof of your love."

"These people are yours in sorrow and in trial, in joy and in gladness, to keep from the dangers besetting their path in life, unto the day of the great accounting, when the Saviour, who has given them to you, will require a strict account of each one of them at his hands."

"Your Grace, my task is done: it only remains to wish you many years of happiness in the administration of this great American see; to wish especially that you may lose none of those confided to your care, and that they may always be, here and hereafter, your joy and your crown."

Addresses were delivered on behalf of the clergy of the diocese by the Right Rev. Monsignor M. J. Fitzsimmons and on behalf of the laity by John A. Lynch.

Archbishop Mundelein responded to the addresses, saying in part:

"But yesterday I left home and kindred and the dearest friends man ever had, and abandoned the fruits of many years of labor, but I did so without regret, for today the Lord has united me to the house He had selected for me for eternity, to the wonderful Church of Chicago, and to her and to her children I will, with God's help, remain faithful until death do us part. And now let me say one thing to comfort you, priests of the archdiocese, and I say it here in the presence of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate. For a great, proud diocese like ours, practically the first in the country, it is a test of loyalty and obedience to receive as its head an obscure Bishop from a long distance away. I know of no diocese in the East that could have stood the test so nobly as did Chicago. Gentlemen, I am proud of you. Although a stranger to almost every one of you, the diocese, almost to a man, prepared to welcome the new Archbishop warmly, saying, 'Whom the Lord sends us will be welcome.' Let me tell you that example of this kind does more to convince our non-

Catholic brethren, as well as our own people, that our profession of loyalty to the Holy See is not lip device, but comes from the depths of our being, with the entire power of our will and all the warmth of our hearts. And now from the clergy of this archdiocese I am going to ask a favor to-day. I am going to take advantage of the warmth of your welcome to ask you to be patient with me and to have consideration for me. Remember this: it is the first day I spent in your city. It will take me time to study the diocese and its circumstances. Rome was not built in a day, and I don't expect to accomplish much for a while. I must first study men and study conditions. Secondly, I am different from the late Archbishop—the Lord cast me in a different mould. Perhaps I am a quicker in grasping a thing, and am likely to act more quickly. So don't judge at once that I have not attached enough weight to your case, and if I seem to hurry you a little when you call, it is not that I am not interested in you, but perhaps because there may be waiting and waiting impatiently. Finally, remember that I have a bad memory for names and faces, so if I a second or a third time ask your name, lay the blame on a leaky memory rather than on a cold heart. Secondly, be considerate with me—you will find me very human—and it is human to err. I am going to make mistakes. But I am your Archbishop, and I look to my priests to cover up my mistakes, not to expose, to discuss, or to criticize them. For to whom else can I look for such consideration? Your Archbishop is the one man in this town who is constantly in the spotlight. Shield him as much as you can. Have consideration for him, and he is likely to be considerate with you. I come here to you because I have been sent to you by the same power that sent Patrick to Ireland, Boniface to Germany, Augustine to England. And like them, I came here to labor for you and with you. I have been told by many of the bishops that I come to the most difficult and most thorny position of the Lord's vineyard. But let me assure you that my sincere, my honest conviction is that I am coming to the most fertile portion, to the part promising the greatest, the richest, the golden harvest of souls. And so I come not here to obtain a reputation, for a reputation is only a gossamer web, which a sudden gust blows away. I come not here for popular favor, for the popular favor of today is not tomorrow's. I come to you to look for honor, for the highest honor in the gift of the Holy See is to be Archbishop of Chicago. I repeat, I come to labor with you; we are both sowers of the seed, you and I, and all that we hope for, our whole ambition is wrapped up and contained in that one Biblical sentence, 'And some fell on good ground, and having taken root, brought forth fruit in abundance.'"

There were six archbishops, thirty Bishops and two abbots at the ceremony—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

NEW LIGHT

ON ENGLISH CATHOLICITY

Those who are familiar with the lives of Cardinals Wiseman, Newman, Manning and Vaughan are aware of the rich field that has been opened up to the student of the history of the Catholic Church in England in recent years; and yet the field is not yet exhausted. The writer who has had certain prolix in the matter of historical enquiry, is the Right Rev. Monsignor Bernard Ward, the President of St. Edmund's College in England. Thoroughly as modern times have been covered by the biographies above mentioned and by the various studies of the Oxford Movement, it has been found that obscurities have disclosed themselves and misunderstandings have arisen. The period immediately preceding the great revival that followed the restoration of the hierarchy in 1850, had not been very well-known, and the man who was destined to remove those obscurities and to clear up those misunderstandings is Monsignor Ward whose fruitful pen has now produced five bulky volumes on his favorite theme. He began his studies with two volumes on "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival," followed up with three volumes on "The Eve of Catholic Emancipation," and now he gives us out of the fulness of his labor two volumes on "The Sequel to Catholic Emancipation," which brings us down to the memorable date when the Church in England once more took her place as a formally established institution. Great work was done by the Vicars Apostolic who managed the affairs of the Church during the days that immediately followed the emancipation of Catholics in Great Britain, but naturally that work is not expected to do her best work as long as she was hampered by the lack of a duly established hierarchy.

In the development of the Church it is of course, impossible to fix the exact time when a period of growth began, and when it reached its highest point of prosperity. Monsignor Ward evidently had some thought like that in mind when he was writing. At all events, he dedicates his new volumes to "The Converts to the Catholic Church in England whose zeal for the ancient faith no less than that of the hereditary Catholics, who never lost it, or that of the sons of St. Patrick who came in the day of their misfortune to strengthen and expand it, binds them to our common mother in acknowledgment of what he owes himself to the devotion and self sacrifice of our converts, these closing volumes as a grateful tribute are respectfully inscribed by the author." This dedication to the three classes who shared in the glory of the Church in England during the days that preceded and followed the effort to restore the wreck caused by the reformation—the converts, the Catholics who remained loyal to the faith, and the Irish who were forced to leave their own country—gives the key to the spirit in which the author has written this new light on English Catholicity, for the progress of the Church is never the work of any faction or clique, and Monsignor Ward has very properly attempted to apportion praise to those to whom it is due.—The Little Rock Guardian.

BEATIFICATION OF OLIVER PLUNKETT

The various steps made in the Sacred Congregation of Rites lately in favor of the cause of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, Primate of Ireland, who was beheaded on Tyburn Hill in the seventeenth century, warn us to prepare for the day when the Vicar of Christ will call men of Irish blood to Rome to witness the ceremony of the beatification of the Archbishop in St. Peter's Basilica. Oliver Plunkett was a student in the Irish College, Rome, for eight years. At his ordination, finding it impossible to go home to Ireland, Father Plunkett wrote to the general of the Jesuits (the Irish College was at that time under the direction of the Society of Jesus) asking for permission to remain in Rome for three years. Permission obtained, the young priest went to reside in St. Girolamo della Carita, the very house in which St. Philip Neri had constituted the first oratory. The oldest painting of the martyred prelate has been kept there for a long period. Unlike later portraits, it represents him without a beard, though undoubtedly those that represent him as bearded are more true to life. While hiding in the bogs and caves in Ireland from the priest hunters he had little thought for the luxury of a morning shave! Though belonging on his father's side to the Earls of Fingal and on his mother's to the Earls of Roscommon, the most he could hope for was a sparse meek conveyed to him by stealth.

To obtain this picture of the martyr of its students has been long the aim of Archbishop Plunkett's alma mater. Half embedded in the neck, the executioner's axe is represented by the unknown artist. What college should not like to have such a memento of her greatest student? But the difficulties were not few. First of all, the consent of the Oratorians had to be obtained. Small blame to the good fathers if they felt in no great hurry to part with the treasure. It is now a good deal over

two hundred years old, and what is more, the Primate was one of themselves.

Anyhow, they consented to give it to the Irish College. Then the consent of the Italian Government had to be obtained. Negotiations went on for months and have ended successfully. The Irish College has now the satisfaction of receiving within its portals the oldest painting of its greatest student.—Rome Correspondence of Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE POPE AND THE PAPACY

Cardinal Cabrières on returning to his diocese of Montpellier, after the Consistory, recalled some interesting experiences. Fifty-three years ago the Cardinal, now eighty seven, and, by age, Dean of the Sacred College, first entered the Vatican. Since then he paid many visits in various capacities: "One after another," he says, "I have seen the smiling majesty of Pius IX.; the delicate, intelligent visage of Leo XIII.; the calm, serene countenance of Pius X. What was to be my impression of Pope Benedict XV.? Shall I own that I felt a little pang to enter to pay my first homage to Benedict XV., in the same apartment, close to the same desk, where I had so often admired the paternal kindness of Pius X., and tasted the sweetness of his friendship? Yes—it was a different Pope, but always the same Papacy. I was soon assured of that; I had hardly time to kneel when Benedict XV. made me a sign to rise and sit down, and with his kindly hand assisted me to do both. It was he himself poured out to me, in perfect French, what he described as the 'coherence of the Roman Pontificate.' The man changes, the institution remains."—Sacred Heart Review.

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SHELL KILLS SISTER

WHO WAS A MEMBER OF THE FAMOUS RUE BIZET COMMUNITY
Catholic Press Association Service

News has just been received of the death of Sister Ignace, religieuse of the Holy Saviour. She was a member of the community who direct the celebrated surgical clinic of the Rue Bizet, Paris. In June last year she went to organize the ambulances of evacuation of Mosche, Alsace. She was herself an Alsatian, and her knowledge of the two languages enabled her to do a great deal of good. In addition to her unflinching devotion she had a wonderful spirit of initiative and confidence which nothing could take by surprise. She fell a victim to her charity and patriotism. Struck by a piece of bursting shell which broke the carotid artery, she died immediately, having completed her forty-fourth year and spent twenty-three years in the community. She was greatly mourned both by doctors and wounded.

MOTHERS AND "MOVIES"

The modern child, it would seem, chooses his own amusements. Time was when these were as carefully supervised by his mother, as his clothes, his food, his health, and his moral training. But that was back in the gloom of the nineteenth century, and this is the twentieth. The modern mother of the modern child has many absorbing interests; teas, clubs, societies to supply the Ethiopians with pen-wipers, the working girl with an altered social outlook, and the wintry wind-swept cab-horse with a new blanket. She cannot be expected to neglect these important occupations for such trifling incidents as children, a husband, and a home. Her sacred duty lies in broader fields.

The Catholic mother is not a modern mother; she cannot be and remain a Catholic, save in name. But even within the circle of Catholic mothers, some negligence is observable. There are amusements on all sides for children; parks, playgrounds, municipal dancing floors, and the ubiquitous moving picture. All may be a source of danger if not properly conducted, particularly the cheap and popular "movies." Despite the cant of the trade, "movies" are made, not to educate, not to "uplift," but to pay a return on capital invested. Their obvious possibilities for evil have not been left unexploited by many producers, and such censorship as has been forced upon this commercial enterprise is worth very little. The meaning of "passed by the National Board of Censors," for instance, may be ascertained on reading the Board's report for 1914. The Board announces, with something of an air of virtue, that it "prohibits vulgarity when it offends, or when it verges on indecency," but allows it to remain if "an adequate moral purpose is served."

Just when vulgarity is not offensive, or how in an exhibition open to the public, children included, it can serve "an adequate moral purpose," the Board does not explain. Catholic parents, however, particularly mothers, should note the danger to which, by the very admission of the Board, their children are subjected, and take measures accordingly. A most efficient measure would be the establishment of a vigorous local censorship. Chicago, for example, does not hesitate to impose ruthless "cut-outs" in films accepted by censors of flexible moral standards. If universally followed, Chicago's example would convince the producers that vulgarity, although it may impress a deep moral, as a commercial proposition, is a "dead loss."—America.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE LAITY?

The Rev. Walter J. Carey, one of the Anglican clergy, writes as follows in the English Church Times. Without realizing it he is making a powerful confession of the failure of the Reformed Church of England to save the souls of the English people. How different was it before the Reformation, when the whole mass of the people said their prayers, attended Mass every Lord's Day, received the sacraments and died in a state of grace.

We hear so much, and we know so much, about what is wrong with the clergy. We never suffer much from want of being told. But what about the laity? I do not mean at the moment one more or less conscientious layman, but the large mass of baptized and confirmed people who say they are 'Church of England,' but do little to justify their assertions by their works. Is there anything more disheartening than the spectacle of this unconverted mass of so-called Church of England people? Don't I know them well. "What are you in religion? Roman Catholic, Church of England, or what?" "Church of England." "Have you been baptized and confirmed?" "Yes." "Do you ever go to Communion?" "No." "Do you ever say your prayers?" "No." And sometimes there's an accident, and you are called in. The man is badly hurt, silent attendants hover in the background with bandages and basins. You kneel down and ask gently, "Well, sonny, how are you?" "Can I do anything for you spiritually?" "Do you ever pray?" "No." Isn't it appalling? Death stands two hours away, perhaps, and in that time you are supposed to do the converting, edifying, sacramental work which would normally take months or years. Whose fault is it? I resent it when I hear it's altogether the fault of the clergy. Two or three clergymen live amid ten thousand people; they do their utmost, possibly, yet there are hundreds of homes who do not admit them, hundreds of children whose parents will not send them to Sunday school, thousands of grown up who will not come to church, and don't mean to come to church, and Christ Himself couldn't bring them to church, because of their unbelief, their denial of the promptings of natural religion within them. No: let us not blame the clergy too much: some of us are to blame, no doubt, but there are causes which lie quite outside the average parish priest.

What is wrong with the whole Anglican system is the direct result of Henry VIII's repudiation of the Vicar of Christ and his substitute of his own royal supremacy for Papal supremacy, and that fundamental wrong can never be righted until the English people return again to the yoke of Peter, which is the yoke of Christ.—The Lamp.

CATHOLIC NOTES

"Dramatics at Boston College," says the Stylus, "will be engaged in a novel field this year with the staging of the Passion Play during the week of March 20."

One of the most distinguished of the Belgian refugees, the Rev. Theophile L. B. Moulard, Dean of Dixmude, died recently at Woodford Bridge, Essex, England.

The January issue of the Bulletin of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul says that 678 members of the Society in France have, up to the present, been mentioned as having fallen for their country.

A despatch from Rome brings the announcement of the appointment of the Right Rev. John J. Lawler, Auxiliary Bishop of St. Paul, to the see of Lead, S. D., made vacant last March by the transfer of Bishop Busch to St. Cloud.

This year the Holy Father is deprived of the annual Pater Noster offering of Austria, Italy, Poland, Germany, France, Belgium, and perhaps Ireland and England. Spain has started a campaign to make this deficit good. May not America help?

The roll of honor of Ushaw College, England, shows that 250 old students are in active service. Of these 81 are naval or military chaplains. Eleven—including Father Finn who fell at Gallipoli landing—were killed, and 11 have been wounded. Mass is said every Monday in the college chapel for the soldiers and sailors.

The late Governor Hammond of Minnesota, who died in the south, manifested, though a non-Catholic, so much friendliness for our people and so much hostility to proscriptive movements that the Catholics of that state and their press paid tribute to his memory and the Knights of Columbus furnished an escort to his remains from the twin cities to his home town, St. James.

In Roman circles it is stated that the Very Rev. Father Cormick, general of the Dominicans, is about to retire from the chief post of his illustrious order, and that he will spend the evening of his days in the Monastery of St. Clemente, which belongs to the Irish Dominicans, and from which (or rather the adjoining church) Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, takes his title.

Describing a Corpus Christi procession in Austria, the writer of a recent book says: "It took from 8 o'clock to 11 for the procession to walk over the prescribed route, and all that while the aged Emperor walked alone and bareheaded immediately after the Blessed Sacrament." The religious life of the country made the most lasting impression on this writer and traveler, who is an English woman with the very un-English name of Nellie Ryan.

The good Nuns of Rome under the presidency of Cardinal Luaidi have gathered in the Villa Flaminia no fewer than 3,000 children of Italian soldiers at the front. It was the aim of proselytizers to get hold of this class of children if possible. However, the Nuns, whom the invaders fear so much, are first in action. The prime minister of Italy and Cardinal Luaidi recently met in this villa and the former expressed his delight in the Nuns' work.

News has come to hand, through His Grace the Archbishop of Perth, announcing the appointment of the Right Rev. Monsignor Brodie, V. G. Parnell, Auckland, to the vacant see of Christchurch, says the West Australian Record. The Bishop-elect of Christchurch is the first native of New Zealand to wear the mitre. For many years he had charge of the great mining parish of Waihi, where there stand as monuments to his zealous beautiful schools, church and presbytery.

The warmth of the welcome given by the Catholics of Chicago to Archbishop Mundelein, says the Catholic News, indicates that the people out there have already taken the distinguished prelate to their hearts. When they know him better and have a chance to note what a remarkable administrator he is they will bless the day he was named their superior. In Chicago Archbishop Mundelein will have a notable opportunity to display his constructive genius. He and his faithful and zealous priests and people are bound to write a memorable page in the history of Catholic progress in the United States.

The Catholics of Sydney, says the N. Y. News, recently celebrated the golden jubilee of the arrival of the first Sisters of Mercy in New South Wales, an event of inestimable importance to the progress of the faith in that part of Australia. The pioneer Sisters were three in number, and were sent out from the Convent of St. Ethelburga, Meant Vernon, Liverpool, at their head being Mother Mary Ignatia McQueen, a London born member of an Irish family which has given many of its sons and daughters to the service of God in the religious life. Another instance of the effective way the children of the Gael spread the faith throughout the world.

RELIGION

Religion is anterior to society. It is the focus of social virtues, the basis of all morals, the most powerful of all instruments, more enduring than any government.

It is stronger than self-interest, more universal than honor, more active than love of country.

It is the curb of the mighty, the defense of the weak, the consolation of the afflicted.

