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THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

CHAPTER XXII.

That night a long and stormy interview took place between the Countess and her eldest son. Since her husband's death the Countess de Woodville's power of will had greatly developed; she had also grasped the reins of government with a much tighter and steadier hand; so that when the young Earl made known to her the wishes of Beatrice as expressed to him that afternoon, her ladyship was furious, and refused at first to listen to either reason or argument.

"Why, the season is but half over," she exclaimed, in a loud and angry voice, "and she would leave in the very midst of it. The fact of the matter is, Reginald," she continued, "tossing her head angrily, and waving her hands, "she has been so completely spoiled by her poor father and Percy that she does not know what she wants. Her health, indeed, is that is but an idle and foolish excuse. Why do you deprecate the treatment of the De Mowbrays, refusing to attend their ball after the pressing invitations we have had! Why, only yesterday I saw the Dowager talking as affectionately to the girl as though she were already her own grandmother. It would serve the little mix quite right if De Mowbray cut her, and bestowed some of his attentions elsewhere. The small value she appears to set upon me, and by far the best match of the season! I have no patience with her."

"Then speaking diplomatically," said the Earl, "perhaps your best plan would be to allow her to go, on the chance and possibility that absence may make the heart grow fonder. Try it, mother."

"Go and visit Marie Blake! To be candid, I was dreadfully disappointed with the foolish child. Once I thought not you admired and felt attracted by her extraordinary simplicity and pretty girlish ways. You see she was not another specimen of a girl not knowing when she was well off, for, as far as I can ascertain, she will not have a penny piece of her own wherewith to bless herself, and yet I cannot but believe that she has been endowed with one grain of ordinary common-sense she might once have done well for herself—a stupid little thing!"

"We were not discussing Miss Blake's merits or those of her purse," retorted the young Earl, in an indignant and angry tone. "Neither do I see what right any one has to condemn her. Each of us has a perfect right to think and act as he or she judges for the best; and I for one will not question her conduct, nor will I listen to its being discussed by others."

Surprised and altogether disconcerted by the unexpected anger expressed in her son's tone and haughty manner, and not wishing to vex, or cross his wishes too acutely just at present, the Countess felt obliged to change her tactics; she therefore ungraciously and reluctantly yielded a hasty consent, that, for the sake of her health, Beatrice should be allowed a week or ten days' leave of absence. But providence and circumstances aided the girl's wishes, for within the very next week a sudden and violent storm of rain and sleet poured in from the west, and the very best parts of the Metropolis, and amongst the first to quit town were the Countess de Woodville.

Thus a few weeks later we discover seated in the sunniest and yet most secluded nook of Bracken Park, two of the oldest school friends, enjoying one of those strictly confidential and important *tele-actes* so sweet and comforting to the girlish heart.

In a natural and picturesque seat, formed in the fork of a low and very ancient pollard oak, was perched Beatrice; while on the ivy-grown trunk of a fallen tree reclined Marie, her back comfortably supported by a low branch of the old oak itself. At their feet flowed the little stream, its bright waters sparkling and shining in the sunlight; sometimes frothing and foaming with a merry sound, as though mingling its mirth and spirits with the rippling laughter above; ever and anon lingering and straying behind some big boulder or sheltered rock, as though to catch more distinctly the thrilling heart-secrets which were being whispered by the lips of beauty above.

There is a visible alteration in Marie's exterior since last we saw her—improvement, perhaps, we should have termed it; for this is where it lay. The "Little Lady of the Hall," as she is frequently called now, has acquired a sweet little dignity all her own and the new feeling of self-reliance has not destroyed one iota the gentle beauty of her face and hair. Her dress is tasteful, nay, almost elegant in its simple yet stylish make; the refractory curls still fall naturally about her brow and neck; but the dark hair is so dressed and kept within bounds, that it adds grace and height to the little rounded form.

Beatrice, from her rather high but undignified perch, looks the very personification of beauty and content; the old look of worry and discontent has left her face for ever. Her mind and heart are full of the noble and high-souled purposes for which she was created, and her

gay spirits and witty humor have returned more fully than ever.

"Oh, the stillness, the peace of this sweet spot, Marie!" she exclaims. "You can never realize the beauty of it until you have spent a few months in the height of a London season."

"But you need to crave for a long life of quietude and excitement, Bertie; in fact, I trembled when you proposed visiting me, fearing you would find it so lonely and uninteresting after all your grand doings in town."

"Lonely? Oh, far from that! I feel much nearer to my dear father here. He hated town life and loved the country, and I can think more of him and try to mould my life according to his wishes. I can also think of my mother, and wonder how he is getting along, instead of being bored to death by that everlasting dressing and undressing in order to rush from one entertainment to another, and being forced to talk about people and things in whom one does not take the remotest interest. I tell you, Marie, and a strong twig was flung energetically into the stream, such a hollow, aimless life would kill me in six months."

"It is so nice to hear you say you are happy here; all the same, I am very thankful that we have returned to the hall once more. You know my grandfather and uncle managed to run into such heavy debt, that we were obliged to let this dear old place to strangers, and to live at that fancy, rambling little lodge for years. But good old Mr. Barry has cleared that debt off now, and to celebrate his great delight and satisfaction he has today escorted us all back in triumph. We have not very many servants, but quite enough for us; and Nora seems very happy here."

"Yes; she never cared for any mistress as she did for you, and when I saw how she pined for your society I wrote and asked you to take her. But, Marie, and you been living at the lodge it would have been all the same to me. What I craved for was quiet and rest, and a sweet spot like this, far away from turmoil and strife, where I could think—my Marie, think."

"Think, dear? Why, that is the very thing you used to implore me with tears in your eyes to preserve you from doing. I do find you so changed, so altered in your thoughts and ideas, that sometimes it is quite difficult to realize it is you who speaks."

"She did not observe the comical grimace or the merry and expressive nod pointed in her direction by the saucy face above, otherwise she might have divined that the discovery was certainly mutual.

"Yes, dear little Marie, I feel, I know I am changed. The death of my father, the parting with Percy, were trials which caused me suffering almost overwhelming in its intensity, coming as it did upon a heart so ill prepared for it as was mine. Besides, I had a secret, hidden trial, unknown to any one, and which I grieved at my heart and conscience; nay, it tormented me so at times that I fail to know what would have become of me had not God in His mercy sent, as He did of old, a saint and prophet both, to uphold and yet to comfort me and put me into the way in which I should go."

"O Bertie, you do not know how I have pined and prayed for you. Almost every time I kneel some secret force bids me remember you; and ever and anon that agonized expression which I once saw in your dear face flits before my eyes and I cannot forget you."

"And you shall see how your faithful prayers have been heard and answered, my little guiding star. I will reveal to you a secret that long ago you asked me to unfold to you, and I could not—would not; but this must I speak of myself and my shortcomings," she said, springing lightly from her seat amongst the branches and dropping on the ground at Marie's feet. "Now, dear, you must listen. Whilst I hid my poor diminished head against your knee, let me pour into your kind ear the tale of my inconstancy and pride."

She settled herself in an easy attitude upon the mossy ground, her feet resting upon her companion's knees, her head erect, and in her eyes the far-away look of old.

There was silence for a moment; even the shy linnets above hushed their little song as though to listen; the waters lingered and rippled more gently over their stony bed, whilst the balmy breeze scarce stirred the leafy branches. A soft flush of humble shame overspread, but lit up with a singular beauty, the young girl's face, as she exclaimed, "O Marie! I scarcely know where to begin!"

"Spare yourself, and do not begin at all, dear, if it costs you pain. Why should you humble yourself before me? Believe me, if you know all, it is far more fitting that the confession should emanate from me, I have so much to acknowledge that lowers me in my own eyes."

