

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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THE SAME ENEMIES

Speculations as to the changes that will be effected by the War are engrossing the attention of many writers. It may be that the sky will be different, and that many things which bulked large before the War will be reduced to their proper dimensions. But speculations as to the future of religion may easily be prompted by prejudice or by facts which exist only in an overheated imagination.

To assert that we have outgrown religion, archaic and effete, as embodied in the Church is but begging the question. "For what are our needs?" We may flatter ourselves that we are far superior to the men of the past, although a little reading might induce us to shed that illusion. But man's nature remains at the base the same from age to age. Man needs a fixed standard of morality as a guide through life. A standard which does not depend on fluctuating opinions. He has certain spiritual instincts and capacities which need satisfaction as well as moral and mental ones: he has in fact, what Christians call a soul, though it's powers may be atrophied by abuse or disuse like those of body and mind.

Credes fashioned in laboratories may be commended by those who do not face squarely and honestly the problems of origin and destiny; but to the sick, and suffering, and aged, and the mourner—to all those who know that the assurance of a future life meets an eternal need of their being, they are as devoid of sustenance as a wind-swept desert. Despite the assumptions of our time are the forces which menace civilization very much different from those which confronted the infant Church? It seems to us that the materialism to which she is at present opposed is the same enemy over which she triumphed at the beginning of her career.

The opponents are in all the essential features the same, though they have different names and use different tactics. And she made her appeal, and with success, to the deep-seated needs of man's spiritual and moral nature, and by the marks which distinguished her from any mere human organization. Despite the storm and stress, the counter and cross currents of human thought of the centuries, she renews her youth, shows her power to adapt herself to new conditions and remains amidst the interminable disputes and endless divisions of human religions the same, serene and indestructible. From birth to death and after, in every vicissitude of life she guides the soul with unerring authority to its true destiny, and furnishes her with the means to realize it.

A FALSE NOTION

There is a false notion amongst many nowadays that "cleverness" is the attribute of life, and cleverness is one of the marks of our age. There is no end to our cleverness today, but it ends itself before it reaches genius. There are thousands of clever novels, produced every year. There are thousands of clever pictures painted, a thousand clever theatrical sketches created. Indeed, every music-hall is full of clever conjurers, clever performing dogs and trick cyclists. Our age is full of cleverness, and yet there is a great dearth of goodness, which is, after all, the best element of living, for it is not knack but kindness that makes character. But to-day the possession of some cleverness, of some trick of thought or expression, is thought to excuse the absence of conscience and is regarded as a substitute for character. The truth is that there is no life in these quarters, and that we are only deceiving ourselves when we think that a mere active brain, a deft hand in exercise, is living. These are instruments to life, but the mere exercise of these small talents is not life.

There is quite an old but neglected truth, but one which is worth remembering, and it is that doing good is being good, and that being

good is the true note of living and seeing life.

THE GENTLEMAN

It is true that many men wear manners as a mask for a time, but in the long run you may be certain the disposition will shine through the mere conduct, and a man who has a good heart will be agreeable, and the man who has a bad one will make himself offensive.

We all know that the word "gentleman" describes not only the fine feathers of display but the nature of gentleness and kindness, and there is no part on the stage of life more difficult to play than that of the "gentleman," for it depends not on being "word perfect" as the actors say, but upon having the qualities of heart which shine out in style and manners.

There was an old saying that "manners maketh the man," but the truth is that it is the man maketh the manners. Some one labored under the belief that language was invented to enable us to conceal our thoughts and not to reveal them, but the paradox was only clever. It lies are the object of all talking, and if deception is the end of all intercourse, then we are undone. But that is a statement that no honest person can believe, for such a doctrine, if it were acted upon, would put an end to friendship and undermine human society.

WORKERS

We are not going to pretend that all those who are pressing forward to undertake various tasks of a special kind in these strenuous days are fitted by nature and education to render efficient service. We know that mixed motives and high spirits enter into the competition for a share in the more picturesque of the semi-professional displays—in the ranks of the Red Cross nurses, whose qualifications sometimes stop short at the spreading of a poultice and the bandaging of a dummy patient with a fractured arm or bruised ankle. We hear that a really amazing amount of excellent work is being done on behalf of sufferers abroad and relatives at home; and we know that science and philanthropy never demonstrated their oneness on such a grand scale and through such a variety of channels as they are doing now. All this must make for renewed effort to help to heal the grosser evils and sorrier troubles which have so long perplexed charitable workers in many fields. Great is the reward of those men and women who learn to honour each other.

Can even the novices in these works of usefulness fall back into the old grooves of time-killing occupation when the need of the hour is past? We doubt it. The countless women who have busied themselves with unaccustomed tasks and self-denying efforts—can they return to the rapid round of amusement, forgetting the high fervours of this golden time? Surely not. The new woman of bygone years may recede into a bare memory, but the newer one—she who has been reborn amid storm and stress—will she not display enduring courage, strength of character, fineness of purpose, disclosing gifts and graces and seeds of which, hitherto choked by the thorns of wasteful habit, will respond to the stimuli of noble example, and blossom into the quiet heroism that shall yield grander victories than it is given to hostile armies ever to achieve?

CARDINAL FALCONIO BURIED; PRIMATE OF HUNGARY DIES

TWENTY-THREE CARDINALS ATTEND OBSEQUES OF FORMER PAPAL DELEGATE TO THE UNITED STATES

By cable to The Catholic Standard and Times

Rome, February 18.—Immediately after the announcement of the death of Cardinal Falconio here on Wednesday last came the news that Cardinal Hornig, Bishop of Veszprem and Primate of Hungary, has also passed away. It was he who placed the crown on the head of the Empress Zita of Austria as Queen of Hungary on December 30, 1916. These two sad events, occurring almost at the same time, have aroused fears of the verification of the old tradition of Cardi-

nals dying in threes. There is probability, however, no apparent probability of the death of another Prince of the Church.

Cardinal Falconio was ill only a few days, broncho-pneumonia complicated by diabetes, being the fatal malady. He passed peacefully away, having received the last sacraments and a special blessing from the Pope the previous evening.

The funeral was held on Sunday after a Solemn High Mass of Requiem which was celebrated in the Church of Santa Maria in Transpontina, where there was a very large congregation, which included twenty-three Cardinals, all the diplomatic representatives accredited to the Holy See and many Bishops, monsignors, heads of religious orders and other noted ecclesiastics and prominent laymen. Bishop Rotoli, O. S. F., of Isernia, pontificated, and Cardinal Vannutelli, dean of the Sacred College, gave the absolution.

CATHOLICISM UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG

REMARKABLE TESTIMONY OF AN ENGLISH BISHOP

By Captain F. D. Sheehan, M. P.

In a Pastoral letter recently issued to his flock the Catholic Bishop of Northampton bears remarkable testimony to the religious freedom which Catholics enjoy under the British flag.

He emphasizes at the outset, the strict obligation of conscience on the part of Catholics to sustain the cause they are convinced is right and ascribes to this motive the remarkable manner in which English Catholics flocked to the colours at the outbreak of hostilities, without compulsion, and without hesitation.

In some neutral countries, and especially amongst neutral Catholics Germany has been sedulously spreading the idea, for her own purposes, that because England is a Protestant nation the Catholic religion does not receive fair play from it and that Catholics labour under certain serious disabilities. That nothing could be further from the truth the Pastoral of the Bishop of Northampton convincingly establishes. He declares without reservation of any sort or kind that "It can be safely asserted that as things go in the modern world, British Catholics would not exchange their political status for that of any of their fellow Catholics under any other government."

No more complete refutation than this of German lies on the subject could be given and every Catholic must know that in a matter of this kind no Catholic bishop would make a statement which was not absolutely and undeniably the truth. He very properly states that English Catholics were not always in this happy and contented state. He refers to the period when they were crushed by penal laws, but this was all done away with when the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 was passed, a striking instance, as he says, of "a remedial measure which was really a remedy. Released once for all from the penalties and disabilities of the past, and untrammelled by any new claim of the government to interfere in our affairs, we have the results of nearly a century's progress to attest the inextinguishable vitality of a Church that is free."

What is the supreme consideration which makes Catholics so contented under the British flag? Because as the Bishop of Northampton pithily puts it: "As Catholics we are free and independent." And then in eloquent language he goes on to state in what this freedom and independence consist. The attitude of the State "in our regard and in regard to the other free churches, is that of benevolent neutrality, protecting our legal rights and property, frequently calling us to its counsels and giving us representation on Royal Commissions, when points of faith or morals are involved in proposed legislation; facilitating our missionary enterprises in heathen lands, but never attempting to meddle with our internal affairs. For example, our intercourse with the Holy See is absolutely unimpeded; no censorship is claimed over the admission or publication of papal documents; under normal circumstances not even a passport is required for our visits 'ad limina.' Our bishops are appointed without any reference to the government. Our clergy are nominated to missions or removed from them, solely by act of their superiors, subject to the prescriptions of Canon Law. The recurrent persecution of religious orders of men and women, which have so often disgraced other countries, professedly Catholic, are unknown among us; on the contrary, England has ever been the asylum of religious no less than political refugees, affording hospitality and abundant aid to those who have been driven out, beggared and dishonoured, by their own countrymen. At this very moment, above all others, our Government, by an act of generosity worthy of our race, is sheltering from the petty agitation of the more narrow minded, stranded communities which have elected to remain with us in the painful position of enemy aliens."

Surely a splendid record of religious freedom. Yet the British Government does not end its beneficent recognition of the Catholic Church here. It recognizes the right to religious facilities of every soldier and sailor, of every Catholic official and inmate of public institutions, may even of Catholic prisoners confined in the goals of the country—salariéd chaplains are provided to minister to these and it may be not amiss to mention that during the War there are with the forces some six hundred military chaplains enjoying the rank and pay of captains. Yet these clergymen are all the time under the jurisdiction of their ecclesiastical superiors and are nominated by them, and are responsible to them for the discharge of their duties.

"Especially considerate and even generous," as the Bishop of Northampton takes good care to point out, is the English method of dealing with those unfortunate classes towards which the State stands in loco parentis—poor-law children, deaf mutes, cripples, the mentally deficient, and reformatory cases. These adopted of the State are brought up at the State's expense and surrounded by a Catholic atmosphere and "all the loving and edifying influences that Catholic charity inspires."

No attempt is made to proselytise these helpless creatures. The State shows the most meticulous care that they shall be secure in their religious heritage. Grievances there are about elementary education, but what is the pronouncement of His Lordship of Northampton on this point—whilst stating that Catholics are not quit of all grievances, "yet," he remarks, "our actual position compares favourably with that of most other nations." And he shows how existing schools are unquestionably Catholic, furnished with Catholic emblems, taught by Catholic teachers, managed by Catholic managers, and pervaded throughout by "the good odour of Christ." We have had to endure no harrying of religious teachers, no inhibition of the religious habit, no dethronement of the Crucifix, no meddling with our syllabus of religious instruction.

Surely, Catholics abroad will be tempted to say "this is all excellent but the Catholics of England have got to pay for this wonderful measure of freedom." Not so! These Catholic schools with all their pronounced characteristics and ecclesiastical control are maintained almost entirely at the public cost. What wonder that the Bishop of Northampton should enthusiastically declare: "It is doubtful whether these advantages are to be found in any other land. They may certainly be envied by many communities where the Catholic vote is far stronger."

I think I have quoted sufficiently to show and to clearly establish that the Catholic Church enjoys a position of unique freedom under the British flag. Catholics possess all the advantages of civil and religious liberty in their wisest sense. And when we remember that this is in the most Protestant State in Europe I think I may justly say that we Catholics have much to be grateful for when we resolve to support the Allies, with all our strength, our determination is inspired not only by conscientious solicitude for oppressed nationalities, but also by the hope that the triumph of our arms will lead to the triumph of our concepts of individual freedom and will end, once for all, the age-long scandal of oppressed creeds.

CONVENT INSPECTORS EMBARRASSED

Savannah, Ga., February 14.—In obedience to the infamous Georgia law for the inspection of convents and religious institutions, the various grand juries of the State, whose members are all Protestants, recently inspected the Catholic institutions of the Diocese of Savannah. Beginning in the city of Savannah the inquisitors called successively at the convent and academy of St. Vincent de Paul, St. Mary's Home, St. Joseph's Hospital and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, all in charge of the Sisters of Mercy. The grand jurors were received with the utmost politeness by the Sisters and were escorted through all the departments of the various buildings which they manifested a desire to inspect.

In none of them did they find "dark cells" in any imprisoned Sisters or inmates, but in all of them they found the most perfect sanitary and other arrangements and all the inmates happy and content. No criticism was possible and the visiting officials withdrew with profuse apologies and compliments to the Sisters for their excellent management.

The same state of affairs was found in the Colored Orphan Asylum and St. Francis Home, both under the care of the Missionary Sisters of St. Francis; the Little Sisters Home for the Aged and the priory and college of the Benedictine Fathers.

The other Catholic institutions in Atlanta, Augusta, Brunswick, Colum-

bus, Sharon, Washington and Macon were also visited, but so far as known the grand jurors found nothing to criticize or condemn and much to praise and commend.

WANT LAW REPEALED

At Macon the grand jurors designated six of their number to visit Mount de Sales Convent and Academy of the Sisters of Mercy, where twenty-one Sisters are in charge of a large boarding and day school, not a few of the children coming from prominent Protestant families. The spokesman of the six apologized to the Rev. Mother Alphonsus for the law that compelled them to pay such a visit and said that he really was ashamed to come on such an errand. The Reverend Mother put the gentlemen quite at their ease by sympathizing with them in their enforced performance of an unpleasant duty, offering to throw open to them the whole convent and academy for the purposes of their inspection. With a touch of true Southern chivalry, the grand jurors declined to go through the convent and instead most courteously requested the privilege of meeting the Sisters and pupils in their assembly hall.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

IN THE DARKENED CHURCH

PRAYER IN THE WAR ZONE

BY AN IRISH OFFICER AT THE FRONT

The Daily Chronicle, (London, Eng.)

It is true, alas! that in the War zone—that is to say, close by the very front—there is little to be seen that is other than saddening and pitiful and wounding to the feelings of those who cling to the civilization of the Christian era. The ruined homes, the wasted fields, the evidences of destruction and rapine upon all sides, may well make men almost despair of humanity. The "pomp and glory" of War are trivial things compared to the devastation of the invaded land and the misery of its wretched inhabitants. Glory there is indeed, for those who, with their bodies, their hearts and souls, defend the Right; but of glory there is assuredly none attaching to the work of the German hordes who ruthlessly laid waste the poor little land of Belgium and enslaved a people whose chief characteristics were fear of God and love of industry! And yet in the very welter of ruin and devastation, and amidst all the havoc wrought by men in their most brutal mood, one comes here and there across little scenes which, at a stroke, seem to restore one's faith in mankind and one's trust that the Power which made the world beautiful from nothing will yet stay the frenzied work of the man whose god seems to be the dripping sword alone.

At a certain point at the front there is a village where the troops come from time to time to rest, and there the church each evening is crowded with the soldiers. Lights of a brilliant kind are not allowed in this village as it is so near the line, and it is urgent at night to give no sign which might make the place a target for the long-range guns of the enemy. Therefore the church is never lighted in the evening, and it is by the flames of a few candles alone on the altar of Our Lady of Dolores that the Rosary is recited.

AN IMPRESSIVE NIGHT SCENE

It is a strange scene in this church at night. Entering it, all is dark save for the few fluttering candles on the altar before which the priest kneels to say the prayers. It is only when the men join in that one appealing full, and it is solemn and appealing beyond words, "Light up when up from the darkness rises the great chorus from hundreds of voices in the prayers. The darkness seems to add impressiveness to the prayers, and from the outside are heard the rumble and roar of the guns which, not so very far away, are dealing out death and agony to the comrades of the men who pray. Sometimes the church is momentarily illuminated by the flashes of the guns and the windows are lighted up as though by lightning.

The writer of these lines has seen many an impressive spectacle of large congregations at prayer in great and spacious churches in many lands, but nothing more truly touching, impressive, and moving, has ever been witnessed than the darkened church behind the lines, thronged with troops fervently invoking the intercession of the Mother of God under almost the very shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death! In France and Belgium the Catholic troops are fortunate in having at hand so many churches of their own faith, and this makes it easier for the devoted chaplains to get their flocks together. For so many days the battalions are in the trenches, and for so many days in the comparative safety of the camps in the little villages somewhere back from the firing line. The day and night before a battalion goes to the trenches the chaplains are busy in the churches, for the men throng to confession, and it is a wonderful and most faith-inspiring sight to see them in hundreds approaching the

altar before marching off to danger, and in many cases to death itself.

When the turn in the trenches is over and the men resume their Rosary in the darkened church in the evenings there are always some absent ones who were there the week before. For this very reason, perhaps, because of the comrades who will never kneel by their side again, the men pray all the more fervently and with ever-increasing earnestness say, "May the souls of the Faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace!"