Religion is the covenant of God with man.—James Cardinal Gibbons.

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULLHOLLAND
AUTHOR OF "MARELLA GRACE: A NOVEL"
CHAPTER XVII
A SISTER-IN-LAW

Lady Flora Fingal sat in an easy chair before the fire with a book on her lap, a wicker basket at her feet, and her feet tucked up in the chair. She did not look into the fire, however; for, though the setting sun made red bars along the shades of the small, high windows, yet the drawing-room was already almost dark but for bright patches of sunlight of fantastic shape that flicked the many-corniced walls. It was a pleasant reflection to Lady Flora's rather frugal mind that she had been able to furnish her drawing room according to the approved mode of the day without having recourse to the fashionable upholsterer. To bring such persons and their productions across the Antrim mountains would have been a difficult and expensive undertaking, and she had simply had recourse to the garret at The Rath, out of which she had brought forth a pretty specimen of the spindle-shank table as any to be met with in Oxford Street. The old brown carved chimney piece running up to the be-wreathed ceiling, which had been an eyesore to her when she came as a bride to The Rath, had of late become a treasure; the old dado, which she had papered over long ago, was now restored and repainted; and all the grandmother's cupboards and elbow-chairs and stacks of brass banded drawers, which had mounded under the eaves, disgraced and forgotten for so many years, were, with the help of a little beeswax and the village carpenter, at this moment looking handsome and dignified among sunflowers and peacocks' feathers in this ancient, home-like, and very comfortable apartment. Lady Flora was a plump little woman, with a good quantity of fair hair, a white hand, a pretty foot, and a sharp and ready tongue. Her dress was elegant but not expensive, for she had a wonderful knack of getting good things cheap. Even the richly-wrought shoes which decked her little feet had been made at small cost by a poor old bankrupt shoemaker, who endured his reverse in a back street in Paris, and were fashioned out of a morsel of Indian embroidery which had been sent her by a wandering friend. "I am glad to see tea," said Shana, taking off her hat and shaking her hair curly, brown locks. "We had nothing for lunch but one of Nannie Macaulay's stale buns. And I am so thirsty!" "You ought to be tired," said her sister-in-law, poking the fire till the flame lit up the darkening room; "but you look bright and bonny; and I heard you laughing immoderately as you came past the windows." "Oh! yes; we met Major Batt," said Rosheen, "and he always makes us laugh."

"Major Batt is an extremely agreeable and sensible person," said Lady Flora; "but I confess I never looked on him as a warrior." "No," said Shana, with a sly smile, "he only inclines to make humorous jests of other people. How he did butt upon his coat today when I talked about money, poor dear! And Shana walked across the room with her chin pushed out and set up in the air, and fingered energetically at the buttons of her jacket. "How very un-lady-like!" said Lady Flora coldly. "And pray, Shana, why did you talk to Major Batt about money? I hope—" "You need not hope, Flora," said Shana abruptly; "you know I am hopelessly outspoken, and I did ask Major Batt for money."

"Flora sat up in her chair, her plump lips parted, her keen, pale eyes fixed upon Shana with horror. "Yes," said the girl, carrying her replenished cup to the fire and said distinctly: "If Major Batt makes choice of either of us, I hope it will be of me." "Come now, that is better," said her sister-in-law in pleased surprise. "I always knew, Shana, that you had a fund of good sense somewhere if you would only condescend to make use of it." Rosheen stared at her sister in astonishment, but said nothing. Shana rested her elbow on the ledge of the mantel piece and went on: "But I warn you, Flora, that I do not believe he is thinking of doing anything of the kind. In spite of his mature years and, let us say, solid appearance, Major Batt is fond of flirting or doing something that he fancies is flirting. He is one of those persons who always put before them to achieve the most difficult enterprise, and so he is always trying to make himself agreeable."

"By the way," interrupted Lady Flora, "I told him he might expect to meet you in Dublin." "That you must not think of Flora. Ball-dresses and all that expense at such a time!" "That is my affair," said Lady Flora graciously. "No, Flora," said Shana, drawing her sister's little hand through her arm. "It is my affair and Rosheen's. This, at least, must be left to ourselves. We will not go. It is bad enough to eat the children's bread."

"Nonsense!" said Flora shortly. "How exceedingly liberal you are! Who talked about bread? I must say it is very unnamable of you to take me up so sharply. And now I advise you to go away and dress. Alister is in his study, buried, as usual, in a book all day—would not even come out to talk to the visitors. Oh! that reminds me—what does bring that engineering young man, that young Callender, about the place so often? He was here again to-day." Shana and Rosheen had reached the door, and Shana turned suddenly round and looked steadily at her sister in law. "I suppose he comes because Alister asks him," she said. "I am sorry we did not see him."

"I consider him rather an intrusive person," said Lady Flora coldly, but avoiding Shana's shining eyes. "I do not like him, and I do not object to let him see it. There, do not keep standing in the door way girls. Bernard is coming in with the lamps." The two young sisters went, linking together up the dark old winding staircase, dimly lighted here and there by an old fashioned lantern, and descending a few steps on the other side of the first landing, entered their own particular apartments. These were first a long room with a slanting ceiling and low walls, and a small, square window at each side, set up high under the eaves. This was their old school room, which, as they no longer needed a governess, they had turned into a sitting room, making use of their own ingenuity and needlework, to effect some considerable improvement in its arrangements. It was a very old room; the walls were panelled in dark brown; the windows had deep brown seats; the sunflowers, of the girl's own making, on the short, brown stuff curtains made a grateful gleaming of gold in the brownness of the place. The furniture was ancient and worn-out, and the long, dark, oaken schoolroom table, with its row of drawers, still held its time-honoured place all down the middle of the floor. A large bottle of ink and some pens stood upon it, and a row of old book shelves held a store of shabby-looking books. Two pretty work-boxes stood on the table, and a basket of apples and an old-fashioned china jug full of brilliant winter leaves. A peat fire burned low on a flagged hearth, and Shana knelt before it and began to take turf loam from a large wicker basket by the fire and set them on their ends on the tiles. Rosheen came and knelt beside her, and they laid their heads together. "Shana, why did you say you hoped Major Batt would make choice of you?" said the younger sister in a whisper of reproach and awe. "Because, darling, I should be able to fight my battle better than you," said Shana. "Flora thinks you meant that you would accept him?" "I am sorry, then; but she ought to know me better. I merely said what occurred to me to say."

"You were silent a few minutes, each feeling the sympathy of the other, and then Rosheen said: "O Shana! if Shanganagh Farm were only left! That would bring us a little income of our own, and we need not feel so dreadfully when she talks about the children." "Even in that case we should still be dependent," said Shana; "though of course it would be better than nothing. But nobody is coming to take Shanganagh while the times are so bad, and I fear, I fear the times are not likely to mend." Shanganagh was a farm on an upper level of the mountain, about half a mile from The Rath. It was a part of a property left to the girls by their father, and had been lying unlet for the last two years. All the land belonging to them except this lay in disturbed districts, and it was the last blow to the sisters when Shanganagh was left on their hands. "Nobody is going to take Shanganagh," repeated Shana. "The people are all fleeing to America, and this place is so far out of the world." "What are we to do then, Shana?" "Something," said Shana with a frown, and kissed her sister hastily and stood up. Rosheen said no more just then. She did not always know what to make of Shana. Then they rose and went up a few steps to their bedroom, a very large room, plainly furnished, but adorned with all the little odds and ends of prettiness that girls love, with two white beds in opposite corners, and a tiny crib in between for the use of their eldest niece, who was the darling of the young aunts. Here they assumed their well worn black silk frocks and the simple pearl ornaments left them by their mother, and returned to chat by their sitting room fire till it was time to go downstairs for dinner. Alister Fingal, sitting at the foot of his dinner table, seemed for the first few minutes to be still living in the book that had enchanted him all day. He was a slight fair man with dreamy eyes, and a sweet lazy smile. In the company of others he required time to come to the surface of the conversation. After he had eaten his soup his eyes rested with pleasure on the fresh faces of his young sisters, gleaming and glowing with the pure cool tints which are produced by exercise and mountain air. "Any news in the village, girls?" "No news," said Shana, "except that Betty Macaulay talks of giving up her holding and emigrating. She cannot see her way to paying her rent."

"A shade crossed Alister's face. Betty must not go; anybody but Betty. Who is her landlord, by the way?" "Major Batt," said Rosheen with a stolen glance at Lady Flora. "She can go to the Land Court now like others," said Alister, "and get her rent reduced, if it be too high." "I must say," said Shana, "that I don't think Major Batt is to be particularly blamed in this matter, for Betty seems to think that she and Nancy are unable, on any terms, to manage their land."

THE SPY

The soldier turned on his cot and opened his eyes. They looked into those of a Sister. She smiled and he returned the smile, though he could hardly have explained why. She might be of the enemy's nationality—but a defenseless little woman with a smile like that couldn't be much of an enemy. She was waiting for him to return to complete consciousness and thinking how very boyish he seemed. He spoke—in a foreign tongue. "I suppose that by all the rules I ought to begin by asking, 'Where am I?' and, you ought to reply, 'Sh'—he quiet now. After a while you may talk a little, but first drink this broth."

She smiled again and replied in his own tongue, though not with his native accent. She was an American. "Well, anyway," she said, "I will get you the broth. It's cubes—the American kind—and you pour hot water over them and serve, just as the advertisement says." "Let's skip the soup," he suggested. "I always do when I order. Skip the soup and go straight to the meats and entrees."

"Well, I think you will have to be contented with the soup this time," she returned, "because the doctor doesn't prescribe meats and entrees. Besides, there aren't any meats and entrees here now." And the smile was rather a pathetic little effort this time. The man's face clouded perceptibly. They were both thinking of sad things. "A glass of milk, maybe?" suggested the Sister. "Nice and creamy?" "It sounds better than the cuby broth, at any rate," he returned, wondering how such a frail little woman could be so cheerful and so brave. "Besides, milk sounds more like home," he added wistfully. "But honest, if you don't mind, I really don't think I want anything to eat at all. I'm much rather talk, for I've a presentiment that presently you'll say, 'Sh!—be quiet now. You've talked long enough. Try to go to sleep again.' That's the way all the nurses do that I've ever heard anything about. But I don't want to go to sleep again. Seems to me I must have been asleep a week or two or three already."

"I've been here only since yesterday," said the Sister. "As a rule, that's according to prescribed rules; no professional information from the nurse. If a fellow wants to find out anything about himself, it's a waste of time to mention the fact to the nurse—or to the doctor, either."

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A CARDINAL'S COUNSEL

Oh, thoughtless and worse, oh, cruel to your own selves, all ye who read what ye should not read and hear what ye should not hear? Oh, how will you repent of your folly afterwards! Oh, what bitter feelings, oh, what keen pains will shoot through your souls hereafter at the memory of what has come of that baneful curiosity? Oh, how will you despise yourselves, how weep at what you have brought on you! At this day surely there is a special need of this watchful care. In a day when nothing is not pried into, nothing is not published, nothing is not laid before all men.—John Henry Newman.

It was then that a voice reached them from the other side of the room. It was the priest speaking, or rather he was praying. He had probably been praying all the time. His voice came soft and low, a little more audible, and it held the rhythm of a kind of chant, as of petitions many times repeated. The lady on the bed was dying, or perhaps was already dead. She had probably never been conscious of anything that was taking place about her—had probably never known that the priest had come.

The girl still bending over the wounded man, was carefully applying the dampened towels to his wound. He remembered watching her and admiring the deftness with which she handled the towels. Possibly he himself might have assisted her. If his head hadn't been hurting him so terribly at the time he might have remembered better about it. He could recall, however, wondering hazily if she might be the other lady's daughter, or a sister, or only just some kindly neighbor. And he had finally decided in favour of her being just some kindly neighbor. Strange what a fellow will think of at such a time.

The wounded man had stirred and had opened his eyes, but apparently he had no idea where he was. Nor did he seem to be conscious of the presence of any one else near him. He made several feeble efforts to raise himself, and the failure of his efforts had probably conveyed to him some faint realization of the fact that he had been mortally wounded.

His lips had moved painfully in an effort to speak—poor, dying, unknown soldier! And his words had come broken and labored.

"A priest! a priest!" he had managed to cry out in a kind of agonizing appeal. "A priest! a priest! O Blessed Mother! I haven't been to confession in twenty years!"

The girl, still holding the towels against his wound, had bent nearer and had whispered something into his ear, and after she had raised her face again her lips were still moving. She must have been praying. Then she rose to her feet and addressed some one—it must have been himself, though he couldn't remember what it was she had said.

Then the priest had returned to the side of the dying soldier and had spoken to him very gently, very softly. Then it was that the priest's arm showed very plainly in the candle light. The sleeve was all torn away and terribly soaked with blood, and his hand, all covered with blood, hung limp and lifeless by his side. But the priest had seemed to see only the dying man.

And as if by some miraculous effort the dying man had appeared suddenly to revive and had begun speaking to that priest, pouring out to him the pitiful story of his life. With sobs and broken sentences, with labored breathing and many gasping pauses, he had recounted the history of his wretched, wasted years to that priest, a stranger—the very man he had been sent to arrest as a spy.

And they in that room had heard it—every word of it, all the painful secrets of that other's harrowed soul. It was a miserable, miserable story! Strange, though, that now, however, after it was all over, he couldn't recall even the smallest part of it. How very hazy his head must have been! And yet he could remember quite clearly that sobs and expressions of sorrow and remorse poured forth from that soldier's lips as he lay there dying in that awful hour. Yes, that part of it was clear enough; and he could remember quite well, somehow, the words of the priest speaking now and then, to whisper hope, to encourage and console, and blessing, actually blessing that soldier, his enemy; touching his eyes, his lips, his ears, his hand, his feet, with quick, sure motion, and speaking—or was he praying?—all the while. And the soldier lay very still and breathed heavily, though he was apparently quite conscious, and his lips were moving slightly, as if he, too, might have been praying.

Then the girl had come back to them, carrying a white cloth or two over her arm and something in either hand—a cup, he thought or maybe it was a candle and something else, though he couldn't recall just what it was. These she placed on the floor by the side of the dying man, and she had laid one cloth over his breast. Then she had knelt there very quiet in the candle light. The tears were falling, but she had kept her hands folded together close against her breast.

The priest had taken something from inside his coat, from over his heart, probably that something which he had been guarding so carefully on his way up the street to that house. He had taken it from out the bosom of his coat and had held it toward the dying man. It was something small and white, immaculately white. Something, he didn't know what it was, but to that priest and to that soldier, too, it must have been something very sacred, for when their eyes beheld it, a kind of holy reverence had been revealed in their faces.

The priest had used his arm with much difficulty and he had raised his hand only with great effort. He was growing rapidly weaker.

And after that soldier had received that small, white something, his eyes had closed and he had become so still and so silent. It seemed he must have died instantly. But presently he had opened them again and appeared to try to speak, but could not.

The priest, still on his knees, had sunk forward, overcome by weakness, and his head had found its resting place against the arm of that dying soldier, close to his heart.

And even as he sank forward, he had reached out his hand across the other's breast, as if in a kind of final blessing to those that remained in that room. His hand, turned slightly upward, had revealed his first finger and thumb pressed close together, as if they held something precious and dear.

And there they both had died—that soldier and that priest—close to each other's hearts. Yet, after all, that soldier could only be said to have accepted his death. That priest had chosen his. That priest had not been vitally wounded, only his arm, and he had died from loss of blood. If he had only made them think of his wound, he could have lived.

Perhaps the girl was thinking of that, too, as she knelt there sobbing to herself.

He could recall that he had had a desire to comfort her. He believed that he had made some kind of an effort to speak to her, to reach out his hand to her. And she had probably become conscious of his efforts, for she had looked up at him and, with some quick exclamation of surprise, had risen and started toward him. And that was all that he could remember.

And to think that they had followed the priest there to arrest him!

The soldier on the cot closed his eyes again. He was still very tired, and when he opened them once more they looked again into those of the Sister bending over him. Perhaps he had drifted off to sleep again and had not heard her enter. Or was it that she moved so noiselessly?

She smiled. He returned the smile.

"You are all alike," he said.

"Yes," she agreed, though she understood none of it. She was a very true nurse.—Myrtle Conger in the *Magnificat*.

DR. LINGARD ON CONTINUITY

The famous Catholic historian, Dr. Lingard, author of what is considered many non-Catholic historians and historical students to be the most reliable history of England, puts the case against the Anglican claim for Continuity when he declares: "... when we read that the actual governors of the (pre-Reformation) Church were changed, the Bishops in possession being ejected and new men put into their places; that the public worship of the Church was changed, the sacrifice of the Mass being abolished and another service substituted for it; that the acknowledged doctrines of the Church were changed, many of its former tenets and practices being condemned and new articles of religion promulgated; when, in a word, we find bishops, worship, doctrine all swept away and little remaining of the old establishment but the bare walls of the religious edifices which it had raised and consecrated—in view of all this, we do not see how it was possible for reasonable men to come to any other conclusion than that the Reformation in England was in reality the work of civil power which ousted the old Church and intruded a new Church by Act of Parliament."