menaced to settle in my own mind the portion that might be His, and that which I must and would retain, namely, my father, my brother Percy, and myself. Picture my wounded pride and sorrow, then, on meeting poor father; for I saw and knew at once, with a ghastly certainty, that the hand of death was upon him, and yet I dared to raise my little will in direct opposition, and hoped against hope to frustrate and circumvent the—to me unjust—decrees of Heaven. "He is my very own," I cried, "the dearest part of my portion. It is not fair to claim him, and he shall not die; and so I struggled on," said the girl, covering her face with her hands. "Oh! how I struggled and fought to persuade myself that Heaven was unjust, and was dealing too harshly by me, feeling all the while that my heart was growing cold, hard, and stony. Yet, in spite of all—oh, how I marvel at God's mercy and goodness—from the very depth of my unhardened heart, fairly and surely there rose that sweet, sad, pleading voice: 'Give all, my child, even yourself, and peace and joy unspokeable shall be yours in return.' But I closed my mind and ears, and would not listen. Each day that form grew visibly weaker, each day my task grew harder, for I saw, or thought I saw, but never justice in it at all. Alas, poor father! he read my heart, and knew but too well the wilful rebellious spirit there. He besought, he implored, and entreated me to be resigned; but I would not listen. Marie! I am covered with shame when I realize how much was needed to bend a proud heart like mine. Then dear father sought to indulge my yearning desire for gaiety, life, and amusement; but I turned from that with disgust. How could I be gay when he was dying? and especially with that everlasting cry at my heart—to give and yield the three things I loved most on earth? It was a constant torture to me, especially as I had a natural craving for ease and luxury, and all that was bright and beautiful. Even in thought, dearest Marie, I cannot linger over that time now, but truly there is no sorrow or misery to be compared to that caused by the knowledge that through your own fault you are coming with God. Gradually, and as if by stealth, I learned that another of my treasures was sliding from my grasp for ever—that in Percy's affections I could scarcely ever expect to stand even as second, for Heaven called him to devote his heart and life to the cause of God, and, forgetting all things, even me, he awaited but his father's death to obey. Then suddenly, as if in refusal to yield, the fat went forth that my father must leave me without one last tender look or word of farewell, for I was receiving countless flatteries, and was the centre of attraction at a brilliant ball, when the true and gentle spirit of my father went forth to meet its God. Oh! the bitter and useless regrets that then filled and tore my heart for the chance to assure my dear father of my love, and to thank him for the honor he had bestowed upon me. I would endeavor to acquiesce patiently to the stern decrees of Heaven. But he was gone, and I was almost alone, for Percy even was leaving me. Then it was that I gave way to hopeless and desponding grief. The weaker and more frail I grew, the louder and more pathetic grew that still-faithful voice: 'My child give to Me thy poor wounded heart, and I will heal it.' I was almost overcome by weariness and exhaustion when, as if by magic, there suddenly resounded in my ear the consoling tones of an old and well-remembered voice. Too ill and feeble to move, I listened at first as one in a dream, until commanded to arise, and a power stronger than myself forced me to obey. I arose and listened. Down upon my poor parched heart, like the very dew from heaven, fell his benediction, and soul-stirring words, 'I will heal it, and I will give you peace and patience of God, and painting in true and vivid colors the baseness, pride, and infidelity of my own conduct. Every word stung me with bitter shame and remorse, for he showed me what I now was and what I might have been. O Marie!" cried the girl, wringing her hands, "may you never know the remorse and sorrow I then felt. Let listen: from that sacred sorrow arose such a sweet and peaceful joy—a joy so deep and real that it flooded my soul with happiness so great that I would not exchange it for any earthly joy. But what could I offer in return? Truly I had nothing left to give but my poor self, the only remaining object I had once sought to claim. With the whole force and strength of my nature, then, I besought my God to accept the gift, and to keep it as His, His only, for ever. No sooner was my little sacrifice made than I felt it was accepted, and all that formerly appeared so hard and difficult to me seems now quite sweet and easy."

"Do you wonder now," cried Bertie, her eyes raised and filled with a holy enthusiasm—"do you think that now I could be satisfied with the empty joys and pleasures of this world? Why, hidden in the folds of the most gorgeous robes, I see but the poverty and rags of the poor. I see such undear excitement ill becomes your dear little face."

"Then promise that you will not be so spiteful?"

"Spiteful, Marie!" and there was a look of reproach in Bertie's beautiful eyes. "Indeed it is not spite that has induced me to question you in the strange manner I have done; but having discovered wherein lies

my own happiness, I long now for the happiness of others, especially for one who is very near and dear to me. Forgive me, dearest Marie, and come, sit down once more beside me, and listen to something which I will read to you from a letter I received this morning."

The elder girl dropped upon her ivory-grown seat with a softer grace than she had risen from it, her heart beating in a wild, uncontrollable manner, for she recognized the hand writing on the envelope which Beatrice drew from her pocket, and with a strange wild hope in her heart, waited to hear if aught in that letter related to her.

Bertie perused the first few lines slowly to herself, and then read aloud a little of what followed:

"It was very kind of you, dear, to write me such an interesting letter about yourself and dear little Marie. If you have the opportunity to do so, say a good word in my behalf. Tell her how faithfully I have endeavored to live up to the standard she pointed out for me; how the thought of her has made me a better and a gentler man. Tell her, dear Bertie, anything good that with truth you can say, and discover from her if I may and bring you home. Remember that suspense is often very hard to endure; therefore let your answer be as speedy as possible. With much love, your affectionate brother, DE WOODVILLE."

Then followed a pause. Marie's thoughts flew to the scene in the little chapel at Baron Court that New Year's Eve, when her heart went out in pity for the tears she saw that strong man shed. Almost every word he uttered was indelibly fixed in her memory; and the desire to comfort and console him, which had almost overpowered her then, had grown and increased rapidly since that hour, until it almost seemed now to be part of her life, her duty, and yet she shrank from owning it even to herself.

"Well, indeed, Bertie, and there was a ring of injured sorrow in her voice, "do you still think that my former inquiries and allusions were prompted by spite?"

"No, my dearest and best of friends, I do not," exclaimed Marie, raising and kissing her companion warmly. "And some day I may tell you more. Only at present this is all I may or can say. Tell your brother," she whispered shyly, "that he may come to take you home; but oh! don't say that I said so; and half-ashamed, half-frightened at what she had done, Marie bounded away over the fallen trunks and young green sprouts, and was rapidly lost to view."

"A pretty nun you would make, my little Marie!" soliloquised her friend, as she watched with amusement the active form of her old companion disappear in the thicket.

"Why, an arrow from Cupid's bow can rouse to life more animation and spirit within you than I ever deemed you possessed of. For old Regie!" she cried in delight "your fidelity shall be rewarded; you have but to come and claim your bride, and I shall write this very hour and tell you so. Just to think that it was from my little Madge's letter I first received an intimation of the true state of affairs. From whence or whom could she have learnt all this I wonder? Dear, dear old Madge, my next duty will be to look to your happiness and welfare. Try as you will to hide your poor humble head, I will discover your whereabouts, and if possible your days of silent and patient endurance shall be numbered."

"TO BE CONTINUED"

for them, for I know now that He and He only can ever satisfy me. But, Marie, Marie dear, why these tears?"

"For a long time the breast of the Irish girl had heaved as though bursting with suppressed emotion; but, fearful of interrupting her companion, tears had been forced back from the dark grey eyes until at last she could control them no longer, and they fell unheeded, whilst she answered:

"Dearest Bertie, from my heart I never envied you before, but it is hard not to do so now. Yet today you have taught me two lessons: firstly, what a religious vocation really means; and secondly, how to be generous, and make a sacrifice. By the former I see plainly now that it is as erroneous to try and force one's self into a vocation as it is to neglect it when forced upon us. Like you, darling Bertie, I will also try to be generous, and thank God that He has chosen the fairest and the best amongst us to be His own; and I will try to be proud to feel that He has passed me over for you."

"Hush, dear, you must not speak like that. Remember you were always His, and can well save your soul in the world; whilst I, on the contrary, require to be kept in subjection, and closely surrounded by every aid and help to piety."

"What will you do then, Bertie?"

"Wait patiently until I am of age, which will be very shortly, and then make known to my mother my intention of entering a convent."

"She will oppose you dreadfully."

"So I expect, but cannot help it. I do feel so excited, Bertie. Will you go to dear old St. Benedict's?"

"Oh, no; the life there would be far too sweet and easy for me. I must go where I shall probably meet her with more active work and outward humiliation. I must shower upon the poor, the lonely, and the neglected, the devotion, love, and care I would once have bestowed so freely upon the world."

"O Bertie, Bertie, how beautiful!"

"Far from it, dear," laughed her friend, "I expect to look anything but beautiful. Religious habits to my mind, are seldom very becoming. Now," she continued, with a sly glance at the excited little face before her, "the habit of St. Benedict would suit you to perfection, that I remember of old."

"Don't, don't," implored poor Marie. "I believe you guess quite well that shall never wear it. But I also have fought my little battles, but have found that it is, after all, better to yield my own will and conform to what I seem to feel is right."

"Undoubtedly it is. Then wherefore keep others hoping and fighting, Marie, when one signal from your little hand, one word from your lips, would decide the battle at once, and restore them instant and lasting bliss and peace?"

"How wildly you talk!" exclaimed Marie, averting her face. In the vain endeavor to hide the quick flush that dyed her cheeks and caused her to feel so very uncomfortable. "How can I possibly fathom your meaning?"

"Is it necessary that I should explain myself more clearly, then? Or are you such a little hypocrite that you pretend wilfully to misunderstand me? Come, dear, I have been very candid with you; can you not treat me with a similar candor, by telling me why you have relinquished your idea of becoming a nun?"

"That is just it," she replied, with a perplexed and troubled look. "I would be a nun if I could, but everything goes against me. And oh! I have prayed so hard that God would guide and direct me, that I feel sure He would never allow all these things to happen if it were not for the best."

He was no mean athlete either, and was as redolent of lavender, and the Ten Commandments as were Emily Corish and her niece.

"What a number of diverse worlds there are on the globe," he continued with himself as he strolled along the path over the bay. Ah! well, now that he was here, he would be as those around him were—respectful, self-abnegating (limited by common-sense, of course.)

He was feeling very complacent tonight as he watched the round moon rise slowly over the bay. Miss Corish had confided to him that she could no longer, in these days of war, afford to own costly jewelry, and had asked his advice as to the private disposal of a diamond bracelet. He had seen it, and had purchased it himself for a sum that had made her by turns tremulous and doubtful as to whether he was not making a sacrifice for her, and doubtful as to the propriety of accepting it.

Though in her youth it had cost much less than Geoffrey had given her, he knew that now it was worth double the sum which he had paid her. But he was glad he was able to do a kindness to an old friend—to be generous and yet prudent.

A ripple of waves ran chatteringly upon the beach, throwing up a glimmering line of foam. And a murky cloudlet sailing across the sky was caught in the silver meshes of the moon, and transmuted to her fur nance, passed, an argent flame, into infinity.

He turned homeward. The bracelet would be his wife's. He had finally decided to buy land in Rosengreen and to settle down there. Nell O'Carroll would be his wife.

He paused for the silvery ring of a voice was blown on the air to him. It was Nell's.