Whilst some of the chaplains attend the men who are resting in the back villages, others follow the men into the line, and there in some ruined house close by or in a shelter of dug-out in the trench itself, they are always at hand to minister to the suffering and the dying. Who would measure the consolation they bring, or who can describe, the comfort and happiness of the soldier whose eyes, before they close for ever, rest upon the face of the priest in peace is the ever-sought comforter of the afflicted and dying, how much more so is the priest in time of war and in the battle line! The writer has met at the front many chaplains, and the dominant feeling of one and all is thankfulness that they were able to go out with the men and share their lot.

THE HEROIC CHAPLAINS

Of all the actors in the great tragedy of the War none stand out more heroically than the chaplains, none fill a greater place in what has come to be called the theatre of war. No wonder so many of them have received decorations, and no wonder the men highly value the presence and the consolation and the encouragement of the "Padre," as the officers call the ministers of religion. To the Catholic soldiers, however, the priest remains "Father," and it is good to see them smile as he approaches and to hear the sound ring of the old faith in their voices as they reply to his salutation and address him always as "Father." Mass has been said in the very trenches, and the writer has attended Mass in many a ruined church and many a shell-wrecked shelter. And ever and always the men are the same, devoted and earnest, and the more wretched their surroundings the more eager they are.

Nothing is more noticeable than the way the Catholic soldier holds by his beads. In the change and chance and turmoil of active service many things get lost, but the Rosary beads seem to be always treasured, and every soldier at Mass seems to have them. Prayer books are often missing, but the Rosary, as a rule, never is. The writer has seen men who were killed in the line. Their little personal belongings are carefully collected by comrades and safely kept to be sent home, but the Rosary when found in the pocket is often, usually indeed, reverently placed round the dead man's neck before he is wrapped in his blanket for burial. "Put his beads about his neck, Sir," is the report often given by the stretcher-bearer to the chaplain or other officer, as a man is given to the grave. How many Catholic soldiers lie in their lonely graves today in the war zone with their beads about their necks! How very very many! And so, indeed, one feels sure would they wish to be buried.

In all the horrid welter of War beyond all doubt the steady and simple faith of the Catholic soldier supplies at least one bright spot that shines and cheers amidst the ruin and devastation all about. And of all the symbols of his faith the soldier's Rosary is foremost. The fortitude the men seem to draw from their faith is great and marked. The man who has been with his chaplain and who has prepared himself by the Sacraments is ready for any fate, and shows it in his very demeanour. Often the writer has heard officers declare their pleasure at the devotion of the men to their religion, and frequently these officers have been of other religions themselves. A high General Officer once declared that good chaplains are as necessary as good Commanding Officers. The good chaplains are undoubtedly at the front to-day, and they are the first to bear testimony to the goodness of the men.

Both Catholic priests and Catholic soldiers are playing a brave part in the War to-day, and their record, when it comes to be set down, will be one of which the Catholic world may be most justly proud. What the priest does for the Catholic other ministers do for the men of other creeds. The "padres" of all denominations may be truly called the prop and comfort of the Army at the front.

Here, as we understand it, is the value of athletics—not merely to develop certain parts of the body, not merely to induce healthy excitement and have a good time, but to teach self-control of mind and heart also—moderation in victory, courage in defeat, good temper all the time; to make fairness, generosity, honor, subordination of self to the common good, one's second nature.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Rome Feb. 15.—Mgr. Di Cotra, the new Nuncio to Chile, has started for that South American republic.

Another convert to be added to the ever lengthening list is Sir William Dick Conyngham, a well known baronet, who was received at Westminster Cathedral a few days ago by Father England.

Cardinal Gibbons has sent a check for \$10,000 to the American committee in London which is handling the relief work. He expects to follow it with checks for \$40,000.

Prince Gallitzin, the new Russian Premier, is of the family of Father Demetrius A. Gallitzin, prince, priest, convert and apostle of Western Pennsylvania in the early nineteenth century.

Rome, Feb. 20, 1917.—Cardinal Tonti has been appointed by the Holy Father Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Affairs of Religious, in the place of the late Cardinal Falconio.

Some figures recently published show, unless there be a mistake, says the Sacred Heart Review, that there are more than 400 Catholic hospitals in the United States, in which nearly a half million patients are cared for annually.

The new Code of Canon Law is completed. During twelve years it engaged the attention of a body of Cardinals and consultants, and the revision by 1,000 Bishops and canonists. The Code will be contained in an octavo volume of 500 or 600 pages.

During a recent debate in the Chamber of Deputies, Paris, Deputy Groussau called attention to the fact that 2,000 French priests had been killed in the War. Of 600 Jesuits who had returned to France at the opening of the War it was estimated that 120 had been killed.

It is unusual for a Russian of high position to be a Catholic, but this being so in the case of Count Benckendorf, the late Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, his funeral was the occasion of another solemn and historic ceremony at Westminster Cathedral.

Monsignor Aelen, E. P. M., the Archbishop of Madras, India, has been nominated a member of the Legislative Council by His Excellency, the Governor of Madras. This is the first time that such an honor has been bestowed on a Bishop, either Catholic or Protestant, in India.

The library of the late Dr. Charles G. Herbermann has been placed on exhibition in New York, prior to public sale on February 19. The collection includes many rare books on the Catholic Church, many of peculiar interest to American scholars. In the lot is the family Bible of John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Mexico City, February 8.—The Most Rev. Joseph Ramon Barra y Gonzales, Archbishop of Puebla, died here Saturday. He was consecrated Bishop of Chilpancingo in 1880 and transferred to the See of Puebla in 1902. He was appointed Archbishop of Puebla in 1903. In 1913 he visited Rome and was received by Pope Pius X.

Dublin January 31.—Miss Geraldine Graves, granddaughter of the famous Protestant Bishop of Limerick, has been received into the Church. Miss Graves was instructed at St. Dunstan's, Woking, but owing to reasons of health she removed to Bournemouth, and it was in the Jesuit church of that resort that she had the happiness of being baptized and of making her first Communion.

The Rev. James B. Greene, pastor of St. John the Evangelist Church, Binghamton, N. Y., announces a gift of \$10,000 from Mr. and Mrs. George F. Johnson to help the fund being raised to build a new church. Mr. Johnson and wife are non Catholics, he being the president of the great Endicott-Johnson Shoe Manufacturing Company, and their generosity is thoroughly appreciated by the pastor and his congregation.

Longmans, Green and Company, says the Sacred Heart Review, have in press a volume of the "Correspondence of John Henry Newman," covering the eventful years from 1839 to 1845. It is edited by the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory. The collection will include not only Newman's letters to Keble and many others, but also those of his correspondents, by permission of their representatives.

The late Very Rev. Dr. O'Hickey, the noted Gaelic scholar, left a library of over 5,000 volumes. The collection includes all the rare works in ancient, middle and modern Irish by Irish and Continental scholars; Irish history and archæology, Anglo Irish prose, and archæology, theology, ecclesiastical history, Gaelic on Law, local histories, general literature, travel, art and artists. Many will learn with regret that the collection will be scattered as it is proposed to auction the books in Dublin.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE
Author of "Cardome," "Borrowed From the Night"

CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED

A passion of revolt took possession of the girl's heart. She was not one tamely to submit to injustice, and so she termed this interference with her inclinations. Arthur was and had long been the friend Jasper could never be. Companionship with him, even when in his worst mood, was more congenial than with any one she had ever known; and while she might be ready to make other sacrifices, she withheld this knowing she thereby preserved her own happiness. For this once, she told herself in the calm that followed, she would submit; afterward—

Recalling this determination, a blind rage seized her as she flung herself on the piazza bench that Sunday evening, while down the road sounded the feet of the departing horse, bearing Jasper to his home. With the power of decision in her own hands, she had deliberately chosen to continue to be the tool of her mother's dislike and ambition. Nothing could have been easier than for her to show Jasper she did not desire their acquaintance to pass the bounds their school days had established. He would have understood her and thanked her for the regard for him such an act showed. To the high-minded young man nothing could have been more painful than the thought that he was causing her unhappiness.

"He will come again," she told herself, while the beat of the horse's hoofs sounded on her ears like a knell, "and Arthur will not. Then I shall get angry some day and offend Jasper, and I shall lose both my friends. I wish I had gone to White Sulphur. They do not need me here as I imagined. Father wants no one but brother, and little sister is more mamma than I ever was or may hope to be. The only ones who really need me are Aunt Jenny and Uncle Major."

She broke into tears overwhelmed by the thought that only to the happiness of two old negroes was she necessary; for to youth the belief that the world revolves around it is the most vital of its superstitions. The pathetic thought recurred to her the following morning and sent her to the pantry to prepare a basket for her black friends.

"Aunt Jenny is getting very feeble," she said to her mother, "and not able to cook as she used to do."

"Why not send for Joe to carry down the basket?" said the mother.

"It is so warm for you to go."

"I do not mind the heat," said Lucy, trying on her garden hat. "And they like to see me."

"But you must not forget, Lucy," said Mrs. Frazier, "that you are no longer a little girl. What is permissible in a child may be questionable in a young woman."

"What is wrong in carrying a basket of food to two poor negroes?" cried Lucy in astonishment.

"Nothing in that," replied Mrs. Frazier quickly. "But have you not met Arthur Stanton there as you used to do in childhood?"

"Yes, but the meeting was purely accidental, as far as I am concerned," said Lucy, getting pale.

"I know that," said she. "Nevertheless, you should avoid the possible recurrence of those accidental meetings."

"You mean I should give up going to Aunt Jenny's," cried Lucy. "I can not do that, mamma! They need me—they love me—and long ago you told me to treasure affection no matter who offered it to me."

"Nor do I bid you to do differently," Mrs. Frazier hastened to reply. "I simply am pointing out to you that now prudence must guide your actions, where before inclination or the command of others directed them."

Lucy made no response, but took the basket and set forth. She read the suspicion her mother had tried to conceal, and could have laughed bitterly at the implication that Arthur Stanton cared sufficiently for her, Lucy Frazier, to trouble himself to seek her. But if he did! Her heart grew tremulously happy at the suggestion and the tears suffused her eyes, so tenderly sweet and precious was the thought that Arthur should care for her.

With it still holding her mind, she passed around the corner of the old house, and saw him standing by the door, his straw hat pushed back from the arched white forehead. The color deepened on Lucy's cheeks. Attributing her embarrassment to another cause, Arthur hastened to say:

"I don't suppose you saw anything of Joe on your way down the hill? Milly's mother is sick and I want to send him for the doctor."

Lucy had seen nothing of the boy, and entered the house to give the basket to Aunt Jenny, who was complaining audibly about "po' white trash being so much bother to other folks."

"Aunt Jenny is in a dreadfully bad humor, Lil' Miss," he then said, looking in on them. "You see I induced Uncle Major to go forth and try to locate Joe, and she thinks I want to kill her old man by sending him out in such a sun," and he laughed at the idea of heat affecting the old negro. "There is not a bit of Christian charity in all Aunt Jenny's body, and I don't know why you are so good to her. Now look at that nice fried chicken Lil' Miss has brought you, and the pie—cherry pie,

as I live, and made, I'll warrant, by her own little hands! I tell you, Aunt Jenny, you are blessed beyond your deserts in having such a Lil' Miss. You ought to show your gratitude to the good Lord by being kind to other poor wretches to whom Lil' Miss could not be induced to give a single thought."

"G'long, Marse A'thuh, an' quit yoh foolin' de ole woman!" she exclaimed. "Lil' Miss is good to folks what is deservin', an' dem dat ain't, ain't got no claim on huh."

"How did you enjoy your drive?" inquired Arthur, smiling up at her as Lucy, having deposited the things on the table, came back to the door.

There was a change in his demeanor, so subtle another than the intuitive Lucy might have missed it. It fell in with her own new mood and instead of the answer she would on another day have given him, she said, her words getting tangled in a soft laugh:

"An hour with Tennyson under the oak tree were more enjoyable."

"Tennyson—and no one else?" he asked, trying to catch the blue eyes resolutely fixed on the top of the pear tree.

"Well, if there were one to read him to you when your eyes got tired, of course that one would be an available part of the company, but not necessary, you understand?"

"I understand, thoroughly! And when will it next suit your pleasure to permit the willing reader to read you some?" "Sweetest, eyes were ever seen!" he finished, half singing the quotation.

The eyes in question were now turned fully upon him, and their light would have made another shrink. He only looked up at them, and calmly said:

"The poet would not thus have written of the other woman's eyes, had he seen yours, Lil' Miss! And yet I have no reason to call them so. I could count on my fingers the times they have been 'sweetest eyes' when bent on me. For Jasper and Milly and Aunt Jenny and everybody they are such, but not for me."

"It is better to be singled out of the crowd even if for disfavor," she observed, but there was a smile lurking at the corners of her mouth, softening the indifference of her voice.

"But I desire not to be made the exception in this case," he answered. "I'd rather be a weed that Lucy regarded kindly, than a prince of the world if scorned by her. You don't believe me, I see, although I am bent on proving it to you. When are you going to answer my question?"

"Which question? You have asked me so many. You talk in interrogation marks. Here is Joe!"

"Rounded him up all right, Marse A'thuh," he exclaimed the old man as he came up leaning heavily on his stick. "Found him lyin' in de eldah patch fas' asleep, an' 'him promisin' Marse Frazier to have all dem bushes cut down for him today! Tell yoh, Marse A'thuh, ef something ain't done wif dese vor'fus nigahs, dey'll go wif de debil shor's yoh boh. Ketch me sleepin' in de eldah patch when I was his age! Ole Marse 'ud a-leathered my black back in good fashion. Times is changed, Marse A'thuh, times is changed, when a boy goes to sleep at his work, an' den grumbles at his ole gran'daddy foh wakin' him up to go foh de doctah foh a po'r sick woman."

"I ain't a grumbler, kaze of dat, bul de way you ax't me," said Joe, meekly. "I thought de young bull had broke loose an' was hookin me, de way yoh holered an' poked me wif yoh stick."

"I oughter welter yoh wif de stick instaid yus' pokin' yoh wif it," declared Uncle Major, dropping into the bench. "Go an' fetch me a ten-up wif watah, som, an' be shore yoh drop a red-hot coal in it. It's bad foh de system to drink cole watah when yoh's wahmed up wif a walk."

When Joe returned with the drink, Arthur dispatched him for the physician; then, turning to Lucy, he said:

"If your St. Elizabethan mission is finished, let us start, Lil' Miss! I have a mind to walk with you as far as the pivel bush. Do you remember the day," he began, as they went forward, "we played it was a castle, and the brook a mighty torrent which I had to cross to rescue you? You were held a prisoner in the green castle, you remember, watched by a grim uncle who was a king, and who had designs against your life, because of your right to the throne. I was a knight sent by another king to release you, and bring you in safety to him, as he desired to make you his bride. You were always high and mighty in your opinions of yourself, Lil' Miss."

"But you did not obey the order of your king, you remember? Milly came for you to go on an errand for your mother," remarked Lucy.

"And because you would obey a mother who was real indeed, instead of a king who was purely imaginary, the angry princess refused to come out of the green castle. The knight was so tortured by the thought that she might still be there, he could not sleep when he went to bed, and so he rose, dressed, and ran as fast as his feet could carry him up the dark valley haunted by Indians as the negroes said and as he in that hour firmly believed. When he came to the green castle and found it deserted he did not know whether to feel wholly glad or wholly angry, so he made a compromise, and when next the little princess met the gallant knight she was greatly perplexed by his mood."

"Did you really do that, Arthur?" asked Lucy, fixing her wondering eyes on him.

"I really did," he said, looking at her, unaware that his face had grown strangely tender, for the impulse was strong upon him to take the slender form in his arms and close the blue eyes with his kisses. Then, like a blow from a strong hand, came the recollection of the promise he had made to himself on the spot only the day before. He hung mood and recollection from him, and to escape from them, he plunged into a different subject.

"Milly's mother is very sick," he said. "I do not think there is any chance for her recovery. She thinks so herself, I fear. She asked that I should not go to town this morning, until after she had the opinion of the doctor. There seems to be something on her mind besides the condition of her health. There was always something peculiar about this woman to me. She gave me the impression of one whose conscience was troubling her. If that should be the case, it is a minister she needs, not a lawyer."

"Perhaps it is for the lawyer to decide if she need the minister," said Lucy, with constraint. She could not feel at ease in discussing Milly or her family with him. "Her father is failing, too," she added.

"I have always felt," he said, "it would be infinitely better for Milly if she were released from her care of them. She must find her position painful in the extreme, and if she were not burdened by that helpless couple, she could better it. But you have not answered my question, Lil' Miss," he broke off, not finding the subject interesting.

"Don't you think I can read Tennyson alone?" she asked, pulling a green twig from the bush.

"Yes, but it would be better if you didn't," he replied, laughing. "May I come up Wednesday evening and read to you on the piazza by the light of the moon?"