However, says the Professor, as the result of much reflection on the absurdity of her position and claims, a new light burst upon Oxford Anglican, who sought to dispel the darkness which covered the ecclesiastical transactions of the reigns of Henry VIII, of Edward VI, and Elizabeth I. "To these distinguished characters," says Lingard, "it appears that historians have been doing continual injustice," and, after all, they find that the Protestant Church of to-day is really the Catholic Church of pre-Reformation days, just as, to quote Theodore Hook, "a man who has washed his face in the morning, remains the same man as before he had washed." All this says Lingard, real Catholics can only look upon as "a theological novel in which a few grains of truth lie concealed in the midst of an immense mass of fiction." Dr. Lingard, while expressing his regard for Oxfordmen as a rule, declares that the very best and most sincere among them always remain some of that anti-Catholic leaven which Protestant education is a universal discomfit throughout Says Dr. Lingard, "It is admitted by all parties that at the commencement of the Reformation there was a Church in England which had existed there, ever since the first conversion of the inhabitants to Christianity. Was the Church a living branch of the true apostolic Church of Christ, or not? They reply without hesitation that it was; and he observed, they are compelled to reply, for without such admission, what would become of their claim to alleged apostolic succession? Without it, how could the Anglican Bishops of the present day show that, by ordination, they derive their mission from the Apostles and our Lord? Without it, how can every Bishop, priest and deacon, trace his spiritual descent from St. Peter and St. Paul? If you reject that Church, the chain is broken. You may go back to your female head, Elizabeth, or to her father Henry VIII; but there you stop—a chain of fifteen hundred years opens between you and the Apostles."

But, the reader will object—how could that unreformed Church be a living branch of the true Church of Christ? Did she not teach doctrines which the present Protestant Church condemns as errors in faith? Did she not practice a worship which the present Protestant Church pronounces superstitious and idolatrous?

Did she not prosecute, excommunicate and deliver for punishment to the civil magistracy, the professors of opinions which the present Protestant Church has sanctioned in her articles of religion and which she binds all her ministers to subscribe and uphold? Is it possible (asks Dr. Lingard) that two societies, of which one is so opposed to the other in matters of the highest import, can be each the true Church of Christ? And your Anglican theologian answers: "Yes, both are the very same Church, but in a different state; the Protestant Church in a state of comparative purity; the Catholic Church deeply immersed in error, yet not so deeply as to cease to be a part of the true Apostolic Church."

It is entirely overlooked by the defenders of the Anglican Church, says Lingard in effect, that while they admit that there was a true Apostolic Catholic Church in England, they belong to a Church which describes itself as Protestant. Protesting against what? Anglicans, it is well known, reject the term, and declare that they "protested" against the errors of Rome, and by doing so, reformed herself. And as a condition precedent to this Reformation, the jurisdiction of the Pope was abolished in the Kingdom, and that of Henry VIII, (who had been declared Defender of the Faith by the Pope) substituted. Even the Convocation which Henry VIII, summoned, in order to give a kind of spiritual sanction to his new title as "Protector and Supreme Head of the Church of England," struggled hard against the demand, and insisting on the insertion of the words "so far as the law of Christ allows"—a brief respite which the King's action in divorcing himself soon put an end to, and which the fraudulent consecration of the Archbishop Cranmer (or at least consecration under false pretences and spurious oaths) was to emphasize as necessary. It is now pretty clearly established, that in matters of the Protestant religion and belief, he had no faith in the spiritual act of consecration, which he looked upon simply as a mere "seemly" form, or as a matter of etiquette, as we would say now-a-days. On the death of Henry VIII, he became the chief spiritual adviser of a child of nine years, Edward VI, under whose reign the practical details of the Reformation were carried out and applied. To the interests of the people or of God? Far from it—the advantage of Cranmer and his ecclesiastical satellites, who saw the profit to themselves in supporting a new Church based on socio-political lines.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

There is religious liberty in Mexico, and calm and peace where my troops control," says Carranza, and his agents, through his own press and through many daily papers of this country (paid by the bandits) "There are guarantees in Mexico and in a short time peace will come." repeats every day the press. These lies make us angry, because we know very well the circumstances by which letters received at late dates in this country believe what the press announces, and they await peace from Carranza, because there are at present some ways of communication and some commerce carried on. But peace will not come, please attend, peace will not come on foundations such as Carranza wishes to establish.

Such is the result of justice, and this does not exist in Mexico. "Peace is respect for another's rights," as says one of the same Liberals of '57, and in Mexico there is no respect for another's right, property, nor liberties, especially religious liberty. This does not consist in permission to ring bells, nor in return of the exiled Bishops and priests, but in the freedom to exercise one's sacred duties, social, political and religious. This the Carranzistas absolutely prohibit. Repeat, they want to make figure heads of the priests; they want apostate priests. Such a yoke (and I am sure I voice the sentiment of every priest) I could never tolerate. I would prefer chains and exile, which do not stain or degrade my calling and my conscience. Oh! the complaints of poor victims in chains in dark prisons here. It may be that some of them will be murdered tomorrow, as happens every day to many honorable men who do not accommodate differences with the bandits.

Here are not heard the sighs of the thousand poor men who have no food, nor the cries of the little orphan children whom the Carranzistas perforce has left homeless, and not content with this, he wants to snatch from them their faith and confidence in God, corrupting their innocence. If in Mexico there is any calm or peace (I know very well my letters received at late dates), it is only an apparent calm of defenseless victims who can do nothing to defend themselves; it is the peace of weakness before a brutal force. What will a mannaled victim do at the feet of the executioner but bear with patience? This is the calm, this is the peace of Mexico.—Intermountain Catholic.

WOMEN WHO LEAD

It was the way of Mrs. Pankhurst that led us to look seriously into the content of their faith and confidence in God, corrupting their innocence. If in Mexico there is any calm or peace (I know very well my letters received at late dates), it is only an apparent calm of defenseless victims who can do nothing to defend themselves; it is the peace of weakness before a brutal force. What will a mannaled victim do at the feet of the executioner but bear with patience? This is the calm, this is the peace of Mexico.—Intermountain Catholic.

AN EXILED PRIEST'S VIEW

An exiled priest from Mexico, whose name can be had at the office of the Catholic Register of Kansas City, Mo., recently delivered the following talk at a meeting of Springfield, (Mo.) Council of the Knights of Columbus.

Carranza was recognized by this government in spite of his cruel and criminal course. The promise of religious liberty and the other liberties given us by our own constitution have remained only on the paper presented by the agent of Carranza to your government.

Since the recognition of Carranza the persecution, far from ceasing, has continued. The Cathedral of Merida, Yucatan, has been sacked by the Carranzistas, its beautiful works of art destroyed, and the Blessed Sacrament profaned. These same scenes were in the other churches some days later. Only this morning I received a letter from a friend in San Antonio who tells me that he has recently met three Marxist Brothers, who fleeing from persecution, had succeeded in reaching San Antonio. They told my friend that just the day before they left Mexico thirty priests were thrown in jail, and it is not known what has happened to them.

The revolution is terrible. In Michoacan, my state, they said five priests had been killed lately. There is universal discontent throughout the nation at the recognition. Both high and low fear that the persecution will be waged more fiercely than ever. The Madams of Sacred Heart have been ejected from their schools; also the Salesian Fathers. All this in the name of Liberty!

It is true that in some places the persecution has abated somewhat, and the church bells are allowed to ring for services, but they still continue to confiscate much ecclesiastical property, as well as the property of Catholics. The bandits seize Catholic schools and now compel parents, under severe penalty, to send their children to their schools, in which are taught errors against our faith and from which God is banished. Carranza and his men wish to make figure heads of the priests of Mexico, relegating them to a corner of the church, forcing them to live inactive, not putting a foot outside to work amongst the people, in order to maintain social Catholic action.

They do not wish the priests to mingle with the people for fear they will obstruct their injustice and crime, or at least, protest against such abuses. In a word, they want apostate priests who will practically resign their sacred duties; priests who will leave in the hands of these carnivorous wolves the flock which Christ commended to them.

in human history! Landmarks of character and social economy, we can no more duplicate or multiply them than genius of any other sort—than sanctity may be duplicated or multiplied. M. Waleffe tells us that the displayed martyrdom without the idea of conquest. One might say that the other type of woman displays the idea of conquest without patriotism.

As for Teresa's little way—that "little, safe way," which one finds so enchanting and so easily practical, she herself says: "I know too that our trial is a mine of gold, which we must not let ourselves be taken by without courage and without strength; and thus my impotence will facilitate the enterprise, for I want to work by love. It is martyrdom that is beginning."

Together, my darling sister, let us enter the lists. Let us offer our sufferings to Jesus for the salvation of souls.

Many of our readers doubtless have lingered long before the painting of Bastien le Page in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, called Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices. The slim child's figure with uplifted face and strained ear, without the idea of conquest, yet already moved for battle. And then the mind's eye wanders, as under the law of contrast, to the young suffragette rebel, gluttonous conquest, seated on the steps of Basilica, the incarnate menace of government by authority. Greed of power, not patriotism, inspires her, while she kindles the fires of her own self-destruction by Hate. It is not the martyrdom of Love.

Could these propagandists hear, if they would listen, the voice of the Little Flower of Carmel? "I feel," she declares, "the vocation of warrior, of priest of apostle, of doctor, of martyr, would accomplish all the most heroic works, and feel the courage of a crusader. I would die on the field of battle in defense of the Church. . . . Like Thea, my beloved Spouse, I would be scourged, crucified. I would die flayed, like St. Bartholomew; like St. John, I would be plunged in boiling oil; I long, like St. Ignatius of Antioch, to be crushed by the teeth of beasts, in that, to become bread worthy of God," with St. Agnes and St. Cecilia I would present my neck to the sword of the executioner, and like Joan of Arc at the burning stake, murmur the name of Jesus!"

Here is the ardor enkindled by love, outdoing even the patriotism of Joan.

We are assured that our militant sisters are sustained in their sufferings by the greatness of the Cause which they have at heart. Teresa of Lisieux and Joan of Arc confessed that they were sustained by God alone. "O, how good God is!" exclaimed the Little Flower when in the agony of death. "Yes, He must be very good to give me the strength to bear all that I am suffering."

The desire for power was unknown to her. "My soul has never sought anything but truth. How earnest was my desire to make all things simple and practical for those who would walk in the path of fraternal charity! How confidently she relied upon the justice of God in hearing with our infirmities, declaring that she rejoiced quite as much in His justice as in His mercy toward us! She depended upon it, equally with charity to bring about that peculiar quality of social peace which is the ideal of every Christian heart."

Father dom Etienne, of the Grands Trappes of Montagne, said of Teresa, "I must confess that this spirit child of our Lord has no need of any one's praise. Her merit suffices for her before God, and before men."

If there is one thing more apparent than another in the militant women of our day, it is a certain childish self-will which should ever be the object of mortification in a Christian woman.

It was the little way of Teresa of Lisieux to exercise power as a nightingale sings, or a rose exhales, spontaneously by reason of her own virtue. All strife for exaltation and "recognition" was as foreign to her as to the nightingale and the rose. "Never," one of her sisters relates, "did she give her advice unless it was asked for. She never joined in conversation when she was not spoken to, always effacing herself, making herself little with regard to her sisters, loving to render service."

If ever there comes a twilight hour, succeeding the noon glare of our lawful activities, let Christian women seize it to walk in the Garden of the Soul which is inhabited by the communings of women such as these we have cited. For there, nourished by silence and reflection, the campaigns of our domestic and social enterprises may be safely devised and charted.

The most martial of women need find no thrill nor hint of "slowness" in the companionship of the temper of Catherine of Sienna or Joan of Arc. Paganery and distinction, though undesired, were theirs, as they will never be granted to our militants, while, as for the contagion of the virtues of Teresa of Lisieux, those who walk with her will also sing with her: "To live by love!"—Emma S. Chester in *The Missionary*.

AN ATHEIST'S CREDO

Since the war began atheists and indifferentists and bad Catholics opened their eyes to religion by the roar of the cannon. Here is the latest "Credo," that of Lovredan, the famous litterateur, who, by the way, moves the question as to whether France will be Catholic after the conflagration is extinguished:

"The past of France is great," he writes. "It was a France that believed. The present of France is a calamity: France feels that she could no longer believe. Will things be better in the future? This lies in the hands of God and only God's. Oh! the people dead covers the fields. How terrible it is to be an atheist before this national calamity!"

"I deceived myself, and you, who read my books, of what do you sing? France, France, return to the faith of your most glorious days. To abandon God is to be lost. I do not know if I shall be alive to-morrow; but I must say to my friends: 'Lovredan dares not die as an atheist. A thought opposes me: A God exists, and you are far from him. Rejoice, my soul, since the hour is come when on my knees I can say: 'I believe, I believe in God. I believe, I believe.'"

Poor Lovredan, you did harm in your time. By this time you probably have solved the green problem.—Catholic Sun.

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The Marvel of the Age. Luminous Crucifix

This Crucifix is indeed a beautiful and strangely marvelous work of art. By means of a wonderful and secret preparation, the body of the figure is made to absorb the rays of light during the day and at night it glows with a brilliant light showing the Christ figure in darkest night. The darker the room, the better the result. The luminous effect is everlasting. When darkness first comes on, the light is blue at first, and gradually changes to a bright ivory light. This wonderful Crucifix is especially useful and comforting in a sick room. One can imagine the company and soothing effect to a sick person lying restless in the darkness of the night.

This Crucifix makes an ideal gift for Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Birthdays or any special occasion. This Crucifix has been highly praised by Clergymen, Schools, Convents and Hospitals throughout the world. The size of the Cross is 14 inches high by 8 inches wide and is made of fine grain olive-wood, producing a beautiful smooth black effect. The Body of our Lord is made of unbreakable material richly finished in imitation of the marble.

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PROHIBITION AND TEMPERANCE

His Lordship, Bishop Fallon, has made an unequivocal pronouncement on Prohibition.

They will pardon us when we tell them that for some weeks past we were so busily engaged on other matters that the conduct of the RECORD was necessarily left in other hands.

Following a reference to the matter at a public function His Lordship gave to the press this letter. A paragraph or two seem to treat the subject so fully that we were inclined to quote in part.

For more than twenty years I have been a priest of the Catholic Church. During that time, and longer, I have been a constant worker in the cause of temperance and total abstinence.

I am opposed to the principle of prohibition in regard to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. My opposition is based on a careful consideration of the reasons advanced in its favor.

I regard the present agitation in Ontario a dangerous invitation to the State to meddlesomely interfere with the rights of the citizen.

The action of the State marks the limits of the free action of the individual, and the question how far the State ought to control the individual is the fundamental question of personal liberty.

The German empire of today is, among civilized nations, the supreme example of State omnipotence. The very principle for the vindication and safeguarding of which we are now engaged in a colossal struggle with Germany, is precisely the principle which, in my opinion, is menaced by the present attempt to force the enactment of prohibitory and penal legislation in the matter of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London.

For those who know Bishop Fallon it is not necessary to emphasize the continuous and strenuous advocacy of temperance and total abstinence which has in an especial manner marked both his priesthood and episcopate.

Whether or not we shall be considered sincere in saying so, we have for Protestant clergymen who have themselves adopted moral legislation a very sincere sympathy. They have little or no influence over their own

people. A handful, at best, listen to them. Not even when strident advertisement proclaims that sensational subjects will be sensationally treated do any respectable proportion of the Protestant people gather to listen to their supposed pastors.

Perhaps we should except the Anglican clergy who still, as a rule, conduct themselves as wielding a real spiritual influence.

We are so fully and entirely in sympathy with Bishop Fallon's declaration on the subject of prohibition that we hesitate to put in black and white some of the reasons therefor.

It may not, however, be out of place to recall that a year before the Liberal party adopted the Prohibition or Abolish the Bar policy that the present writer objected strenuously to committing the Liberal Party to the policy of Prohibition.

Some of the reasons we then gave in our opinion still hold good:

While we acknowledge the right of each municipality to regulate its own affairs in the matter of licensed hotels we felt that the voters of Thunder Bay, Essex and Carleton had no right to decide whether or not Toronto should have licensed hotels.

While we recognized the right of each municipality to set its own household in order we failed to see why voters who never saw Toronto, should decide whether or not Toronto should have licensed hotels; even if Toronto should observe a law forced upon her by outsiders.

"I regard," writes His Lordship, "the present agitation in Ontario as a dangerous invitation to the State to meddlesomely interfere with the rights of the citizen and an equally dangerous attempt to regulate all human conduct by statute."

This no thoughtful observer will regard as an imaginary danger.

Provided the hysteria lasts tobacco, tea and coffee should quickly follow alcoholic beverages into the list of things prohibited by law and surreptitiously enjoyed.

The reaction may, of course, set in before the utterly irrefragable vegetarian arguments against the use of flesh meat as a food convince our sumptuary legislators that meat should be prohibited and milk for babes prescribed.

There is, however, no reason to think that our Act of Parliament moralists will limit their statutory morality to the matter of food and drink.

Some barren fig tree of a woman may be authorized by law to initiate normal children of decent parents into the mysteries of sex hygiene.

Men and women may have to secure a certificate that they are physically fit to contract marriage, and afterwards a license to have a certain limited number of children.

Just where the social uplift by legislation may stop it would be difficult to predict; for even these things have their advocates.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS

One of our contributing editors forwards to us the following letter which was addressed to him:

Dear Sir,—Your article on the school question in last week's RECORD is entirely wrong in one particular. You say a Protestant father, whose wife and children are Catholics, is not allowed to support a Separate school in Ontario.

These are subject to the Editor's supervision. We do not, for instance, accept a contributing editor's opinion on a school question. We fully inform ourselves before writing on such a subject. And we wrote the article in question.

Our esteemed correspondent does not know whereof he writes so confidently. What we said is perfectly true. Even if our esteemed correspondent were able to get a glass of beer on Saturday night it would not permit the serving of drinks during prohibited hours.

There are places where Public school supporters are ashamed to enforce the law in the premises; but the law does not allow a Protestant, whose wife and children are Catholics, to pay his school tax to a Catholic Separate school.

THE CAPITAL LIFE

The Capital Life Assurance Company has just held its annual meeting.

For four years the CATHOLIC RECORD has had a good word for the Capital Life Assurance Company. We fully realize the responsibility that rests on us in saying to our readers that this is a safe insurance Company.

In 1906 and 1907 all our legislators recognized the responsibility they were under with regard to insurance and they appointed a commission to enquire into the conditions and principles which underlay Life insurance.