He smiled unconsciously and quickened his pace. Her aunt and she were out for a moonlit ramble he thought; then, turning a bend of the road, he saw two figures a few paces off. A girl and a man—Frank Quinn.

Frank may, perhaps, have other hopes than he, Geoffrey, had surmised, but then, that was absurd of Frank if he had—nonsensical. A fellow with an income the size of Frank's and a half-naked chap, too, to think of marriage with Nell O'Carroll, idiot!

Geoffrey Kerlin was amused, and chuckled as he stood in the shadow and waited until they had parted at the gate. He overtook Nell in the short avenue, and as it was not too late, accompanied her home. He was very entertaining that night, and watched delightedly Nell's face glow and her eyes sparkle as he talked. What a grievously conceited ass Frank was! Well, he, Geoff, was sorry if he should suffer, but then after all, he was asking for it when he might have seen that Geoff had intended to marry her. Geoff let his feelings of amused contempt permeate his politely worded remarks.

Before Kerlin left that night Miss Corish and her niece saw Frank in another light than the old rose-tinted one—in a clear electric light, one that dispelled fogs from the mind, and revealed cranberries and cobwebs in his character to their surprised eyes, a light switched on by a dextrous hand without a hitch of any kind.

That was the beginning, and in a fortnight Frank was routed. A few days later, Geoff and Nell were affianced. Her aunt sighed a little. She was romantic, but she quickly told herself that it was all for the better.

Geoff had purchased land and an old rose enwreathed house facing the sea, and there they settled happily—Nell amidst her linnets, Geoff amidst his achievements. She delighted to listen to his anecdotes of the past for a while, then, after a time, there arose in her mind an undefined fear of something behind them, something that lay concealed, crouching, sinister. She could not shake the feeling off, and sometimes wished ardently that she could read the secret pages of his life, and again as ardently shrank from them.

Amongst the people, Geoff was very popular for a while. Then he began to be regarded with suspicion. Everything, whether in business, politics, or pleasure. In parish matters, he only allowed the old Canon to be nominal head, and he never sold a horse that the buyer did not find himself sold, but he never bought one that the seller did not go home in a more thoughtful mood than that in which he had set out.

Then a crisis came, unheralded, as is the way of crises. The American company in which he had invested the great part of his fortune ceased to pay. He was at breakfast when he read that last report, and his face was not good to look at. When Nell spoke, his reply was an oath. Then, with more oaths, he told her his news, but her horror at his manner of taking it was greater than her shock at the loss he had sustained. They sat with white faces, he darkly scowling and brooding. He had contracted a few debts, which were then considerable, but now meant mortgage on his house and land, or their sale. Oh, he should devise a means of getting free, and he did, for it was then the gambling began!

Geoffrey was a skilled gambler, and, using all his native craft, subtly weaving, caught unwary flies by the score. He turned his home into a fashionable hotel, and Nell, glad to help him and never comprehending the chief import, became a busy hostess. But her illusions day by day were falling. Then she began to notice that the people who frequent-

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THE ROOT OF THE IRISH QUESTION

This is an age which boasts of its education; nor is it less boastful of its right of free inquiry, of unfettered and untrammelled investigation of the truth through the heavens should fall. An age, too, which boasts and boasts loudly of its democracy.

As a matter of reality there never was an age when the herd instinct was so pronounced, when really independent thinking (one indisputable and essential object of education) was so rare, or when the few, intellectually, economically and politically, so easily and effectually dominated the befuddled and unthinking multitude.

Yet, on the other hand, we have education, such as it is, widely diffused; we have a saving remnant who think for themselves; and we have at least the forms of democracy. And as people begin to think for themselves we have a breaking away from current traditions and a weighing in the balance of current esth-phrases.

One might think such development would be welcomed. But no; far from it. The loudest in their lip-service to education, free-inquiry, and democracy are the first to take alarm and condemn every exercise of boasted rights as crude, subversive of liberty and above all undemocratic!

For ourselves we are quite convinced, no matter how far wrong the innovators may go, that their self-assertion is a more healthy symptom than bovine acquiescence in the shams belauded of selfishly-interested leaders of the herd.

A good illustration of the educative influence of a "free press" in an age of general reading is furnished by a news item from Germany. A former director of a certain steel corporation bluntly accused the German steel trust of having sold to France during two years of the war two million tons of steel which the French manufactured into guns and shells that were used against the Germans.

British people to the ruthlessness and frightfulness which had already horrified a world grown used to horrors.

Irishmen at home and abroad may well be excused for scoffing at the alleged ignorance of the English people of what is done in their name in Ireland; but English ignorance of Irish conditions is an undeniable fact. In last week's issue of the RECORD we published, with permission of the N. Y. Times, Mrs. Alice Stopford Green's pen-picture of present Irish conditions. Again we have the familiar witness to English ignorance or misinformation on things Irish.

But when we reflect that it is only through the press that the vast majority of people get their information English ignorance of Irish affairs becomes intelligible. Sir Horace Plunkett has recently said: "The principal obstacle in the way of a solution of the Irish question is the attitude of the English press."

How ever even here the truth is making its way. Why should Ireland be united with Great Britain? That is a question which some are beginning to ask insistently. What is the Union? How was it effected? What binding force has it on the people of Ireland so that "Separatist" becomes a term of obloquy and treason, while "Unionist" is the passport of enlightenment, patriotism, respectability and loyalty?

As well ask the cows or the sheep why they follow the herd instinct as to ask the average individual in this age of education and free inquiry why he takes for granted the generally accepted view of anything and everything. Still there is, as we have said before, a saving remnant. There are those who want to know the "why" of many generally accepted opinions. And our most eloquent advocates of education, free inquiry and independent thought see in this the evidence of pernicious unsettlement and dangerous unrest.

Let that pass. What of the Union? Why is it sacrosanct? From what sacred source does this holy Union spring that it is henceforth sacrosanct and inviolable? That is elementary history, but it is history of which 99% of the Canadians, who are cock-sure in their opinions on the Irish question, are profoundly ignorant. It is without this elementary knowledge of the history of the question that minds are made up and obstinate opinions formed in this age of boasted education.

It will not be out of place therefore to quote from no friendly source, but from an English historian with all the English prejudices in its favor, the history of the Union.

Professor J. R. Green, in his "History of the English People," writes: "But it was at this moment, when England stood once more alone, that Pitt won the greatest of his political triumphs in the union of England with Ireland. The history of Ireland, from its conquest by William the Third up to this time, is one which no Englishman can recall without shame. Since the surrender of Limerick every Catholic Irishman, and there were five Catholics to every Protestant, had been treated as a stranger and a foreigner in his own country. The House of Lords, the House of Commons, the right of voting for representatives in Parliament, the magistracy, all corporate offices in towns, all ranks in the army, the bench, the bar, the whole administration of government or justice, were closed against Catholics. Few Catholic landowners had been left by the sweeping confiscations which had followed the successive revolts of the island, and oppressive laws forced even these few, with scant exceptions, to profess Protestantism. Necessity, indeed, had brought about a practical toleration of their religion and their worship; but in all social and political matters the native Catholics, in other words the immense majority of the people of Ireland, were simply hewers of wood and drawers of water to their Protestant masters. . . . But small as was this Protestant body, one half of it faced little better, as far as power was concerned, than the Catholics; for the Presbyterians, who formed the bulk of the Ulster settlers, were shut out by law

from all civil, military, and municipal offices. The administration and justice of the country were thus kept rigidly in the hands of members of the Established Church, a body which comprised about a twelfth of the population of the island; while its government was practically monopolized by a few great Protestant landowners. The rotten boroughs, which had originally been created to make the Irish Parliament dependent on the Crown, had by this time fallen under the influence of the adjacent landlords, whose command of these made them masters of the House of Commons, while they formed in person the House Peers. . . .

"Irish politics were for these men a mere means of public plunder; they were glutted with pensions, preferments, and bribes in hard cash in return for their services; they were the advisers of every lord-lieutenant, and the practical governors of the country. The result was what might have been expected; and for more than a century Ireland was the worst-governed country in Europe. . . .

"The English Parliament, too, claimed the right of binding Ireland as well as England by its enactments, and one of its statutes transferred the appellate jurisdiction of the Irish Peerage to the English House of Lords. Calling as these restrictions were to the plundering aristocracy of Ireland, they formed a useful check on its tyranny. But as if to compensate for the benefits of this protection, England did her best to annihilate Irish commerce and to ruin Irish agriculture. Statutes passed by the jealousy of English landowners forbade the export of Irish cattle or sheep to English ports. The export of wool was forbidden, lest it might interfere with the profits of English wool-growers. Poverty was thus added to the curse of misgovernment, and poverty deepened with the rapid growth of the native population, till famine turned the country into a hell."

This is Green's description of the state of Ireland just before the Union. The picture is a dark one because the English historian would have us believe that the Union was a blessing. A more passing reference to the volunteers, to Catholic co-operation, to Grattan and Flood, and to "Irish independence" (with the sinister inverted commas), and then he goes on:

"So real was the danger that England was forced to give way; and Lord Rockingham induced the British Parliament to abandon, in 1782, the judicial and legislative supremacy it had till then asserted over Ireland. . . . In reality, though in Ireland as in England there were rotten boroughs and the ascendancy of a Protestant ruling class, the Irish Parliament was not without its proportion of patriotic Irishmen, and the exact words of the Act of Parliament which Professor Green passes over so lightly were these:

"Be it enacted that the right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by the laws enacted by His Majesty and the Parliament of that Kingdom in all cases whatsoever, and to have all actions and suits of law and in equity, which may be instituted in that Kingdom, decided in His Majesty's Courts therein finally and without appeal thence, shall be, and is hereby declared to be, established and ascertained forever, and at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable. . . . That is as solemn an engagement as the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium.