"You forget the vines," she said, with a little laugh that was so full of gladness it half-shamed the man.

"But I bring the light of memory with me," he said. "And I may come?"

"She nodded, and he said: "Give me your hand on it. And there will be no later engagement to disappoint me again?" he added, his hand still clasping hers.

"You don't understand," she faltered, trying to withdraw her fingers.

"Perhaps do, Lucy," he said, so gently that her hand lay quietly in his for a moment, for if Arthur understood and did not blame her, what did the efforts of her mother matter? Then they parted, but as Arthur went down the green valley, instead of feeling elation over the auspicious opening of his plans, he was lost in the memory of the moment when the suddenly stilled hand had lain in his.

CHAPTER XII

Arthur lingered on the rear veranda until he saw the doctor emerging from the sick woman's home, when he joined him. Declining the invitation to enter and rest before continuing his long journey through the country, the doctor said, in answer to Arthur's inquiry:

"She is pretty bad, my boy. I do not think she will be living this time tomorrow. And her husband will not be many months after her. The man has held out a little longer, because he felt he must, while the woman had the girl upon whom to depend. A very singular person is that daughter. I suppose you know her very well?"

"Yes," said Arthur, slowly, "very well."

"Then perhaps you can tell me if she has ever been seen to show any outward indication of the feeling presupposed in a woman with such a nature as hers?"

"I have always seen her self-contained," answered Arthur.

"If it should ever escape the bounds," said the doctor, and then passed effectively.

"It never will," said Arthur, well knowing the intense feeling the doctor was giving the girl had no foundation outside of his own mind.

A doubt of this belief came to him a little later, when the interview to which he was summoned by Milly's father was ended. As he entered the room, he saw the woman sitting upon the bed with pillows carefully propped around her. Her eyes wore a burning brightness, accentuating the deadly pallor of her skin. Her husband sat on a chair on the other side of the bed, but Milly was absent. Arthur took the place that had been the doctor's, and asked how she was now feeling.

"Very bad, Mr. Arthur," she said. "I have not long to live, sir, and I want to tell you about Milly."

"Yes," said Arthur, feebly, and then he realized that since the message had come of the sick woman's desire to see him, he had known that her words would be of Milly and he had shrunk from hearing them.

"I cannot die until I have told you about Milly," she continued. "You will then tell me if what I did was wrong, for I do not know. I am an ignorant mountain woman, and what looked right to me may be wrong to one who knows."

"You did not think it was wrong, Becky," the old man hastened to say. "You probably saved the child's life."

"Only probably, Steve," she answered, "and probably isn't much of a comfort, seeing what Milly has been to us, when our own children broke away and left us to live or die. Probably looks mighty poor when life's about over and you can't undo things."

A MYSTERIOUS SICK CALL

The incident I am about to relate is a true one; it was told me by the priest to whom it occurred, although I am not giving his name nor that of the town where his church was situated.

In a certain large English town where poverty and destitution were rife, was a crowded court in which one but the most indigent lived. All the houses in it had a squalid, forlorn appearance; so apparently falling down and leaning one against the other as if for support, and most of them having broken windows; the missing glass being replaced, by many of the inmates, probably the more chilly ones, with brown paper or bits of rag. These houses were let to several families, each room being so over-crowded that it was a wonder fever and disease of every description were not more busy in supplementing what semi-starvation was daily doing—decreasing their number by death. Half clothed and sickly-looking children played listlessly on the doorsteps, or floated their mimic boats of wood or paper on the stream of dirty water which from time to time took its course down the center of the alley; but all the little ones were more or less weak and weary for active exertion. Hardly any but its inhabitants passed through the court. Even the costermongers seldom visited it, excepting perhaps on a Saturday night when they wished to get rid of their refuse stock. Poverty was too apparent to make a sale a likely event.

In a tiny attic of one of the houses, on a little truckle bed, lay a poor woman, old and sick. Her surroundings, poor as they were, were scrupulously clean, and the room tolerably airy, for being at the top of the house (the highest the court could boast of) its little open window let in air. Seated by the bedside on the only chair which the room possessed was a little girl, who from her size appeared seven or eight years of age, although she bore upon her face that look of premature age so noticeable amongst very poor children, more especially girls. On a rickety table standing near the bed were a few slices of dry bread and a cup containing some very weak tea, which the girl now and again held with evident solicitude to the woman's lips.

"Drink some yourself, Nellie," said she at last, with an effort, as if talking pained her.

"Oh, no, Grannie," replied the child, "I'm neither hungry nor thirsty. Don't you know that kind man at the milk shop gave me such a nice drink of milk this morning, when he bought those flowers of me. I wanted to bring it home to you, but he made me drink it."

"He saw you were tired, dear," the woman said; "but take a piece of bread with you when you go out, for you may get hungry before all your flowers are sold; and I'll try and sleep whilst you are away."

Upon this Nellie proceeded to tie up in bunches some cowslips, bluebells, and other field flowers, which were in a basin of water, and arranged them in a little shabby hand-basket. This done, she put on her fathered straw hat, and gently kissed the old woman, who was now asleep, she stole quietly out of the room.

A few weeks later a Catholic priest might have been seen returning to his home after an evening spent in making sick calls amongst the poor. His church was the only one in the town, and he was the sole priest.

He was tired and longing for a rest, so that his house-keeper's words when she opened the door were a little disappointing to him.

"That's another sick call for you, Father," said she, "and the young man who brought it said he hoped you would go soon."

"Of course, I'll go at once, then; but where is it?" inquired Father Browne.

"In Recket's Court, Father; the other end of the town."

"Oh, I know the court," said the priest, "I once visited an old man there, but he is dead, and I did not think there were any Catholics there now. Did the messenger say the sick was in danger of death?"

"No, Father, nor did he give a name," replied the house-keeper, referring to the slate on which she had written the address; "he only said there was a woman ill at No. 4 Recket's Court, and he hoped you would go soon."

In a short time Father Browne had left the house again, and was on his way to Recket's Court. The town was a very non-Catholic one and dissent was rampant in it, but even those who were the most bigoted in matters of religion felt a respect for the priest who was so universally known for his kindness and benevolence, not only to his own flock, but also to those outside the Church, so that many a hat was raised, and many a word of greeting spoken to him as he made his way along the streets.

It was spring time, but night was coming on, so that when he got to Recket's Court, which was devoid of lamps, he could not find the number he sought, and had to inquire of a man who was leaning against a door-post smoking his pipe.

"Oh! this is No. 4," replied he to the question.

"Then it was to this house I was sent for," said Father Browne. "Can you tell me who are Catholics here?"

"Catholics," echoed the man "there b'aint no Catholics here; leastways I don't know of none, nor if it come to that not of any other religion neither bit 'o' rest."

TO BE CONTINUED

SIR THOMAS MORE AS MASS SERVER

The story is told that Blessed Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor of England in the days of Henry VIII, was accustomed, even as Chancellor, to serve the morning Mass in the church at Chelsea, and to take part in all the public celebrations in that church. One day the Duke of Norfolk came to Chelsea, and was surprised and even shocked to see the Lord Chancellor dressed in surplice and gown attending a procession. The Duke could not understand how a man in More's position could so lower himself.

"Why, you are dishonoring your office and the king's service by thus playing the parish clerk," said the Duke.

More's answer was worthy of the true Catholic that he professed to be: "It is the greatest of honors, my Lord, to serve the King of kings."—The Liguorian.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF HOME LIFE

The General Intention for the present month brings us back to a topic that has been often treated in these pages, namely, the responsibilities of married life and parenthood.

The words which St. Paul addressed to the Colossians (iii, 18-19): "Wives, be subject to your husbands, as it behooveth in the Lord; husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter towards them," are as practical today as when they were written nearly two thousand years ago.

Obviously, the first duty of husband and wife is that of mutual affection. The intimate relationship that necessarily exists between them should be permeated with love.

But mutual affection is not the only duty that faces husbands and wives. There is also another duty that they should keep before their eyes, the eternal law of God which they are obliged to observe and not risk damnation to their own souls by thwarting His designs or shirking the burdens which the married state imposes.

And when the proper moment comes, another great duty faces fathers and mothers, the training of their children. This obligation was imposed by the Creator Himself; it is a sacred mission entrusted to parents, a real apostleship in the family circle, not less real than St. Paul's apostleship among the Gentiles, the responsibility of which he keenly felt when he exclaimed, "We unto me if I preach not the Gospel!" (I Cor. ix, 15).

hardly allowed in this age of competition to neglect the intellectual needs of their children, they must know, however, that the only true education is that which fits them to lead good moral lives; children were not born for time but for eternity. Their real happiness here below does not consist in the enjoyment of wealth or honors or pleasures, but rather in stainless lives and in holy living. Children must be taught not only the value of fleeting things but also the value of their immortal souls. This is an easy task when it is begun in time and in the right way. A child is a sapling that can be bent to any shape; education does the bending. Happy the parents who succeed in giving the right start to the children whom God has confided to their keeping. Their success will be the surest pledge of their own happiness in advancing age. They will be conscious that their married lives have not been failures, and they may in all confidence look to God for the reward which will crown their successful apostleship.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE LATE SENATOR VEST

HAD OCCASION TO DEFEND CATHOLIC INDIAN SCHOOLS

In A. P. A. days, the late Senator Vest, of Missouri, uttered a manly defense of the Catholic Indian schools, and demanded fair play and religious tolerance.

The following extracts are from one of his speeches on the question of appropriations to the contract schools: "I have said that I am a Protestant."

"I was reared in the old Scotch Presbyterian church; my father was an elder in it, and my earliest impressions were that the Jesuits had horns and hoofs and tails, and that there was a faint tinge of sulphur in the circumbient air whenever one crossed your path. Some years ago, I was assigned by the Senate to duty upon the committee of Indian affairs, and I was assigned by the committee, of which Mr. Daves was then the very zealous chairman, to examine the Indian schools in Wyoming and Montana. I did so under great difficulties and with labor which I could not now physically perform. I visited every one of them. I crossed the great buffalo expanses of country, where you can now see only the wallows and trails of those extinct animals, and I went to all these schools. I wish to say now what I have said before in the Senate, and it is not the popular side of the question by any means, that I did not see in all my journey, which lasted for several weeks, a single school that was doing any educational work worthy the name of educational work unless it was under the control of the Jesuits. I did not see a single government school, especially these day schools, where there was any work done at all."

"Something has been said here about the difference between enrollment and attendance. I found day schools with 1,500 Indian children enrolled, and not ten in attendance, except in meat days, as they called it, when bees were killed by the agent and distributed to the tribe. Then there was a full attendance. I found schools where there were old, broken-down preachers and politicians receiving \$1,200 a year and a house to live in for the purpose of conducting these Indian day schools, and when I cross-examined them, as I did in every instance, I found that the actual attendance was about three to five in the hundred of the enrollment. I do not care what reports were made, for they generally come from interested parties. You cannot educate the children with the day schools."

The Senator then showed how thoroughly he had studied the question by explaining the strenuous attempts made by the early Jesuits, Father Le Sueur and companions, to educate the Indians in day schools. He told how they were obliged to abandon this plan after twenty years, and adopt the one which they have made so successful, that of boarding schools.

"The Jesuits have elevated the Indian wherever they have been allowed to do so, without interference by bigotry and fanaticism, and the cowardice of insectivorous politicians, who are afraid of the A. P. A., and the votes that can be cast against them in their districts and states. They have made him a Christian, and, above all, they have made him a workman able to support himself and those dependent upon him. Go to the Flathead Reservation in Montana, and look from the cars of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and you will see the result of what Father De Smet and his associates began and what was carried on successfully until the A. P. A. and the cowards who are afraid of it struck down the appropriation."

"Go through this reservation and look at the work of the Jesuits, and what is seen? You find comfortable dwellings, herds of cattle and horses, intelligent, self-respecting Indians. I have been to their houses, and found under the system adopted by the Jesuits that after they have educated these boys and girls, and had intermarried, the Jesuits would go out and break up a piece of land and build them a house, and that couple became the nucleus of civilization in the neighborhood. They had been educated under the system which prevented them from going back to the teepee after a day's tuition. The Jesuits found that in order to accom-

plish their purpose of teaching them how to work and depend upon themselves, it was necessary to keep them in school, a boarding school, by day and night, and to allow their parents to see them only in the presence of the Brothers or the nuns.

"These Jesuits are not there, as one of them told me, for the love of the Indian. Old Father Ravaille told me, lying upon his back in that narrow cell, with the crucifix above him: 'I am here not for the love of the Indian, but for the love of Christ.' He was there without any pay except the approval of his own conscience. If you send one of our people, a clergyman, a politician even, to perform his work among the Indians, he looks back to the fleshpots of Egypt. He has a family, perchance, that he cannot take with him on the salary he receives. He is divided between the habits and customs and luxuries of civilized life, and the self-sacrificing duties that devolve upon him in this work of teaching the Indians.

"The Jesuit has no family. He has no ambition. He has no idea except his duty as God has given him to see it, and I am not afraid to say this, because I speak from personal observation, and no man ever went among these Indians with more intense prejudice against the Jesuits than I did, when I left the city of Washington to perform that duty."—Our Sunday Visitor.

COVENTRY PATMORE

Intermountain Catholic Coventry Patmore whose father was a literary man of England grew up in an atmosphere of refinement and culture in Essex. He loved the home of his childhood and built about its memories such pictures in literature as have earned him the title "Poet of the Home."

High ideals and possession of the information which time and his position made possible could do but one thing for an earnest man outside the Church—convert him. In 1862, at the age thirty-nine, he became a Catholic. He died in 1896. Ruskin says of his "Angel in the House": "It is a finished piece of writing and the sweetest analysis we possess of the quiet, modern domestic feeling." We quote:

THE TOYS

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes, And mov'd and spok'd in quiet grown-up ways, Having my law the seventh time disobey'd, I struck him, and dismiss'd With hard words and unkind'st, —His Mother, who was patient, being dead.

Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep, I visited his bed, But found him slumbering deep, With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet lashed wet. From his late sobbing wet. And I, with moan, Kissing away his tears left others of my own;

For, on a table drawn beside his head, He had put, within his reach, A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone, A piece of glass abraded by the beach, And six or seven shells, A bottle with bluebells, And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art, To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I pray'd To God, I wept, and said: Ah! when at last we lie with tranced breath, Not vexing These in death, And Thou rememberest of what toys We made our joys, How weakly understood Thy great commanded good, Then, fatherly not less, Than I whom Thou has moulded from the clay, Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say, "I will be sorry for their childishness."

All of Patmore's works mark a disciplined mind and a soul of strong faith. In his "Magna Est Veritas," one picture a hurt spirit, too big to seek petty human consolation, finding his message of comfort in the voice of the untamed sea.

MAGNA EST VERITAS

Here in this little Bay, Full of tumultuous life and great repose, Where, twice a day, The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes, Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town, I sit me down, For want of me the world's course will not fail: The truth is great, and shall prevail, When none cares whether it prevail or not.

PREFERRED THE LONG GREEN

General Gough, who had just been handed the insignia of high rank in the Legion of Honor, tells a good story of an Irish soldier he once had occasion to decorate with the Royal Humane Society Medal. With the decoration there also went a gratuity of £5.

"Now, my men," said Gough, addressing the parade, "I am very proud to pin this medal on the breast of Patrick Flynn, and lodge £5 to his credit in the bank, as a reward for his great pluck."

Pat blushed, looked at his superior officer and said: "If it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather you'd put the £5 on my chest and the medal in the bank."—Tit-Bits.

PRIEST AND DOG PARTED

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

Three years ago, when all the world was at peace and when the mere thought of war was entertained almost with ridicule, a stalwart Jesuit priest—Father Bernard, he was called—worked among the natives of Alaska at St. Mary's Igloo. Ever at his side as an inseparable companion was a sturdy malamute, larger, stronger and more attractive than most of the others of his species.

Then came the call of war. The priest, a French reserve, heard the note of the bugle, saw the bleeding of his country, answered the call of duty. He left his peaceful work of saving men in the North to go where men were being slaughtered.

And the parting will long be remembered by residents of the Northern camp. Perhaps the tenderest farewell, the most tearful on the part of the priest-soldier was to his big dog. The dog seemed to understand.

Not long ago, Father Bernard, soldierly in bearing, marked by the hard campaigns he has undergone, yet brave and fearless, was wandering along near the trenches "somewhere in France," wrapped in thought. Doubtless his mind pictured the quiet days at St. Mary's Igloo. And perhaps he was thinking of his dogs and their stalwart malamute leader.

Suddenly he stopped before a dog team which was dragging provisions of war to the front. A familiar bark greeted him and a vigorously wagging tail expressed the joy of its owner at the recognition. And there, near the fighting front of far-off France, a man and a dog, once companions, met again. Both were engaged in one aim, that of defeating France's enemies.