In 1910 all the necessary safeguards for the insured were incorporated into the Federal law. In 1912 two years afterwards, The Capital Life came into existence. It was inaugurated under the rigid conditions that the Insurance Act laid down for the protection of the insured.

Just because the Capital Life is Catholic in its inception and management the CATHOLIC RECORD is all the more particular in giving its assurance that this Company offers safe and sound insurance to our readers.

"It would probably be difficult to find a company more admirably managed in its early years than the Capital Life. At the end of the fifth year 1915 it can boast of twelve months' business record superior to many of the oldest companies in the world.

This is a greater increase than in 1914 and it is a tribute to the success of the Capital Life, which can be measured when we explain that the total business in force of many companies at the end of the previous year. The premium receipts again—unlike those of many other companies—showed an increase of \$8,325, whilst the expenses were only a little more than in 1914.

Consequently the policyholders' surplus (including stock capital) increased from \$139,238 to \$147,084, even before the company holding reserves of \$10,817 more than the Dominion Government basis requires. The Capital Life assets now total \$321,710, and the insurances in force \$2,779,898 and we can recommend the company to the public as thoroughly sound and safe and as one of the best managed institutions Canada possesses."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, who, as minister of the City Temple, London, England, gained world-wide notoriety through formulating a new system of Theology which eliminated the supernatural, and who later, within the year, announced his abandonment of that platform and his intention of transferring his allegiance to the Church of England, has been as good as his word, and is now in full Anglican communion, with the prospect immediately of being admitted to clerical status.

So far as this means his repudiation of practical infidelity he is to be congratulated upon the step he has taken, but in face of the doctrinal chaos which exists within the Anglican fold, Mr. Campbell is, after all, not likely to find that the shift has made any appreciable improvement in his position.

Indefiniteness, uncertainty, and toleration of any and every form of belief or unbelief—that is, comprehensiveness—are the watchwords indelibly emblazoned upon the standard of the Church of England.

BE THAT as it may, there is a hopeful ring to some of Mr. Campbell's utterances since his admission to the Anglican Church. There are, as all know, two extremes of thought within that communion—the one revering unmistakably to the return once more to Catholic allegiance, and

the other to the negation of all positive belief in the Christian revelation. Mr. Campbell, since his "conversion" has been at the battle line in France, and what he there saw of the practical working of the Catholic Faith evidently made a deep and lasting impression upon him, and, if we may judge by his subsequent utterances, turned his thoughts in the direction of the former.

"SINCE THE WAR began," he writes, "I have realized in French churches, as I never did before, the devotional value, the practical helpfulness of the reservation of the Sacrament of the altar. It makes all the difference between a dead building and a place that is a sanctuary, indeed, wherein worshippers feel that they are in immediate contact with the supernatural and divine."

There may be nothing, it is true, in such an expression from such a source, to indicate more than that devotional feeling which comes over so many devout Protestants upon entering a Catholic church, the words are distinctly hopeful, and indicate a train of thought which, followed consistently to the end, will lead him far beyond the hazy mists of Anglicanism, and bring him to his true home. That he may not be insensible to the "kindly light" is the devoutest wish we can have for him.

THE UTTER insensibility of the average Protestant to the supernatural character of the Christian religion, and the presumption which flows from the promiscuous reading of the Bible without light or guide may be seen in an incident related in an English Methodist paper, and reproduced, apparently without disapproval, by the Canadian Churchman in a recent issue. The thing will shock the pious Catholic reader yet we give it as the most effective illustration we have met with for some time, of the drift of Protestantism in this generation.

"A YOUNG Christian layman," who was an officer and a Methodist local preacher tells of the mortal wounding and subsequent death of a young fellow in a recent action. He begins his account by affirming that "Holy Communion acquires a new value in the trenches," and proceeds to tell how they carried the poor wounded soldier under cover and did what was possible to relieve his sufferings.

"I had neither bread nor wine, but I broke a bit of my dry biscuit and kneeling beside him, I repeated the sentences: 'The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life. Take, eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on Him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving.'"

"Then," he says, "I gave him a sip out of my water-bottle, and repeated the words: 'The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life. Drink this in remembrance that Christ's Blood was shed for thee, and be thankful.'"

FAR BE it for any Catholic to find fault with the intention of this Methodist layman, presumptuous and shocking though his action was to those brought up in the light of Truth and in the consciousness of the supernatural character of the Sacraments. It simply shows to what lengths men may go when deprived of the guidance of authority and left to their own wayward devices.

And if this be so in a land still called Christian what may not be expected from heathen nations with a Book thrust into their hands and the injunction placed upon them to read it in the light of their own unaided reason and to interpret its deep and profound meaning for themselves?

THE WELL INFORMED writer whose "fourth column" in the Mail and Empire is the vehicle of instruction to thousands throughout Canada, had recently some timely and impressive remarks upon the revival of the religious spirit in France as an effect of the War, taking the ruined cathedrals of Normandy as his text. We have barely space to refer to one or two of his paragraphs, which seem to us to testify in an exceedingly effective way to the innate religious character of the great body of the people of France.

Whether the spirit thus evidenced will have a lasting influence upon the body politic time alone can tell. The governing authorities

are still infidel: will they be able to outlast the war, and to withstand the great uprising of Catholic devotion which cruel and devastating war has set in motion?

AS TO the creation of those great monuments of mediæval piety, the cathedrals of Northern France, the Mail writer quotes thus from Sterling Heilig, a leading journalist of the day. The Cathedrals, he ejaculates, each one ruined is irreparable, and it is vain to say, we will rebuild them:

"How shall anyone rebuild them? They were built by entire populations. The Cathedral of Laon was a splendid mark for their canons; and Jean de Bonneton deems that it is wrecked for good. It stands high on a steep butte. In the year 1280 the people of two cities and 14 towns quarried the stone and transported every block to the summit by hand! As at Amiens, after giving their money, they gave their labor. They worked day and night, in raptures, by the light of lanterns, singing hymns."

At Chartres in the year 1194 it was grandiose. All the country round about, burghers, artisans, workmen and peasants, 'locked' for 50 miles to offer their labor gratuitously. Entire villages emigrated to Chartres in a body, for the purpose."

HIMSELF TAKING UP the strain, the Mail writer continues:

"Tourists never cease to admire these marvelous churches—wondering how they could have been built almost a thousand years ago, in ages supposedly dark and poor. It was accomplished only by this gratuitous working together of all the people. Have you any idea what it would cost to rebuild a cathedral like that of Chartres to day? In 1840 a group of eminent French architects under Lassus calculated that if Chartres Cathedral had to be rebuilt in their time it would cost \$25,000,000. At present values of material and labor, the estimate would be nearer \$60,000,000. Now, it is a matter of history that 80 great cathedrals and 500 abbey churches were constructed in France during the reigns of Phillip-Augustus, Louis VIII, and Louis IX, i. e., between the years 1180 and 1270. The Abbe Balleau, in his monograph of the Cathedral of Chartres, thus estimates—in connection with the architects above mentioned—that had the work and material been paid even at the cheap rates of the Middle Ages, the capital accumulated in those ninety years would represent \$1,000,000,000."

ON THE BATTLE LINE

A GREAT RUSSIAN VICTORY

At various times in this column we have pointed out the great importance of the Russo-German Caucasus campaign, even going so far as to intimate that Grand Duke Nicholas had been assigned no unworthy role when given the command of the Russian forces in that region. A slight study of the map will reveal the vast importance of the recent Russian victory; as well as what it would mean if the Turks had been successful in the Trans-Caucasus field of operations. The fall of Erzerum is one of the most important and decisive victories of the whole War.

A Budapest despatch, received in London by the Exchange Telegraph Company, says a big battle is raging west of Erzerum between the Turks, who are making a desperate rally there, and the victorious Russians. The remnants of the city's garrison—which is believed to have consisted of 100,000 men—are being hard pressed by the Russians among the mountains, but the main body of the Turkish army of Caucasus seems to be heading toward Sivras in a disorderly rout.

There are as yet no figures regarding the number of prisoners captured by the Russians, but despatches speak of the "large numbers" taken and the great trophies made by the Siberian troops, who constituted the attacking force. A thousand guns were captured and the forts were found to be of the most modern construction. The

Czar has appointed the Grand Duke Nicholas honorary headman of the Cossacks of the Caucasus.

Already the results of Russia's great victory begin to appear. Although the Turkish official despatches have not said a word about the fall of Erzerum, the news has become known in Constantinople. Serious talks occurred there on Thursday, the crowd denouncing the war and the Young Turks. German police attacked the mob, and German troops are guarding the Sultan's palace and the Ministerial offices. More significant even than the anti-war demonstration is the action of Turkish troops ordered to Armenia, in refusing to proceed to the front. Disturbances took place also at Smyrna and Beirut.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who has been depending on Turkish bayonets for the defence of the Black Sea coast while the Bulgars were conquering Serbian Macedonia, has hurried back to Sofia from Vienna to make other arrangements. Turkey is certain to recall her troops from Bulgaria to stay the Russian advance in Asia Minor. The fall of Erzerum may prove the equivalent of the removal of the keystone from an arch—Turkish power may come crashing to the ground in all directions. Trebizond, the chief Turkish port on the southern shores of the Black Sea, is reported to be in straits, and there is no possibility of sending reinforcements, as the Russians control the Black Sea.

ROUMANIA

If Roumania is concentrating her army on the Bulgarian border, as reported, she is giving public intimation of her intention to join the Allies. The action reported would be that which the Government of Roumania would take preparatory to a combined movement to drive the Germanic forces out of the Balkans and begin the conquest of Transylvania. To cross the passes which separate the Transylvanian plain from Roumania while leaving her own territory to attack all along the Danube by a composite army of Bulgars, Austrians and Germans would be folly Roumania is not likely to be guilty of. The first business of the Roumanian army will be to put Bulgaria out of action while the Russians hold the Austrians fast to the Galician and Bessarabian terrain. Roumanian intervention is expected some time next month. An advance from Saloniki simultaneously must have been arranged by the Allies before Bucharest gave consent to the project.—Globe, Feb. 19.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

Special Cable to THE CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, Feb. 19.—Parliament resembles in a curiously mixed mood. On one side the Ministry, especially Mr. Asquith, is more powerful than ever. On the other side, the daring and immunity of the Zeppelin airships and the exaggerated accounts of the success of Germany in breaking the blockade through Holland with iron ore have produced a good deal of popular unrest. The hall has been fanned into flame by the shrieking appeals of the Daily Mail and the excitable extremists.

More reasonable people criticize the Ministry in a calmer way by recalling many moments of indecision and tardy action. These criticisms are disappearing under the knowledge that the Allies have at last come to a common understanding regarding their objects. They are reaching the point when the joint military and political council meeting in Paris will subject all military and political movements to a single direction. The visit of the French Premier, M. Aristide Briand to Italy, following the frequent visits of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George to Paris, have now made such unity of direction certain.

The change in the Russian premiership is another favorable point, as many people in England have felt great misgiving at the triumphant position of the reactionaries, symbolized in studied insults to the Duma.

With all these things are the preparations for making the next few months decisive. But here there is a difference in the outlook of the Central powers and the Allies. As time evidently fights on the side of the Allies there is less inclination among them to force the issue by early and risky big advances with inevitably gigantic losses, with uncertain results. The Germans, on the other hand, are confronted with the growing discontent of the underfed population, including hundreds of thousands of widows, and with an approaching financial crash, seem to press recently for some decisive victory on the western front.

This strategy is viewed with calmness and satisfaction by the Allies, who disregard a small advance into the first or second line of trenches in the confident knowledge that such advances are costly to the enemy with daily diminishing power in men, and that they will be easily arrested when they pass the first front.

As things look now a big advance of the Allies is more likely on the eastern front than on the western. The recovery of the Russian army, their growing supply of ample munitions, no longer are doubtful. At the same time indications point to Roumania entering the conflict on the side of the Allies when the Rus-

sian advance begins in the Spring, and the expedition to Salonica has justified itself by the steady pressure it is exerting on the Bulgarian and German armies, and as a threat of joining this big concentrated advance when the right moment comes.

A growing sense of this peril in the east among the Germans is indicated by the practical abandonment of the long trumpeted attack on Egypt. Thus in England to-day are two sentiments. On one side is the growing sense of the immensity of her task, and consequently the necessity to put forth all her resources, with the equal necessity of economizing her resources. On the other side is the confident hope that her enemies have already reached their zenith and must begin descending, while she and her Allies are only now getting to their top note with a big superiority of men, money and munitions, which this year brings. The beginning of the end for Germany must be expected within the year. Some prophets, especially those who are in Switzerland, and have gained inner knowledge of Germany's internal conditions, believe the decision must come by July. Another view is that the war will last until the late autumn, especially in view of the Allies' growing faith in time and attrition—rather than in big rushes as decisive factors.

The Irish members returning to Parliament from Ireland bring hopeful news regarding Ireland's attitude. The success of the party in warding off conscription for Ireland has silenced the voice of faction. Though well paid emissaries of Germany still try to stir up mischief, Ireland stands strong behind Mr. Redmond and his policy.

You can be of course in many parts of France without realizing that she is passing through one of the most cruel wars in her history. In Paris you are struck, of course, with the loneliness of the streets where people pass in units instead of hundreds. There do not seem to be many empty shops as at the beginning of the war, but there is even a certain approach to the normal.

I ran down to the south for some days to get rid of a troublesome attack of insomnia, and there bathed in sunshine and with the indescribably beautiful scenery still as in olden times, one might imagine that the world was in the same as in those now apparently remote days before Germany spent millions to fight and destroy one another. But here again, there is an enormous change. I always choose Monte Carlo by preference from the other cities of the Riviera because I find the climate so excellent—not assuredly because I want to gamble, a passion that never had the least attraction for me. It is the old Monte Carlo, so far as at least as the general setting is concerned; but what a different Monte Carlo from that with which the whole world is familiar. The greater part of the hotels remain closed. Some of them are turned into hospitals, and that area immediately around the Casino, which used to be perhaps the most crowded and liveliest spot in Europe, is painfully and sadly empty. The hotel de Paris has a few of its old clients; but again if you go there at the hour of afternoon tea or dinner, where you find almost everybody in Europe, you find a yawning desert. But curiously enough, the tables are not only going, but at some hours of the day you find people in large numbers in pursuit of the fickle fortune of the roulette table or trente et quarante. But the shadow of the war nevertheless is over Monte Carlo as well as over every other place. Now and then a great singer attracts a large audience to the Opera House; now and then a good play brings a number of people, and you might forget if you did not take a glance at the audience and realize how many women were there in black, and if you did not see a wounded officer on his crutches limping along to his seat with everybody of course trying to help him—you might forget but for these things that there was a great war.

All around the coast you find military hospitals. The Riviera is evidently regarded as the best air for convalescence, with the result that there are many British as well as French soldiers scattered among the hospitals. I attended a little gathering of French officers who were at a picnic on Mont Argel, the new Golf Club that was founded some years ago on the beautiful mountain top above Monte Carlo. I was on these links—was it a few years or a few centuries ago?—with Lord Reading, then Sir Rufus Isaacs, and Mr. Lloyd George. It was as near, I think, as Mr. Lloyd George ever got to the fascinating and seductive capital of the gambling center of Europe. I don't believe that he was ever induced even by curiosity to enter the gaming rooms. In this he is in the same tradition as Mr. Gladstone, who never, in spite of his many visits to the Riviera, which he found an excellent remedy for the insomnia which now and then attacked him, could be induced to enter Monte Carlo, though he drove around it now and then. The golf ground at Mont Argel was, when I visited it last, so rough that a game there might be called mountain climbing rather than golf. Great improvements have been made since, and it now seems to me quite a good course, and the air is superb. It reminds me a little of a golf course in Switzerland, for you look up from the smooth grass in the greens to snow-clad mountains in the near distance. It was in the clubhouse that the picnic took place, and

there were some fifteen wounded officers present with a large company of friends who had come to do them honor. It was the first time that I had met so closely so many French officers, and I was quite delighted with them. Most of them were quite young fellows, and most of them really handsome. There were just one or two—a colonel and a major—who were older. How can I describe the ineffable charm of their manners? They were all gay, they all chatted each other, they all seemed quite free from care. But when a foreigner, like myself, spoke to them, they immediately became the serious, dignified, courtly gentlemen that might have appeared in the drawing-rooms of Versailles in the days of Louis XIV. Slight, muscular, alert, they suggested the swiftness and endurance of the greyhound.

I have described the wounded officers as gay, and so they were. But one could not help noticing in the expression of their pale faces the mark of the terrific strain through which they had passed. There wasn't a murmur; I never even heard an allusion to what they had suffered; but their faces spoke what their tongues refused to mention. One and all they discussed the future with confidence. I didn't meet a human being in France who entertained the least doubt as to the necessity of continuing the fight to the bitter end and as to the certainty of final victory. The strain is terrible in France, but France is bearing it with universal fortitude.

I paid a visit to the hospital at Montone. It is one of the monuments to the outbursts of devoted affection to France which this war has created in so many English minds. It was in a splendid and spacious new hotel, with marble floors, great halls, beautiful and spacious grounds. An Englishman named Cochran had spent thousands of pounds of his private fortune in installing it, and all the nurses—or nearly all—were English women—those quiet, silent, unobtrusive women who are the flower of the earth and ideal nurses. Here the patients were nearly all from the ranks. Most of them were sunning themselves on one of the numerous verandahs; but some were still confined to bed. Again there was the same sweetness of manners, which is such a charm in all the population of France without distinction of class. Many of them were playing cards on their quilts—horribly stained cards I must say which forced me to send them some new packs a few days later. Cards, I may say, are now rather a dear luxury in France. They have gone up several times in price, and as there is a heavy tax upon them, the Government takes enormous precautions to see that they are not passed from hand to hand. The clubs at Monte Carlo and elsewhere, where there are little games of bridge, are compelled to return one or two cards from each pack so as to make them useless for further play. One pathetic figure of a man in the hospital at Montone, who looked like an artisan, still haunts me. He was playing patience all by himself, and evidently had been badly wounded. But he looked so patient and he smiled so sweetly on us as we spoke with him, and he so lonely that I could have broken down with pity, with sympathy and with affection.