"Ireland never was and never can be a Dominion. Ireland is a Kingdom. I am not a Republican but I stand for the complete independence of Ireland," is the pronouncement of Colonel Westropp. Aide-de-camp to King George. A startling statement to those who have blindly believed in the sacredness and inviolability of the Union; but strictly in accord with history. George V. is King of Great Britain and Ireland. The Kingdom of Ireland had its own Parliament for centuries. The full independence of that Parliament was solemnly and irrevocably recognized in 1782.

After the danger to England had passed, the solemn engagement became a scrap of paper. Pitt set about fomenting rebellion in Ireland in order to bring about the Union. This Professor Green admits in these words: "At last the smouldering discontent and dissatisfaction burst into flame. Ireland was in fact driven into rebellion by the lawless cruelty of the Orange yeomanry and the English

troops. In 1796 and 1797 soldiers and yeomanry marched over the country torturing and scourging the 'croppies,' as the Irish insurgents were called in derision from their short-cut hair, robbing, ravishing, and murdering. Their outrages were sanctioned by a Bill of Indemnity passed by the Irish Parliament, and protected for the future by an Insurrection Act and a suspension of the Habeas Corpus."

History repeats itself, the same "lawless cruelty," the same "torturing and scourging," the same "robbing, ravishing and murdering" are now the familiar, everyday means employed to preserve the blessings of the Union. Well the present generation of Irishmen have learned one lesson from history. They will not be goaded into open rebellion with the odds hopelessly against them. The rebellion of 1798 was provoked and quenched in blood. "Lord Cornwallis," writes Green, "a wise and humane ruler, found more difficulty in checking the reprisals of his troops and of the Orangemen than in stamping out the last embers of insurrection; but the hideous cruelty brought about one good result. Pitt's disgust at the bigoted fury of Irish Protestants ended in a firm resolve to put an end to the farce of 'Independence' which left Ireland helpless in their hands."

So the virtuous Pitt found a virtuous excuse for the Union. Hear Professor Green as to the means by which this great act of virtue and generosity was brought about: "The opposition of the Irish borough-mongers was naturally stubborn and determined. But with them it was a sheer question of gold; and the assent of the Irish Parliament was bought with a million in money, and with a liberal distribution of pensions and peerages to its members. Base and shameless as such means were, Pitt may fairly plead that they were the only means by which the bill for the Union could have been passed. As the matter was finally arranged in June, 1800, one hundred Irish members became part of the House of Commons at Westminster, and twenty-eight temporal with four spiritual peers, chosen for each Parliament by their fellows, took their seats in the House of Lords."

"Base and shameless as were the means" the end justified them! And that is the base and shameful origin of the sacrosanct and inviolable Union. Bear in mind Green's purpose was to justify the Union; his admission of the facts are the admissions of a contemptuous opponent of Irish independence. His only reference to the Renunciation Act of 1782 is contained in the one sentence quoted above. Base and shameless as was the violation of that solemn guarantee of Irish legislative independence eighteen years after it was made, Professor Green has not a word of apology or justification to offer.

But base and shameless bribery aside, could a Parliament representing a small fraction of the Irish people alienate forever the inalienable right of the Irish people to govern themselves? Will the blatant champions of democracy answer?

THE REASON WHY An insignificant proportion of the hundred and ten millions of Americans glories in the doubly hyphenated appellation of Anglo-Saxon Americans. Yet this dwindling element makes a good deal of noise. It snarls at the presence of Donal O'Callaghan, Lord Mayor of Cork, in the land of the free without a British passport. Well, the average decent and self-respecting American is under no illusions as to the reason why. And the Anglo-Saxon slylocks have the American decision though not precisely what they clamored for. Lord Mayor O'Callaghan will go back as a seaman when he has finished his mission in the States; and not before.

Why a distinguished Irishman had to resort to the means O'Callaghan used to reach America is well understood. Some light is thrown on the situation by the Labor Delegation's Report which is published in full with its appendices by the Nation. Here is one document therein given to the public:

117 S 34142 ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY OFFICE, DUBLIN CASTLE CRIME DEPARTMENT—SPECIAL BRANCH (The officer to whom this file is

addressed is responsible for its safe custody) Subject Information Date: Nov. 16, 1920.

C. I. Nenagh: A man named Baker, who is employed in the Dublin Tramways, has just returned from Thurles, and has furnished Griffiths with sworn statements of outrages committed by Black and Tans in Tipperary. He has relations in Thurles, and it is suggested that they should be "looked up." This should be done as discreetly as possible. Perhaps the Police know something of these people, and should act according to their best judgment, and report result of search if such be made. L. CHEBMAN.

Not a hint, it will be observed, that the information furnished was untrue or exaggerated, but a very broad intimation that people furnishing information of the activities of the Black and Tans should be "discreetly" "looked up." The Labor Commission adds this comment: "The original of this document is no longer in the hands of the authorities. The Commission saw the actual document and a photograph was taken of it. The term 'look up' is apparently an accepted phrase which may cover a multitude of sins. The instructions in the document are couched in vague language, but the Commission is of the opinion that the recipient of the instructions would read between the lines."

And the Commission as well as others would probably have some misgivings as to the certainty of British passports issuing to Baker and his relations in Thurles if they wished to come to America to testify as to conditions in Ireland. From another document in the Appendix of the English Labor Commission's Report headed "Brutal Treatment and Theft" we take this paragraph: "He took a revolver out of his pocket and placed it to my right temple, and asked me to tell him where Donal O'Callaghan, the deputy, sleeps at night. I said I did not know. He called me a liar, and stated I did know, and that I knew everything going on at the City Hall. He then opened the button of my shirt and placed the muzzle of the revolver against my heart, telling me he was giving me five minutes to divulge the information."

Perhaps they were trying to find O'Callaghan in order to urge him to take a passport to America. Father Griffin, of Galway, had accepted an invitation to come to America to testify before the Commission now inquiring into Irish conditions. He got a passport to Heaven. Brutally murdered his body was found buried in a bog. The office of Lord Mayor of Cork is not a position that a coward would seek. Lord Mayor MacCurtain was murdered by the police; Lord Mayor MacSwiney was hounded for two years; finally arrested and imprisoned, he laid down his life as a protest against tyranny. Lord Mayor O'Callaghan has long been "on the run."

What that means is told by the London Daily News, one of the English newspapers that is saving England's good name and serving England's cause, while the lick-spittle press is besmirching the one and damaging the other by condoning the policy indignantly denounced when practiced by Turkey. The Daily News says: "In one important town all but five of the town councillors are 'on the run.' Now what does this expression mean? It means that men who are interested in politics, some of them Irish Volunteers, and in that Sinn Feiners or trade unionists who have no connection with the Republican Army, live in a perpetual expectation of capture. They do not sleep in their own beds; they move from place to place; they are always on their guard against surprise. Sir Hamar Greenwood uses the phrase, amid the answering cheers of the House of Commons, to describe the steady progress he is making in reducing Ireland to order. The moment might suppose that these men are in danger of arrest and trial before a court of law. No such thing. They are in danger of murder. When at last they are surprised in bed, they are carried off, not for trial, but to the nearest backyard or the nearest river, to be shot or drowned. 'Attempting to escape,' is now becoming one of the commonest forms of death in Ireland."

Yes that's what it means to be "on the run" in Ireland today. And Lord Mayor O'Callaghan was "on the run." Even for an Anglo-Saxon-American is any further reason necessary to explain why he came to America as a stowaway. And is there not sufficient reason why the United

States Government should decide that he is a "seaman" and may re-ship when he is good and ready. "Do a great right, do a little wrong and curb this cruel devil of his will." There is no fear of Donal O'Callaghan's being deported with unseemly haste. The Anglo-Saxon Americans may fuss and fume a bit; but they should read the U. S. Census returns and ponder them in their hearts.

A medical friend informs us that, within the last few years, a very distinguished representative of England might have been excluded from the United States under the exacting immigration laws. The disease which would have excluded him is probably hereditary and not the personal fault of the unfortunate victim. If Irish Americans had been capable of the savagery of Anglo-Saxon-Americans the matter would have been aired on the floor of Congress. But, thank God, the Irish Americans in this case scorned to do what Anglo-Saxons have now tried—and failed—to do to Donal O'Callaghan.

FAIR PLAY IN TAXATION

BY THE OBSERVER Few subjects have been more discussed than taxation. The subject is the happy hunting ground of cranks of every variety; amongst whom the Single Taxer holds a very prominent place. Like most of our laws, our taxation acts are neither wholly good, nor yet so bad as some represent them to be. One thing may be said against them, under present-day conditions; and that is, that they do not reach adequately to the purse of the man who is best able to pay.

A present instance, and a very striking one, of this inadequacy is the Federal Income Tax. Up to the present moment, the collections under this Act have been positively fiasco. The man who has an income of \$2,000 or upwards, from one or two sources, and who comes under the Act, cannot, without great risk, make a false return. That risk, however, is taken in a great many cases; and the fraud is never investigated or questioned. But the really wealthy people of Canada who have immense incomes from many sources have not yet begun to pay anything like their share; and they are not being subjected to any bother at all either.