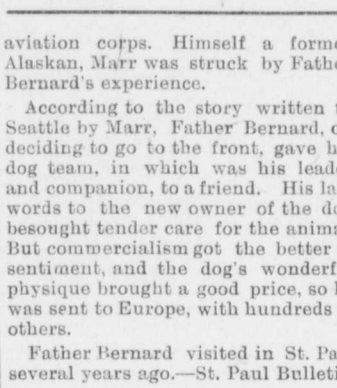
This is the story told in a letter received by T. M. Clowes, a Seattle resident, from Kenneth Marr, an old Alaskan friend at the front. The writer is associated with the French aviation corps. Himself a former Alaskan, Marr was struck by Father Bernard's experience.

According to the story written to Seattle by Marr, Father Bernard, on deciding to go to the front, gave his dog team, in which was his leader and companion, to a friend. His last words to the new owner of the dog besought tender care for the animal. But commercialism got the better of sentiment, and the dog's wonderful physique brought a good price, so he was sent to Europe, with hundreds of others.

Father Bernard visited in St. Paul several years ago.—St. Paul Bulletin.



Be Clean—and Safe. Think of the germ-laden things your skin and clothes must come into contact with every day. Then remember that there is a splendid antiseptic soap LIFEBOUY HEALTH SOAP. Use Lifebuoy for the hands, the bath, the clothes, and the home. Its rich, abundant lather means safety. The mild, antiseptic odor vanishes quickly after use.



What Is Auto-Intoxication-- And How to Prevent It

By C. G. Percival, M. D.

Perhaps the best definition I have ever noted of Auto-Intoxication is "Self-Intoxication, or poisoning by compounds produced internally by oneself."

This definition is clearly intelligible because it puts Auto-Intoxication exactly where it belongs; takes it away from the obscure and easily misunderstood, and brings it into the light as an enervating, virulent, poisonous ailment.

It is probably the most insidious of all complaints, because its first indications are that we feel a little below par, sluggish, dispirited, etc., and we are apt to delude ourselves that it may be due to the weather, a little overwork or the need for a rest.

But once let it get a good hold through non-attention to the real cause and a nervous condition is apt to develop, which it will take months to correct. Not alone that, but Auto-Intoxication so weakens the foundation of the entire system to resist disease that if any is prevalent at the time or if any organ of the body is below par a more or less serious derangement is sure to follow.

The ailments which have been commonly, almost habitually, traced to Auto-Intoxication are: Languor, Headache, Insomnia, Biliousness, Melancholia, Nervous Prostration, Digestive Troubles, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Disturbance, Liver Troubles.

There are several conditions which may produce Auto-Intoxication, but by far the most common and prevalent one is the accumulation of waste in the colon caused by insufficient exercise, improper food or more food than nature can take care of under our present mode of living.

I wonder if you realize how prevalent this most common cause of Auto-Intoxication really is—the clearest proof of it is that one would be entirely safe in stating that there are more drugs consumed in an effort to correct this complaint than for all other human ills combined—it is indeed universal, and if it were once conquered, in the words of the famous medical scientist, Professor Eli Metchnikoff, "the length of our lives would be nearly doubled."

He has specifically stated that if our colons were removed in early infancy we would in all probability live to the age of 150 years.

That is because the waste which accumulates in the colon is extremely poisonous, and the blood, as it flows through the walls of the colon, absorbs these poisons until it is permeated with them. Have you ever, when bilious, experienced a tingling sensation apparent even above the dorsum? I have, and that is Auto-Intoxication away above the danger point.

Now, if laxative drugs were thorough in removing this waste, there could be no arraignment against them— But they are at best only partially effective and temporary in their

Advertisement for Safford Boilers and Radiators. Includes text: 'The Easy Way To Take Out Grates', 'Safford Boilers and Radiators', and 'DOMINION RADIATOR COMPANY'. Also features an illustration of a woman with a boiler.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1917

Catholic Church fearlessly withstanding the spirit of the age maintained the ideals of Christian education thereby in great measure saving Christian civilization.

When it shall please God to restore again to this war-stricken world the blessings of peace there is good reason to hope that civilization purified so as by fire of its pagan ideals and tendencies will come to realize that it rests not on progress or evolution or Kultur or education, but on the eternal truths taught by Christ, who for society as well as for the individual has the words of eternal life.

Civilization is not a failure; but in so far as it is un-Christian it is decadent. It will be saved, reanimated and invigorated only by the reign of Christ.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Our political parties in Ontario seem to think that the highest statesmanship consists in jockeying each other for popular favor.

With the leader of the opposition committed to woman suffrage the Government thinks it safe and prudent, wise and statesmanlike, to get for itself whatever kudos and political favor that may attach to that measure.

What do the people think of it? What do the women themselves think of the suffrage? No one knows. The matter has never come before either the men or the women of Ontario for decision.

If we remember aright a year or so ago out of 4,000 women in Toronto who already enjoyed the municipal franchise only about 400 or 10 per cent. exercised it. Why should the franchise be thrust on the women of this province if they do not desire it. Why should a noisy minority decide the question?

And for that matter what right has a government or parliament to decide the question without the semblance of a mandate from the people who elected them?

Women should have the suffrage just as soon as the majority of them desire to have it. Not before.

THE STERILITIES OF "SCIENCE" NO SUBSTITUTE FOR RELIGION

The age through which we are passing, or perhaps through which we have just passed, has been marked by what has been considered the progress of physical science to the point at which the old landmarks of the Christian faith have been swept away. It is true that many who held that "Science" and faith are incompatible were ignorant of the science of theology, and many were ignorant alike of physical science and theology. A vague but very widespread notion that "Science" had disproved the truths of Christianity together with an equally vague apprehension of Christian truths created a favorable soil for the reception of the seed of unbelief. On the other hand the poorly instructed modern Christian saw the witness to his faith divided against itself—a multitude of conflicting sects whose ministers anxious to be considered abreast of the age, or in advance of it, were the first to sacrifice Christian truth to the arrogant claims and pretensions of "Science." It kept them busy, too; for they often reached a scientific position with their white flag of surrender flying only to find that it was already abandoned by the scientists. With the rabble of camp-followers they trail along, nevertheless, frantically eager to preach the "religion of the future" though the hungry sheep here and now look up and are not fed.

Out of this confusion of theological tongues and away from the sterilities of modern "Science" many are groping their way to the light of truth and the meaning of life. A writer in the current Nineteenth Century is an interesting example. He first states the fact of the decay of Christian faith: "Previously to the redeeming effects of the War, the fundamental fact of our time, a fact which has been coloring and moulding all social and political phenomena, is the decay amongst the masses of belief in God and in a hereafter."

Not concerned to affirm or deny "what are known as the Christian verities" he avers that the fact of the alleged unbelief will "be accepted by the great majority of thinking men and women, of whom vast numbers will deeply deplore its truth."

"The cause of this seismic shifting of the foundations of Western civilization is in view. It is the

apparent (we do not say the real) incompatibility of scientific knowledge with orthodox Christian doctrine.

In the light of the fact of modern unbelief the writer discusses the sociological value of religion:

"All human experience teaches that, without moral sanctions, civilization crumbles, because its cement can exist if belief in what we mean by God and a future life be removed? Analysis of courses shows that, before the dawn of history, races and tribes most have tended to perish or persevere in proportion to the degree in which morality (including in that term self-sacrifice) waned or grew. Since that dawn primitive morality—using that word in its widest sense—has been preserved to civilized peoples only so long as religious sanctions endured."

Here we have a thoughtful student of human history coming to a conclusion which the Catholic Church teaches as a fundamental principle: The foundation of morality is religion and other than this it has none.

Our author later on continues: "For though, as to the origin of religions, libraries have been written, above all controversy and beyond all doubt, one fact emerges, like a mountain towering above a mist—the fact that religious belief possesses 'survival value.' Let anation or a civilization believe in God and in a hereafter, and it tends to live. Let it lose those two beliefs, and it tends to die."

The writer is not a Catholic. Far from it. Thoughtful, studious and sincere though he be his conception of the Catholic Church is as crude as a Fiji islander's idea of "Science." "Wherever its power extended, the Church of Rome made death the penalty of mental life." There is no more use quarrelling with this attitude of mind than with a man born blind for not being able to see.

But in spite of this he sees that Christianity, yea even that very Church of Rome, breathed the breath of life into the civilization of Europe which it created out of the elements of decadent Rome and the savage barbarian invaders.

"If this be doubted, let us conceive, if we can, what would have been the state of Europe, after the fall of Rome, had Christianity never come to lighten its misty gloom. . . . Who shall picture Christendom without Christ? The horrors of anarchy, of massacre, of conflict without ruth, which were the portion of civilization in the fifth and sixth centuries of our era, would have remained unrelieved by the dawn of a coming day. Chivalry which, in the name of Mary, sought to make woman sacred, chivalry which taught the succor of the weak, and the righting of the wrong, chivalry which throve to ennoble war, would have been as a torch unlighted in a world of brute force. Western learning, preserved as it was but with difficulty, and almost overwhelmed by waves of barbarism, must have utterly passed away. Roman law, and Roman tradition, and the foundation for future development which Rome had laid, must have been lost forever. The vision which the northern tribes saw of their savage gods would have continued for long ages predominant over western mankind. The thought of Paradise would have meant something akin to the warrior's Valhalla where the souls of the brave drank blood out of the skulls of their foes. And when that fierce dream dissolved in the dust of years, what creed could have succeeded it save a materialism as gross and grovelling as that which now, in the apparent decadence of Christianity, has been preached ceaselessly by socialists in the streets of English towns? Unless some inspired teacher had arisen, able to lead mankind to nobler ways, the contemplation of medieval Europe, stripped of that religion, which was at once its soul and its cement, is one from which the mind draws back in dread. When moral habit, acquired under forgotten conditions, ceased to restrain human brutality, when no hope of heaven, and no fear of hell curbed the impetus of license or shielded the violence of fury, when science was unborn and knowledge dead, the men of this continent must have fallen into a corruption which would have brought subjugation from peoples beyond their borders who still possessed vital belief."

It is something, it is a great thing that those of whom the writer is a type have come so far. Under the world shaking shock of war, the sterilities of unbelief, the worthlessness of scientific guesses, so far as the mystery and meaning of life is concerned, have become manifest. The impetus given to the study of history already, as in the case of the writer under consideration, has led men to see and acknowledge that European civilization is essentially the creation of the Catholic Church. Deeper study, it may confidently be hoped, will point to the Catholic Church as the only possible preserver of the civilization which she has created.

SERVILITY AND INDIVIDUALISM

In a recent article we discussed some of the reasons why, as Catholics and citizens, we have not accomplished as much as we might. The subject is so important that we have decided to return to it for the purpose of dealing with two other obstacles that stand in the way of our progress.

The first of these is the spirit of servility. It is a spirit that has been bred in the bone through long centuries of persecution in which our forbears were deprived of their civil and religious rights. We are only beginning to adjust ourselves to the more favorable conditions in which we live. In many communities Catholics are manifesting a more manly spirit of independence and a sense of civic responsibility; but evidences of the cringing attitude are yet, alas, only too numerous. How often it happens that when a family meets with prosperity and gets, as the saying is, "a little up in the world" they ambition to get into Protestant society? We might excuse them for striving to gain admission to a social set that could lay some claim to blue blood and culture; but not unfrequently the new circle that they have entered is in point of intelligence and refinement, not to speak of morals much inferior to their former associates.

If a Catholic offers himself for some public office, his laudable ambition is apt to be frustrated by the votes of his coreligionists who resent the audacity of his thinking himself fitted for the position, for which he is perhaps better qualified than any who are opposing him. Apart from the spirit of jealousy, there is manifested here a lack of the spirit of public responsibility. It is the duty of every Catholic to promote, as far as in him lies, the general welfare of the community in which he lives. The participation of intelligent and honorable Catholic men in civic affairs tends to remove many prejudices and to bring about a more favorable attitude towards the Church and to improve its standing locally. It is well not to lose sight of the fact that, to the average Protestant man, the mention of the Catholic Church does not suggest the College of Cardinals and a world-wide institution, but the particular clergyman and people with whom he is acquainted.

Again, compare the attitude of neighbors towards a young man who is on his way to the priesthood with their bearing towards one who is achieving success in a secular profession. In any country in the world there would be a difference in reverence, but amongst our people there is much more than that—there is some kind of jealousy in the case of the latter, or rather perhaps a looking upon him as presumptuous in aiming to stand beside "his betters." As a consequence of this we lend no assistance and are apparently indifferent to those who might become able Catholic leaders through success in a profession or business calling.

Another hindrance to organized effort, and consequently to success, is individualism. This species of selfishness—for that is an authorized synonym for the word—often manifests itself in parishes. The congregation is quite proud of what it has accomplished locally, although it may be nothing to boast about; but it is deaf to any outside calls for assistance and is only in a vague way interested in the general welfare of the Church. Its mental and spiritual outlook, too, is narrow and restricted, because there is none of that enlarging of the heart and mind that is the effect of generous effort and sacrifice, and because there is no reflux into a parish that isolates itself of that larger Catholic spirit that is abroad in the world.

A striking antithesis to this individualism has been recently manifested in the little Diocese of Antigonish. Its people are not wealthy, yet the Church in their midst is in a flourishing condition, and in the matter of higher Catholic education they have set a standard for the Dominion. These local activities, far from abating, have but intensified their interest in Catholic works of zeal, as is instanced by the fact that they recently contributed more than four thousand dollars to the Church Extension. That is the spirit that is needed to meet the wants of the present hour.

There is another and extreme form of individualism that reveals itself in the large number of old maids and old bachelors in some rural districts.

Often when a son expresses a desire to marry his parents discourage his aspiration. They have the power to make him choose between remaining single or seeking his livelihood elsewhere; and they use that power in what they consider to be their son's interest. Very often, however, their motive is none other than disguised selfishness.

Not unfrequently the sons are themselves to blame. Either through lack of ambition and a sense of responsibility, or attachment to their present happy-go-lucky mode of existence, they defer the establishment of a home of their own. Apart from the moral dangers incident to such an abnormal state of life, we see the outward effects in the dwindling congregations, the half-empty school rooms and the species of dry rot that manifests itself in some sections. The men who are responsible for this are recreant to their duty, not only to the State but to the Church. They are shirkers and deserving only of the consideration that is due to a shirker.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE DEVOTION of the proceeds of a concert held at Mabou, N. S., to the Father Fraser Chinese Mission Fund, as announced in last week's CATHOLIC RECORD opens up a new field for endeavor in this direction. The handsome sum of \$140 produced by the Mabou effort may well set a mark for other parishes throughout Canada to aspire to, and it would be difficult to name a more inspiring or more deserving object. The Father Fraser Fund has not alone been of inestimable service to the good missionary himself, but it has gone far to arouse the missionary spirit of the Catholics of Canada. Why should not the Nova Scotia idea be taken up in other communities, and the welfare of the Chinese mission, which has already been productive of so rich a harvest of souls, be placed by some such united effort on an assured and permanent foundation?

IN A PARAGRAPH which has been going the rounds of the press, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, author of "A Lost Chord" and other imperishable lyrics, is referred to as the daughter of Richard A. Procter, the noted English astronomer and lecturer. This is curious. Miss Procter was born in 1825, whereas Richard A. Procter did not see the light until 1834. Miss Procter was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, or "Barry Cornwall," as he is known to fame, the contemporary and friend of Charles Lamb, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and most of the literary celebrities of the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth centuries. That being so it is difficult to realize that Procter died at so comparatively recent a date as 1874. He was then in his eighty-eighth year.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER became a Catholic in 1849, when she was in her twenty-fourth year, and in that step was followed some years later by her two younger sisters. It is pleasant to recall that her advent to literature was brought about several years after that event through the instrumentality of Charles Dickens, who is supposed by many to have cherished bitter feelings against Catholics. Be that as it may, he at least did not show it in his dealings with Adelaide Procter. The circumstance of their first acquaintance is thus related by Dickens in his Introduction to the "Complete Poems" of his young contributor and friend.

"IN THE spring of the year 1853," wrote Dickens, "I observed, as conductor of the weekly journal, Household Words, a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London. Through this channel, Miss Berwick was informed that her poem was accepted and was invited to send another. She complied, and became a regular and frequent contributor. Many letters passed between the journal and Miss Berwick, but Miss Berwick herself was never seen."

DICKENS THEN goes on to relate how he made the personal acquaintance of his contributor, who turned

out to be the daughter of his old and dear friend, "Barry Cornwall." Happening to dine with Procter in December of 1854, and mentioning to his host his interesting connection with his anonymous protegee, her real name and personality was revealed. Needless perhaps, to say, the connection was more strongly cemented, and Miss Procter continued to contribute to Household Words up to the time of her death. Dickens professed the greatest friendship and regard for her, which was certainly not lessened by the fact of her adherence to the Catholic Faith. Whether, in spite of that, he was, as some aver, a bigot, is another question, which we propose to discuss in our next issue.