Lord Wateran, once an active politician, but now compelled to live on the Riviera because of his health—is one of the guardians of the hospital. He has just lost his eldest son, but though you could see heavier lines on his worn face, he went through the day's work for these French soldiers as though nothing had occurred to darken his own innermost life.

I have been reading in the papers on the morning of the day on which I write these lines, of the departure amid joyous songs and cheers and cries and fearless farewells of the new conscripts of eighteen to the training barracks. It is but one of the many signs of that cheerful, indomitable spirit with which the Frenchman or the French woman confronts the difficulties of life. But I protest that what most brought home the spirit of France to me was a visit to a cinema show in Paris. In the midst of other films there came one which professed to give a picture of the soldier who is back with his family on a few days leave. It was a screaming bit of farce from the first picture to the last. There was the crowd of relations, more or less absurd, hugging the returned hero until he was almost suffocated. Above all, there was the mother-in-law, that classic and inevitable figure of all the farces from the beginning of time, fussy, interfering, domineering, foolish, and of course led about by everybody, and finally overcome and compelled to leave her daughter and her son-in-law without her untimely intrusions. Not a tear, not a moment of sentiment, from the first moment to the last; and the audience just screaming with laughter from the first film to the final. It was very silly, and very undignified and frivolous even; but what a lesson in the courage with which France can laugh at everything; can laugh even when its heart is full and the widows' weeds proclaim to everybody how many homes have been darkened by heroic deaths of the loved ones in the trenches.

To possess a disposition to see the favourable rather than the unfavourable side of things conduces more to happiness than to be heir to ten thousand a year.—David Hume.

A THIRD RECRUITING SERMON

Preached in the Blessed Sacrament Church, Ottawa, Jan. 30, 1916, by Rev. Dr. John J. O'Gorman, P.P.

"Fight ye to-day for your brethren." (1 Mach. v. 32)

No apology is required for one more sermon on the duty of enlisting in the Canadian Overseas Force. Canada's relation to the Great War is so fundamental, so many-sided, so far-reaching, that there is no one man who has an adequate comprehension of everything it means. Hence it is a question which must be approached from very many sides, and studied earnestly and honestly by many minds. The moral and religious aspects of this question are a fit subject for pulpit treatment. There are some who would confine pulpit preaching to pious platitudes, who would permit us to teach the principles of Christianity and make such application of them as is found in classic sermons, books or in manuals of theology, but who prevent us endeavoring to apply these principles to the questions of the day. These people would minimize the function of the Christian religion. Religion is no mere academic theory or emotional excitement. It is the greatest force in this world. There is no question whose moral and religious aspects do not fall under the guidance of religion. Certainly purely political questions, which involve no moral principle, are not for the pulpit. But most of the problems which agitate society have a pronounced moral bearing, and the Christian teacher must face them and attempt to solve them, whether the problem be the citizen's duty in war time, or prohibition, or divorce legislation, or school regulations. It is perfectly true that the individual priest or bishop will not always be successful in his solution of the problem, but his individual contribution towards its solution will be supplemented and corrected by the actions of other priests and bishops, and in this way, falling an official pronouncement, the Catholic attitude to the problem will be determined. If it should happen, as in the case of the Ontario bishops' regulations, that French bishops and priests consider them unwise and unjust, and English bishops and priests consider them wise and just, then the average citizen will conclude that the question is a purely racial one which cannot be solved by theology. The question as to along what lines the relations of Canada and Britain should develop is indeed one which is not for the pulpit. On the other hand, however, as Canada is officially and effectively participating in this war, it is within the province of a bishop or priest to urge the members of his flock to fulfil their war duties. For one cannot be a good Christian if one is a bad citizen. He who is disloyal to his country is disloyal to the Church. He who is only partially patriotic is only partially religious; for patriotism is a virtue. At all times and in all places the Catholic Church has legally and canonically supported the legitimate authority of the State, and neither sneers nor slanders will cause her to change her conduct. She practises herself what she teaches to her children: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God, the things that are God's." (Mark xii: 17.)

That it is Canada's duty in the present crisis to fight with the Empire in defence of her national rights and liberties as a British self-governing Dominion is the teaching of every Catholic Canadian bishop. Thus, for example, the Archbishop of Montreal, in his Laval University address, defended and defined Canada's relation to the war as follows: (I summarize somewhat his remarks.)

"England did not wish for war. Her reason for entering it was to avenge Belgium and to safeguard justice, liberty, right and honour. Canada is not an independent State, nor is she neutral. She is an autonomous Dominion in the British Empire, and since Britain is at war, there result for us sacred obligations. While Canada is not attacked directly she is attacked indirectly. She is menaced, and therefore must be defended. Were England defeated, Germany's first prey would be Canada. Hence we must do our utmost for the fate of Canada is dependent upon the success of the British arms. The Bishops of Quebec, at the very beginning of the war, in a joint Pastoral letter, taught that it was the duty of Canada to aid England."

In this Laval recruiting speech of Mgr. Bruchesi, there is no politics, but there is patriotism, Canada's duty to participate in this war is no longer debatable. It was decided a year and a half ago by the Canadian Parliament.

The further question, however, yet remains. How is this general duty of the Canadian nation to participate in this war to be determined for and applied to the individual citizen? There are some, second to none in their loyalty and purity of purpose, who maintain that till the State calls its citizens to the colours by conscription, the duty of becoming a soldier is not sufficiently precise to oblige the individual; that while voluntary enlisting is desirable and patriotic and praiseworthy and meritorious, it is not, strictly speaking, a duty. This is a respectable opinion, one which may be safely defended and followed. However, it appears to me that while this theory meets ordinary requirements, it falls short in the present extraordinary circumstances of indicating the full duty of the citizen.

For it will be admitted that there is contained fundamentally, at least,

in the natural law an obligation of defending one's country, when the latter is in dire need, and we are in a position to do so. When a country is defending herself as Canada is to-day, by a just defensive war, and the citizen, as is the present one, is grave, the citizen, as is the present one, is in a position to do so, is bound by the natural law, that is by those obligations arising from the very nature of things, to fight for his country. Now when the Sovereign power is not in a position to call upon him by conscription to perform this duty, it is the duty of the citizen to act without waiting for official compulsion. Here is a case for the well-known principle: The safety of the State is the supreme law. This is all the more certain when, as in the present case, the Government urges him in every possible way, apart from compulsion, to perform this duty. An official call has gone forth for half a million men, that is, for all our available able-bodied unmarried men, and for such married men whose duties permit them to go. The Government has not yet indeed passed a law compelling individuals to become soldiers. It has based its general call to the colors on the fundamental natural obligation binding the citizen, who is in a position to do so, to defend his country when the latter needs him. Hence, I have maintained and do maintain, not as a defined article of faith but as a reasoned and reasonable moral opinion, that by virtue of the natural law which imposes upon citizens, who are in a position to do so, the obligation of defending their country when the latter is fighting for her liberty and existence, and by virtue of the just action of our Government in calling for half a million men, which is practically the whole available manhood that our country can spare the able-bodied Canadian citizen who is not detained by a more urgent duty is in conscience bound to enlist.

Do not tell me that a law must have a sanction, and that there is no sanction to enforce the obligation of enlisting. It is true that he who is in a position to enlist, and refuses to do so, is not fined, nor is he imprisoned. But who will say that he is not punished? That a greater punishment could be inflicted than that which is meted out to the shirker, the shirker the whole world is a witness. No matter where he goes he will be known and treated as one who forfeited his own self. Were a Canadian shirker after the war to go even to Germany, he would be treated by the very Germans as a man who was no man.

If enlisting at present cannot be said to be a duty because we have no conscription law, then it would be a praiseworthy counsel of perfection, like going to a mission-ary among the heathen Chinese, for the conversion of the Chinese people to the Christian faith is admirable, praiseworthy, meritorious and heroic. But it is not the duty of any Canadian citizen. No Canadian citizen is a shirker because he declines an invitation to go to China. Who will then say that when one's country is in dire peril, as Canada is to-day, that no citizen has the obligation of enlisting as a soldier because the Government, for excellent reasons, has not passed a conscription law? While it would be wrong to call a counsel a command, it is equally objectionable to hold that there are no obligations without formal laws. On this point let me quote the words of the late Cardinal Manning: "The notion of obligation has been so identified with laws, canons, vows and contracts, that if these cannot be shown to exist no obligation is supposed to exist. It is true that laws, canons, vows and contracts lay obligations upon those who are subject to them. But all obligations are not by laws, nor by canons, nor by vows, nor by contracts. There are obligations distinct from and anterior to all these bonds. Faith, hope, charity, contrition, piety, all bind the soul by the most persuasive and constraining obligations. The law of liberty binds by love, gratitude and generosity. Compared with these it may be said that all bonds are as the letter that may kill to the spirit which gives life."

The Bishop of Northampton has applied this doctrine to the duty of voluntary enlisting in a sermon he preached last April on Our Heroic Dead. He said:

"The moral obligation of the individual citizen is equally imperative whether his country's call reaches him as a compulsory law or as a freeman's opportunity. The voluntary system does not mean liberty to give or withhold service. It is not a trap to catch the young, the thoughtless, the adventurous, the brave, and screen the shirker, the money-grubber and the craven. If it worked in a more urgent duty and those who are fearful stand back, but let the soldiers of Canada come forward: The Machabean leader, we read in Holy Writ, 'appointed captains over the people, over thousands, and over hundreds, and over fifties, and over tens, and he said to them that were building houses and had betrothed wives or were planting vineyards, or were fearful that they should return

every man to his house.' And Judas said: 'Gird yourselves and be valiant men and be ready against the morning, that you may fight with these nations that are assembled against us to destroy us. For it is better for us to die in battle than to see the evils of our nation. Nevertheless, as it shall be the will in heaven, so be it done.' (1 Mach. iii: 66-69.)

What is your duty to enlist, you are nevertheless free to choose your regiment; and the Catholic recruit is making a wise use of this liberty in choosing a regiment which has a Catholic chaplain. There is nothing bigoted nor narrow about such an advice. It is Catholic common sense, and do not be too thin-skinned to follow it. Catholics are found in every regiment which has been raised in Canada since the war began. In those raised outside of Quebec, Catholics have been usually in a minority, but form a minority apart from Quebec. This is especially true of Ontario and the Western Provinces. For while Catholics form 29 per cent. of the population of Nova Scotia, 41 per cent. of the population of New Brunswick, and 44 per cent. of the population of Prince Edward Island, in Ontario and the Western Provinces, the averages run only from 19 per cent. to 12 per cent. Hence as there has been no attempt made thus far to group Catholics, they have been a minority in every regiment raised in Ontario and the West. As a result, very few of these regiments have Catholic chaplains. The Catholics in such regiments are indeed visited from time to time by a Catholic chaplain, but this is only moderately satisfactory. It appears to me that it would be a wise thing that in each division one battalion of those being recruited should have a Catholic chaplain. In order that the Catholics of the district might join, if they choose, that battalion and thus know that in enlisting they would be put to no religious inconvenience. These regiments would not be exclusively Catholic regiments but they would be regiments with a large number of Catholics attracted there by the presence of the Catholic chaplain. If a Catholic soldier has a right to a dentist and a barber who will think him unreasonable if he seek also a Catholic chaplain?

It was with a great deal of pleasure that the Catholics of this part of Canada learned of the authorization granted to Lt. Col. Trihey to form an Irish Overseas unit at Montreal. I know of more than one person who is waiting impatiently for his battalion to be allowed to begin recruiting, that he may volunteer. I am glad to be able to announce that on Feb. 15, this Irish Canadian Regiment will begin recruiting. You will hear very shortly of the appointment of its chaplain. To the men of the parish who are about to enlist, I would say, join the Irish Regiment. Irishmen have been found in every regiment that has left Canada, as they are found in every English and Scotch and Colonial regiments in the British Army. There is no reason why they, who add so much to the glory and fighting ability of other regiments, should not have the satisfaction of having several regiments of their own. This will be realized in Col. Trihey's regiment, and there is no doubt that this Irish Canadian unit will acquire the same fame as the Dublin Fusiliers or the Connaught Rangers.

But it is for no mere earthly fame that we are fighting. It is for liberty, for justice, and hence for God. Are we not soldiers of Christ? Does not our regiment form one vast religious order? Men, who, like all religious, are obliged to forego the pleasures of family life; Men, who, like all religious, are required to leave all; Men, who, like all religious, are required to obey from morning till night a severe rule; Men, who, unlike most religious, are called upon to expose, perhaps daily, their very lives in the performance of their duty! Why, these things form the very essence of the most heroic practice of Christianity. They are the very conditions which Christ laid down for His disciples.

He that loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." (Math. x: 37.) "Every one of you that doth not renounce all that he possesseth cannot be My disciple." (Luke xiv: 33) "Fear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul." (Math. x: 28) "For whosoever would save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose it for My sake, he shall save it. For what a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose or forfeit his own soul." (Luke ix: 24, 25) These words are for him who is tempted to be a shirker. On the other hand the Christian soldier, no matter what may happen, has his consolation in these words of Him for whom he fights: "Every one that hath left house or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife or children, or lands for My name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall possess life everlasting." (Math. ix: 29.)

If you still hesitate, read the First and Second Books of the Machabees. You fathers, remember Machabias who led his sons to battle; you mothers, remember her who encouraged her seven sons to advance to an heroic martyrdom. You young men, imitate Judas the Hammerer, even him who said "If our time be come, let us die manfully for our brethren, and let us not stain our glory." (1 Mach. ix: 10.)

Erratum.—In Rev. Dr. O'Gorman's sermon on "Religious Motives for Enlisting," which appeared in our

issue of January 22, the word "anale" was misspelled. The sentence should have read: A regiment of the most splendid non-Catholic chaplains in the world could not shrive, house or aneale a single Catholic soldier.

Your Savings

The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in all countries are urging the practice of Thrift. The Prime Minister of Great Britain said recently: "There remains only one course . . . to diminish our expenditure and increase our savings."

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FROM GLORY TO GLORY

A mighty mass of ice translucent lay,
Like heaped-up emeralds, upon the shore
Of our great, frozen river—prized no more
Flung from the store-house, soon to melt away.

Each block, square cut, showed no bright color-play,
Its own pale native hues were all it wore,
Yet oh, how lovely!—then, the great ice-floor
Beneath caught down the blue, as sculs that pray
Catch Heaven's own reflex, "Tis enough," I said.

And bore away the lesson, Hours had sped
Ere my return; the crystal blue had rolled
Under the sunset and the ice was gold.
"O lower life," I cried, "sullen and dumb
Put on, at last, that dazzling life to come!"

—CAROLINE D. SWAN

DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE

The Protestant bishop of Carlisle in England recently stated that Catholics purchased indulgences and paid well to have their sins forgiven. When he was challenged for proof of his statement he replied that he himself had often given money to poor persons who pleaded with tears for money with which to purchase indulgences.

Father Vaughan, the well-known English Jesuit, was asked by some non-Catholic friends what he thought of the statement of the Protestant bishop. Father Vaughan said he presumed that the bishop knew what he was talking about; but, if his Lordship's assertion was true, then he (Father Vaughan) had a good deal of money owing to him. He had been hearing confessions ever since the year 1881, and in many countries and on many continents, but, up to date, he had received not even so much as a trumpery shkel for all the thousands of absolutions he had pronounced. It was too bad. Some of his brother priests heard more than 20,000 confessions in the year, and ought, in consequence, to be nearly as wealthy as the Lord Bishop of Carlisle himself, only they were not. Being only Catholic priests, they could not cry out with cabinet ministers: "It is my salary and I mean to stick to it."

Father Vaughan said that he had often given to his penitents, for their penance after confession, some indulgenced prayers to say; but in spite of the bishop's contention, not one of them had, as yet, paid him any fee for the indulgences gained. Why did they not hurry up? "I rather fancy," continued Father Vaughan,

"that the ladies and gentlemen who pleaded with tears for his Lordship's money with which to buy indulgences went and spent it on 'plenary indulgences' in the tap room nearest the episcopal palace."

We can only wonder at the simplicity of the bishop of Carlisle if he really believed the statement he made. Father Vaughan's caustic comment should spur him to make inquiries from archdiocesan sources before committing himself to papers on a matter of which he seems to be sorely in need of information. The pity is that educated persons of which this Protestant bishop is an example, trouble themselves so little to learn what is the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church before assailing it with charges learned from lying beggars.—True Voice.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowta, China, Dec. 11, 1915.
Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve run diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 8 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumenes of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary,
J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged	\$6,618 50
Reader, Charnwood, P.E.I.	1 00
Subscriber, Lake Verde	5 00
John Dray, Little Bona	1 00
A Friend, Melrose	1 00
John Murphy, Melrose	1 00
R. G. McIsaac, Sydney	1 00
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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY

"A sower went to sow his seed." (Luke viii, 5)
When a very great multitude was gathered together and hastened out of the cities unto Him, He spoke by a similitude. Very many people assembled to hear Jesus, brought no doubt by various motives. Some came out of mere curiosity, so as to be able to say: "I have heard Him"—probably these were few whose hearts were eager to receive His teaching, and the parable that He uttered shows this to have been the case.

Jesus looked at all the crowd, but an outward glance did not have much effect; then He looked into them all, and all their hearts lay bare and open before Him as He began to speak, to teach them how these hearts should appear and how they should not appear when the word of God was preached to them.