Nothing could well be more absurd than the income tax returns up to this time. I shall, on another occasion, offer an analysis of the Government report on this subject. The great weakness in the administration of the Act up to this time is, that it has not been attempted to follow up and verify the returns made by individuals who are notoriously wealthy. A case has been brought to my notice in which an Inspector of Taxation, after writing to the employer of a man who had sent him a return, added \$2 to the salary returned; and the \$2 was a mistake at that. The same inspector has had scores of false returns sent to him by wealthy men, which he has never verified at all: Possibly he has not the means of doing so.

The great weakness of our systems of taxation in Canada is, that they bear disproportionately on the man who has little; largely because that little is easily seen and can be valued at a glance. His little home, his few bits of furniture, the ledger of his employer: These present no difficulty to the assessor. The poor man pays to the last cent. How is it with the rich man? How is the assessing of large stocks-in-trade, for instance, done in the average Canadian town or city? The assessor goes in; if he goes that far; some of them do not go in; to the shop or office; and they ask: "How much stock have you?" And what does the merchant tell them? The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? A few, perhaps, do. But most men are as little sensitive in conscience about taxes as they are about smuggling in a box of cigars in their valise when coming across the line.

Mercantile assessing is done wholly haphazard in most places in Canada. So is all assessing when the subject-matter to be valued presents any difficulty or complication. Poll taxes are usually collected; because a man cannot conveniently hide his poll; but many things are hidden and are never dreamed of in the philosophy of the careless or inexperienced assessor. Now, there is in Canada a vast amount of what may be called "war wealth." I do not mean to say that

war-made wealth is, on principle, more properly taxable, than any other wealth. Perhaps so; some people say so; and there is some color, sentimentally at least, for their view; but I do not assert it. The fact that some men made great wealth during the War, when others gave blood and life without gain, does make one the more angry at seeing such wealth escape taxation; but, on principle, those who are best able to pay ought to pay most; and those who are least able, ought to pay least, and there is some ground for saying that some who now pay what is to them a considerable amount, ought to be exempt altogether.

No man need tell me that the wealth cannot be ascertained. It can be ascertained. The Government of the United States ascertains it; not perfectly, of course; but very well. Canadians would have little to complain of if the income tax were as well collected in Canada. But, by present indications, the war debt of Canada is to be paid by those who are least able to pay; not by those who are best able.

In other words, that same class of our population who suffered most of the War, and who at the same time contributed by billions to the piling up of huge fortunes for the few, are now kindly invited to pay off the crushing debt which the War imposed on the country.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

It is an old saying of economists that in all ages the agrarian problem has been the fruitful mother of revolution. Those who recall the struggles of the Irish people of a generation ago will not need to be reminded how largely the system of land tenure then, and for centuries preceding in vogue, entered into them. Ireland's troubles of today are of another kind, but the heritage of cruel memories of injustice in the past in regard to the land certainly tends to aggravate the situation of the present.

IN MORE than one respect the history of Ireland is reproduced in that of Mexico. It is customary for the shallow and uninformed to refer to Mexico as the natural home of turbulence, and incapacity for self-government, and to attribute all this to racial deficiencies. How very far this is from the truth will be apparent to anyone who will take the trouble to inform himself as to the facts and will bring an open mind to the task. Than the real Mexican there is no more cultivated, more refined or more orderly individual in any land, as residents among them and observant visitors have testified. But Mexico is a land of inequalities and inherited constitutional injustices, and between the opposing forces of peace and of good government have been the victims, and Mexico's good name as a nation has been beclouded.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL troubles which lie at the bottom of Mexican unrest have of late attracted much attention among students of political economy at home and abroad. As a result much sazer indere are gradually coming to prevail in regard to the real character of the Mexican people. A member of the present Government, in a recent interview with the Canadian Trade Commissioner, gave it as his conviction that with the solution of the agrarian problem most of Mexico's troubles would vanish. But, so deep-rooted and far-reaching is this problem in Mexico that he was doubtful if it could be solved inside of a generation.

THE SITUATION, in short, is that, as in Ireland before the days of the great Land Act, Mexico has long lain under the curse of absentee landlordism. The land has been held by large proprietors, usually residing abroad, who own haciendas, amounting in some cases to over a hundred thousand acres. These great proprietors, or haciendados give out parcels of land to be worked by the peon, or laborer, who is supplied with oxen, machinery, tools, seed, etc., by his master, and in return the haciendado receives a large percentage of all crops harvested. The peon is credited with a share of these crops, which he usually receives in the form of credit at a store owned by his employer. The result is that the peon is kept a perpetual debtor to the estate, as he cannot leave until his indebtedness is liquidated, except, it should be added, in the

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY

THE FRAGILE OF CHARITY

"Brethren, if I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." (1 Cor. XIII)

The opportunities for performing acts of charity today, as in St. Paul's time, are unlimited; and therefore the occasions for practicing the virtues of charity are numberless. This virtue—we take it here in its comprehensive sense—means love, and what follows from true and pure love. It means the giving of help where it is needed for body or soul; it means also abstention from any word or deed injurious to man in his person, right, or character. When we consider the multitude of ways in which the virtue of charity may be practiced, we should also realize from existing conditions, that there are a vast number of opportunities for its practical application. It is lamentable to hear people sometimes protesting that they know not where to direct their charity. Not a day dawns but the crying need of some individual—nay, of hundreds—is ringing in our ears. Few of us need go in search of the needy. They are at our doors; they are filling our ears with their supplications; they should be touching our hearts also by the occasion they give us, to say no more, of exercising the great virtue of charity, under the head of help to the needy.

THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Floyd Koeler in America

The past year has been notable in the efforts which have been put forth looking towards the reunion of Christendom, and equally remarkable in the small amount of real advance in this direction. I have tried to keep the readers of American informed as to the progress of these events, and of their significance from a Catholic point of view, showing as far as I could the flaw in all these schemes, and foreshadowing in some measure the failure to which I have just referred.

A year ago in October the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church drew up a tentative "concordat" whereby Congregational ministers might by the acceptance of certain conditions, receive ordination in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and yet, at the same time, continue their ministry in Congregational churches. The doctrinal requirements were very meager, so meager in fact, that many high churchmen felt them to be utterly inadequate, and were not a little concerned when so staunch a High Churchman as Dr. Manning of Trinity, New York, espoused the cause of this "concordat."

His reputation is certain to be enhanced; while on the other hand, if the report is to his disfavor, he is likely to be ruined. When our character is attacked, the number of our defenders is small indeed, whereas our enemies seem to be indefinitely multiplied. Men are more ready to help with their physical strength than with the power of their tongues. As a rule, man is more willing to risk his life to save a fellow being from some physical danger than he is to use a few kind words to protect his character. He will in a flash recognize danger to the body and almost instinctively will exert his utmost strength to rescue the exposed one, while he will remain unconcerned, to say the least, when a person's good name is being destroyed before him.

That more misery and suffering is primarily caused by words than by deeds seems to be a truth that cannot be denied. It would be difficult to conceive anything that could ultimately produce more energy than that which words have been the means of putting into action. Of course, we can not and do not deny that words have done a vast amount of good and will continue to do so; but we are now speaking of their exaggeration and abuse. The one real antidote to the evil they produce is charity. In the case of many, the practice of this virtue has been the dawn of a new day, when it seemed that light would never return. It has been the means of many a beautiful flower, heavy and drooping from the atmosphere of calumny and gossip, brightening up and resuming its primal beauty. The sting of the serpent is soothed by its balm and the ghostly ghost of ruin expelled. Charity can work wonders even where all else fails. Upon it is built the beauty of the heavens and whatever good is found upon earth. Upon its wings alone can man fly to God and rest in the peace of heaven.

No day should be allowed to pass on which charity is not practiced in some way and in some degree. It is the principal stepping stone before us to perfection. In fact, it is the foundation for all else that helps us to arrive at the end for which we were created. Since it is so frequently disregarded, we are doing a twofold work in practicing it—a work of duty and a work of reparation. By it we build, and by it we rebuild what others have torn down. It alone bridges the gulf separating God, in all His infinite perfection, from us in our lamentable lowliness. But once it has spanned this abyss, we stand united to God by the closest of ties. We are His friends, His children, the heirs to a share in His eternal kingdom. The path which ordinarily is difficult to follow is, by charity, made a straight road from which we never can deviate so long as we hold it as our guide. The beauty of the lives of the saints, on which we love to think and to admire, was begun and consummated in charity. Nay, the glory that has come to any soul both in life and after death, is but the crown of charity. It reaches from earth to heaven, and returns laden with the sweetness of God's love to pour it upon those whom it adores.

It is to be regretted that our young people are not more fervent in the practice of this virtue. It is left, to a great extent, to the elders. The young are selfish today because the world is selfish. Whatever the spirit of the times demands, these wor-

shippers of the material gladly grant. For the sake of appearance, to be wretched, to charm, to impress, the youth of the present are spending their all, saving nothing for charity. Their parents no doubt are doing their share, but why should not the young be taught that charity is also required of them? Parents should remember that a child growing up with no inclination to the practice of this virtue is preparing himself for a future where selfishness is the reigning god. The beauty of charity should be seen emanating from every Christian, young and old, for each is the temple of the Holy Ghost and the tabernacle of the Lord, He Who is Charity itself.

fronted with the same difficulties in dealing with our sister Church.

Overtures have been made to us that we should set forth a regulation whereby in communities where there be no priest of our Church or other official teacher our people be recommended to seek their spiritualities from the nearest Anglican. This we could easily do were we assured that the nearest Anglican would be of the mind that is so well expressed in the concordat of Bishop Darlington. Our Anglican brethren will take no offence when we say that we have no such assurance. For that reason we find ourselves unable to do that which we would like to do and accept the hospitable invitation so generously accorded us.