THE NEW BIRTH of amity between Great Britain and Russia, and the community of interests arising out of the War, recall the first efforts made in England over three hundred years ago to establish reciprocal trade relations with the Muscovite Empire. English trade in Russia, says a writer in Kelly's Monthly Trade Review, dates back to the reign of Edward VI, and to the days of the celebrated navigator, Richard Chancellor. In the year 1553, Chancellor, who, having explored the White Sea and discovered Archangel, made his way to Moscow (the then capital of Russia) and obtained an audience with the Tsar, Ivan Vassilievich.

CHANCELLOR was the bearer of a letter to his Imperial Majesty from the English King, the purport of which was that mutual commercial relations might be established between Russia and England. The proposition was favorably received, and in March, 1554, Chancellor returned to England with a letter embodying the Imperial sanction, which was in due course delivered to Queen Mary, Edward VI. having in the interval died. Chancellor himself died in 1556, but in the meantime (February 26, 1555), the Russia Company had been founded under a special charter from Philip and Mary, with the express object of fostering trade with Russia. Branches of this Company were established at Kholmogori and Vologda, and from that time onward quite a colony of English merchants and traders became domiciled in Russia, and opened trading depots in Archangel and elsewhere.

THE COMMERCIAL relationship thus established, flourished and extended, and for over two centuries the Englishman had practically no foreign rival in Russian trade. But just here the traditional insularity and conservatism of the race began to operate to his disadvantage. He seemed content with his past achievements, and ignoring the coming peril arising out of the "peaceful penetration" of the aggressive German, was satisfied to let well enough alone. Failing, then, to adopt himself to the new conditions created by this German invasion, the Englishman gradually lost his hold. British trade in Russia gradually disappeared by a process of elimination, and was supplanted by that of Germany. The extent to which this change has taken place is demonstrated by recently published statistics. "Time," says the writer already quoted, "has now, through the War, brought back to the British nation an unprecedented opportunity to retrieve itself in Russia"—an opportunity in which, it may be added, Canada has every chance to participate.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

That Germany's Submarine Campaign is a very real menace to Great Britain is made evident by the speeches both of Sir Edward Carson, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lloyd George the Prime Minister. To overcome it will require the realization of the hopes placed in the Navy and a grim determination to put up with whatever sacrifices may be necessary until such time as the Navy shall have succeeded.

This passage from the Prime Minister's speech sounds a note different from those who had already contemptuously dismissed the submarine peril as non-existent: Mr. Lloyd George said that for some time there has been a shortage of tonnage required for the general needs of the nation, and even slight shortage in the tonnage for military purposes. The nation should realize absolutely what the conditions were. "If we take drastic measures," he continued, "we can cope with the enormous tangle into which food supply conflicts between the different government departments got them

THE SURMARINE AND THE FARMER

Premier Lloyd George in his statement on the food and shipping problems struck what many may regard as an alarming note when he placed before the British people the two alternatives of making still bigger individual sacrifices or of facing national disaster. In his judgment the situation calls for "the gravest measures." He has no doubt as to ultimate victory if the country willingly accepts as inevitable the drastic steps taken by the Government to overcome the German submarine blockade. These steps impose additional restrictions on non-essential imports, a further reduction in brewing and distilling outputs, the fixing of guaranteed minimum prices for wheat, oats and potatoes, and compulsory agricultural production.

The gravity of the situation is due to two causes—shortage in last year's harvest throughout the world and shortage of mercantile shipping. Under the most favorable circumstances the shortage of food would have been felt in the United Kingdom. Speaking in the House of Commons in January last, Mr. Lloyd George forecasted the present low margin of food reserves when he said: "The main facts are plain. The harvests of the United States and of Canada are failures, and the Argentine promises badly. Russia is unavailable and our own harvest is poor, while only three-eighths of the normal winter sowing has taken place, owing to bad weather." It was under these circumstances the Asquith Government decided to appoint a Food Controller, and that minimum prices for wheat, oats and potatoes were at that time fixed. These prices are now guaranteed to the farmers for all wheat, oats and potatoes raised. The last step has been taken in nationalization of war purposes—the nationalization of the soil. Before the War the English agricultural laborer was paid about two and a half dollars a week. For the period of the War at least he will get a little over six dollars per week. The farm laborers now are largely women, and men unfit for military service.

Against the submarine danger Britain relies upon her navy, her shipbuilders and the sacrifices of her people. Food reserves are low in Great Britain. Preparing secretly for this War Germany did not neglect her basic industry. She increased enormously her agricultural production. One important fact to bear in mind is that 93% of the land of Germany is owned by the cultivator of the soil, as compared with 11% in England and Wales. A hundred-acre farm supports seventy five persons in Germany against fifty in England, and produces considerably more to the acre than the British farm, which is favored by better soil and climate. But for the efficiency of the German farmer the German Empire would have been at the end of its food resources long before the end of the second year of war. This is the opinion of Lord Selborne, former Minister of Agriculture in England.—Globe, Feb. 24.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

"GRAVEST ANXIETY AND PAINFUL SUSPENSE" THE IRISH HORIZON CLOUDED—THE ORATORY OF LLOYD GEORGE

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Century News)

London, Feb. 24.—The week that has just passed may be best described as one of painful suspense of a calm before the storm. There has been that deceptive pause which would ordinarily foretell of an outburst which precedes a devastating thunderstorm. On all the fronts, but more especially where the armies of England, France and Belgium are facing the German forces in the West, there is a feeling in the air, felt by all the belligerents, apparently, that the enemy armies will be in a death grapple any day.

Millions of men are waiting, with an unusual feeling of unrest, for the signal which will send them forth to clutch at the throats of their enemies and yet through it all there is a strong feeling that on this great pending struggle will rest the most decisive result of the War.

Germany is apparently watching with tigerish passion the fight between the German submarine fleets and the merchantmen of the world which are seeking to bring food and supplies to the Entente countries; and along the stage already crowded with Titanic figures, stalks Ireland, demanding the attention of Great Britain's leaders and her own immediate liberation. Thus, though there is outwardly but little excitement in England and beatings of an early peace come only from a discredited group of cranks, inwardly there is a feeling, everywhere, of the gravest anxiety and the most painful suspense.

From this whole crowded state of national affairs, there emerges Lloyd George as the man bearing the chief responsibility. He it was that called the first conference of the sailors of all countries to discuss the submarine situation. He cut through the enormous tangle into which food supply conflicts between the different government departments got them

MARCH 3, 1917

hopelessly involved. Finally he will give the decisive voice on the question of Ireland, on which question he and the nation can as little afford to delay as on that of the submarine blockade.

The Roscommon election, though unique in its conditions, is a symptom of growing unrest throughout all Ireland. In the delay in establishing Home Rule the responsibility is thrown, especially by faction agents and reactionary enemies of Home Rule posing as super patriots, upon the Irish party. Thus their position at the moment is considerably shaken and it may be that Lloyd George's answer to their demands will be the parting of the ways in his own career and the careers of all Irish leaders, for further delay must mean a growing tendency for sullen revolt developing into local disturbance rather than rebellion, and the goals of the old regime, perhaps even scaffolds, will be the answer of the British government.

It is still possible, and I should say comparatively easy for Lloyd George to find the solution which will save himself, Ireland and England as well from such a disastrous conflict, but this action must be prompt, decisive and fearless. In the meantime I give herewith a sketch of this remarkable man's form of oratory.

I have been asked by the editor to write an article on the oratory of Mr. Lloyd George. It is a subject with which I am familiar; and yet I do not know any harder subject to tackle than the oratory of any great speaker. Oratory is a combination of so many various factors; first, of course, the brain of the speaker; then the power and form of expression; then the temperament; and you must add to all these things of less intrinsic importance and yet equally necessary, namely, appearance, voice and gesture. Take away from the oratory of Gladstone the flashing black eyes, the melodious and perfectly tuned voice, the sweeping gesture, and above all, the noble and magnificent face, and you would have taken away a great deal of the effect which his mere words and thoughts conveyed.

So I might go on with other orators; suffice it for the moment to say that when you are trying to realize an orator you must take note of all the factors that go to make him. I will begin in Mr. Lloyd George's case by speaking of factors known better to his friends than to the general public. I put first among these a very keen sense of the dramatic. I have heard him give a description of a meeting as vivid, with character so well hit off, with incident so well told, that you might well imagine that you had been present yourself at the meeting. The second quality, not well known to the public, is a very remarkable power of mimicry. He can repeat not only the language of a speaker, but very often he can give you the voice, the accent, the gesture even.

Of course he is at his best with a Welsh speaker, but I have heard him imitate and reproduce personalities and accents far removed from his own. Thirdly, he has a marvellous memory, and memory is one of the great aids to oratory. If you have told Lloyd George a story once, you must never repeat it to him: he interrupts you before you have spoken a sentence, and repeats the whole story to you again. He can astound sometimes his secretaries by referring to some passages in a speech or incident in history by proving that he has recollected what they all had forgotten. I don't know that he is very good at dates, but he is extraordinary about faces and personalities. Somehow or other his quick eye, quick apprehension of character, dramatic sense seem to enable him to observe, and then to remember the features, the language and dimly to realize the character of everybody with whom he comes in contact—often even when they are in a big crowd. A trick of voice, a manner of speech, a prominent feature of an individual stamp itself on that photographic brain, so that often you get the idea of a whole character when the mimetic and humorous observer reproduces it.

One more of the qualifications of the orator I must mention, for it is one of the essentials, namely, the voice. This is one of Mr. Lloyd George's most powerful instruments in influencing audiences. It has the softness of the typical Celt, but it has also the deep thunderous note that can menace and even cow. These deeper notes are so natural to Mr. Lloyd George that often you hear them even in private conversation. Simple, unaffected, easy going in private life, even pleasantly discursive and interested in the small personal as well as the big public things of life, Mr. Lloyd George nevertheless becomes dramatic and even rhetorical, often quite unexpectedly. I breakfasted with him once during a critical moment since the opening of the War when the question under discussion was the supply of ammunition. I need not go into the now well known ghastly story; but suffice it to say that Mr. Lloyd George suddenly burst into Mr. Churchill's, in some respects his finer passages, resemble Lord Morley's great moments more than those of any other contemporary orator. But before he gets to one of these wonderful outbursts Mr. Lloyd George labours often very heavily. It is part of a nature, which though daring, yet has all the ups and downs of a nervous temperament, that Mr. Lloyd George rarely begins well, except when he is forced to utter brief impromptu. He himself has often said to me—equally applicable to his oratory and to his golf—"I'm a

emergency if it had not been that the even and easy flow of ordinary converse had not been interrupted by this sudden and devastating outburst of vehement speech vehemently delivered.

The next characteristic which lies behind the oratory of Mr. Lloyd George is his keen sense of the beauty and the value of words, and I should add the melody of words. This is perhaps due in part to that love and talent for music which is so common among Welshmen. With Mr. Lloyd George Welsh music extends from the organ recital to the Welsh or the Scotch ballad, down to even a silly but humorous music-hall song. He rushes with eagerness—even across country and in busy times—to hear a Welsh sermon; he said to me that he preferred listening to a good sermon even to going to a good play, and the volume of Welsh sermons, and often he will spend half an afternoon in repeating to you passages from Welsh sermons—especially passages full of that striking imagery which is akin to the Celtic temperament and so often colours his own perorations. I remember the emphasis and enjoyment with which I have heard him repeat such a passage as this—the Welsh preacher was talking of the greed and shortsightedness of the avaricious rich, "while," he said, "the sun is drying the wood for their coffins." As pronounced by Mr. Lloyd George the words had something of the dreadful ring of the apocalypse.

Then comes another of the secrets of Mr. Lloyd George's effectiveness. That is his intense power and irresistible tendency to seek the generalization in the individual and the concrete. I am told by his countrymen that as he and they wander about the neighborhood of his Welsh home, Mr. Lloyd George will point to this cottage and then to that, and will tell not merely the name but the domestic conditions of each of the inhabitants; and the poorer they are, the more difficult their circumstances, the more intimately he knows their story, and the more he feels about them. It was thus he used to speak when he was carrying through his Insurance Act. It was not to him a collection of statistical tables and bloodless figures; behind these things stood the shadows of the individual poor he had known, and the ghosts of hunger, sickness and unemployment which in turn torment and tend to individualize that accounts at once for the wrath and the admiration which some of his best known speeches have produced. When he started his Land Campaign he illustrated most of his points by individual reference; the wrath and the admiration equalled each other; and in that way were equal proof of the directness and power of the oratorical appeal. I give one instance—I don't choose it willingly because it recalls one of those violent moments of domestic conflict which we all want to forget; it occurred at a stage of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. That measure was pursuing its listless way through the House of Commons, nobody very much interested in it outside the Welsh members; when Mr. Lloyd George intervened, and dealing with the charge of confiscation and sacrilege, spoke of the great families which had been given by Henry VIII, the Abbey lands, and suiting the action to the word of Mr. Lloyd George spoke of their descendants in the House of Commons at that moment as having their hands "dripping with the fat of sacrilege." It is difficult to describe the tumult of the words produced in the House; but what is more important, it was that sentence which for the first time brought behind the Welsh Bill some passionate excitement among the British masses. It was the dramatization of the general principle which reached the popular mind.

If you peruse his speeches with this clue, you will find the explanation of their extraordinary appeal to the masses. It is also the explanation of another fact little known as yet even to Mr. Lloyd George's countrymen; and that is the extraordinary popularity of his speeches in other countries. No orator of his time has been so often translated, so abundantly read by Continental countries. Their appeals to the conditions of the "under dog" have made some of his speeches handbooks to the democrats of many other nations beside his own. Every continental paper has looked eagerly for a speech of his and produced them often in full in their columns. This is one of the many reasons why his name is so much better than that of any other British speaker of his times.

And now for the defects. He is often a jagged and ragged speaker. Until he gets to his particular moment of inspiration he is apparently quite formless and careless of form. There is in his oratory none of the chiselled and perfect symmetry of Mr. Asquith's classic speech; there is none of the even literary elegance of the speeches of Mr. Winston Churchill; in some respects his finer passages, resemble Lord Morley's great moments more than those of any other contemporary orator. But before he gets to one of these wonderful outbursts Mr. Lloyd George labours often very heavily. It is part of a nature, which though daring, yet has all the ups and downs of a nervous temperament, that Mr. Lloyd George rarely begins well, except when he is forced to utter brief impromptu. He himself has often said to me—equally applicable to his oratory and to his golf—"I'm a

bad starter." Sometimes his style is loosely conversational almost to an exasperating degree. I have heard him begin a dozen sentences in succession with "well now." And he is never really good at exposition. He gathers fire and strength only as he goes along, and as a rule the endings of his speech are ever so much better than the beginnings. He prepares more than people think; though in the fierce hurry of his life he often has to speak with very little preparation; and often he is then at his best. In the midst of these ragged sentences he gradually bursts out into one of those passages which become household words the very next day and will never be forgotten. I warned my readers that it is difficult to analyze the qualities of an orator—especially for those to whom his bodily presence is not familiar, and I feel rather as if I had been an anatomical lecturer trying to build up from a skeleton the idea of the living being of flesh and blood. Perhaps I may correct that impression by substituting for my own language that of my subject. Here is a passage which I think is Mr. Lloyd George at his best and also in his most characteristic mood; it is from the speech on the War and its issues which he delivered on Sept. 19, 1914.

"We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things that matter for a nation, the great peaks we had forgotten—of Honour, Duty, Patriotism, and clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again; but as long as the men and women of this generation last, they will carry in their hearts the image of those mighty peaks whose foundations are not shaken, though Europe rock and shewn in the convulsions of a great War."

THE NUNS

WINTER IN A FLEMISH BARN
London, (Eng.) Times
A barn stands in a field, a few yards back from the chaussee which leads to the trenches. Flemish barns are small, thin-roofed structures, usually thatched with the winter straw, howl dolefully. The ground floor usually accommodates the pigs, which no peasant, however poor, is without, the poultry, and the garners of the field—potatoes, beans, onions, and cabbage. The loft contains the fodder which keeps the cow through the winter.

This particular barn at one time contained similar farm-stock. On grey winter mornings, when the fog clung to the trees and spread over the stunted shrubberies, the peasant wife would stand inside its open door threshing the beans with a great unwieldy flail. In the sty, hard by, the pigs grunted. Before the door the fowls gossiped. In the summer the scene was much the same, except for the absence of the greyness and fog and the increased size of the pigs and fowls. A monotonous contentment held the place until one day, when the sun blazed down on the plains and the barges on the canal basked in the heat, word came to the peasant wife that all was not well with her country.