Your hearts, too, lie open in our Lord's sight. You may be able to hide from men how much or how little you care for the salvation of your souls, but you can conceal nothing from Jesus. You may impress men with an idea that you are deeply interested in the things of God, but you cannot deceive God. You may mislead men by a merely respectable, orderly way of life, devoid of all inward love and fervor, but your appearance, looks and manners are nothing to our Lord. Who cares only for your hearts and not the outward husk, as is, were, of your hearts, but their inmost centre. We may describe the outward husk or feelings, which appear to be good, gentle and pious, but, like the apple of Sodom, often contain nothing but repulsive dust and ashes. The centre of the heart is the will, which should be firm and steadfast, ready for any conflict and any suffering for the sake of what is right. This is what our Lord sees, and He found it in very few of the multitude that followed Him.

We are but few, would that. He could find such a good will in every one of us, few as we are! May the seed of the word of God, sown by the Divine Sower, not remain without fruit in our hearts! "The sower went out to sow his seed, and as he sowed, some fell by the wayside, and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it." Our Lord Himself explained this parable: "The seed is the word of God, and they by the wayside are they that hear, and the devil cometh and taketh the word out of their heart, lest believing, they should be saved."

Our Divine Master speaks of the word of God as seed, it is not yet fruit. The seed requires labor on the part of men and God's blessing before it can grow, blossom and bear fruit. Much toil and exertion are necessary before God's word can produce in us true piety, and practical, living Christianity. It is not enough merely to hear and know God's word. The misleading argument: "I have learned my religion"—is worthless; we must be able to say as to: "I have practised it by self-denial, and wholesome severity towards myself."

Why do so many people learn our holy religion, and yet possess so little real religion? At school they sit and listen, they go to church and hear sermons, and in the confessional they receive good advice. They talk about pious subjects, they read good books; they romance about supernatural things, but their way of life remains unaffected by all this. They take no pains to practice their religion, nor to make the seed of God's word bear fruit. Our Lord referred to those who hear, but do not practice what they hear, in the third part of the parable, where He compares their hearts with a much trodden path, where the seed is trampled down and carried away by the birds.

I teach and preach, and scatter the seed of God's word in the name of Christ; but what is the use of my speaking to you, if your hearts are set only on earthly desires and fancies, and if you do not try to control your perverse inclinations, your whims and fancies, your temper and passions? What I say makes no impression upon you, for you are hard as a well trodden path. The word is uttered; it is a tiny seed and yet how powerful! The sound of the word soon dies away, but your sentence of everlasting misery or eternal happiness depends upon your reception of it with a hard or a docile heart. Your hearts should be docile, not soft and yielding to sweet, romantic feelings, but ready to accept what is good. Some day we shall meet again, face to face, before our Judge, who will ask: "Where is the fruit of the seed that I entrusted to you to scatter?"—Lord, I scattered it with a good and honest purpose."

"But where is the fruit?"—Lord, it was my task only to sow the seed; it did not depend upon me whether it fell on good soil or on bad." And then the Judge will turn to you and ask again: "Where is the fruit?" Well will it be for you if you can produce some; but if you cannot, excuses will avail you nothing.

Many people on that day will probably plead as an excuse that the birds of the air devoured the seed, i.e., that the devil took the word away from my heart. Adam and Eve put the blame of their transgression upon Satan, and human beings have always followed their example. But would he be able to take away the seed from a heart in which it was planted deep in the love of God? such an excuse is worthless. If your heart had not been hardened by the footsteps of worldly thoughts and by the constant hurrying to and fro of evil thoughts and desires, Satan could not have carried away the seed of

the Word of God, for he has power only over such as are superficial and frivolous, not over those who love God. The excuse is worthless and the punishment eternal.

You ought to have soft hearts when you come to hear the word of God—soft, not in the sense of effeminate or emotional, but in that of being ready to receive what is good. Our hearts are softened to emotion at times of prayer as well as in temptation; in prayer, they are inclined towards what is good, in temptation towards what is evil. Emotion makes us shed tears when our sins are laid bare before our eyes, and tears, too, of self pity, when we have to carry out our good resolutions. Emotion leads us to listen patiently both to the teaching of religion and also to words and suggestions against it. Emotion makes us enthusiastic admirers of morality and yet is easily led away by the false doctrines of immorality. It exists simultaneously with the hardness of heart that refuses from the constant action of a worldly disposition.

But softness of heart is incompatible with firmness and strength of character, the want of which often causes the sower to sow in vain, and the birds of the air, that is to say, bad companions, bad books and bad examples, to destroy the seed, so that many hear the word of God, but have no faith and therefore are not saved. Think often of this first part of today's gospel! Consider how necessary it is for strength of character to be united with readiness to accept all that is good. May God preserve your hearts from the two fatal extremes, which have plunged so many into destruction, namely, weak emotion and the hardness of a worldly disposition. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

A very significant straw which shows how the wind is blowing appeared in Sunday's Examiner. It was a letter from Mr. Hearst to his editor, ordering his papers in the future to reject all advertising of ardent liquors and ordering them to begin an active campaign against the drink evil and the drug evil as a matter of public health, morals and righteousness.

Hearst is reading the hand-writing on the wall. It may sound like Satan rebuking sin, but as a matter of fact, the prohibition wave, which has been sweeping the country, added on New Year's Day seven States to the dry column, making eighteen States in all at present on the list. A resolution for National prohibition is now before Congress and promises to be one of the important features of the present session.

In foreign countries the temperance tide has been accelerated by the war, bringing about the abolition of the sale of vodka in Russia and absolute in France and curtailing the sale of spirits in the British Isles. While the Church has ever taught temperance and her children scarcely ever abused the use of light wines and beers as in Italy and France, the real evil arose in more northern countries addicted to the use of heavy alcoholic drinks. On account of these excesses the Fathers of the Council of Baltimore in the United States branded the business of selling intoxicating liquor as a "dangerous business," and an "unbecoming way of making a living." If total prohibition sweeps the country the saloons will have to blame themselves, for they have killed the goose that lays the golden egg. We commend to our readers the letter of the Rev. J. M. Cleary of Minneapolis, a noted and beloved advocate of temperance, which was published in this month's Ecclesiastical Review.—San Francisco Monitor.

SOWING AS THEY REAP

We learn from a correspondent that a prominent man of Oklahoma City who has always boasted that he was free born and could drink all he pleased, filled his young children with egg nog on all occasions and freely served it to everybody in his own home, had the pleasure of seeing his eldest son, now a young man, looked up in the city jail for being brutally drunk at a so-called respectable watch party on New Year's eve. Those who seem so surprised at the modern prevalence of women drinking, need not be so. When fathers, husbands and brothers insist on keeping liquor and serving it in their homes with their womenfolk as "waitresses," they need not feel astonished if women first learn to endure, then pity, then embrace the habit.

We don't believe there is a woman in the world who has the same respect for a man, once she has seen him under the influence of liquor, that she had before—it matters not who he is or what his station. If women feel this way towards men, what disgust there must be in both men and women who see a woman drunk or even drinking freely. The man who teaches his children and wife to drink, telling them never to get drunk, uses about as much sense and logic as the simpleton of a parent who gives his baby matches to play with and then spansks it for starting a fire.—Catholic Advance, (Wichita, Kan.)

No man can make a habit in a moment or break it in a moment. It is a matter of development, of growth. But at any moment one may begin to make or begin to break any habit.—William G. Jordan.

MISSIONARIES

The Sunday Watchman, Jan. 2, 1916

The missions conducted by Protestants in South America have been a failure for seventy years. Rev. Mr. Spear's pamphlet on South America was intended only for private circulation among the missionaries; but I was fortunate enough to come into possession of it. It contains a surely humiliating confession of ineffectual energy, 1,680 propagandists are working for 41,807 communicants. That means an average of 26 souls to each missionary. Of course, the numbers vary in different places. In Ecuador, 24 missionaries have gathered a flock of 61 souls. In Venezuela, Paraguay and Peru, the relative numbers are about the same as in Ecuador. There is an unintended touch of humor in this Protestant record of apostolic work. Imagine the tremendous outlay of energy required for one man to look after 26 souls; or for 24 missionaries to take care of 61 souls. Now their failure is not due to a lack of funds; for the E. U. S. A. spends more than \$48,000 a year on its missions, is it a good business proposition for any moneyed man of St. Louis to contribute to a fund so unproductive, an abnormally large portion of which must go to the support of the missionaries themselves, their wives and children?

And, in the light of facts, is it not a piece of concentrated brass to headline the billboards of this city with a phrase like this, "National Missionary Convention, a world movement for better living for all mankind," as though the missionaries were doing a titanic work in South America? Five thousand men wanted—5,000 to enlist for service—is their outcry. What do they want men for? Aren't 1,586 men sufficient to take care of 41,807 disciples? Why not use the men they have to better advantage? Or are they sticks, as Bishop Kinsolving himself hinted the other day that they are?

Moreover a considerable part of the total sum of money, collected for the missions, never gets to South America. The year before last \$66,000 was collected by E. U. S. A. Nearly \$20,000 of this sum appears to have been expended on home charges, including the expense incurred in vilifying Catholic South America in printed matter and lectures. But you may say: Do they vilify and do they pay to do it? Here are a few choice samples of their courteous attitude towards Catholics: "Do you know that S. A. is a continent without Christianity, without God and that its people have never heard of a Saviour? Do you know that the Christian Indians (so-called) i.e., those who belong to the Roman Catholic Church—know nothing whatever of Christianity?" Taken from leaflet: "Do you know?" published by E. U. S. A. Rev. C. Inwood.

Improvement this. Speaking of South America he says that Catholicism "hates, curses, proscribes and burns the Bible; it belittles and discards Christ; it pollutes womanhood; it is the most active propagandist of vice and immorality. It is Romanism but not Christianity. In South America to be allowed to go to the devil unwarned because it is cursed with a baptised paganism?" Hamlet would say that this outmaneuvers the Menace. Personally, I can almost stomach the Menace. It is so delightfully outrageous, so rampantly abusive, and it makes no bones about it. At least we are everybody to know that it abominates the name of Rome. But when men with claims to respectability indulge in such amenities of speech among their own, against Catholicism, while professing before the world at large to be innocently engaged in "a world movement for better living for all mankind," I feel a great disgust. They would make a nobler and more acceptable appeal for help to fair-minded Americans if they thought and said with Edmund Burke: "I shall never attempt to raise myself by depreciating the merits of my competitors." If I were partial to the gentle art of throwing bricks, I also could distribute a few of them among the opposition with some force and precision of aim. But with Daniel Webster I shall refrain from "raking among the rubbish to see what I can find to fix a blot on their escutcheon."

But, it may be urged: Are not these aspirations of their desired? I answer in the negative and refer the reader for proof to the Globe-Democrat of December 4th. I might, however, add one more argument in favor of the Church's work, Don Figueroa, Consul from Brazil, called me up on the phone after the appearance of the letter, thanked me, and in unmistakable terms expressed his indignation at such crude misrepresentations of his country. He knew the Right Rev. Kinsolving in the South, found him courteous and kind, and falls utterly to understand his change of front here. He says that the reverend gentleman's statements about the degree of illiteracy and irreligion are a gross exaggeration.

I may add on my own account that much of the illiteracy which prevails can be condoned. Slavery among the negroes of Brazil was abolished only in 1888. Can we of North America point to a greater proportionate improvement in our liberated slaves than the improvement in Brazil? As to the Indians, the Church would have done better work but for the greed of adventurers. Witness the destruction of the Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay. Moreover the Indians, as all are aware, are lazy. Education does not appeal to them. The Church has done a fine piece of work even in making them good. She

thinks that though the acquirement of secular knowledge is very desirable, morality is far more so. She thinks more of the ten C's of Mt. Sinai than of the three R's of the classroom. Finally no one can get around the big fact that she preserved the Indians, whether illiterate or not. The Right Rev. Kinsolving tags the South American Indian "illiterate." We must, to our shame, tag the North American Indian "illiterate." For he is practically done out of existence. The S. A. I. is a live illiterate; the N. A. I. is a dead illiterate. The one (L. K. says) is buried in the depths of ignorance, the other (I say) is buried in the depths of the grave. The Paraguay Indians of the Jesuit Reductions were only interned. The North American Indian has been interned. "No safe Indian but a dead one," has obtained too often among us. "Let the Indian live by all means and then, if possible, let him shed his illiteracy," has prevailed, under the influence of the Church in the South.

Can these new missionaries do better in South America than the Catholic Church did? They have to prove it; and not merely presume it. "Possession is nine points of the law." Their past work certainly gives them no encouragement. Moreover if they went there to help, no objection would be entertained. But they go to destroy the Catholic influence, if they can, as their utterances abundantly testify.—J. A. McCloskey, S. J.

Cutting Down Expenses A great number of people have, unfortunately, had their earnings reduced since the war, and consequently they deem it wise to cut down living expenses. A sensible plan is to eat less of the highly refined foods and meat and more of the coarser and more nutritious cereals such as Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal. This is the most wholesome, most nourishing, and most healthful cereal food on the market, and costs much less than the highly refined breakfast foods.

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WHAT THE CHURCH WAS IN THE MIDDLE AGES Canon Farrar in "The Victories of Christianity" From the fifth to the thirteenth century the Church was engaged in elaborating the most splendid organization the world has ever seen. Starting with the separation of the spiritual from the temporal power, and the mutual independence of each in its own sphere, Catholicism worked hand in hand with feudalism for the amelioration of mankind. Under the influence of feudalism, slavery became serfdom, and aggressive was modified into defensive war. Under the influence of Catholicism the monarchies preserved learning and maintained the sense of the unity of Christendom. Under the combined influence of both grew up the lovely ideal of chivalry, molding generous instincts into gallant institutions, making the body vigorous and the soul pure, and wedding the Christian virtues of humility and tenderness into the natural grace of courage and strength.

During this period the Church was the one of Catholicism for order in an age of lawlessness, for personal holiness in an epoch of licentious rage."

ENGLAND'S CELTIC CHAMPIONS Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., who lately paid a visit to the Front, has summarized his impressions to a tribute to the gallantry of the Irish regiments. "There is no doubt," said Father Vaughan in an Evening Standard representative, "that the best fighting stuff in the whole world is supplied by the Irish regiments. Supernaturally, as well as naturally, they are the best equipped men that I know to report themselves with effect to the enemy. No man who is an impartial student of history would care to deny that both on land and sea the Celtic race is serving the British Empire with a gallantry, a dash and daring that falls nothing short of heroic. You would think that Paddy was born to fight, and what is more, he knows how to prepare for the life and death struggle. During this present scientific slaughter, so carefully prepared for forty years by the enemy, the Irish regiments have lived up to their fine traditions of gallantry. You may ask, as I ask, why have they not been singled out for more conspicuous commendation in despatches from the Front? To that question I answer it might perhaps be invidious to make too clearly a defined distinction between the nationalities fighting under one and the same flag. But though the Irish names have not been poured out upon us as much as some of us could wish, still everybody knows what they have done, and every right-minded man is proud of the services rendered to the Empire by the Celt, whether from Ireland itself or from the Colonies."

PRAYER WITHOUT WORK There is no good in praying for anything unless you will also try for it. All the sighs and supplications in the world will not bring wisdom to the heart that fills itself with folly every day, or mercy to the soul that sinks itself in sin, or usefulness to the life that wastes itself in vanity and inanity.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE STONE WILL ROLL AWAY

Holy Scripture tells us that "when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalen, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, bought sweet spices, that coming they might anoint Jesus, and they said one to another: Who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And looking, they saw the stone rolled back. For it was very great." (St. Mark xvi, 1, 2, 3, 4). When a hard thing is to be done, the natural inclination of most of us is to allow ourselves to think on the effort necessary to do it, instead of going ahead and doing it. And here we make one of the most common mistakes of our lives. When one is confronted by a severe task, a duty which seems almost beyond one's powers, it is fatal to pause to consider its difficulties. Never mind how hard it may seem, nothing should be tolerated in the mind except the accomplishing it. It is a wise economy in daily life to train the mind to take the attitude of determination in the beginning; to be dead to the self which insists upon dwelling on difficulties, and at once to bring into action the principles determined to succeed. Most persons have had the experience of looking back over an accomplished task with amused surprise at the exaggerated idea they entertained of its difficulty before hand. Do the thing first and consider its difficulty afterwards.—The Missionary.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A KICK

Sometimes a knock is a boost—what seems a misfortune turns out to be a blessing in disguise. Adversity, hard struggle, defeat, narrow circumstances, are, if courage be not lost, merely obstacles to be overcome by a further exertion of strength. The exercise will develop will power, grit, manliness, independence, and fortitude. The very obstacles may lead the way to final victory. He had seemed to be without ambition, worthless, absolutely unsuccessful, in short amounting to nothing. Then the kick came. He lost his job and everybody said it was the end of him—there was nothing he could do. But that kick aroused him—it stirred his sleeping energies, it fired his ambition, it kindled his indignation and he vowed he'd prove himself—and he did.

Someone must have discovered a latent spark of ability for our unfortunate was induced to take up life insurance. He worked early and late, he studied his own weak points and those of his competitors—he learned every special feature of his own company's policies and exploited them and first and last and all the time he talked protection. He made the one appeal that never fails, he came back always to first principles—the original idea of life insurance—protection for the family and the home and this he dwelt upon with increasing success. He was only another example of which we have seen many—the change made in some men when dire disaster threatens them. He had drifted along getting some sort of living and might have gone on in that way for ever—just barely existing when what seemed a tragedy occurred, but it was a kick that proved to be a boost—a blessing in disguise. Someone goes under when such a kick comes, but a few swing around completely and show their mettle, all their strength, all their fighting blood is roused and they fight the world back, blow for blow, and slowly they gain ground.