Which amounts to a very polite way of saying, "We would like to come into communion with you, but you haven't proved that it is so well without betraying our principles."

The Greek Churches had representatives at the Geneva Conference in August, where some eighty different religious bodies were gathered in an attempt to find a basis for union, and these kept their eyes and ears open. They were not misled by fine rhetoric or empty phrases about "our essential oneness." They were fully aware that before they could feel that Anglicanism holds the teachings of God and His Church, the central point must be "sent unconditionally from the episcopate of the Anglican Church." How absurdly simple, yet how impossible! Even the attenuated Lambeth appeal was not sent out unanimously. Bishop Hall of Vermont has recently made public the fact that he voted against it, together with his reasons for so doing. It is true his objection is based on "Catholic" grounds, and because he felt the Lambeth resolutions were, to put it plainly, too Protestant, but it goes to show that no proposition can secure the vote of all Anglican bishops, and certainly no really Catholic statement could command so large a vote as did the resolutions actually passed. Of this there is no doubt in the minds of any who know.

Bishop Hall feels that putting into practice the Lambeth resolutions would, as he expresses it: "not satisfy the needs of persons outside our communion, while it would distress and upset many of our most earnest people, and at the same time set up a fresh barrier between ourselves and both the Latin and Greek Churches, which would be confirmed in their suspicions as to our abandonment of belief in Holy Orders as really sacramental, conferring Divine grace, and not merely a human appointment of ministers."

And so they have, so far as any action has been taken in accordance with them. Up to date, these results, as far as I am aware, are two. First there was the consecration of a Swedish Lutheran "bishop," in which ceremony two English bishops took part at the invitation of the Swedish Church, actuated by the statements of the Lambeth Conference. Setting aside the question as to the succession in Sweden, this "regularizing" of their orders from an Anglican point of view adds nothing to the safeguarding of the doctrine or Orders of the Catholic Faith generally. It is certain that the Swedes do not hold the Catholic theory of Orders, and these "Anglo-Swedish" bishops do not regard themselves to be more "Catholic" than their fellows whose consecration was not aided by the presence of two gentlemen "in scarlet and mitre."

Secondly, one of whom at least, the notorious Bishop Hensley Henson of Durham, has certainly never been supposed to hold a very high opinion of his office and whose intention to confer Catholic Orders must certainly be held most doubtful.

The other event, which seems to be the outgrowth of Lambeth and of the Concordat in this country, though without waiting for the formal acceptance of either of them, is the calling of a Congregational minister to a position on the staff of St. Paul's Cathedral in Detroit. This seems to have taken place merely by the consent of the Bishop of Michigan, who is receiving him, and of the Bishop of Massachusetts who confirmed him, without any concordat or anything else. Just how the canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church, requiring subscription to certain formularies, and various other formalities, of those who would be admitted to her Orders, are circumvented is not told us. But what is a canon among friends!

Numerous Congregational ministers have in the past become Episcopalians, but most of them were obliged to take at least part of the seminary course, and all of them were put through the canonical examinations, serving their period as candidates for Holy Orders, as prescribed by the laws of the Church, before ordination, but in this instance there seems to be none of this. In fact, while the reverend gentleman was confirmed by Bishop Lawrence, he has not yet received episcopal ordination and has only just resigned his Congregational pastorate. His own statement as to how he looks upon the change may be edifying. He says:

"In making this change of official connection, I am yielding none of my loyalty to the great essentials for which Congregationalism has struggled and for which it stands. Nor do I modify my antagonism to any of the faults in Episcopalianism. Bishop Lawrence was confirmed by Bishop Lawrence, he has not yet received episcopal ordination and has only just resigned his Congregational pastorate. His own statement as to how he looks upon the change may be edifying. He says:

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by accepting episcopal ordination. I am in no sense to be taken as repudiating my former ministry or yielding to any new conviction. . . . Doctrinally, I can see no difference—there is one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, one body in Christ, many varying gifts, but the same spirit."

If it any wonder that Rome does not view with much sympathy plans for reunion which work out in such ways? How can Catholic minded Episcopalians reconcile themselves to such things? For if this kind of "reunion" goes on, it will be utterly impossible to tell what is what or who is who, and this not only from a Catholic point of view but from the point of view of an Anglican who holds even a modicum of their ancient tradition and practice. And how can the Anglican Church escape the charge of insincerity and duplicity for renouncing which work out in such ways? How can Catholic minded Episcopalians reconcile themselves to such things? For if this kind of "reunion" goes on, it will be utterly impossible to tell what is what or who is who, and this not only from a Catholic point of view but from the point of view of an Anglican who holds even a modicum of their ancient tradition and practice. 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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CHEER UP!

Why don't you smile a little bit? I know you're feeling blue...

I know, of course, it's very hard When things are really black; But you are not the only one With troubles in your pack.

There's not a soul that you may meet But has some secret care, Suppose they all behaved like you! Life would be hard to bear—

If every face were dark with frowns, If not an eye were bright, If every mouth just drooped and drooped From morning until night.

So turn the corners up a bit; If fate's unkind, deny her The chance of scoring over you; She yields if you defy her.

FORGET THE PAST

The constant looking backward to what might have been instead of forward to what may be, is a great weakener of self-confidence.

Do in the best way you can the work that is under your hand at the moment; do it with a good intention; do it with the best preparation your thought suggests...

THE SKATING RACE BY MARY The wind moaned through the trees. The night was intensely cold and the moon, just rising, seemed first to light up the tall grim cedars...

TRUE AND FAITHFUL FRIENDS

Friendship is a word, the very sight of which in print makes the heart warm. How eloquently these words express what friendship means to one and all of us in our voyage over the sea of life!

A true friend is one who unobscuredly, freely, advises, assists, readily, adventurously, takes all patiently, defends courageously and remains a friend, unchangeably.

Comment me to that generous heart, Which like the fire on high Uplifts the same unvarying bow To every change of sky.

He is the true friend then who is with us in sunshine and storm and that unchanging fidelity is really what is meant by friendship.

VICTORY The Cup is ours, Well, I guess, Castor High School, YES, YES, YES. Our School Yell.

ENVIRONMENT

Environment is so active and energizing in its influence upon character that there is a school of thought which said that man's destiny was determined by environment.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LITTLE TOWN OF LAUGHTER

The little town of Laughter Lies under yonder hill, With sunlight in the meadows And music in the rill.

All day thy in dreams of youth, And from the tall church steeple The bells are ringing truth.

The little town of Laughter Is happy all the while, With all the flowers in blossom, And all the lips a smile.

The sweetest little faces Are those you see go by, And there's a merry twinkle In every sparkling eye.

THE SKATING RACE BY MARY The wind moaned through the trees. The night was intensely cold and the moon, just rising, seemed first to light up the tall grim cedars...

THE SKATING RACE

The wind moaned through the trees. The night was intensely cold and the moon, just rising, seemed first to light up the tall grim cedars and then throw its bright beams on a clear sheet of ice.

THE SKATING RACE BY MARY The wind moaned through the trees. The night was intensely cold and the moon, just rising, seemed first to light up the tall grim cedars...

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SIGNIFICANCE OF LABOR UNIONS

Joseph H. H. S. J., in America

In previous articles we established the natural right of labor unions and their necessity in the present social system. It is not impossible that the free exercise of this right may be interdicted in the future, under a Socialist no less than a capitalist regime.

Article I. Since the destruction of every kind of association of persons of the same estate or profession is one of the foundations of the Constitution, the reestablishment of them under any form whatsoever is forbidden.

The loss of faith, together with this total suppression of labor unions, gradually enacted into law over the entire civilized world, was necessarily followed by the economic evils of the modern industrialism.

The crowd of young faces were turned in anxious interest towards two young boys each representing a Country School, who stood in the centre of the group, and notwithstanding the rivalry between them were chatting intimately.

Both schools prided themselves in skating, but tonight they were not thinking of the joy and freedom of skating—that was forgotten—for the hearts of all were set on one thing—they would win that race.

The teacher of the rival school stood in the centre of the ice and said to Jack Moore, come take your place! but the rest was drowned out by cheers from us as Jack, our representative, the hero of our school, stepped forward; and then, as the noise subsided the teacher went on—

Now, Bill Smith, take your place, and as both boys shook hands we stood breathless—waiting—

Who was ahead? Our question was soon answered for our rivals were cheering, cheering—On Bill, oh Bill—boy—boy, skate, faster, faster—that's it, you're ahead!

Our school was silent, was Jack, our Jack losing, oh, it couldn't be. Then we broke into a yell—our school yell—for Jack was creeping up. It's a tie, on Jack, on Bill.

They're down, tripped, Coward—Coward—we yelled. Then the bell rang and we became silent even before the echoes had died away.

Silent, but only for an instant. Then clearly, above the yells the teacher's voice rang out—

How they were skating, they seemed rather to be flying, the yards between them and the goal grew fewer and fewer—who would win his fate to be determined by circumstances? No, rather must he be the architect of the circumstances, building up life's trials and troubles into a staircase sloping to the throne of God, where he must find his right place for all the days of eternity.

Organization, even though but very partial, elevates the entire position of the wage-earning class. Directly, by the force of its collective bargaining power, or indirectly, through the respect or fear it inspires, organized labor soon reduces hours to a reasonable limit, raises wages above the proletarian limit, and secures for the worker a share in the comforts, the rightful enjoyments and the culture consequent with the present stage of material and intellectual civilization.