That was the beginning of the change. The barn was desolate during the early autumn months after that August day. The peasant wife was safe in France when the new occupants arrived hurriedly and settled in the cottage. And soon all the cottages round about were filled, and still new occupants arrived. One night, when the fields lay brown beneath the harvest moon, a dozen homeless stragglers stopped before the door, where the peasant wife used to lead her beans. Their journey had been long and tortuous. Through clumps of forest, over ploughed fields, across streams, and past solemn rows of barges which everywhere dot the canals in Flanders, came this strange human procession, their eyes wide in wonderment at the sights which met them. They walked with difficulty, for their long black skirts trailed heavily in the sodden fields. One of them had seen eighty-three winters. She could not walk, and had not walked for many months. Her journey was made in a wheelbarrow, which the others in turn trundled.

This was part of a colony of nuns who about near Bruges had to be abandoned when the enemy marched into Belgium. Their first glimpse of the world outside their sacred walls was when their own countrymen were brought to Bruges wounded. They were obliged to pass by the convent, and many received their first dressings from the hands of the black-robed sisters. Others, too, on their way to battle, stopped at the gate to receive refreshment. Some four or five hundred came every day, or weeks, and were looked after by the nineteen nuns—for, although prosperous, the colony was small.

THE FLIGHT

The nineteen left their home together the night they started out to find a new lodging in the part of the country where the enemy had not yet penetrated. Seven became separated, and wandered aimlessly about the fields. They never reached the small corner which has been kept free from the German heel, and

are now somewhere within the area from which no news comes.

These were the 12 refugees who passed before the barndoor. They occupied the barn for many weary months. For a bed, they had the bare loft, with a thin layer of straw; for a coverlet, a strip of carpet from their chapel. The Government allowed each 30 centimes a day for the purchase of such food as could be purchased. It was mainly potatoes. Their neighbours were mostly refugees like themselves, and could give them but little help. But they managed to exist through the first winter months, even the old Marie, who was carried to the wheelbarrow. These months brought more unaccustomed sights to their eyes. For that part in Flanders, though not actually invaded, was within range of the enemy's guns and within the airman's radius. The barn escaped both bombs and shells, though the fields round about were ploughed with them. In the spring the nuns were discovered by an Englishwoman who motored up and soon afterwards established a depot a stone's throw away.

In the big subterranean living room of their new home the nuns told me of their experiences. They were very comfortable there, having been installed in an old chateau which had survived other wars. In one of the great rooms upstairs was a bed which is held, if not in reverence, at least in awe by the peasants all round, for the fearful Duke of Alva, when on one of his visits to the town, had slept in it. The nuns are still there, and still hear the booming of cannon, the whistle of shells, and the hideous noise of bombs. But although old Marie still shudders when the tocsin from the belfry warns that aircraft is on the wing, she does not know the fear she felt when she lay in the barn loft. She has plenty of food and a warm bed, and never ceases giving thanks to the Blessed Virgin for her deliverance from the hand of the enemy.

BISHOP DE LA MORA TELLS OF ARREST

San Antonio, Feb. 9, 1917.—Bishop de la Mora has just arrived in San Antonio, where he received a hearty and joyous welcome from numerous friends of the clergy and laity whose friendship and high esteem he has won during his former sojourn in the city. The following account of his arrest, imprisonment and subsequent exile has been supplied, in substance, by the Bishop himself:

Some six months ago Bishop de la Mora had been driven into exile by the threats of the Carrancistas and had made his temporary home in San Antonio, determined to risk his liberty and even his life by visiting his diocese where, as he was reliably informed, his presence was greatly needed by his suffering flock, deprived, as many of them were, of the consolations of religion. Arrived at Zacatecas, he went quietly about the performance of his episcopal duties, preaching the Divine Word and administering the sacrament of confirmation to innumerable children. During his preaching and other ministrations, however, he was careful to avoid saying anything that might even wound the feelings of the Carrancistas or afford the government the slightest pretext for interfering with him or his work. On the contrary he sought, as far as possible, to inspire confidence in the honesty of his intentions, so that he might be allowed to carry on his spiritual labors without hindrance.

While thus engaged in the peaceful exercises of the ministry, Bishop de la Mora was arrested on January 4th in the town of Monte Escobedo. The report that reached this country stated that the town had been captured by the Carrancistas after a battle with Villista troops, and gave the impression that the Bishop had been consenting with and lending aid to the Villistas, hence his arrest. This story is entirely false; there was no battle, no capture, the town was quite peaceful and the Bishop was there in the ordinary course of his duty, the place being within his diocese. The pretext alleged for his arrest was that the Bishop had refused to pay that heavy "loan" that had been imposed upon him by representatives of a de facto government.

On the day of his arrest Bishop de la Mora was conducted by an armed guard of soldiers to Mesquite, where he was imprisoned in a half ruined room without door or pavement. Three days afterwards he was taken back to Monte Escobedo, and then to Colatlan where he was first immured in an unclean room of a barrack; afterwards upon the urgent solicitation of the Catholic people he was removed to a room somewhat better furnished at military headquarters. After eight days of confinement there, the Bishop was placed between files of soldiers and, with all the precautions usually taken to guard a dangerous criminal, was conveyed to the city of Zacatecas. After a painful journey of four days the Bishop entered his See city at noon on the 17th of January, surrounded by four hundred soldiers and with four armed guards on either side of him. General de Santiago, with his staff and other public officials, marched at the head of the procession, which transported him to his quarters. An immense crowd of Catholics accompanied and followed their chief pastor through the streets, filling the air with loud protests and lamentations, but making no hostile movement for fear of endangering the life of the Bishop. It was an

indescribable scene, a day of mourning and desolation among the good Catholics of Zacatecas.

For three days more the Bishop was confined strictly "incommunicado,"—that is, without being permitted any communication with the outside world. On Saturday, Jan. 20th, he was brought before the Governor of Zacatecas who, after talking with the prelate, freely admitted that he was charged with no particular political offense, but declared that the mission of a Catholic Bishop, who was bound in the course of his duty to oppose divorce laws, laical (that is, infidel) teaching in the schools, etc., is directly opposed to the policy of the de facto government; that full liberty of speech cannot be permitted during the period of reconstruction, and for these reasons Bishop de la Mora must depart into exile.

The Bishop was then released, the Governor demanding of him no other guarantee than that he would leave the country than his own word of honor and his promise to send a message to the Governor on his arrival at Laredo, Texas.

From the time when the news of the Bishop's arrest was spread abroad, up to the day of his release, many Catholic gentlemen of Mexico City, Zacatecas, Aguascalientes, Guadalupe, Queretaro and San Luis Potosi, as well as innumerable women, used all their influence to prevent the threatened execution of the Bishop, and finally secured a promise from the de facto government that his life would be spared. The people of his diocese of Zacatecas and countless others in the Mexican Republic and the United States constantly offered prayers in his behalf. To all these influences, and to the powerful intercession of the American Government in response to the numerous earnest appeals of clergy and people, the Bishop ascribes the preservation of his life and the restoration of his liberty.—New World.

CELTIC MONUMENT

ERECTED TO THE LATE VERY REV. DEAN ROCHE

The Daily News (St. John's, Nfld.)
On Wednesday last, Feb. 7th, one more tribute of respect and filial devotedness was paid to the memory of the late Very Rev. Dean Roche, deeply regretted and much beloved Pastor of Witless Bay, when a beautiful Celtic monument was placed over his remains. In the order of things, this is the last mark of affection placed over the grave of a departed friend. In this case, though last in order, it is by no means so in the fitness of things. It is right that a monument—this outward symbol of devotedness—and one after his own heart, should mark the earthly remains of one who worked so unflinchingly, and so disinterestedly in the interests of his people. Yet this is only a passing testimony, because it is well known that he has already erected a monument imperishable—one which shall never succumb to decay—in the hearts of his people.

The monument was selected by Rev. C. A. McCarthy, P. P. Tor's Cove—the Dean's friend, who was his curate for twelve years. The inscription and finishing touches were put on it by John T. Kelly, Muir's Monumental Works, who imported it. There were present at its erection Rev. Father McCarthy, P. P. Tor's Cove; John T. Kelly, Sculptor, and a host of friends. At Father McCarthy's request, willing hands came and ably assisted Mr. Kelly in the work of erection. The monument is of Irish granite, 9 feet 6 inches high, beautifully executed and suitably inscribed. It is of ancient Celtic design. The front of the cross is enhanced by the inclusion of ornamental work, known as "Irish interlacing." The monument is an exquisite work of art and reflects the highest credit on those whose work it is.

The inscription is as follows:
FRONT
"In loving memory of Very Rev. Nicholas Roche, Parish Priest of Witless Bay, and Dean of the archdiocese of St. John's, who died June 14th, 1916, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and forty-ninth of his sacred ministry."

RIGHT SIDE
"He was born in Livinstown, Parish of Balthangan, County Wexford, Ireland; was educated at St. Patrick's College, Carlow, and St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's; was ordained on December 8th, 1867, and came to Witless Bay immediately after his ordination."

LEFT SIDE
"He was the last priest ordained by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Mullock, and lived under four bishops. He was a zealous pastor; a wise counsellor; a kind father; a faithful friend; and a great lover of his people."
The Venerable Dean now lies side by side with Dean Cleary, his illustrious predecessor, and Father Michael O'Driscoll, his faithful and zealous co-worker—all three life-long friends. United in life they no less fitfully sleep together in death. May they rest in peace.

Home and heaven—priceless gifts of a God Who strangely loves us—to the Christian, are not the words synonymous? It's given to us to speak only in crude, anthropomorphic fashion; we measure, in word and in thought, the infinitudes of worlds beyond according to human standards, grotesque, even unto absurdity, in the light that is to be. And thus, heaven is home.

WILL MY SOUL PASS THROUGH IRELAND

(Published by request of a dear and esteemed friend)
"O Soggarth Aroon! sure I know life is fleeting;
Soon, soon, in the strange earth my poor bones will lie;
I have said my last prayer, and received my last blessing,
And if the Lord's willing I'm ready to die.
But, Soggarth Aroon, can I never again see
The valleys and hills of my dear native land?
When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of sorrow,
Will it pass through old Ireland to join the blest band?"

"O Soggarth Aroon, sure I know that in heaven
The loved ones are waiting and watching for me,
And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them,
In those realms of joy, 'mid souls pure and free;
Yes, Soggarth, I pray, ere you leave me forever,
Relieve the last doubt of a poor dying soul,
Whose hope, next to God, is to know that when leaving
'Twill pass through old Ireland on the way to its goal."

"O Soggarth Aroon, I have kept through all changes
The thrice-blessed shamrock to lay on my clay;
And, oh! it has minded me often and often,
Of that bright smiling valley, so far, far away.
Then tell me, I pray you, will I never again see
The place where it grew on my own native sod?
When my body lies cold in the land of the stranger,
Will my soul pass through Erin on its way to our God?"

"Arrah! bless you, my child! sure I thought it was heaven
Your wanted to go to the moment you died;
And such is the place on the ticket I'm giving,
But a coupon to Ireland I'll stick to its side;
Your soul shall be free as the wind o'er the prairies,
And I'll land you at Cork, on the banks of the Lee,
And two little angels I'll give you, like fairies,
To guide you all right over mountains and lea."

"Arrah, Soggarth Aroon! can't you do any better?
I know that my feelings may peril your grace;
But, if you allowed me a voice in the matter,
I won't make a landing at any such place.
The spot that I long for is sweet County Derry;
Among its fair people I was born and bred;
That Corkies I never much fancied while living,
And I don't want to visit them after I'm dead."

"Let me fly to the hills, where my soul can make merry
In the North, where the shamrock more plentiful grows;
In Counties of Cavan, Fermanagh and Derry
I'll linger till called to a better repose.
And the angels you give me will find it inviting
To visit the shrines in the Island of saints;
If they bring from St. Patrick a small bit of writing,
They'll never have reason for any complaints."

"A soul, my dear child, that has pinions upon it
Need not be confined to a province so small;
Through Ulster and Munster and Leinster and Connaught,
In less than a jiffy you're over it all.
Then visit sweet Cork where your Soggarth was born;
No doubt many new things have come into vogue—
But one thing you'll find—that both night, noon and morn,
As for centuries back, there's no change in the brogue."

"Good Mother, assist me in this, my last hour;
And Soggarth Aroon, lay your hand on my head.
Sure, you're Soggarth for all, and for all you have power,
And I take it for penance for what I have said.
And now, since you tell me through Ireland I'm passing,
And finding the place so remarkably small,
I'll never let on to the angels while crossing,
That we know a distinction in counties at all."

CHICAGO IN A BAD LIGHT

Chicago's fairminded and grateful citizens must feel ashamed of the attitude of the bigots on the Board of Education of that city who refused to name a new school after Dr. John B. Murphy. The city was deeply in the doctor's debt for services that he rendered as a citizen and as a surgeon of great ability. When his skill was needed he never asked what belief the patient professed, nor was he concerned about a fee. Dr. Clemensen, a non-Catholic, in an address to the Board, told the members what he thought of their conduct:

"Protestants and Catholics were united in paying tribute to the skill and ability of Dr. Murphy, as a surgeon and scientist," he said. "I did not think anybody could be so petty and small as to protest against giving his name to that of a Chicago school."
"This is not a question of religion. It is a question of whether John B. Murphy was a great scientist, surgeon and humanitarian. I know from personal experience that he was a great surgeon, that he was recognized as such the world over."
"Only small-minded people would find fault with the plan to name a school after Dr. Murphy in this community where he had spent his life. When I was abroad I found Protestants and Catholics united in their love and admiration for this surgeon and I believe this community should be equally broadminded."
"The New World tells us that seven of the great dailies suppressed the doctor's speech.—Sacred Heart Review."

A FRIENDLY SETTLEMENT

Good sense and good humor go a long way in settling a vexed question. A case in point is related in the biography of Booker T. Washington, just published. We quote:
An old negro was accompanying Dr. Washington on one of his Southern educational tours. At a certain city they were obliged to wait several hours between trains, so this old man took advantage of the opportunity to stroll about and see the sights of the place. After a while he pulled out his watch and found he had barely time to get back to the station before the train was due to leave. Accordingly, he rushed to a back-stand and called out to the first driver he came to, who happened to be a white man:
"Hurry up an' take me to the station! I's gotta get the 4:34 train!" To which the white back-driver replied, "I ain't never drove a nigger in my hick yit, an' I ain't goin' ter begin now. You can git a nigger driver ter take ye down!" To this the old colored man replied with perfect good nature: "All right, my friend, we wo't have no misunderstanding or trouble; I'll tell you how we'll settle it: you jest hop in on der back seat an' do der ridin' and I'll set in front and do der drivin'." In this way they reached the station amicably.—Sacred Heart Review.

The world never neglects the man who can do things—and does them.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916
Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.
Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary,
J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged. \$9,668 20
Miss N. Sinnott, Port aux Basques..... 2 00
Mrs. M. Green, Pt. Verde "Gaston River" Pla..... 50
Mrs. H. Glendon, Windsor M. A. M., Charlottetown..... 2 00
Agnes, King, Ont..... 1 00
Walter Casey, Holmesville A Friend, Cheseterville..... 2 00
Rev. A. J. Leves, Hamilton Subscriber, Gull Lake..... 2 00
J. A. Chisholm, Anacosta A Friend, Paris..... 2 00
For a friend in Shorn-cliffe Camp..... 5 00
E. McCormac, Ottawa..... 1 00
T. J. Morrison, Durham..... 2 75
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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. N. M. EDMOND SECOND SUNDAY OF LENT

THE SOUL IN HEAVEN

"And His face did shine as the sun, and His garments became white as snow." (Matt. xvii. 2)

The three disciples that accompanied our Lord to Thabor were in transports and raptures of joy when they beheld Him thus gloriously transfigured.

How are we to gain this eternal joy? The Church now, in the opening weeks of the Lenten season, holds up to our view the reward promised for our labor in God's cause here below.

Archbishop George W. Mundelein, D. D., has announced his intention to exact a five-year pledge of total abstinence from every priest whom he ordains.

Archbishop Mundelein described the manner in which he induced a club of young men under his care in New York to give up all drinking except light beer.

its riches, beauty, power and majesty, the presence, and society of the Queen of Heaven robed in all her celestial beauty, the tens of thousands of sublime spirits, the angels, and the glorious array of all the saints both of the old and the new law.

How are we to gain this eternal joy? The Church now, in the opening weeks of the Lenten season, holds up to our view the reward promised for our labor in God's cause here below.

TEMPERANCE

A FIVE-YEAR PLEDGE

Archbishop George W. Mundelein, D. D., has announced his intention to exact a five-year pledge of total abstinence from every priest whom he ordains.

"I would be untrue to my position and my convictions if I did not take a stand in favor of total abstinence. Not only in my attitude toward the newly ordained priests but in other ways I have taken measures to promote the cause of temperance.

Archbishop Mundelein described the manner in which he induced a club of young men under his care in New York to give up all drinking except light beer.