When one learns to put fear aside—fear of losing one's position, fear of all the nameless ills with which imagination threatens us, then does one gain strength and poise. Then there is opportunity for the best self-expression, the best development. The worst had happened to our agent, he had nothing more to fear and this seemed to give him a new courage for the fight. Pride came to his rescue and would not permit him to sink under the misfortune and thus the kick which was supposed to be his undoing proved a boost to ward heights undreamed of in former unambitious years.

We are none of us eager to suffer reverses in order to prove ability, we are always praying that misfortune may pass by our door. But how often do we need just some such spur before we do our best. If we would shake off dull sloth—if we only keep our ambition reined up and ready to go a smart pace—but human nature is lazy and even from earliest childhood we do our tasks better for promised rewards. So the kick that at first seems like a death blow often proves, as in this case, the beginning of a successful business, to say nothing of the awakening to good of the whole nature of the victim.

If we would only take what life brings us in the right spirit we should learn to transform many a kick into a blessing.—Catholic Columbian.

The teaching of theologians even though undivine, will not make matter of divine faith; but their consent creates an intellectual tradition against which no man can set his judgment without rashness. We should be rash if we measured ourselves against any one of them; we should be more rash if we set ourselves against their unanimous judgment.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TOO LATE

Out of the negative failures, which rob life of so much that is fair and sweet, few things can compare with the habit of taking for granted that our friends will understand our love and gratitude, and appreciation, all without a word on our part. Strangely enough it often happens that the girl who is quite outspoken in her affection and admiration where outsiders are concerned leaves the home folk to take everything on trust. The girl who does not think her mother a pattern of beautiful unselfishness is something of a rarity, and yet there are comparatively few mothers who have their daughters' assurance on that point. If the average girl was half as likely to tell her sister that her new dress is wonderfully becoming, and to compliment her on the way she is getting ahead in her music, as she is to make the same agreeable statements to some new acquaintance, family life would take on a new charm. But perhaps it is the fathers of households who most of all are left to take the affection of the young people for granted. The sudden departure of a New York business man not many years ago, his oldest daughter seemed absolutely inconsolable. So passionate was her grief that her friends were given to remonstrate with her, and talk of resignation. "You don't understand," she cried. "I'm not mourning for my father, but for myself and my lost opportunities. Oh, how he has worked all these years. He was off in the morning before any of us were up, and home at night, too tired to share in any of our pleasures. He made a fortune for us, but his board and clothing were all he got out of it. And I, along with the rest, took it as my right, and never even told him that I loved him for his self forgetfulness."

After it is too late, one recalls such things with blank wonder. How could it have happened that the little fender word that would have meant so much was never spoken? How did it happen that the love and sacrifices were accepted as a matter of course, and those who gave them were left to take our gratitude for granted? There is no answer to the question, except an unceasing heart-ache, for those of us who have let our chances slip. But some of you who are making this mistake, have the opportunity to retrieve the past, and put into words all that your heart feels.—Catholic Sun.

TWO APPLES Such nice rosy apples as they were! Bennett fondled them lovingly. His mother had set the dish upon the study table just before she left to make an evening call. Bennett selected the rosiest one he could find and handed it to his father. Then she sat looking at the rest. "I'll take the next rosiest one myself," he finally said, "but I won't eat it to night. I'll take it to school with me to-morrow."

"That is a good idea. I'll not eat mine, either," Mr. Rockwell observed, handling his apple thoughtfully. "I'll take it to the office with me to-morrow. Then we'll both report to-morrow night how they tasted," he added. The next morning both left the house, each with a rosy-cheeked apple stowed away in his pocket. "Good boy, son; hope you'll enjoy your apple," Mr. Rockwell called back as he ran to catch a passing electric car. Bennett had polished his apple until it was so slippery it slid around in his pocket like a big marble.

Recess time came. He had been thinking constantly about the rosy apple in his pocket that he faintly slid into his hand when he filed out behind Jimmy Fagan, who never was known to have anything in his pocket, unless it might happen to be a hole. Suddenly a bright thought popped into Bennett's head. And quick as the thought the apple popped from his hand into Jimmy's pocket. When Jimmy discovered it, the boy's were playing tag. Then that apple slid out of Jimmy's pocket just as easily as it had slipped into it, the polishing that Bennett had given it had been so thorough, it disappeared, too, just about as quickly. For when a little boy hasn't tasted an apple for weeks and weeks, and then suddenly finds one in his pocket, he doesn't stop long to wonder how it got there; he just goes to eating.

"Well, son, how did the apple taste?" Mr. Rockwell queried when the two were alone in the study together at the twilight hour. "I didn't eat it," Bennett stammered, hanging his head. "Didn't eat it? What did you do with it?" "I slipped it into Jimmy Fagan's pocket, papa. Jimmy never has an apple, and I thought perhaps he'd like one. How did yours taste?" Bennett asked.

"I didn't eat mine, either, son; I gave it to a newsboy," his father confessed. Then a smile lit up both faces, as both thought how they had enjoyed those two rosy cheeked apples.—Ex.

Never think it is too late to touch a soul. One more prayer, one more appeal, tender and strong, too, one more act of self-sacrifice offered in silence, may prove to be the trumpet that shall level the walls of Jericho.

A POET'S SERMON

In a "Poet's Corner" we chanced on a new version of the old story of St. Philip Neri and the penitent whose tongue "did speak a vile, malicious lie" of one he judged to be his enemy. The lie did its work. Men passed by the slandered man with looks of scorn; old friends stood aloof; no one seemed to pity him as his face paled and his lips trembled when insult followed insult. The slanderer revelled in the result of his evil deed. Revenge was sweet, and he gratified it to satiety. Then came the reaction. The prompting of his better self made him see at last the enormity of his offense. He would call back the lie:

But when I sought to call it home again, Alas! though black and foul it had gone forth, I knew it not in very truth for mine, Hailed and caught up and hurled as it had been By eager friends who call such monsters toys.

So the penitent sought St. Philip, asking: "Father, what shall my great atonement be! How can I unto him whom I have wronged, And unto God Whose truth I have defamed, Make reparation for this mighty sin?"

The saint looked at the sinner with a reproachful yet compassionate glance, and bade him:

"My son go thou into the market place, Take thence a bird the archer has brought down, With dead, limp feathers waiting to be plucked, Take these between thy fingers, one by one, Gazing not in thy walk to right or left, Marking not which way this one floats, or that. But still pursuing thy appointed way Until the dead bird in thy hand lies bare; Then backward turning, stooping in thy path, Uplift each tiny feather lying low, Missing not one from out the scattered shower; Then will thy sin return to thee disarmed, Powerless as when its poison lay undrained, Then will thy reparation be complete."

Aghast, the penitent protested that the task was beyond the power of man to accomplish. A bird's feathers airy and light, floating hither and thither on the breeze, could not be gathered back. The wind had borne them where sight and touch could reach them nevermore.

"Thou sayest well," the patient saint replied. "And thus the breath of slander, wafted far Into the market places of the world Beareth its scent of plague, its poison touch On waves that widen and return no more From the vast sea of everlasting death."

The poet draws the moral thus: Even so, good friends and neighbors everyone, Read the page, con we its lesson well; And while we seek its moral other-where, Take heed lest haply it may touch ourselves. "Take heed!" To day, as in St. Philip's time, a reputation is easily smirched by an evil tongue; irreparable injury is done by the malicious lie, by idle gossip.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND

In examining a new issue of the Catholic Directory for Great Britain, the Universe of London asks: "Is the Church growing in England, not only absolutely but relatively? Unfortunately, the question can not be answered unless against the figures of conversions we can set figures of leakage, and that we presume, is impossible—at least, with anything approaching accuracy. Nevertheless, the number of conversions is considerable—9,034; this figure, be it noted, being for the year 1914. In proportion to the total population, the province of Liverpool shows a greater increase than the provinces of Westminster or Birmingham. Another evidence of growth is to be found in the statistics of marriages. In 1914 the number celebrated was 18,759 (excluding the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man), an increase of 850 over the previous year, of 1,014 over 1913, and of 1,737 over 1912. When we come to the statistics relating to priests and churches, we find that in England and Wales at the end of last year there were 3,892 secular and regular clergy and 1,891 churches, chapels and stations, the latter including only those where a weekly Mass is celebrated. As compared with the previous year, the clergy show a decrease of ninety-three but it may be pointed out that there are about 800 Army chaplains, many of whom are not included in this year's total. The churches show a gratifying increase of twelve."

ARE YOU SCRUPULOUS?

Are you scrupulous? If you are perhaps you pride yourself that the cause is a highly sensitive spiritualist. But a great Catholic theologian Lehmkuhl, enumerates other probable reasons:

- 1 A melancholy and timid disposition.
2 A diseased state of the brain and of the nervous system.
3 Weakness caused by overwork, study or austerities.
4 Weakness of judgment.
5 Pride and self-conceit.
6 Suggestion by reading scrupulous authors or coming under the influence of a too scrupulous confessor.

As the causes of scrupulosity are often purely physical, physicians are often called upon to handle such cases. Their eyes are not, as a confessor's are apt to be, concerned with moral problems purely. But they classify all such patients under the head of those who are laboring under fixed ideas.

In the first class of fixed ideas, the intellect alone is concerned. An example of this sort is one who is "dull" on the subject of arithmetic—like the ecclesiastical student who attended Mass at a certain church, Sunday after Sunday, in order to count the number of men, women and children who were there. In the second class the emotions as well as the intellect are concerned. Here is where scruples are placed. The scrupulous person is obsessed with the idea that he is committing sin, and is morbidly anxious about it—like the worker in a cocoa factory who became fearful that the poisonous red lead used in fastening certain hot pipes would become mixed with the cocoa. He used to clean and reclean the tins. Finally, five years after he stopped manufacturing, he read of a child dying from some chocolate she had eaten, and thereupon accused himself of killing her. The will of the scrupulous person is not, however, gone, and he therefore can still be taught to resist his unhealthy obsession.

In the third class come those who have lost all control over their will. Here belong kleptomaniacs, dipsomaniacs, and many other instances. When the confessor realizes that scruples are caused by physical degeneration, he will, while prescribing other remedies, according to

Thomas Slater, S. J., also take care to recommend his penitent to see a doctor, or he will himself advise a holiday or fasting up. At the scruples are nothing but empty fears, he will briefly point this out to his penitent, and as the scrupulous state has been formed by indulging those fears, the confessor will take care as far as possible to stop the process of fostering them. He will not allow anything to be said about them, they must not be confessed, nor even thought about if that is possible. With this object in view, he will prescribe constant occupation in interesting work of one form or another. Such indirect remedies are often most effective, but they should be supplemented by direct action against the scrupulous dread, much in the same way that a horse is taught to face objects at which it is accustomed to shy. If the scruples have their origin in indolent fervor, the penitent should be taught that God asks for reasonable service, and that spiritual progress, if it is to be lasting, is always slow and gradual. If the cause is some form of pride, the confessor will know how to administer a paternal scolding when the occasion arises. A humble consciousness of one's own weakness and a consequent trust in God are great safeguards against the danger of scruples.—New World.

CAN PROTESTANTS BE SAVED?

Often that one would suppose this question put by non-Catholics to priests who are conducting a mission, or to Catholics in a course of private conversation. Whether the query is put in a satirical sense, or whether the inquirer is really bent on knowing the truth, one can not always say; but the fact remains that in nearly all communications that take place between Protestants and the people of our faith, the non-Catholic is desirous of knowing the Catholic position with regard to those outside the pale of the true Church. Perhaps as good a reply as can be made, is found in the excellent little work, Catholic Belief, by Rev. Joseph Fra Di Bruno. Catholics do not believe that Protestants who are baptized, who lead

a good life, love God and their neighbor, and are blamelessly ignorant of the just claims of the Catholic religion to be the only one true religion (which is as laid on heaven, provided they believe that there is one God in three Divine persons; that God will duly reward the good and punish the wicked; that Jesus Christ is the Son of God made man, Who redeemed us, and in Whom we must trust for our salvation, and provided they thoroughly repent of having ever, by their sins, offended God. Catholics hold that Protestants who have these dispositions and who have no suspicion of their religion being false, and no means to discover, or fail in their honest endeavors to discover the true religion, and who are so disposed in their heart that they would at any cost embrace the Catholic religion, if they knew it to be the true one, are Catholics in spirit and in some sense within the Catholic Church without themselves knowing it. She holds that these Christians belong to and are united to the "soul" as it is called of the Catholic Church, although they are not united to the visible body of the Church by external communion with her and by the outward profession of her faith.—The Missionary.

LEADERS IN SWITZERLAND

Switzerland is happy in having three Catholics occupying the most important positions in her national affairs at the present time. The president of the Helvetic senate or premier, as we should say, M. Pythou, is a veteran Catholic of the Fribourg canton, which has already given Moneigneur Colliard to the Biehopric of Lausanne and Geneva. M. Pythou was largely responsible for the foundation of the University of Fribourg, which has done so much for Swiss Catholics, and which has rendered great scientific and literary services to the world in general. The vice president of the Council of State, M. le Landeman Buelet, who was recently feted at Morgarten, is also a Catholic, and the ex president of Switzerland, M. Motta, who comes from the Italian Canton of Ticino, is also a Catholic. Thus the three divisions of the federal states, the French, the German and the Italian, are all represented by Catho-

His exponents in the government of the federation at the present time.—Internationale Catholic.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement featuring an image of the product and text: 'MAGIC BAKING POWDER', 'MADE IN CANADA', 'NO ALUM', 'E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED'.

Actress Tells Secret

A Well Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home Made Mixture. Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her gray hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview at Chicago, Ill., made the following statement: "Any lady of gentleman can darken their gray hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and 1-4 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a gray haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humors and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE HURON AND ERIE MORTGAGE CORPORATION

The Fifty-Second Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders was held at the Corporation's Office in London, Ontario, on Wednesday, February 9th, 1916. The President, Mr. T. G. Meredith, K. C., took the chair, and Mr. M. Aylsworth acted as Secretary. The Annual Report and Financial Statement were submitted as follows: After defraying the expenses of management and all other charges, and making allowance for actual and possible losses, the balance available for distribution is \$122,889.15, as follows: Brought forward from the previous year's account \$23,344.80 Net profits upon the past year's business 428,197.34 \$450,542.14

Statement for Year Ending December 31st, 1915

Table with columns: DR. (Liabilities to the Public, To Sterling Debtors, To Canadian Debtors, To Deposits, To Interest accrued but not due, To the Shareholders, To Capital Stock paid up, To Reserve Fund, To Officers' Pension Fund, To Branch Extension Fund, To Quarterly Dividend No. 113, due 3rd January, 1916, at 3 per cent., To Balance) and CR. (By Cash Value of Mortgages, Less amount retained to pay prior mortgages, By Office Premises, By Dominion, Provincial and Municipal Debtors, By other Bonds and Securities, By Canada Trust Company Stock, By Cash in Office, By Cash in Bank).

PROFIT AND LOSS

Table with columns: DR. (To Four Quarterly Dividends of 3 per cent each, To Government and Business Tax, To War Tax, To Set Aside for Transfer to Pension Fund, To Set Aside for Transfer to British Red Cross Fund, To Transferred to Reserve Fund) and CR. (By Balance Brought Forward, By Profits for the year, after paying Interest on Debentures and Deposits, defraying Expenses and making allowance for actual and possible losses).

RESERVE FUND AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS

Table with columns: DR. (Reserve on 31st December, 1914, Transferred from Premiums on Stock, Transferred from Profits on 31st December, 1915) and CR. (Undivided Profits for 1915, Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits on 31st December, 1915).

AUDITORS' REPORT

We hereby certify that for the year ending December 31st, 1915, we have audited the Books and accounts and have examined the Securities of The Huron and Erie Mortgage Corporation, except those of its branches at Regina and Winnipeg. All our requirements as Auditors have been complied with and in our opinion the above statements are properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Corporation's affairs as shown by its books. The Books and Accounts of the Branches at Regina and Winnipeg have been audited and the Securities there have been examined by Mr. J. C. Pope, C. A., and by Messrs. Laing & Turner, C. A., respectively, and the results as certified to by them are incorporated in the above statements. M. H. ROWLAND, Auditors.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CANADA TRUST COMPANY

(Managed in Connection with The Huron and Erie Mortgage Corporation) The Fourteenth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders was held at the Company's Office in London, Ontario, on Monday, February 7th, 1916. The President, Mr. T. G. Meredith, K. C., took the chair, and Mr. M. Aylsworth acted as Secretary. The Annual Report and Financial Statement were submitted as follows: After defraying the Expenses of management and all other charges and making allowance for actual and possible losses, the balance available for distribution is \$122,889.15, as follows: Brought forward from the previous year's account \$5,386.38 Net profits upon the past year's business 117,002.77 \$122,889.15

Statement as at December 31st, 1915

Table with columns: LIABILITIES (Capital Account, Capital Stock paid up, Dividend, payable 1st January, 1916, Reserve Fund, 31st December, 1914, Added 31st December, 1915, Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss, Guaranteed Funds, Sum for Investment, Estate Funds) and ASSETS (Capital Account, By Cash Value of Mortgages and Municipal Debtors, Less Retained to pay assumed Mortgages, Call Loans on Municipal Debtors, etc., Real Estate on hand, Cash on hand and in Banks, Guaranteed Funds, By Cash Value of Mortgages and Municipal Debtors, By Call Loans on Municipal Debtors, etc., Cash on hand and in Banks, Estate Funds, By Cash Value of Mortgages, Bonds and Debentures, Unrealized Assets, Cash in Banks).

PROFIT AND LOSS

Table with columns: DR. (To Dividends, To Addition to Reserve, To Balance) and CR. (By Balance from 1914, Net Profits for the year, after defraying expenses of Management and all other charges, and making allowance for actual and possible losses).

AUDITORS' REPORT

We hereby certify that for the year ending December 31st, 1915, we have audited the Books and accounts and have examined the Securities of The Canada Trust Company, except those of its branches at Regina and Winnipeg. All our requirements as Auditors have been complied with, and in our opinion the above statements are properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by its books. The Books and Accounts of the state of the Company's affairs have been audited and the Securities there have been examined by Mr. J. C. Pope, C. A., and by Messrs. Laing & Turner, C. A., respectively, and the results as certified to by them are incorporated in the above statements. M. H. ROWLAND, Auditors.

"I USED TO BE AGAINST THE ROMANS"

"I used to be as hard as any one on the young Scotchman to his father recently, but after what I have seen over here you can count on me when there is anything to be done in the way of knocking out the men who do say the Catholic priests aren't among the finest Christians that God ever put the breath of life into."

"Although I have been brought up a strict Protestant, I must plainly express that I have never seen nor ever heard of such heroism as these priests show. They practically fight among themselves to be able to go into the first line of trenches, and when the wounded are brought into our ambulances and are beyond aid the priest will suffer any danger to be able to pray by their side. I have never seen one of them show any signs of weariness."

"I trust that this letter will not bore you, but my opinion of the Catholic priests will always be of the highest, although my religion will never change from Protestant."

The His Majesty's army of the day, whose name is known today from one end of France to another, Gilbert de Gironde, who fell at Ypres Dec. 7, 1914, is one of glorious heroes. They are speaking of him in words of hushed veneration all over the firing line; and in the streets of Paris, where before the war only mockery and iregion dwelt to a great extent, they are mentioning his name as the flower of the army. They are saying that in him the priest and soldier have met and embraced and that he stands today as the very ideal of all that betokens gallantry and the fame of France.

Gironde was born of a noble family and was a refined gentleman from the south of France. He was a brilliant scholar, an excellent soldier, an incomparable leader of men. He had all the quick intuition of the artist and he possessed the soul of a saint. His military career lasted just four months and seven days, but it has left upon the army of France an impression so extraordinary that his name stands out alone among his heroes.

Gilbert de Gironde was born thirty-four years ago on May 9, 1881, in the ancestral home of his family at Toulouse, from which in the course of ages many a gallant soldier had gone to meet his death bravely on the field of battle. He was pious, but there was nothing narrow or childish about his spirit of devotion. He was strong-minded and independent, but it was an independence coupled with docility, obedience and loyalty to his superiors. On a distant of his prayer book, which is still preserved at his college, are written the words: "Video, possum, volo." (I see, I can, I will.)

After leaving college he began the study of law and he threw himself with all the ardor of his young manhood into the Association of Catholic Youth, which was being organized at that time to offset the immoral philosophic tendencies current in so many intellectual circles before the war. It was on account of this exceptional field of activity or service for others that his thoughts were directed toward the priesthood.

What his mother, the Vicomtesse de Gironde, felt at this news is easy to conceive. Her only son, as handsome as he was well born, the light of his grandfather's life and the fond hope of the family name, was about to enter beyond the gates of the house of God on earth and leave all his wealth, his honors and his advantages behind him. She was too much the Catholic mother to oppose her son's wish, but she persuaded him to wait for some time before carrying out his desire.

His week's retreat before being ordained was spent in the quiet and solitude of Tronchiennes and on Friday, July 31, 1914, he returned to Enghien, and that same night Russia and Belgium sent out their mobilization call, which was followed in France by the call to arms on the following morning. He was ordained to the priesthood on Sunday, Aug. 2. Immediately afterward he started for Montpellier to take up his post as private in the ranks of the 91st regiment of infantry. On his way to Montpellier he stopped at Toulouse to visit his mother, the Vicomtesse de Gironde. From Montpellier his regiment went to Gerberville, in Lorraine, where on Aug. 30 he received his baptism of fire.

Twice during the engagement he gave the soldiers a general absolution after they had repeated aloud with him the act of contrition, and he proved himself the support and the comfort of his men. He volunteered for dangerous missions so simply and quietly that it seemed quite natural to let him go. During the night after the battle of Gerberville, he was known to be absent from his place, and he came back shortly before dawn the next morning, and, calling the stretcher bearers to him, he pointed out a farmhouse nearby and said:

"I believe that in that farmhouse there are twelve French wounded soldiers whom you might remove to the hospital."

The ambulance men learned afterward that Father de Gironde had carried these men single handed one by one during the night to the shelter of the farm.

He was a born leader with a marvelous influence over his soldiers, and by September officers and men recognized that in the young priest dwelt an extraordinary amount of personal bravery. They all acknowledged, even the roughest among

them, that no heart could possess a finer sense of duty.

"We have an extraordinary man in our regiment," one of the soldiers wrote to his mother. "He is a priest, a count, and he fights like the very devil!"

On Nov. 27 he was named sub-lieutenant of his company for having sought out the wounded in the very teeth of the enemy's guns. His regiment was then ordered to the trenches near Ypres. Two days later another brave act in leading his men caused his further promotion as lieutenant.

His men now began to look upon him as the possessor of a charmed life, so accustomed had they become to seeing him pass untouched through the enemy's bullets. "If I did not hesitate to use a pagan word about one so thoroughly a Christian," said his commanding officer, "I would call Father de Gironde the fetic of my division!"

On Dec. 6 the company to which Father de Gironde belonged was ordered to occupy the trenches nearest the enemy. He had heard of a certain spot just beyond the trenches where several French soldiers were lying in a heap where they had fallen in an attack the day previous. It was an exposed spot and he was warned not to try to reach them in the daytime, for the danger was so great that the French had not yet removed the bodies of their comrades.

The company took up their position in the trenches, and early the next morning before daylight Father de Gironde crept out of the trench he was in and made his way to the dangerous spot where the French soldiers were lying. It seems that he had watched that spot for a long while through his periscope and was convinced that the men were not dead. He knew that they were mortally wounded, but he knew also that his duty was to give them the consolations of religion before they went to meet their Maker.

When he reached the men he found this to be true, for one of them gave a cry of relief as De Gironde pressed a water bottle between his lips. That cry was Father de Gironde's. In an instant from several quarters bullets whizzed past his head and lodged in his arms and back, and finally one of them reached him fatally.

When the dawn came and his comrades saw him lying out over the dead bodies of the French soldiers with arms stretched out in the form of a cross their fury knew no bounds, and in a wild torrent of rage they swept out of their trenches and took the position at the point of the bayonet, driving the enemy in flight before them. Tenderly they gathered Father de Gironde into their arms and that same night, in the little village of Varbranden, about two miles from Ypres, they buried him with full military honors.

"It was one of the most impressive funerals I have ever witnessed," wrote his colonel. "In the darkness only a few officers accompanied the man who carried the body, but the cannon of both armies, echoing in the distance, gave the most solemn homage that has ever accompanied a hero's interment."

Father de Gironde was middle sized in stature, was always respectful to his chiefs and always ready to obey an order from his superiors. Without affectation, without any change of expression and without any touch of fear he advanced under the shells and the bullets, helping everybody, giving a word of courage to this one and a word of consolation to that, and in everything that he did wearing the white flower of a blameless, sincere life, which will make his name linger forever in the annals of the army of France; for greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

(These excerpts are from a letter by Dr. Peter Gulliday. The complete article appeared in The Chicago Daily News of January 29.)

STRIKING INCREASES IN CANADIAN BUSINESS

STRONG LONDON INSTITUTIONS PRESENT RECORD STATEMENTS OF PROGRESS

The result of the 52nd year's work of the Huron and Erie Mortgage Corporation appears in another column of this issue, together with the 14th annual statement of the Canada Trust Company.

In comparing the reports with those of the previous year, many interesting features present themselves.

The City of London and the widespread farming community of which it is the hub have long been famed for the prosperity of their residents. The increase during 1915 of over \$900,000 in savings deposits and investments as shown by these institutions, not only adds to the financial importance of this banner section of Ontario, but also reveals in no uncertain manner the confidence of all classes of people in the Huron and Erie and the Canada Trust Company, and the appreciation of their services in the community.

Large additions have been made during the year to the already ample security afforded investors and depositors. The paid-up capital and reserve fund of the Huron and Erie now totals over \$5,300,000, while the Canada Trust Company now has surplus security of over \$1,440,000.

The combined assets of both institutions now amount to over twenty-three million dollars, an increase during 1915 of \$1,277,858.16 having been made.

The field of service of the Huron and Erie lies in the gathering of savings deposits the issue of debentures and remunerative rates of interest, and the loaning of these funds at current rates mainly upon the security of first mortgages covering choice Canadian real estate.

The Canada Trust Company has two chief branches of service, that of the safe investment of funds, and that of the care of estates, and the past year has seen great activity in both departments. In the investment department sums of \$100 and upwards are accepted at excellent interest rates, and over \$3,000,000 has now been invested by the public in this way.

Most careful attention is given by a trained staff to the important work of winding up estates, acting as executor, administrator, trustee, etc. Those who have valuable possessions to leave behind, possibly to inexperienced heirs, appreciate the security, economy and privilege of appointing a never-dying executor such as the Canada Trust Company.

These progressive institutions are under the same management and control, Mr. T. G. Meredith, K. C., City Solicitor of London, being President, and Mr. Bruce Cronyn being General Manager of both The Huron and Erie and the Canada Trust Company.

THE ST. THOMAS OFFICES It is expected that the new St. Thomas offices at 472-474 Talbot street, which are in charge of Manager Gordon C. McConchy, will be ready for occupancy very shortly.

NEW CORPORATION LAUNCHED AT OTTAWA

HEADED BY CANADIANS The National Cash Register Company, of Canada, Limited, is the style of a company which has recently secured a charter at Ottawa. The company's capital of \$1,000,000 is all paid up.

The Canadian business of the National Cash Register Company has heretofore been operated as a branch of the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio, which concern is recognized as one of the most highly organized manufacturing and selling organizations in the world.

The Canadian business has been under the management of Mr. H. J. Daly, who will be managing director of the new corporation. The other officers of the new company will be made up of Canadians entirely, with Mr. W. J. Irvine as assistant manager, Mr. C. H. Rooke as office manager, and Mr. W. L. Tobias as factory superintendent.

The large plant on Christie Street, Toronto, is said to be one of the most modern and efficient manufacturing institutions on this continent, and the company, in completing this plant have had in mind the growth of Canada for many years to come.

The National Cash Register Company, of Canada, Limited, will concentrate its efforts on devising and manufacturing modern money-saving systems for stores and offices.

THE NEWMAN CLUB

By John Callahan, President The Newman Club is an organization formed by His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, to guard the temporal and spiritual interests of the Catholic students attending Toronto University and Osgoode Hall. Although it has been in existence for only three years it numbers some two hundred members. It has been and is the endeavor of those in charge to inculcate in the minds of all Newmanites the highest ideals of Christian life, together with an abiding loyalty to what is best in Canadian citizenship.

That success has crowned their efforts is manifested in the enlisting of some twenty members in overseas regiments. The past presidents of the club, Dr. Vincent O'Gorman and Mr. Wm. J. O'Brien, are now on active service. One member, Mr. H. Kelleher, met death in Flanders. One other, Lieut. Thomas D'Arcy Leonard, was seriously wounded. Some twenty other members are either at the front or in training.

When it is taken into consideration that some are physically unfit for military service, that some, too, are not of military age, that some, for family reasons, cannot go, and that in the club there are sixty or more young ladies, it will be seen that the Newman Club has given one in every five to the cause of their country.

The end is not yet. Some twenty-five are in the Officers' Training Corps. A large percentage of these may be relied upon to do their duty. —The Toronto Daily News.

GOD IN OUR THOUGHTS

Practice to make God thy last thought at night when thou sleepest and thy first thought when thou wakest; so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy understanding be rectified in the day; so shall thy rest be peaceful and thy labors prosperous.

God, while blessing the earth with his beautiful and precious things, wants for Himself only the spirits of angels and the hearts of men. —Faber.

The history of the past proves that desolate islands do not remain desolate; that even the frigid region of the North Pole cannot escape man's hunger and thirst for adventure; that some day in some way the life

of each individual will play some part, even though it be a small one, in the rounding out of the eternal plan.



She was the Riddle of the Neighborhood No matter how early her neighbors got up, her washday was nearly always before they awoke. The smoke curling slowly from her chimney. But within the hour—up went her fresh and neat, feeding her chickens or weeding in her garden.

And the neighbors wondered, and they plotted, and they found her out. One of them went to borrow clothes-pins, and there sat my lady, gently pushing back and forth a "1909" Gravity Washer.

There are 5 important points about a Washing Machine:

- 1. Does it Wash Clean? With a vigorous motion the "Gravity" drives the soapy water clear through the fibers of the clothes until they are thoroughly clean. 2. Is it Easily Operated? Because gravity plays so large a part in its action, our Washer requires, for the labor of any machine on the market. Gravity does all the hard work. 3. Does it Wash with Speed? The "1909" Gravity Washer takes just six minutes to wash a tub full of very dirty clothes. 4. Does it Save Wear and Tear? Because the clothes are held still while the water and suds are in motion, there is absolutely no strain on linens, lawns, or laces washed the "Gravity" way. No frayed edges—no broken buttons. 5. Is the Tub Well Built? The "1909" Gravity tub is made of Virgin White Cedar, which we know, from 50 years' experience, is positively the best wood for making washing machines. It is bound together with heavy galvanized steel wire hoops, which will not break, and the tub is detachable—an important feature.

You Need this Machine. It will Save You Backache, Time, and Money. Try it at our expense. We will send it to you for a free trial, without a cent for postage. For as many days as you like within the trial period, and if you like it as you use it, we will send it back at our expense. If you want to keep it, we will send you a bill for the price of the machine, with a week by week, 10c a week if you like, until it is paid for. Better address me personally.

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DIED

O'GORMAN.—At Ennismore, on Feb. 11th, Mary McQue, wife of Jaramiah O'Gorman, aged fifty-eight years. May her soul rest in peace. MARSHALL.—At Ottawa, on February 12, 1916, Mr. John C. Marshall, aged thirty nine years. May his soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR Public school. Nearly all Catholic scholars. Good Catholic boarding place. Will pay \$75 calendar months for 2nd grade teacher. For particulars apply to Rev. T. F. Caraher, Marquis, Sask.

HOMES WANTED GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES REQUIRED FOR two boys aged fourteen and three, and for two girls aged fifteen and two. Homes preferred in the country where the older children could have opportunity to attend school. Apply to Wm. O'Connor, Inspector, Parliament Bldg., Toronto. 1945-1.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED WIDOWER IN WESTERN CITY WITH YEAR-OLD baby wants capable and refined housekeeper. Good pay and comfortable home to right party. Give full particulars first letter. If application accepted, testimonial from parish priest will be required. Apply to Box 7, GATVIA, RECORD, London, Ont. 1945-2.

NURSING PRIVATE NURSES EASILY EARN \$25 Booklet free. Royal College of Nurses, Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

YOUNG LADIES WHO DESIRE TO ENTER a Training School for Nurses, may apply to St. Joseph Seminary, Mt. Clemens, Mich. Applicants must have a good education. Address Sisters of Charity, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 1945-4.

WANTED GOOD HEALTHY CATHOLIC women, about fifty years of age, to keep house for young widower, with three small children. Duties to commence April 1st, 1916. Apply to J. J. Conroy, Jarvis, Ont. 1945-3.

EXPERIENCED PIPE ORGANIST AND Choir Director for St. Mary's Church, North Bay, Ont. Male preferred. Apply with testimonials to Rt. Rev. D. J. Scullard, North Bay, Ont. 1945-2.

POSITION WANTED CATHOLIC OF LONG BUSINESS EXPERIENCE, temperate and reliable, conversant with office details, financing etc., is open for good position. Apply Box 5, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1945-4.

NURSE WANTED WANTED PROBATIONER NURSE. (CATHOLIC) at once. Apply Lady Superintendent, Welland County and General Hospital, Ont. 1945-3.

PARTNER WANTED WANTED A CONSCIENTIOUS PARTNER TO start in Manufacturing business. Have Canadian Patents for Men's Trousers Pins (to replace sewed on buttons). Hook and Eye Pins, Coat and Skirt Hangers. Applications for patents have been applied for in all Foreign Countries. More inventions are now in process of development. Apply Box 5, The Catholic Record, London Ont. 1945-4.

MISSIONS AND RETREATS

Pastors of Parishes, Superiors of Religious Communities desirous of securing the services of a Jesuit Father for Missions, Retreats, etc., will please communicate at once with The Rev. J. F. Cox, Loyola College, Montreal, P. Q. 1945-3.

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SUIT CASE AND 13 OTHER PREMIUMS Pencil Box with lock and key, drawing compass, pen, fountain nib, eraser, ruler, 23 colored crayons, rubber printing outfit, Scout whistle, book of 40 Popul Songs, 2 lead pencils, 2-blade knife, and—worth more than all the rest—a handsome, strong light, waterproof, metal bound, brass trimmed, fibre suit case—all 14 premiums given for selling only \$3.50 worth—at 3 for 5c of the finest, greenest and prettiest high class St. Patrick cards you ever saw (80 different designs); also charming Easter cards (80 beautiful designs) with Crosses, Banners, Angels, Lilies, Chickens, Bunnies, etc.; and hundreds of lovely Birthdays, Floral, Motto, Love, Leap Year and Scenery cards; all in brilliant colors, richly embossed and decorated in gold and silver. At 3 for 5c, these cards are snapped up as fast as you can show them. We tell you how any of these cards can be mailed for 1c. ORDER TODAY; sell; return the money, and, SAME DAY, we will send the suit case and the other 13 premiums FREE! The Gold Medal Co., Dept. 2, 40, Toronto, Ont.

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