So necessary in fact is labor organization that the celebrated Jesuit moralist, Father Catherin, advances in common with many other leading Catholic authorities, the compulsory organization of labor, even in our own time, provided that a majority of the workers themselves should demand this. Such after all, was the practical result of the action taken in the Middle Ages, and such is the object of the closed shop today.

commercial and industrial life. Some ray of hope we behold in the shop organizations springing up within certain plants, and built on times on the idea of a true cooperation between capital and labor. This new "industrial democracy" should not be brought in conflict with the national labor union system.

It is packed to please and serves its mission



is used in millions of teapots daily. Send us a postal for a free sample. Please state the price you now pay and whether Black, Green or Mixed Address Salada, Toronto.

shop today. The latter would force the unorganized workers, not by physical violence, nor by legal enactment, but by exclusion from their trade, to gather into the existing labor unions, as was done in the days of the Catholic guilds.

Here, as elsewhere, the only difficulty in our day arises from the absence of religion as a guiding principle of unionism to assure justice and charity for all men. In Catholic countries this condition is readily remedied by the establishment of Catholic labor unions.

Without this conception of unionism there can never be a true revival of the medieval guild ideal, when it was indeed for the highest good of all the people that every tradesman should be forced to join his own trade union, or else be excluded from mastership in his craft.

The growth of labor unionism in modern times has been viewed with most divided sentiments. To some it was a sign no less ominous than the swarming locust-clouds were to the eyes of the Roman peasant as he saw them slowly darkening the sun and threatening to settle on his fields and vineyards.

The fact is that it depends entirely upon the nature of the particular labor organization whether it shall be a blessing or a curse. Like the girls of the Middle Ages at their perfection, it may come, with the promise of peace and happiness, or like the Bolshevik menace it may rise up dark with class hatred and be scourged along in its destructive course by the storm-winds of irreligion, leaving wreck and ruin in its path.

Modern labor unions have of necessity begun as fighting organizations. It was only by hard and bitter struggle that they secured reasonable hours, better wages and human conditions of labor. There had been an incentive for the master to provide for the slave or the serf, but human labor was cheap in the days of industrialism, when men had separated from labor's greatest friend, the Church, and the unions had been born under the hoofs of the new god Pan, half human, half brute, who played on this road of gold.

The great powers it fought in the beginning had little regard for justice or for charity. Their principles, in general, were the longest hours for the shortest pay and the least expense in providing the worker with human conditions of labor. Their supreme end was the amassing of the greatest gain by any legal means.

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Why Not Make Your Will?

It is a business arrangement which we should not neglect, and it is a simple matter. If you should accidentally be killed without making your will, your estate might be distributed contrary to your wishes.

Your wishes will be faithfully carried out and your heirs properly protected if you appoint this Company your Executor. See your Solicitor or arrange for an interview with us. Correspondence invited.

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No matter how old, how dirty, how dilapidated, tie a rope around them and send us to be made into

The Famous VELVETEX Rugs Reversible—Will wear a lifetime—Prices reasonable

We have hundreds of recommendations from satisfied customers. SEND FOR CATALOG

We pay express both ways on large orders. One way on small orders. Canada Rug Company 98 CARLING STREET, LONDON, ONT. Established 1907. Phone 2485

DR. NORVALL'S Stomach and Tonic Tablets

are recommended by Doctors and Druggists to relieve Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache. They will act as a gentle laxative and tone up the system in general.

DR. NORVALL MEDICAL CO. LIMITED 168 HUNTER ST. PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

COUPON

DR. NORVALL MEDICAL CO. Ltd. 168 Hunter St., Peterborough, Ont.

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed find ten cents, for which please send me one of your regular boxes of Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets.

Sign your name.....

Post Office Address.....

Province.....

This Coupon good only to Feb. 17th, 1921.

LEAVES ON THE WIND

New Volume of Verse by Rev. V. A. Casey

At The Gate of The Temple Editor of "The Canadian Freeman"

\$1.25 Postpaid Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

FATHER CASEY writes with sincere and deep feeling. His uplifting heart-songs carry many cheery winged messages to the earth-worn weary children of men.

More convincing than Sygne and Lady Gregory, perhaps because the poet knows better and sympathizes more deeply with the people of whom he writes, was the comment of Joyce Kilmer in "The Literary Digest."

In the pages of this book religion and art are mingled with happiest results.

Advertisement for Mack Latz Co. featuring 'The Alamac' resort on Lake Hopatcong, N.J. Includes text: 'Plumb on the Boardwalk Parlor's Exquisite Mack Latz Co. who also conduct The ALAMAC in the Mountains on Lake Hopatcong, N.J. Nearest Mountain Resort to New York. OPEN JUNE TO OCTOBER' and an illustration of the resort building.

VATICAN'S PART IN FIUME PEACE

LETTERS SHOW THAT HOLY SEE WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN PREVENTING WARFARE

Rome, Dec. 28.—The Holy See is entitled to a considerable share of the credit for Gabriele d'Annunzio's final acceptance of the treaty of Rapallo and the surrender of Fiume after a relatively small loss of life.

Although d'Annunzio and Mayor Gigante did not return the assurances that were requested by Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, and Don Constantini, Apostolic Administrator of Fiume, it is believed that their ultimate decision to capitulate was influenced by the arguments urged upon them by the Pope's representatives.

DON CONSTANTINI'S APPEAL

Ecclesiastically, Fiume belongs to the Diocese of Veglia. When d'Annunzio took possession of the city it was isolated, and the Holy See in order to provide for its spiritual government, appointed Don Celso Constantini as Apostolic Administrator. Don Constantini had been a chaplain in the Italian army and was well known as a patron of the sacred art.

From the beginning of the war, after the Italian occupation of Aquileia, he had devoted himself to the excavations and repairs of the famous Cathedral of that town, which was once the splendid seat of the patriarchate that was transferred to Venice after Aquileia was destroyed by Attila.

Don Celso Constantini has governed Fiume with great zeal, neglecting no opportunity to hasten the pacific solution of the Adriatic problem. Even d'Annunzio greatly appreciated Don Constantini's spirit and his priestly activities, but deference to the Commander did not prevent the Apostolic Administrator from raising his voice when d'Annunzio allowed himself certain manifestations that the Church could not approve.

WHAT WOULD NEWMAN SAY OF IRELAND NOW?

It might possibly cast at least a feeble ray of light into the minds of those who are imaginative Englishmen of today who seem quite incapable of understanding why in the world the Irish have not completely lost their hearts long since to the invading Sassenach who has been for centuries exploiting and misgoverning Erin.

Commercial loans, standing at \$66,740,000, experienced a slight increase. Capital stock was unchanged at \$6,000,000 and the reserve at \$7,000,000.

"Nineteen-twenty" being the jubilee year of The Dominion Bank it is appropriate that some reference should be made to the growth that has characterized it during the last few decades.

The outstanding features of these figures is the persistent gathering of strength in the items indicating the financial position of the bank.

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letters, full of deference to the Holy See, you have been good enough to write me, I am encouraged to address to you a word of peace and concord, inspired by the eventful moments, through which that state is passing.

"Even more painful would it be to see fraternal blood spilled without result. Prompted, therefore, by regard for that common sense, generosity and deference by which you have shown yourself to be animated, I make bold to call attention to those considerations, and urge that, for the paramount reasons of peace, fraternity and true patriotism, you work to avert the dreaded misfortune. I pray to God to accompany with His Grace this step of mine and to inspire counsel of moderation and peace."

"I take the opportunity to declare myself, with the most respectful sentiments, Yours faithfully, P. CARDINAL GASPARRI."

Although the Mayor replied in substance that he would never accept or recommend a settlement which did not insure the annexation of Fiume to Italy, it is important to note that the reasons which Cardinal Gasparri urged against further resistance were those which the Mayor of Fiume subsequently assigned for surrendering the city to the Italian forces.

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LONDON BELTON DELAWARE ILBERTON EGANVILLE IONA STATION KOMOKA LAWRENCE STATION MELBOURNE MIDDLEMISS THORNDALE WALKERS

Green, the English historian, in a merciless indictment of British "frightfulness" in Ireland which appeared in last week's papers dwell on the heritage of an dying hatred Lloyd George's "firm message" will reach for England. "What memorials," asks Mrs. Green, "will hang about the refrain of 'God Save the King' for a child who has seen a father or a brother on his knees with a bayonet at his back or a revolver at his head made to sing that anthem?"

GAIN IN CASH ASSETS BY DOMINION BANK

NEW HIGH RECORD TOUCHED IN NET PROFITS IN BANK'S JUBILEE YEAR

The annual statement for the year ending December 31, 1920, shows that the cash assets increased during the twelve months by the substantial sum of \$2,758,000, their total value being \$94,061,617, the highest point ever reached, while their proportion to the bank's liabilities to the public is 27.65 per cent. or 8.06 points above the figures for 1919.

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IN MEMORIAM

CONDON.—In fond and loving memory of Robert E. Condon, who departed from this life on January 22, 1920, sadly missed by his parents, brother and sisters.

McLOY.—In loving memory of Leo McLoey, who died one year ago today, Feb. 6th, 1920. Eternal rest grant him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

MUST MEET THE HARD PROBLEM

Dealing with easy things has never strengthened me—not for a moment. It is not the easy dirt that produces the physically perfect man or woman, but the difficult one—the exercise that makes the muscles ache. So in the fight for success we must meet the hard propositions as well as the easier ones; must learn that "every cloud there's a silver lining" and that it is only by keeping sweet and lending an ever ready hand to assist the fallen that we live—live—not exist, and learn with Longfellow to "act—not in the living present! Heavt within and God o'er head!"

DIED

Downs.—At Cornwall, Ont., on Dec. 30, 1920, Miss Louise Downs, a life-long reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD. May her soul rest in peace.

Purcell.—At Platon, Ont., on Sunday, Jan. 2, 1921, Thomas Purcell, in his seventy-fifth year. May his soul rest in peace.

Gardiner.—At her late residence, 446 Herkimer Street, Hamilton, Ont., on Wednesday, January 17, Mrs. T. M. Gardiner, widow of Samuel Gardiner and daughter of the late James Stevens, formerly of Toronto. May her soul rest in peace.

Foley.—At her late residence, 340 Waverly Street, Ottawa, on Sunday, January 23rd, 1921, Catherine Theresa, widow of the late Wm. W. Foley, in her eighty-first year. May her soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED Bilingual teacher for Primary class of Pentecost Catholic Separate school; holder of legal qualification. Apply to A. J. Fortier, Sec., P. O. Box 1013, Pembroke, Ont. 2296-3

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA WANTED Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1911 edition. Please state binding and price. Address Box 237, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 2295-3

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S WORKS WANTED to purchase a complete set of Cardinal Newman's Works. Please state binding and price. Address Box 237, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 2295-3

POSITION WANTED WANTED a situation as housekeeper for one or two persons, by widow lady with one child. For particulars, address Mrs. M. J. Devine, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 2297-3

WANTED WANTED at once a Catholic dentist, splendid opportunity to purchase a complete set of dental instruments, also consistent school where all children must have dental inspection. Person speaking French and English preferred. Address Eugene Marvoux, Pres. Catholic Club, Box 187, Viscount, Sask. 2295-2

WANTED middle aged woman as housekeeper one who would appreciate a good home, where family is small and every convenience. Apply to Mrs. J. A. Anstett, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 2295-3

WANTED someone to take care of three school children. Must be able to cook with and assist in home where other girls kept. Apply at once to Mrs. K. A. Grogan, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 2295-4

WANTED an experienced married man to work on a farm by the year. Free house, milk, vegetable garden and apples. Two miles from separate school and church. Please state wages. Also fill in reference form. Apply to further particulars address Joseph Gibbons, La Salette P. O., Ont. 2297-3

FARMS FOR SALE 100 ACRES \$6,500. Best of clay loam; no waste; 4 acres bush; 3 acres extra good orchard; all well fenced; 2000 ft. water; shed 30x30, also on stone foundation; 8 room frame house; never failing spring 3 ft. from house; water will flow to bath and house with out pumping; Public school 1 mile, church and separate school one and a half miles, 4 miles from Parkhill, 28 miles from London. Daily mail and telephone. Good roads. Owner giving up farming, apply to Albert McLean, Lot 7, Con. 12 W. Williams, Rt. R. No. 3, Parkhill, Ont. 2296-4

TWO good improved half sections of land in Catholic colony. The south half 17-34-2-3rd, 100 acres, with well, school, church, and construction, near railroad. Also the N. E. 1/4-35-21 and N. W. 1/4-35-21 with good improvements. Terms reasonable. Apply to A. A. Anstett, Langham, Sask. Box 142. 2295-6

ONE hundred acres in the Tr. Arthur, Co. Wellington. All cleared and in good state of cultivation. On the premises are a good bank barn, comfortable house, kitchen and wood shed, orchard, and two good wells; 1 mile from school, 4 miles from church, and on main road on good road, rural mail and telephone line. This is a first class farm and will be sold reasonably. For further particulars apply to Miss Margaret Purcell, R. R. No. 2, Kenilworth, Ont. 2298-2

FARM FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICE EXCELLENT mixed farming proposition 620 acres, 250 acres under cultivation, remainder splendid pasture. Comfortable house and buildings, excellent water and well fenced. Two miles from village on main line of C. N. R. with elevators, school, church, etc. and six miles from Provincial Agricultural College. This land has produced 3 bush of wheat to the acre. Adjoining summer fallow wheat land, can be rented very reasonably. Splendid opening for practical farmer. Correspondence solicited. Price only \$25 per acre. Terms. Apply to Mrs. M. J. Devine, Scottish, Alta. 2298-2

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL NURSE A dignified, enviable, profitable calling. Intel ligent, ambitious women over eighteen are trained at St. Catharines Hospital School of Nursing. This school offers the highest and diploma courses qualifying for future advancement. Separate residence, good surroundings, convenient location, address Director of Training School, St. Catharines Hospital, Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyna, N. Y. 2134-F

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES MERCY Hospital Training School for Nurses offers exceptional educational opportunities for competent and ambitious young women. Applicants must be eighteen years of age, and have one year of high-school or its equivalent. Pupils may enter at the present time. Applications may be sent to the Director of Nurses, Mercy Hospital, Toledo, Ohio. 2134-F

ST. JOSEPH'S SANITARIUM TRAINING School for Nurses, Ann Arbor, Michigan, located 38 miles from Detroit. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Affords excellent training in all branches of nursing with a three years course of instruction. Separate nurses home. For further information, apply to Superintendents, St. Joseph's Sanitarium, Ann Arbor, Mich. 2131-20

Young Man Wanted

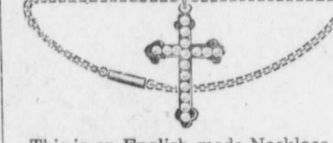
An excellent opening for young man, preferably Catholic, as Cam-vassor and Salesman for Financial Institution. Experience not absolutely necessary but will be given consideration in making appointment, which will be permanent to one who can discharge duties satisfactorily. Apply Box 232, The Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

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Rubrical Mass Candles..... 65c. lb. Moulded Wax Candles..... 45c. lb. Votive Candles..... 60c. 1/2 lb. Candles

MISSION SUPPLIES Finest Stock on the Market J. J. M. LANDY 405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

This Pretty Necklace Free to Girls



This is an English made Necklace, 14 inches long. The Cross is made of English rolled gold plate and is set with Brilliants. It is very pretty, and we will send one to you as a prize if you will send Three Dollars worth of lovely St. Patrick and Easter Post Cards at ten cents a package. Send us your name and address and we send you the cards to sell. When sold, send us our money and we send you the Necklace and Cross complete, with all charges prepaid. You run no risk, because we take back the cards if you do not sell them.

HOMER-WARREN CO. DEPT. 126, TORONTO

Ink Powder

for home and school use. Simply add water and you have the BEST OF INK

Bright full colors, guaranteed non-fading and non-corrosive, and particularly suitable for fountain pens. Packages to make 4 ozs. 10c. " " " 10 ozs. 35c. " " " 40 ozs. 75c.

W. E. Blake & Son Catholic Church Supplies LIMITED 123 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

THE BIG ELECTRIC FLASH LIGHT FREE!

We will send you this splendid Electric Flash-light as a prize if you will send Three Dollars worth of our lovely St. Patrick and Easter Post Cards at ten cents a package.

The Flashlight is over eight inches long and is complete with bulb and guaranteed battery.

This is just what you want if you go out at night, or if you have to go into a dark room, shed or attic.

Send us your name and address and we send you the Cards to sell. When sold, send us our money and we send you the complete Flashlight with postage prepaid.

HOMER-WARREN CO. DEPT. 127, TORONTO

EARN THIS

GIVEN—THIS VIOLIN, BOW, TUNING PIPE, ROSIN AND SELF-INSTRUCTOR

This splendid, full-size violin, 23 inches long, made of thoroughly seasoned wood, dark rose wood finish with black striping, oblong keys, fingerboard and tail-piece, a good adjustable 27-inch bow, tuning pipe, rosin and self-instructor—the whole big complete outfit given for selling only \$10.00 worth of our sure-growing, fast-foliating flower and vegetable seeds, 11 kinds each, lovely colored and embossed St. Patrick, Easter and other Picture Post Cards at 4 for only 10c. and magnificently colored line art Pictures all ready to frame at only 10c. and 10c. each for selling \$3.00 worth and \$2.50 of your own money. IT'S THREE TIMES AS EASY TO SELL THREE KINDS OF GOODS. Send no money—trust us. ORDER TO DEPT. The Gold Medal Co., Established 1888, Dept. C. R. 17-31 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.

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THE DOMINION BANK

At the Fiftieth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of The Dominion Bank, held at the Head Office, in Toronto, on 26th January, 1921, the following statement of the affairs of the Bank as on the 31st December, 1920, was submitted:

Table with columns for Balance of Profit and Loss Account, Profits for the year, Less Dominion Government, Provincial Governments, Making net profits of, etc.

Table with columns for Dividends (quarterly), Total distribution to Shareholders, Written off Bank Premises, Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward, etc.

GENERAL STATEMENT

Table with columns for Capital Stock paid in, Reserve Fund, Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward, Dividend No. 153, Bonus, Former Dividends unclaimed, etc.

Table with columns for Gold and Silver Coin, Dominion Government Notes, Deposit with Central Gold Reserves, Cheques on other Banks, Balances due by other Banks in Canada, etc.

E. B. OSLER, President. C. A. BOBERT, General Manager.

AUDITORS' REPORT TO SHAREHOLDERS

We have compared the above Balance Sheet with the books and records of the Dominion Bank, and the certified accounts at the Chief Office of the Dominion Bank, and after checking the cash and verifying the securities at the Chief Office and certain of the principal Branches on December 31, 1920, we certify that, in our opinion, such Balance Sheet exhibits true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, according to the best of our information, the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Bank.