CATHOLICS IN WAR

SPIRIT OF CATHOLICS AT FRONT IS FAR DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF THE VARIOUS SECTS

Here is testimony from a letter written by a British officer in Flanders to his sister, a lady now residing in Piedmont, Cal.:

"Contrast this with what I am now going to tell you. Of late I have been shooting over an Irish regiment who (an ancient privilege) have their own chaplain. Father Doyle is his name, an English Jesuit, and in the two or three nights that we have spent together, I have howled with the most completely perfervent affairs that I have ever seen in my life.

ments, and that, in times of straining, this intrepid priest goes straight to the front lines and absolves the wounded and the dying, and you have a picture of what the Church can mean to men of faith in the midst of sudden death.

FATHER DEMPSEY'S TEN YEARS WORK

Father Dempsey's hotel in St. Louis has its tenth birthday during the holidays. The reverend manager modestly gave out the record of the institution that long ago began to be the marvel of the west.

AN APPRECIATION OF ANOTHER'S FAITH

DR. GILBERT REID HAS MUCH TO SAY THAT WILL GRATIFY CATHOLICS AND SURPRISE NON-CATHOLICS

The reunion of Christendom may still be far distant; but, to all who observe the signs of the time, there are some indications that this blessed consummation is now more general.

EX-PRIEST DID NOT MAKE GOOD

Exploiting ex-priests was once a popular business among non-Catholic sects. They were supposed to come laden with inside information; they were paraded as brands snatched from the burning; they were exhibited as valuable acquisitions no matter what their character or antecedents.

"Wonderful organization" Another notable passage for which we must make room occurs in the author's description of the Church's "wonderful organization."

Holy Father, the system works out in perfect symmetry and gradation, far surpassing the power and orderliness of the Roman Empire in days of the Caesars—down through the Papal Court, the Cardinals, the Archbishops, Bishops and priests, to every humble member of the Church, whatever his color, class or nationality, going to the same Mass.

This from the pen of a Presbyterian minister! Although, as Dr. Reid declares, "fairness united with friendliness, are difficult to attain in discussions of religion," he is to be congratulated on an admirably able and unmistakably sincere endeavor to give his readers a clearer understanding of the religion of Catholics.—Catholic Transcript.

WHEN CONVERTS MULTIPLY

WAVES OF BIGOTRY BRING MANY RECRUITS INTO THE FOLD

One is apt to wonder if the Christian religion would have so quickly overrun the world, notwithstanding the conditions which seemed to have prepared the way for it, if it had not met the opposition and persecution which lasted for three centuries.

WHY AN ANGLICAN MAKES THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

"In 'The Living Church,' an Episcopalian magazine, the Reverend William Mockeridge tells why he makes the sign of the Cross:

EX-PRIEST DID NOT MAKE GOOD

Exploiting ex-priests was once a popular business among non-Catholic sects. They were supposed to come laden with inside information; they were paraded as brands snatched from the burning; they were exhibited as valuable acquisitions no matter what their character or antecedents.

When the first Sunday of Advent, December 3, 1869, arrived, the cream of Protestant Dublin came to hear Father Brennan's reason for leaving the Church of Rome.

The congregation looked on amazed thinking he was about to scoff at the holy sign and the holy words he had used. The priest raised aloft the

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Bible he held in his hand, saying: "The Bible is the word of God."

Then he turned around, left the pulpit and, hastening to the Church of the Franciscans, humbly and penitently asked for reconciliation at their hands.

When he returned, he was admitted to the order, but was not allowed to preach or hear confessions. However, he used his talents well, for he devoted himself to the study of history and produced an "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland," which keeps his memory green among those who love to read of the sad but glorious story of the Church in Ireland.—The Tablet.

WHY AN ANGLICAN MAKES THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

"In 'The Living Church,' an Episcopalian magazine, the Reverend William Mockeridge tells why he makes the sign of the Cross:

I answer, that the first official act of the Church when, after my baptism I had entered her fold, was to make upon my forehead the sign of the cross; and, as I am continually reminded to look back upon my baptism, its privileges and responsibilities, I cannot but think that the Church meant me to go on with the practice she there taught me.

I make it when I begin my prayers, as a recognition that all prayer gains its efficacy through the Crucifixion.

I make it at the benediction, because from those dear Hands, outstretched upon the Cross, all blessings came.

I make it at the words "Life Everlasting" in the Creed, because I desire to profess my belief that by the Cross Life Everlasting was won, and that it is only by bearing the Cross that I enter into Life Everlasting.

I cannot think it is wrong or unnecessary, since as far back as the days of Tertullian I find it was the universal practice of all Christians.

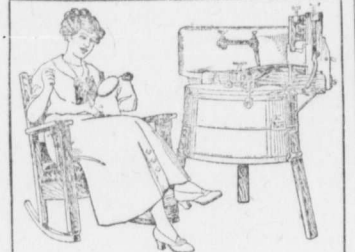
Tertullian was born about one hundred and twenty years after the crucifixion of our Lord. His words about the sign of the Cross are these: "At every moving from place to place; at every coming in and going out; in dressing; when we light the

lamps; when we sit at table; in going to rest; in all the ordinary actions of daily life, we trace upon ourselves the sign of the Cross."

The Church is the visible as well as the invisible Kingdom of God on earth. The visible external Church is the society of all the faithful in communion with the Holy See. This may be called the body of the Church. The soul of the Church, the invisible, spiritual Church, comprises all the "children of God" and includes not only all practical Catholics, but also all those who sincerely and lovingly seek to please God as best they know, even if, through no fault of their own, they may be outside of the body of the Church.

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To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him; is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing.

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First Announcement

We have in preparation a new book under the suggestive title:

"The Facts About Luther"

This will be ready for the market about October 1st, 1916. It is written by the Rt. Rev. Mons. P. F. O'Hare, LL. D., who is well known as a writer and lecturer on Lutheranism.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q.

CONTENTS

- 1. Luther, his friends and opponents. 2. Luther before his defection. 3. Luther and indulgences. 4. Luther and Justification. 5. Luther on the Church and the Pope. 6. Luther and the Bible. 7. Luther a fomenter of rebellion. 8. Luther, Free-will & Liberty of Conscience. 9. Luther as a Religious Reformer.

Order Now. 25c. Postpaid. The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHEN CAN A MAN DO HIS BEST?

The twentieth century has been proclaimed as the age of the young man. Certainly it has become an era of opportunity for him.

What is true of the headship of 6,000,000 people is true also in most of the other spheres of human activity.

On the whole, the clear-eyed youngster of thirty-odd has borne his responsibilities well.

But now comes Professor Bishop, of Fordham, with a message of hope for the older men—for those of forty or more years.

How wonderfully beautiful life would become if all our service were willing service; if we were not haunted by the depressing thought that there was always something just before us waiting to be done.

The very struggle we are making against the inevitable daily round of both necessary and unnecessary tasks weakens us.

The secret of much of our depression, our struggle with fate, as we sometimes call it, lies more often in our physical than in our spiritual condition at the first.

A few weeks after his last adventure he was roaming about in the Central Park waiting for a comrade of his, when he heard voices, and advancing noiselessly, spied out four boys hiding behind some bushes and evidently planning out something together—something wicked, of course.

There are briars besetting every path, but in it the tangled roses may bloom and will if we look for them.

darkened, nor the stars hidden by night. And then, if never before, will we come to know the joy of "serving" Him with gladness.—Catholic Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"MEDDLESOME MATT"

By H. E. Delamare

A little boy with a very sulky face was bemoaning, perhaps for the hundred thousandth time in his short life, the fact that his mother should have had a special devotion to St. Matthew and named him after that great apostle.

He wasn't meddlesome, he wasn't uncharitable, Matthew kept saying to himself, he only just wanted to help people or to prevent their doing wrong.

And hanging the door behind him, the little boy wandered out for a stroll, anxious to get away from his unappreciative family.

"Poor little thing. What a shame it is that they won't attend to you," cried Matthew, pityingly.

"Don't let him out! Don't let him out!" He's just been washed and will get all dirty!"

"No! No! Don't run after him, that will only make things worse," cried Matthew, crying the maid.

"But Mat, he's just racing after the little dog, who, overjoyed at what he evidently considered a good game of tag, tore hither and thither, up one street and down another, whisking 'round corners or crossing the most crowded thoroughfares, cleverly dodging cars and automobiles, and barking with delight, while all the while pursued by the panting, perspiring Mat.

Over and over again, expecting to see either dog or child, or both, run over and crushed to death; and at last, in a very muddy street, which had just been heavily sprinkled, a bicycle did just catch Matthew as he was stooping to pick up the dog and sent them both rolling over in the mud, only escaping by just a few feet the heavy wheels of an electric car.

Man returned home very crestfallen, earnestly hoping his family wouldn't hear of the adventure, but, of course, they did, and once more he was teased and reproved.

"That's true. Then, if we get there by a quarter past, we're sure not to meet him, for he's a most punctual fellow," put in another.

"Suppose he's shut and bolted it?" suggested the first speaker.

"That's no odds! There's no window I couldn't break into," answered another boastfully.

different directions, while Mat, in his turn, hid behind the densest bushes, his heart beating wildly with excitement. He wished he could have seen the boys' faces, to be able to describe them, but he had been too much afraid of being detected to get within sight of them.

Now it so happened that of late Matthew had made friends with a stout, good-natured, but rather stolid and dense policeman, who had confided to him that he and his pals had vainly been trying to catch a gang of boy burglars who had been breaking into many stores and residences of late.

"Four lads, of fifteen or sixteen!" that just answered to the description of these boys Mat had overheard, and, wild with excitement, he hurried home and watched eagerly for the arrival of his friendly policeman, who always passed that way about 4 o'clock.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed, "we've got them this time sure enough, and you're a real sharp youngster to have managed to hear all this without their knowing it. Maybe you'll get a reward, for every one is eager to have the young scamps arrested."

So Matthew hurried indoors, his heart beating with exultation. Now, at last, he was going to be vindicated; now all his tormentors would see that he was not simply meddlesome and suspicious, but that his sharp eyes and ears and cleverness at detecting things were of some good after all.

It was getting dusk, but not dark enough not to distinguish what people were doing, when one by one the four boys assembled at the back of the house, each carrying strange looking parcels which they deposited against the wall, while the one who had boasted that he could break it in to any window, cleverly bolted it by slipping his knife between the sash and pushed it open noiselessly.

"But we're doing no harm! We're only going to give a chum of ours a surprise party for his birthday," claimed one of the boys, who, to his horror, Matthew recognized to be the eldest of his own brothers.

"Party, indeed, we know all about that," sneered one of the detectives. "One doesn't go to parties by breaking through the back of the house. You come to the police-court, you young scamps, and you can give an account of yourselves there."

And violently protesting, the four boys were marched through the town surrounded by a whole troop of triumphant policemen carrying the parcels, which were expected to be conclusive evidence of their guilt.

And then he recalls that the English Government had appointed a meatless day each week, back in 1559, when the Book of Common Prayer provided a list of days of fastings or abstinence, including "all the Fridays in the year," except when Christmas Day fell on Friday.

Religious feeling stirred by great war

Herbert G. Wells, the English writer, has not had much to do with religion, but what does he write now? Let me quote a little: "Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God, and been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end. He may have his friendships, his partial loyalties, his scraps of honor. But all these things fall into place, and life falls into place only with God. Only with God. God Who fights through men against blind force and might and non-existence—Who is the end, Who is the meaning."

For a year or two the boy did not even come home for the holidays, and when he did so, he was so changed and had grown into such a tall, manly, noble-hearted fellow that his parents' hearts were full of thankfulness, and they were in no way astonished when he soon afterwards asked permission to go to the seminary and study for the priesthood.

Father Matthew Upton became a zealous pastor and distinguished preacher, specially noted for his untiring charity and love of his fellow men. When giving instructions to children he always insisted particularly on the necessity of kind thoughts and kind interpretations of our neighbors' actions, and to illustrate his subject he often told with a laugh of the adventures of his boyhood, when, as "Meddlesome Matt," he had gotten into so much trouble through his tendency to rashly judge the conduct of others.—Young Catholic Messenger.

ABSTINENCE

ENFORCED BY CIVIL LAW

In the interests of economy the English Government has imposed abstinence from flesh-meat, once a week. Reflecting on some of the difficulties created by this edict, a writer in the London Tablet remarks:

"To Catholics it is strange to see how often a complete turn of the wheel brings the children of those people who so violently objected to their fathers reformed away. One day, for instance, was denounced by the first Protestants as an abomination of Popery. . . . So too with this meatless day. Imposed by the authority of the Church as a weekly self-denial, on the day our Lord died, that too went as Popish superstition, when the first Protestants went picking and choosing in the old religion. And now, with no religious idea, but from motives of practical economy in our crisis, a meatless day comes back under the authority of the State."

The Tablet approves the idea, indeed it rejoices to see the wisdom of the Church emulated by the State. "The Catholic Church has always taught this discipline," says the writer. "The only objection a Catholic might urge to the new law concerns the day chosen. Thursday has been suggested, and even announced, which causes the Tablet to comment further: 'We might well ask why the State should avoid the meatless day through-out the great part of civilized Europe. The civil authorities, who chose Thursday could not be ignorant of the Catholic abstinence on Fridays. Why should they not make that their meatless day, and so simplify the situation for the many Catholic citizens of the British Empire?'

To the Protestant surely it can not much matter which day is chosen, Thursday or Friday, and it matters little to the Catholic. But perhaps the idea is that it does matter to the Protestant, that he would rather abstain, since abstain he must, on any day of the week except the one which might seem to make him conform to Popery. Were the avoidance of Friday confirmed it could not be accidental, and would seem to contain a touch of deliberate Protestant prejudice."

Still, the writer believes that his fellow-Catholics will not complain. It will do them no harm to abstain two days a week—once for the Church and once for the State: 'We should abstain one day for Peter and one day for Caesar.' Mentioning Peter reminds the writer that 'Peter has dispensed us from the weekly abstinence.' Five years ago, he continues, 'it would have seemed a wild forecast if any one had said that Catholics in England would be eating flesh-meat on Friday by Church law, and abstaining on Thursday by State law.'

And then he recalls that the English Government had appointed a meatless day each week, back in 1559, when the Book of Common Prayer provided a list of days of fastings or abstinence, including "all the Fridays in the year," except when Christmas Day fell on Friday. So the Government had its law already made at hand:

"The new rule is a curious proof how completely the old religious legislation is forgotten," says the Tablet. "The Prayer Book, imposed first on all subjects of the English Crown, remains as the standard for one of the many religious sects, and the Government, when it wants to appoint a day of abstinence, does not even remember that it has already done so."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE POPE'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE

In a letter to his people, the Archbishop of Avignon, France, gives this description of the personal appearance of Benedict XV: "Allow me to tell you in the first place that you have not the slightest idea of our present Holy Father's personal appearance if you have formed it from the various common pictures circulated of him. They are not true portraits. To judge from them one would imagine Benedict XV. to be frail and delicate and in indifferent health. But it is really quite the contrary. His face betokens both strength and energy. His countenance is, no doubt, grave and serious, but when he speaks it becomes illuminated with a beautiful smile, which makes it kind and benevolent. His forehead is high, his look calm and penetrating, and his entire personality is surrounded by a singular distinction which is shown in the Pontiff's manners and conversation, and lends additional grace and charm to the great kindness of his disposition. It is really this combination of kindness and distinction which is the characteristic of his personality and the secret of the irresistible attraction which he exercises over those who approach him."

RELIGIOUS FEELING STIRRED BY GREAT WAR

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RHEUMATISM WAS MOST SEVERE

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the pages of Bernard Shaw? Amid all the bitter irony and satire of Shaw's thought and spirit, and all his irreverence, the strange and pathetic figure of the Saviour has recently appeared for a moment. "I am ready to admit," says Mr. Shaw, "I am ready to admit that, after contemplating the world of human nature for nearly sixty years, I see no way out of the world's misery but the way which would have been found by Christ's will if He had undertaken the work of a modern, practical statesman."—Dr. Henry Jewett.

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He who helps the wicked is bound to repent of it before long.

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ANGLICANS PRAYING FOR THEIR DEAD

HEAVY WAR TOLL SMOOTHS WAY FOR CATHOLIC PRACTISE

"One of the results of the War has been that the Catholic doctrine of praying for the dead has this year been brought more prominently before Protestants and has received a more cordial welcome than at any date since the lawless movements of the sixteenth century," comments the editor of notes in the Irish Theological Quarterly. That High Anglicans have this feeling causes no surprise, for, except for the primacy and infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, they are prepared to accept almost all the tenets of the true Church.

But (says the Quarterly writer) the more moderate Anglicans and even the Low churchmen have in many instances, followed the lead. The Carlisle diocese may be cited as a startling example. It is about the last place in England that one would search for traces of Catholic dogma. Its Bishop has seldom lost a chance of abusing and insulting the Catholic faith. But even Saul is now among the prophets. As is to be gathered from the Church Times, at the Carlisle Diocesan Conference, "no chapter reported unfavorably on the practice of prayer for the departed. Thirteen rural-dean chapters welcome the provision made by authority for prayers for the departed in consequence of war, and want further provision, especially in respect of celebration of the Holy Communion." Which only shows how, in the great crisis of life, the severed sects are powerless, and how nothing but the Catholic doctrine delivered by Christ Himself to His Church, can satisfy the needs of suffering humanity.

REJECT ILLOGICAL POSITION

Noting the hopelessly illogical position of the Protestants who conducted services for the dead, the Quarterly asks:

What are they praying for? Merely for comfort for the living? They will not admit it; their prayers in some way help the dead. But how? There is no purgatory; their friends are either in heaven or hell and in neither case can prayer avail them. So said their idols of the sixteenth century, and so they themselves pretend to believe. Their "Homily on Prayer" assures them that "the soul of man passing out of the body goes straightway either to heaven or hell, whereof the one needeth no prayer, and the other is without redemption" and draws the conclusion "let us not, therefore, dream either of purgatory or of prayer for the souls of them that be dead." Their twenty second Article declares the doctrine of Purgatory to be a vain invention repugnant to the word of God. If they believe all that, why do they pray? If they do not, why do they still assert it?

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, Feb. 21, 1917.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal:

Previously acknowledged... \$1,214 89

Miss Ellen Shea, Stirling... 2 00

A Friend... 1 00

Teachers and Children, St. Joseph's Parish, Kentville, N. S. 23 00

Parish of St. Joseph, Kentville, N. S. 32 35

Mrs. J. W. A., Toronto... 1 00

J. Dwyer, Brookside, N. S. 5 00

M. J. O'Neil... 5 00

DEATH OF MRS. WILLIAM MCGEE

On Wednesday, Jan. 17th, Mrs. Wm. McGee passed peacefully away at her home in Biddulph. The death was somewhat of a shock to the family and friends, and her son John, who had returned to Winnipeg but a week previous, was hurriedly recalled to her dying bedside.

The deceased was born in Nenagh, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1833. When quite young she came with her parents to London, and in 1855 was married to Mr. Wm. McGee who predeceased her about seven years ago.

Her kindness to others and especially to her parents was amply rewarded in a family of eight sons and three daughters, who, even to the day of her death, vied with one another in showing an edifying affection towards a worthy mother. They are Mrs. Jno. Carrigan, Guelph; Mrs. Chris. Murray, Wyoming; Mrs. Jas. O'Grady, deceased; James, of Stratford; Patrick, of Biddulph; Thomas, William and Michael of Detroit, Michigan; Edward, of London; John, of Winnipeg, and Martin, with whom the deceased subsequently lived.

Her death marks the close of a model life. As a daughter, a wife, a mother and a friend, hers was a

generous dedication of self to the cause of home and the Church.

The funeral, which was largely attended took place on Saturday, Jan. 20th, from St. Patrick's church, Biddulph. After the Requiem High Mass, Rev. Jas. Hogan, P. P., preached a touching and consoling sermon. Six of the sons acted as pallbearers. A grandson, Wm. P. McGee, is a member of the Basilian order, Toronto.

BREADWINNER GOES—INCOME LESSENS

THE FAMILIES OF OUR SOLDIERS WOULD BE HEAVY LOSERS WERE IT NOT FOR THE PATRIOTIC FUND

The Canadian mother of a family, whose husband is on duty in France, receives from the Government \$20 a month as separation allowance. She gets, also, one-half of her husband's pay, say \$16. This makes a total of \$36. Were her husband at home, the family income would be \$65 per month, assuming that the breadwinner earned \$2.50 per day. It will readily be seen that the economical position of the family is distinctly lowered, for the cost of the husband's food and clothing would not be nearly equal to the decrease in family income.

It is the condition of affairs so created that the Canadian Patriotic Fund seeks to modify. It was called into existence at the opening of the War by the prompt revelation that without some such Fund at least two of every three families, left behind by our soldiers, would be in need. It went without saying that Canada had no intention of allowing the brave wives of her brave men to make the wholly unnecessary sacrifices such suffering would mean, and consequently the Canadian Patriotic Fund became a national undertaking the moment the need for it became apparent. Generous Canada, from East to West, gave the necessary money, and patriotic men and women, in every city and county, undertook the task of assisting the soldiers' families and of supervising the distribution of the Fund.

Clearly, with the increasing size of our armies, and the alarming rapid growth of the cost of living, the Fund must be increased. In 1917, Ontario will be asked for \$6,000,000 against \$5,000,000 in 1916. The province is prosperous, and there is no good reason why this sum should not be guaranteed by the end of January. In that month, campaigns will be held in a large number of the towns and cities, and energetic work, coupled with generous loosening of the purse-strings, should ensure that by the end of the month the Fund will see its way clear to fulfill its duty towards Ontario families until Dec. 31, 1917.

Reverence is the chief power and joy of life; reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the powers that cannot die.—Ruskin.

To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to inspire and refine us, a new friend to be by our side always, who, when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into his wider and calmer and higher world.

NEW BOOKS

- "Catholic Soldiers' and Sailors' Companion." By Rev. Thomas S. McGrath. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 5 cents.
- "The Catholic Policemen's and Firemen's Companion." By Rev. Thomas S. McGrath. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 25 cents.
- "Catholic Christianity and The Modern World." A course of sermons by Rev. K. Krug-Tonnard, D. D. Translated from the revised German Edition by A. M. Buchanan, M. A. Published by Joseph F. Wagner, New York. Price \$1.25.

DIED

WOOD.—At Harrison, Ont., on Sunday, Jan. 14, Mr. Stephen Wood, aged ninety-two years. May his soul rest in peace.

FOLEY.—In Westport, Ont., Feb. 7, 1917, Mr. William Foley, a brother of Rev. Dr. D. E. Foley, of St. Michael's College, Toronto. May his soul rest in peace.

DOHERTY.—At Brown City, Mich., on Feb. 13, 1917, Mr. Thos. Doherty, one of the most highly respected residents of Sanilac County, aged seventy-three years. May his soul rest in peace.

KELLY.—At Osgoode, Sunday Feb. 11th, 1917, Margaret Beardon, beloved wife of William Kelly, after a few hours' illness, aged forty-seven years. Funeral took place Feb. 13th from St. Bridget's Church. May her soul rest in peace.

MCGILLICUDDY.—At Kenilworth, Ont., on Feb. 11, 1917, Miss Madeline McGillicuddy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. McGillicuddy, and niece of Dean Brady, Brantford, and Rev. P. J. Brady, Montreal, aged fifteen years. May her soul rest in peace.

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SHAMROCKS ARE GOING TO BE VERY scarce this year, as we buy them in England. We will sell this year a very pretty silk threaded shamrock at \$1.25 a gross; they will be largely used for Patriotic and Bazaar purposes. We give credit to any society. Easter Lilies, Fleur de les, Violet Bunches, Apple Blossom Sprays, Mums, 50 cents a doz.; Carnations, 20 cents a doz.; Killarney Roses, Shaded Roses, Jack Roses, 75 cents a doz. We pay charges. Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ont. 2000-3

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Ecclesiastical Colors, by Mary T. Waggaman.

The Wings of Eileen, by Mary T. Waggaman.

South America, by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D.

Font of Divine Love, by Lady G. Fullerton.

A Chain of Circumstances, by David A. Driscoll.

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Christie is Called, by Jerome Harter.

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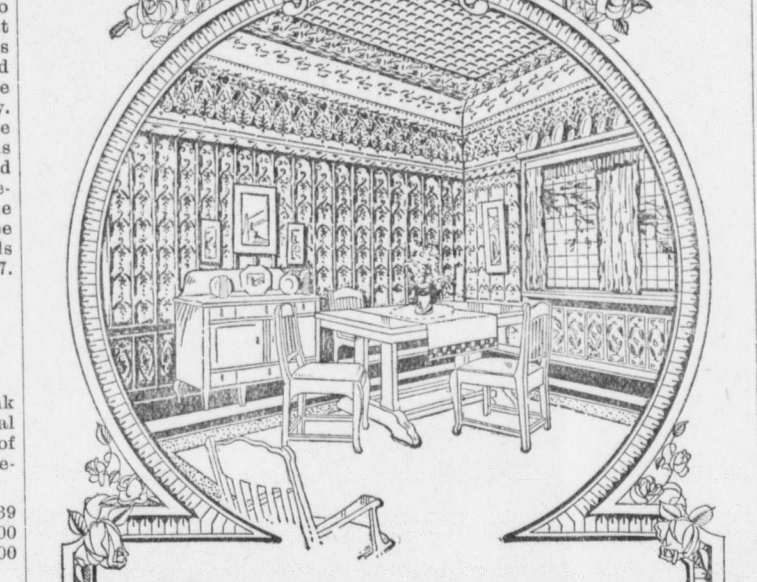
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To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario A Vegetable Garden for Every Home

IN this year of supreme effort Britain and her armies must have ample supplies of food, and Canada is the great source upon which they rely. Everyone with a few square feet of ground can contribute to victory by growing vegetables.

Four Patriotic Reasons for Growing Vegetables

1. It saves money that you would otherwise spend for vegetables.
2. It helps to lower the "High cost of living."
3. It helps to enlarge the urgently needed surplus of produce for export.
4. Growing your own vegetables saves labor of others whose effort is needed for other vital war work.

The Department of Agriculture will help you

The Ontario Department of Agriculture appeals to Horticultural Societies to devote at least one evening meeting to the subject of vegetable growing; manufacturers, labor unions, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to actively encourage home gardening. Let the slogan for 1917 be, "A vegetable garden for every home."

Organizations are requested to arrange for instructive talks by practical gardeners on the subject of vegetable growing. In cases where it is impossible to secure suitable local speakers, the Department of Agriculture will, on request, send a suitable man.

The demand for speakers will be great. The number of available experts being limited, the Department urgently requests that arrangements for meetings be made at once; if local speakers cannot be secured, send applications promptly.

The Department suggests the formation of local organizations to stimulate the work by offering prizes for best vegetable gardens. It is prepared to assist in any possible way any organization that may be conducting a campaign for vegetable production on vacant lots. It will do so by sending speakers, or by supplying expert advice in the field.

To any one interested, the Department of Agriculture will send literature giving instructions about implements necessary and methods of preparing the ground and cultivating the crop. A plan of a vegetable garden indicating suitable crops to grow, best varieties and their arrangement in the garden, will be sent free of charge to any address.

Write for Poultry Bulletin
Hens are inexpensive to keep, and you will be highly repaid in fresh eggs. Write for free bulletin which tells how to keep hens. Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign," Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Ontario Department of Agriculture
W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture
Parliament Buildings Toronto

NEW BOOKS 50c. EACH

Adventures of Four Young Americans. By Henriette E. Delamare. This book describes the strange times during their trip abroad, and the experience of Johnny who was lost in the Catskills.

Althea, by D. Ella Widdinger. A delightful story giving some of the author's home experiences and the play of her happy childhood. It is a merry company of her brothers, a sister, and their beloved parents.

Brownie and I, by Richard Austin. Brownie is a college who dreams with the new boys, so soon as they arrive and is with them in all their sports. He even succeeds in winning the decisive baseball game of the year. Sports, sports, and growing-up are the theme of this interesting and genuine record of two years of a college boy's life.

Catholic Pilgrims of America. John O'Keefe Murray. New edition revised. From the birth of Christopher Columbus 1435, to the death of Father Badin, 1854.

Clarence Belmont. By Rev. Walter T. Leahy. This is a fine college story, full of healthy vitality, and it will amuse all the boys who are fond of the adventures of a college boy.

Dear Friends, by D. Ella Widdinger. A home story and in that lies its special charm. There are dark days and bright days pictured, just as they come to every home, and love, the essence of the moral sunshine glinting through the story.

Five of Diamonds. By G. Guthrie. An interesting novel full of excitement and adventure. The scene is laid in England, afterward drifting to Russia and Siberia.

Florida, by Anton Giulio Barilli. A Quiet Italian Tale, describing the hardships of an artist who finally won the hand of a beautiful young Italian maiden in marriage.

Friends in a Nest, by Henriette Eugenie Delamare. The scene of this story is in a little village of France, of which the author knows every inch of ground. It is the story of five children, and incidentally introduces many of the local customs.

Friendship. By Madame Augustus Creighton. This charming novel has been regarded as a model story, which moves in an atmosphere of delicate romance.

Gertrude Manning. By Frances Bonn. This charming novel has been regarded as a model love story, some conventional girl, sacrificing her life for the conversion of her husband.

Leopard of Languedoc. By Maurice Francis Egan. There are eight stories and every one of them has a very interesting plot and is told with dramatic skill.

Love. By Christian Reid and Stella's Disciples. By N. X. L., in one volume. The first is a story of Mexico, strong, interesting, and well written. The second story is another specimen of whose light literature, and we deem it judiciously coupled with the former by its author.

Nelly Kelly. By Henriette E. Delamare. Nelly is a girl who has a heart and sisters and needs wonderfully well in most of the difficulties that arise.

Philip. Tale of the Coal Regions. By Rev. Patrick Justin McMahon. A thrilling and well-told story of the days of the Mollie Maguire, West and conceived with an admirable unity of plan, the story is unrivaled so as to intensely interest the reader passes from chapter to chapter, 50 pages.

Round Table of American Catholic Novelists. A delightful symposium of short stories by representative American Catholic novelists.

Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. A pleasing collection of novelettes by eminent Catholic authors of England and Ireland.

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Roses' Marriage. From the French of Martha Laschee, by Miss Pauline Stump. (An admirable translation.) A story of a young girl in which the immense advantages accruing from a convent education are clearly shown, 200 pages.

Rosie's Mission. By Henriette E. Delamare. Ronald is a boy of eight in whose fortunes some boys and girls are sure to be interested. A mission was conducted to him by his mother's death-bed; the brave little fellow persevered with courage beyond his years, until he had fulfilled his mission.

Sealed Paquet. By Marion J. Brunow. A cleverly contrived story of a young girl, a national moral and some delightful pictures of English and French life for either school or home library.

Storm Bound. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. A Romance of the Sea. A story of a young girl's experiences and how one person assumes them during the time they were storm bound.

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Acolyte. The story of a Catholic College Boy.

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Con O'Regan. By Mrs. James Sadler. Narrating the experiences of a young man who is called to the priesthood in all Christian Father's books, the author's narrative is sudden and severe.

Elmo Preston. By Mrs. James Sadler. A novel, following a young girl who suffers sorrows and joys.

Fatal Keselboner. A. By Christine Faber. This is an entertaining romance of two young girls, and shows how uncertain are the smiles of fortune.

Gordon Lodge. By Agnes M. Stewart. A fascinating Catholic novel relating the adventures of an orphan left in the care of a relative.

Guardian's Mystery. By Christine Faber. This is a capital story well told, it contains just enough sensationalism to give the reader a thrill. Hermit of the Rock. The. By Mrs. James Sadler. A tale of Cashel.

Leandro. Or, the Sign of the Cross. A Catholic story reprinted from the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Liberty. The Story of a Communion. By Mary T. Waggaman. A story of great interest, strong faith and noble character.

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Mooney's Joe. John Boyle O'Reilly. A thrilling story of heroism, and adventure in which most of the action takes place in the Penal Prisons in Australia to which Mooney's Joe has been condemned for political activity, and from which he forces his escape through a series of dare-devil adventures.

Mother's sacrifice. A. By Christine Faber. A Catholic story of the trials of a young woman who is innocently accused of murdering an enemy of her family. When all seems lost, the real murderer, filled with remorse, confesses his crime.

New Lights. A very interesting tale by Mrs. James Sadler.

O'Mahony. The Chief of the Comeraghs. A tale of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, by D. P. Conroy.

Old and New. A. Taras Vasson Fashion. A novel written in a fascinating manner. By Mrs. James Sadler.

Red Circle. The. By Gerard A. Reynolds. A dramatic story of the Boer War, in which the author, having been together for self-protection. There is a gripping chain of events, the way this is told, and it is done with a force that gives the dramatic parts pronounced a sense that the reader feels himself a part of the life of this far-off country, of the unprotected Christian, a real participant in defence of their own and their property.

Refining Fire, by Alice Deane. In this novel Miss Alice Deane, favorably known through her stories of Irish life, has ventured on a new field, and in "Refining Fire," her latest and undoubtedly her best, she has written a story of the fortunes of two French families, the Mauvoisins and the De Baris. The plot is very well thought out, the story is rendered in a way that is sure to hold the attention of the reader from the first page to the last.

South-North Story. By Miss Mary Lee. A novel full of interest and example.

Strayed from the Fold. By Miss Mary Lee. A splendid Catholic story with a very strong moral.

Towers of St. Nicholas. By Mrs. James Sadler. A story of the persecution of Catholics during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Trinity of Friendship. The. By Miss Mary Lee. A new star has entered the galaxy of story writers in the person of Gilbert Guest. In their search and inquiries for Gilbert Guest, let them not forget that this gifted writer knows as much about girls as Father Funn knows about boys.

Within and Without the Fold. By Miss Mary Lee.

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA