

# The Catholic Record.

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

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2116

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### A PLEA FOR THE SAILORS

The growth of the British Navy and its glorious achievements in spreading and defending our seaborne trade have never lacked enthusiastic champions in song and story. Much less eulogy has been bestowed upon our sailors of the mercantile marine, those hardy seamen and fisher-folk who brave the darkness and the storm, steering across the pathless main to keep up our supplies of food and raw material. In the early days of steam transit Thackeray crossed the Atlantic in the Cunard vessel Canada. He was so deeply moved by the incidents of the voyage—"the hourly peril and watch; the familiar storm; the dreadful iceberg; the winter nights when the decks are as glass and the sailor has to climb through icicles to bend the stiff sail on the yard"—that he sat down on his return and wrote a Roundabout Paper On Ribbons, advocating an Order of Britannia for sailors who display exceptional courage and resource in danger. He instances the heroism of the crews of the Sarah Sands and the Birkenhead, since immortalised in prose and verse. He moralises thus—"Cannot our fountain of honour be brought to such men? It plays upon captains and colonels in profusion. It sprinkles mayors and aldermen. . . . Diplomats take their Bath in it as of right. It showers stars upon the nobility of the three kingdoms. Cannot Britannia find a ribbon for her sailors?" Since Thackeray's day much has been done to soften the rigour and press the claims of seamen in all grades; yet, despite the improved conditions of the sea-going life brought about by the labours of Samuel Plimsoll and others, how much still remains to be done, both on land and sea, before these heroes of the fo'c'sle and the stockhold get their dues as chief factors in our commercial supremacy?

Here, then, we strike a vein of reflection which is always in season. We have been plied with eulogies of our brave soldiers in the trenches; and sorry should we be to detract one iota of the praise which these our champions merit, not only for the awful risks they continually ran in battle, but the privations they suffered in their extempore habitations, so devoid of the comforts and conveniences of the homes they were fighting to preserve.

War is now seen to be the curse of civilisation, but it tends to become more shocking when waged on the sea than on the land. Dreadnoughts and fast cruisers wreak more sudden and awful destruction than the battleships in which Nelson's fighting crews achieved their victories. The guns of today, with their range of several miles, can put out of action and even sink the ships of the enemy without ever coming to close quarters. The deadly mines and torpedoes now employed act like the fatal forces of Nature without discrimination, involving all on board in a common ruin. Who can compute the sum of human misery occasioned by even one catastrophe which engulfs more hundreds of lives than those who perished on both sides at Trafalgar? Not for long will the progressive peoples suffer noble ships to make targets of each other at the expense of their bravest sons. Surely a grander service awaits our highly-trained royal seamen in the coming years!

When we enlarge our outlook to envisage the ocean under normal conditions our continued dependence upon and obligation to the whole race of mariners become clear. Since Thackeray's time the number of passengers by the mail steamers to every part of the world has enormously multiplied. Who that has crossed the Atlantic or rounded the Cape of Good Hope has not marvelled at the fidelity of those who kept watch and ward through darkest nights and wildest weather, on the upper deck or down in the recesses of the engine-room? All alike, captain and mates and ordinary seamen, with the engineering staff below, are at their posts when

not off duty in their turn. How short a time, as a rule, do they remain at home with their families! Jack aloft is better off than he used to be, and Jack ashore gets more attention, though never as much as he deserves. Kipling and other bards have sung his praises in the ears of our generation, and noble women in particular have devised clubs and benevolent agencies to lessen his sore temptations and care for his moral and social welfare. What is needed is that, besides owning our common debt and delighting in tales of heroism when startling catastrophes occur at sea, we should bear these humble heroes on our hearts continually, seizing every opportunity to honour and strengthen them in their useful tasks and perilous adventures.

Old ballads and legends are full of the terrors of the sea-going life. Nature even now can be very stern to her sons, not only in the wide spaces which cover three-quarters of the globe, but in beautiful rock-ridged bays and inlets which conceal dangers fatal to mariners. Little wonder that sailors are often as superstitious as headless! How many of our bards, ancient and modern, have sung sea songs! The beauty and sublimity of the element that bears navies on her bosom, but, like fabled Saturn, often devours her own children, has been celebrated in many keys. Kipling has shown us how terrible the lot of the men who are condemned to navigate a crazy vessel in rough weather—"Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off between; Heard the rotten rivets draw when she took it green; Watched the compass chase its tale like a cat at play— That was on the 'Bolivar,' south across the Bay."

There could be no better time than the present in which to enlarge our mental activity with regard to sea life, its perils and compensations. "They that go down in ships into the great waters behold the wonders of the deep," the Psalmist sang. Truly it is an exhilarating experience that offers itself to our sailors, instructed as they mostly are in some elementary sciences and with sharpened senses to observe the ongoings of Nature at first hand. As we close these remarks on a great and moving theme, let us shake off the apathy that so often besets landsmen "who stay at home in ease," gratefully breathing a thanksgiving that, whatever tyrants may intend and masters of legions threaten, the rule of the ocean has providentially fallen to our lot, that our sailors have become great in story, famous in song, by reason of sea power, responsibly held, and henceforth to be dedicated to the maintenance of freedom of the world over, in humble reliance upon the great laws which decree justice, progress, and human good "in widest commonality spread."

### PRESIDENT WILSON

#### FEARLESSLY REASSERTS GREAT PRINCIPLES

Paris, April 23.—In a statement issued this afternoon on the Italian-Jugo-Slavia dispute, President Wilson said that he desired once again to call attention to the fact that there were certain well defined principles which have been accepted by peoples of the world as the basis for a lasting peace. The United States delegation simply recalled this in order that there should be no deviation from these principles. The text of the statement follows: "In view of the capital importance of the questions affected, and in order to throw all possible light upon what is involved in their settlement, I hope the following statement will contribute to a satisfactory solution. "When Italy entered the War she entered upon the basis of a definite private understanding with Britain and France, now known as the Pact of London. Since that time the whole face of circumstances has been altered. Many other powers, great and small, have entered the struggle, with no knowledge of that private understanding.

"The Austro-Hungarian Empire, then the enemy of Europe, and at whose expense the Pact of London was to be kept in the event of victory, has gone to pieces, and no longer exists. Not only that, but the several parts of that empire, it is agreed now by Italy and all her associates, are to be erected into independent States and associated in a league of nations, not with those who were

recently our enemies, but with Italy herself, and the powers that stood with Italy in the great war for liberty. "We are to establish their liberty as well as our own. They are to be among the smaller States, whose interests are henceforth to be safeguarded as scrupulously as the interests of the most powerful States. "The War was ended, moreover, by proposing to Germany an armistice and peace which should be founded on certain clearly defined principles, which set up a new order of right and justice. Upon those principles the peace with Germany has been conceived, not only, but formulated upon those principles it will be executed.

#### CANNOT ASK IT

"We cannot ask the great body of powers to propose and erect peace with Austria and establish a new basis of independence and rights in the States, which originally constituted the Austro-Hungarian Empire and in the States of the Balkan Empire and in the States of the Balkan Empire and in the States of the Balkan Empire. We must apply the same principles to the settlement of Europe in those quarters that we have applied in the peace with Germany. It was upon the explicit avowal of those principles that the initiative for peace was taken. It is upon them that the whole structure of peace must rest.

"If these principles are to be adhered to, Fiume must serve as the outlet of the commerce, not of Italy, but of the land to the north and northeast of that port; Hungary, Bohemia, Roumania and the States of the new Jugo-Slav group. To assign Fiume to Italy would be to create the feeling that we have deliberately put the port upon which all those countries chiefly depend for access to the Mediterranean, in the hands of a power of which it did not form an integral part, and whose sovereignty, if set up there, must inevitably seem foreign, not domestic or identified with the commercial and industrial life of the regions which the port must serve. It is for that reason, no doubt, that Fiume was not included in the Pact of London, but that it was definitely assigned to the Croatsians."

#### THE REASON

"And the reason why the line of the Pact of London swept about many of the islands of the eastern coast of the Adriatic and around the portion of the Dalmatian coast which lies most open to that sea was not only that here and there on those islands, and here and there on that coast, are bodies of people of Italian blood and connection, but also, and no doubt chiefly because it was felt that it was necessary for Italy to have a hold amidst the channels of the Eastern Adriatic in order that she might make her own coasts safe against the naval aggression of Austria-Hungary. "But Austria-Hungary no longer exists. It is proposed that the fortifications which the Austrian Government constructed there shall be razed and permanently destroyed. "It is part also of the new plan of European order, which centres in the league of nations, that the new States erected there shall accept a limitation of armaments, which puts aggression out of the question. There can be no fear of the unfair treatment of Italian people there, because adequate guarantees will be given under international sanction of the equal and equitable treatment of all racial or national minorities.

#### EVERY ASPECT NEW

"In brief, every question associated with this settlement was a new aspect, a new aspect given it by the very victory for right for which Italy has made the supreme sacrifice of blood and treasure. Italy, along with the four great powers, has become one of the chief trustees of the new order of which she has played so honorable a part in establishing. "And on the north and northeast her natural frontiers are completely restored, along the whole sweep of the Alps, from northwest to southeast to the very end of the Italian peninsula, including all the great watersheds within which Trieste and Pola lie, and all the fair regions whose face nature has turned toward the great peninsula upon which the historic life of the Latin people has been worked out through centuries of famous stories ever since Rome was first set upon her seven hills. "Her ancient unity is restored. It is within her choice to be surrounded by friends, to exhibit to the newly liberated people across the Adriatic that noblest quality of greatness, magnanimity, friendly generosity, the preference of justice over interest.

#### NOW UNITED

"The nations associated with her, the nations that know nothing of the pact of London or of any other special understanding that lies at the beginning of this great struggle, and who have made the supreme sacrifice also in the interest, not of national advantage or defense, but of the settled peace of the world, are now united with her older associates in urging her to assume a leadership which cannot be mistaken in the new order of Europe. "America is Italy's friend. Her people are drawn, millions strong,

from Italy's own fair countryside. She is linked in blood as well as in affection with the Italian people. Such ties cannot ever be broken. And America was privileged by the generous commission of her associates in the War to initiate the peace we are about to consummate, to initiate it upon terms which she had herself formulated and in which I was her spokesman.

"The compulsion is upon her to square every decision she takes a part in with those principles. She can do nothing else. She trusts Italy and in her trust believes that Italy will ask nothing of her that cannot be made unmistakably consistent with those secret obligations. "The interests are now in question, but the rights of peoples of states new and old, of liberated peoples and peoples whose rulers have never accounted them worthy of a right; above all, the right of the world to peace and to such settlements of interest as shall make peace secure. "These, and these only, are the principles upon which she can consent to make peace. Only upon these principles, she hopes and believes, will the people of Italy ask her to make peace."

### IRISH M. P. DONE TO DEATH

#### WITHOUT CONVICTION, WITHOUT TRIAL, WITHOUT CHARGE

At a meeting of the Dublin Corporation, held on March 10, a resolution of sympathy with Mr. McCann's parents and friends was passed. The Lord Mayor strongly commended the action of the Government towards the Irish prisoners.

Lord Mayor O'Neill, in proposing the resolution of sympathy with Mr. McCann's relatives, said their latest martyr had been detained for about ten months without any charge or trial, an act which struck at the very root of liberty which they were told so strongly adorned the shining armour of so-called British justice and fair play.

It was difficult to control one's feelings in proposing a resolution of this character, although this was the third occasion it had been his sad lot to perform such a duty during the past eighteen months. But it was more difficult still for even moderate men to control their words when faced with such an appalling act of infamy as that which led up to Mr. McCann's death—an act arising out of a system of misgovernment by which our tyrant-masters hope to destroy the spirit of our race by persecuting our men, by endeavoring to break the hearts of our women and frighten the love of country from the breasts of our children.

But did these English gentlemen think that these acts or this system was going to stop our men or women or their children from taking part in that onward march for the regeneration of their country which is the predominant spirit uppermost in the minds of the people of all small nations today? Did these English gentlemen think the sight of Pierce McCann's corpse going through the streets of Dublin, and carried to its last resting place in that golden vale of Tipperary which was once his home, would make Irish people more loyal towards English enactments?

"What fools they are! What fools they will remain—if they think so," he added. "They may act as they have always acted towards us, but the time is slowly coming when right will triumph over might. Pierce McCann is dead owing to the delaying of his release, and the English-Prime Minister was warned a month ago of the deplorable results which would follow the detention of those men. What more deplorable result could have happened than the death of this young Irishman?"

"Even Dublin Castle, with all its black and evil traditions, with all the outrages it has committed against the life and sentiment of this country for centuries, and which all the water that would flow through the Irish Sea for the next fifty years would not wipe out—even Dublin Castle, with all its sins, became alarmed and ashamed at the detention of these men in prison, and went so far, we are told, as to demand their release. "But their countrymen were still detained in English prisons to satisfy the whim of some sneaks who had the ear of and perhaps the power over, some members of the British Cabinet, and who had the intention in their minds of trying to drive this country into revolt; but thank God that plot had failed. "This is not the time for recrimination, as the occasion is too sad; but he considered a duty was cast upon him to let the country know what was going on; that their people might be forewarned and take care. For the present, he would say no more except to quote the simple and touching words of Pierce McCann's pastor, the Most Rev. Dr. Harby: "Now he is dead, and beyond the power, the tyrannical power—of the British Government; he was a brave man, and a Catholic in every thought. His life was an example

of virtue to all who knew him. We offer his parents and relatives our heartfelt sympathy, and we earnestly pray that his gentle and upright soul may rest in peace."

#### TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO McCANN

A touching tribute was paid to the memory of the late Mr. McCann, M.P., in St. Michael's Church, Tipperary, by the Rev. W. Condon, C.C., who said that as one who had been the late Mr. McCann's confessor for seven years, he could say that a more noble type of a young Catholic layman he had never met. His religious life was for the priest as well as the layman, an inspiration and an example.

He was blessed by God with the best parents and a thoroughly Catholic home in which the Rosary was recited daily and chapter of the Imitation of Christ read for the edification of the household. Brought up in such an atmosphere it was little wonder that when he came to man's estate he was a model of purity and holiness. The late Mr. McCann's special devotion was the sufferings of Our Lord and when he came to Cashel, for business or pleasure, his first visit was to make the Stations of the Cross.

"He might, had he so willed," added Father Condon, "have lived the easy life of a country gentleman, but he felt that his country needed him and he answered her call. He deliberately chose the hard road of the Irish patriot, a road which led him inevitably, as it had led so many another, to a tragic end."

At nearly every public board in Ireland, resolutions condemning the Government for the death of Mr. McCann, have been passed.

### SOLDIERS' RELIGION

#### STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER THE SORT HIS MOTHER MIGHT TEACH

#### NO CALL FOR NEW DOCTRINE

Father Francis Patrick Duffy, "the Fighting Chaplain of the Fighting 69th," and one of the War's individual heroes, had little time yesterday between meetings with the many civilian committees awaiting to pay homage to the old 69th, to discuss the regiment's history in detail. In an interview at the Hotel Belmont, where the 165th has established temporary headquarters, however, the chaplain talked briefly on the religion of the fighting men.

Father Duffy waived all discussion on his own part in the conflict and at the outset expressed the opinion of one returning from occupied Germany, that there was no imminent danger of Bolshevism in the Rhineland. The Army of Occupation, he said, had taken such measures as were necessary to combat the influences which might work their way into that region from disorganized districts.

Asked what the effect of the War had been on the religion of the soldier, Father Duffy said:

"I had an excellent opportunity to study this matter at first hand. For a time I was Senior Chaplain of the 42d Division, and in this capacity I was constantly advising with the other chaplains, who represented many denominations. It is my belief, and the belief of those other chaplains, that the War has deepened the religious convictions of the soldier—of peoples. Since I have been a chaplain for so long I am not as familiar with the effect of the War on the religion of those who stayed at home, but speaking for the soldier I should say that he likes an old fashioned religion.

"By this I mean that he likes his religion straight from the shoulder, simple, direct, forceful, a religion of the sort that his mother would teach him. There has been no demand among those who fought in the War for a new kind of religion.

"I preached a little Easter sermon to the men on board ship and pointed to a lesson which probably thousands of pastors throughout the world have preached long before a great war was thought of—the lesson of humility. I told them that the triumph of the resurrection of Christ would endure long after worldly triumphs—their own triumph—had been forgotten. "America was in the War just long enough to benefit in a religious way. Religion was deepened during those eighteen months. Had the War lasted longer Americans would have been hardened, callous to the spiritual perhaps."

Father Duffy then praised the men of the 165th who gave their lives, and said that of his personal friends among them those he missed probably the most were Captain Michael Walsh, who fell in the Argonne Forest on Oct. 15, and Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, former member of the staff of The New York Times and a leading contemporary poet in this country at the time he was killed by a bullet from a German machine gun.

"Captain Walsh, although Commander of the Headquarters Company of the 165th," said Father Duffy, "insisted upon taking command of a line company when the front was reached. He had been top sergeant in the old 5th Cavalry

of the regular army. He was wounded in the first fight his company entered, and soon after returned to his command, only to be killed in the next engagement.

"Both Kilmer and Walsh were splendid types of soldiers and the warmest personal friends I had in the regiment. Kilmer was one of the most progressive of men and he met his death going forward. Walsh, an older man, was just as much a hero as any whose deeds have been recorded. I have missed these men, for they had great things in store for them had they lived. Kilmer especially, whose day in the literary world was fast approaching.

"Little was known here of the part of the Rainbow Division in the fighting in the Champagne from July 15 to 19 under General Gourard," said Father Duffy. "The Rainbow Division was only a unit in this assault and the major credit goes to the French, but this was really a battle which broke the German morale, and I am happy to say that the 165th was in the thick of it. The regiment was commanded then by Lieut. Col. A. E. Anderson, a member of the old 69th and a nephew of Colonel Edward Duffy, who commanded the 69th during the Spanish-American War. This was really the first major operation in which the Rainbow Division took part, and to its credit be it said that it did its full share."

The Bronx plans to give welcome to Father Duffy. Arrangements are being made for a civic and military parade along the Grand Boulevard and Concourse and for the decoration of all private and business houses of the borough. The Bronxians take an especial pride in the chaplain because the Church of Our Saviour, of which Father Duffy is pastor, is at Washington Avenue and East 183d Street. The committee in charge of the arrangements is headed by District Attorney Francis Martin, and has headquarters at 483 East Tremont Avenue.—N. Y. Times.

### CARDINAL AND MARSHAL

#### AMERICA'S GRATITUDE AND REVERENCE WILL GO OUT TO THEM

If Cardinal Mercier, as is reported, intends to visit the United States, we imagine he will be surprised by the quality of his reception. We think it will turn out to be entirely different from what he expects, and will in fact amount to a reversal of his intentions. He will come over here to express the thanks of his people for what America has done for them. Instead, he will find himself a popular hero; instead of one who offers thanks he will find himself one to whom thanks will be offered. America owes him a debt, its share of the debt which all mankind owes him as one who showed the world its way. This valiant priest recalls the best things in the Middle Ages, when the Church never feared to speak out at any cost or danger, in behalf of the oppressed. He awoke the conscience of the world; not he alone, but his was one of the most potent voices in that awakening.

Marshal Petain, too, is said to intend coming here, first on a formal mission and then for the purpose of getting acquainted with American life and the American people. There is an impression that Marshal Foch was the Commander in Chief of the French armies. He was not, except as he was also Commander in Chief of the American, British, and Italian armies. Marshal Petain commanded the French armies just as Pershing commanded the American, Haig the British, Diaz the Italian, and King Albert the Belgian armies. Foch, under the unified command agreement, commanded them all, but Petain was as independent in his separate French command as Haig in his separate British command.

If Marshal Petain comes here he will receive the welcome due to the man who said, "They shall not pass," and saved France and civilization at Verdun. What a thing it would be if he and the Belgian Cardinal could be here at the same time! But perhaps that is too much to hope. The French hero-soldier and the Belgian hero priest will get such a reception in America as will probably eclipse that given to any other visitors from abroad, though it will be hard to match the reception of Marshal Joffre. But the Cardinal's heroism was a heroism of the spirit in a greater sense than that of any soldier, though the spiritual quality has not been lacking in some of them; and there will be a quality of reverence in his reception that will be different from anything ever felt before.—N. Y. Times.

Moral courage is nothing in the world but just the capacity for doing what we know we ought to do. Give that to every man, and only think what a stir of eager and vivacious interest this dull world in which we are living would wake and start!—Phillips Brooks.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Rome, April 10.—The Holy Father has received a deputation of French war widows, who came to Rome to thank him for his unflinching charity throughout the War. Seventeen hundred policemen, members of the Holy Name Society of St. Patrick Cathedral, New York, on Sunday, April 6.

Rome, April 15.—His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., has just paid special honor to the Knights of Columbus by nominating Edward L. Hearn, overseas commissioner, Knights of Columbus war activities, a Knight commander of the Order of St. Gregory.

His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. has sent an autograph letter to Cardinal Gibbons, addressed to the entire American clergy, in which the Pontiff announces that he is presenting to the National Shrine at the Catholic University a reproduction of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" made in the mosaic factory in the Vatican.

The New York assembly, without debate, has adopted the following resolution: "It is the sense and sentiment of the assembly of the State of New York that a request be made to the commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States to the international peace conference to present the right of Ireland to freedom, independence and self-determination."

The Rev. Dr. F. Aiken, of the Catholic University, has estimated that probably 2,500,000 able bodied men belonging to the Western nations killed in the War were Catholic. In every nation the Church mourns the loss of the very flower of Catholic manhood. And equally severe has been the drain on the priesthood. The Church in France lost the most priests.

A Catholic drive for \$5,000,000 to rehabilitate French Catholic parishes which were wiped out in the devastated regions of France, commenced on April 9 in New York. The campaign will be conducted under the patronage of Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal O'Connell of the Archdiocese of Boston, Cardinal Luçon, Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, and with the active support of the Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York.

There has appeared in a recent number of La Crix an interesting account of the audience of the Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen with the Pope. In a farwell interview the Holy Father placed in the hands of the Cardinal a letter written with the Pope's own hand, containing an earnest recommendation to the French clergy to adopt the Roman pronunciation of Latin. Such a step would facilitate the intelligibility of Latin as spoken in France and so far promote the ready oral intercommunication of the clergy there with their brethren in all other countries.

At a meeting of the Belgian Bishops held in Brussels the other day it was unanimously decided to forbid the clergy to have anything to do in politics, even in support of the Catholic Party, while any idea of the clergy acting as deputies was strongly discouraged. Cardinal Mercier has recently made public utterances to this effect and his words are thus endorsed. The question of the clergy in politics is, curiously enough, coming up in every country just now, even in Britain, in Italy, in connection with the new popular Italian Party, and in France where there are already one or two clerical deputies.

An appeal from three until recently exiled, Catholic bishops of Mexico, to the people of the United States and Mexico "to be patient and forbearing the one with the other, lest the amity which just men desire to preserve should be disrupted by the evil forces," was made public in Washington, D. C., on April 10 by the Mexican embassy. It bore the signatures of Francisco Plancarte, archbishop of Linares; Leopoldo Ruiz, archbishop of Nicosacan, and Francisco Orozco y Jimenez, archbishop of Guadaluajara. The appeal, prepared by the bishops about two weeks ago, was given limited circulation then. It so impressed the Mexican embassy that it was made public as an official document.

The Italian "Popular Party," composed of the Catholic elite of Italy and made up of the deputies, municipal councilors, Catholic associations and workmen's unions, has lately started to organize a "Catholic International League." The Honorable Tovini, president of the Catholic Economic Societies, is in Paris, where on March 19, feast of St. Joseph, an important convention, took place of Catholics of Belgium, France and Italy, for the purpose of organizing a general secretariat, whose object it will be to resist injustice and persecution, and to give each other mutual assistance in the attainment of Christian ideals. France already has its "French League," whose president is M. Emile Bertin, of the Institute of France, the honorary presidents being M. Ernest Lavisse and General Pau.



REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER III.

Gerald Thurston drove his be-trothed to Boston, and during the long drive in the early summer morning he was more in love with her than ever. The fresh, balmy air, the beauty of the surrounding country, the bright anticipations which filled her mind, the consciousness of her beauty, which she felt was never more perfect, all added to give a flow of spirits that was irresistibly bewitching to her companion. He could only look and listen and secretly chide himself for being so silent, but he pretended to be anxious about the horse, which was really a spirited young animal and one not altogether to be trusted, and she was too selfishly absorbed in her own delight to care particularly about the reception of her marvellous remarks.

There was quite a concourse of people at the depot, for the season of summer travel had set in, and Helen's bright eyes, always critically observant, rested in turn on each of the strangers while she waited for Gerald to get her ticket. There were some evidently country folk, and some became interested in contrasting them with the city people. Helen was an aristocrat by birth and education; one notion which denoted culture won her regard quicker than the costliest attire, if such were unaccompanied by the evidence of good breeding, and now as she saw Gerald returning to her she watched to see how his bearing compared with those about him. It was all that even she could desire, and it was with a glow of pride that she saw more than one stranger turn to look again at the tall, athletic, gentlemanly young fellow, whose plain clothes—and they were very plain, she acknowledged to herself—sat upon him with as neat and becoming a grace as the more elegant and stylish apparel of the city men about him. She wondered, as she had wondered a hundred times before, whence Gerald had come or where he had been educated to give him the superior and cultured air which always characterized him; but she was as little able to answer her question now as she had been on previous occasions.

All that she knew of Gerald Thurston was that, five years before, he had come to the village of Eastbury with a letter of introduction to Mr. Robinson, the wealthy proprietor of a large factory; he was at that time about twenty-one years of age, and by his gentlemanly deportment, his good judgment in the business with which Mr. Robinson intrusted him, the superior education he seemed to possess, he won the respect, confidence, and in some instances the warm friendship of all the residents of the village. Accident had enabled him to render some service to Helen's father, and he, captivated by the young man's simple, manly bearing, took him at once to his heart, not only urging upon him the frequent hospitality of his home, but seeming to design an attachment between him and his daughter. From such an attachment the young stranger shrank, but won by a beauty the most exquisite he had ever seen in woman, and manners which appeared to be those of an angel, he was fatally caught at last. For Helen it had been easy to favor her father's design; the high-bred air of the stranger, his perfect gentlemanliness, his magnificent physique, were sufficient passport to her heart, even if they had not been supported by the fact that, owing to her seclusion, he was her first suitor.

She was aware, however, that her father knew the young man's antecedents, for on one occasion Mr. Brower had said to her: "I know everything about Gerald now; he has told me himself voluntarily, and while there are strange, and even unpleasant, circumstances connected with his past life, they are circumstances which place his character in a most creditable light. I am quite satisfied with him, and I agree with him in thinking it is best to say nothing of these things to you at present, my dear; there is really no necessity. I am satisfied, and that is enough."

Something of all this was recurring to Helen's mind as she watched her lover's advance, but the whistle of the approaching train was heard, and the people about her began to exchange their adieux. Gerald escorted her on board, to be sure that her seat was comfortable, and to thrust in her hand a pretty little basket of fruit and a paper. By so doing he narrowly escaped being forced to accompany her; as it was, he had to make a huge spring, and then he stood by the side of the track, and watched her bright face looking out at him from the window until it became a dim speck. Could he have known, could he have foreseen their next place of meeting, he would have wished that it was his dead and mangled body which looked up to her from the side of the railroad track.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Burchill was the chef-d'oeuvre of a little boarding-house. Pretty, tasteful, embowered amid trees, its clean, white-painted exterior attracted even the notice of strangers; within everything was in harmony—from good, practical, warm-hearted Mrs. Burchill, her cheery, old-fashioned, good-natured father-in-law, and her graceful, lady-like daughter, down to the large, healthy, willing servant girl. Her

boarders were few, owing to the limited accommodation of her house, and her own much to be commended but unusually rare anxiety about each one's special comfort. Thus, when Miss Balk called and stated her desire to make one of Mrs. Burchill's household, she was met with a little doubtful shake of the head from the good lady herself.

"I don't know how I could manage it, ma'am. This Mr. Thurston, he has the best bedroom; I wouldn't disturb him on no account; and there's father, I wouldn't put him out of his room,—and—"

"I do not wish you to put any one out of his room," said Miss Balk, bridling with anger, though her words were uttered in her usual slow manner. "I only want you to say at once whether you can accommodate me for the six months of Miss Brower's absence."

Large in form and practical in mind as Mrs. Burchill was, it must be acknowledged that she was somewhat afraid of this grim woman, whose severe face and stringent tongue had caused fear on previous occasions to more than one village dame; then, also, she felt in secret not a little honored by this choice of her house rather than a more stylish and wealthy one for Miss Balk was said to have ample means, while, in addition, to be visited from the Brower household was an honor in itself; the Browsers lived in such strict seclusion, and held themselves even in their comparative poverty, so much above their neighbors.

"Well, ma'am, I'll be able to manage it if my daughter is willing to give up her room to you; she can share mine. She'll be home from school directly, if you don't mind waiting," and the best chair in the little parlor was drawn forward, and Miss Balk bidden to seat herself.

At that instant a young girl was entering the house. Mrs. Burchill's quick ear caught the sound and stepping into the passage-way, she called, pleasantly: "Mildred!"

To which was responded a pleasantly spoken: "Yes, mother; I am coming."

Her mother watched her anxiously for, to tell the truth, because of the reasons before given she was anxious to oblige Miss Balk.

"Would it be a great accommodation to you, Miss Balk?" and the clear eyes seemed to go through the cold, hard, indented face.

Barbara, who was already standing, drew herself up very stiffly. "I do not wish to be considered as begging for board here; I am not restricted to Mrs. Burchill's house, I am sure."

And the scant, black, brocaded mantle was gathered more closely round her arms in preparation for departure.

"Ob, don't take it in that light ma'am," interposed Mrs. Burchill, in some affright. "Mildred meant nothing by what she said, and I am sure she'll be willing to give up her room; it will only be for a few months. Won't you, dear?"

"Yes, but you wish me to do so, mother, yes; but Miss Balk has not seen my room; perhaps it will not suit her."

It was evident that there was a wish in the heart of the girl that it would not suit.

Her wish was not gratified, however; the room suited, and would have done so had it been much less than the fair-sized, very neatly furnished apartment that it was, for Miss Balk had her private reasons, despite her assumption of independent demeanour, for desiring to board with Mrs. Burchill.

To Gerald Thurston's disgust, he found his prediction of Mrs. Burchill's bad taste fulfilled. Miss Balk's angular form, arrayed in skim black silk, directly confronted him at the table, and her bold black eyes riddled his face, as he had expressed it.

His salutation of her was perfectly courteous, but extremely brief, and he bent immediately to his plate.

On Miss Balk's right hand sat Mrs. Burchill's old, cheery little father-in-law. His cheeks were as plump and rosy as the soft and bright hued peach that lay upon her plate, and his small blue eyes twinkled as brightly as they might have done twenty years before. His whole neat clean appearance bespoke the affectionate care of his daughter-in-law's hand, and his good-humored countenance was a pleasant contrast to the straight, stiff, masculine-looking woman at his side. With his old-country notions of politeness, he thought it incumbent upon him to devote himself to this new boarder at his daughter's table, and Miss Balk found herself the recipient of attentions which, well meant though they were, were so ludicrous that Mildred, on the opposite side of the table, became almost convulsed from suppressed laughter; even Thurston had to look up, the little old gentleman's speeches were so irresistibly funny.

"Ob, ma'am, if you were in the old country your appetite would get a wonderful recruiting. You're not eating a bit. Ain't I washing you?" as Barbara uttered a dignified disclaimer against receiving any more lady-like attention. "And you'd grow more lissome if you were there; you

wouldn't be so stiff in the back—you'd—"

There was an explosive sound from the other side of the table. Mildred seemed to be making violent efforts to suppress a fit of coughing; in reality, it was laughter. Her sense of the ridiculous was so keen that it frequently exceeded her control, and she was obliged to turn her head quite aside and bury her face in her handkerchief. The humorous muscles of Thurston's countenance also twitched violently, and the more so that the poor little old man, unconscious of having said anything to provoke mirth, and unsuspecting that it was laughter and not coughing had been the cause of the interruption, was again devoting himself to Miss Balk. She, however, sharper than her companion at the table, divined perfectly the cause of the pretended coughing and the reason of the amused look on Gerald's face, and she inwardly fumed with indignation. Drawing herself up with such rigidity that it might well justify the poor old gentleman's opinion of the stiffness of her back, she dashed her plate from her and turned upon him the most terrible look of her baneful eyes. Her anger was quite lost upon him, however; he was too well contented with the world, and he had too good natured a disposition to take rebuffs while there was the shadow of an excuse for declining to accept the same; so he simply put her plate a little further away than her impatient hand had already dashed it and said, while he held himself from the steaming dish of fried potatoes: "There's no use in life, ma'am, in being so vehement," with an emphasis that was laughable on the middle syllable of the last word; "a little coolness in everything is better, and if there's one charge—"

But Miss Balk did not wait to hear the charge; she hastened out to the front piazza to cool her indignation and to debate with herself whether she should remain in a house where she was likely, through that stupid old man, to become an object of ridicule.

The stupid old man, finding the stiff lady gone, was about to address the rest of his remarks to his now openly laughing granddaughter, and the broadly smiling Thurston, when a sudden comprehension of the real state of affairs entered his mind.

"I wasn't the cause of sending her away from the table, was I?" he asked, with his fork half-way to his mouth, and his ruddy face a most amusing picture of alarm. "I'll go this minute and ask her pardon."

"Don't," said his granddaughter, now giving up unconstrainedly to her mirth, but at the same time starting up to prevent such a catastrophe as she feared the threatened apology might cause; she felt that it surely would not quell the flame of Miss Balk's wrath.

At that instant Mrs. Burchill entered from the kitchen, where her duties generally detained her long after the commencement of each meal, and she saw from the embarrassed and affrighted air of her father-in-law and the moment of her daughter that something unusual had occurred. The old gentleman gave his account, a truthful one, but one so amusing in his manner of telling it that even Thurston's hearty laugh rang out.

The good woman was quite distressed; she feared that Miss Balk had been seriously offended, and in her perplexity she was about to go out herself to Barbara, and in her simple fashion endeavor to apologize; but Mildred had crossed her and was now standing with her hand on her mother's arm.

"Mother," she said in a voice peculiarly quiet and firm that it attracted Thurston's attention, "it is not your place to offer any apology to this woman; she came to us of her own accord, and if she is too obtuse or too narrow-hearted to see that poor grandfather's attentions are kindly meant, why we must leave her to the unhappiness of her own ill humor. Don't look so distressed, grandfather; you did nothing wrong, and it were a shame to subject you to any such anxiety on account of this person."

"God bless you, Mildred!" That was the old man's fond diminutive for his granddaughter; and he took one of her hands and stroked it fondly. Mrs. Burchill, convinced of the truth of her daughter's words, a conviction to which she was much helped by her own strong affection for her father-in-law, said, quietly: "I believe you are right, my child; but I'll change her place at the table."

Gerald Thurston had not withdrawn his eyes from Mildred. His gaze followed her even when she returned to her unfinished breakfast. One reason of his marked attention at this time was that he never had heard Miss Burchill speak at such length and in such a manner before. Though for two years a boarder in her mother's house, owing to his business cares and his beautiful betrothed, which left him little time out of the factory, his own room, or Miss Brower's parlor, he had never seen more of Miss Burchill than to seek her at table, where she never spoke unless directly addressed, or to pass her in the village street, when she returned his graceful bow by a modest and brief salutation. Indeed, when she came to Mrs. Burchill's as a mere child, a little school-girl, if he should notice at all, would be a fatherly manner; but the little school-girl had been as coy of appearance in his presence save when on a demanded as was now the tall and graceful maiden she had so rapidly

ness of tone which had most attracted his attention, and now as he looked at her without fear of being perceived—she was directing all her attention to her plate—he was surprised to find himself mentally delineating from her features—from the poise of her stately head—from his remembrance of her voice, of her kindly speech to her grandfather, a character so firm and frank and generous that it excited his admiration. He smiled as he caught himself in his task, and thought when, having finished his breakfast, he left the table, "What would Helen say if she knew to what my morning cogitations have been tending?"

And then he smiled again as he felt how little cause for fear Helen would have, even if she did know, for never was heart more firmly caught in beauty's toils than that of poor, doomed Gerald Thurston.

TO BE CONTINUED

A PAGE FROM LIFE

By Maurice Francis Egan

"If ever I get home," said Schultz, at the worst of the Argonne drive, "I'll try to be a good friend of the Lord. And if I find my buddy, Jim McGarry, I'll find the Rosary every day of my life; and if I don't find him, I'll say it all the same for his soul."

Schultz was from New York city, and McGarry from Cleveland. They had gone through horrors together; and Schultz when he made this resolution was still in the midst of horrors. The relief had not come.

"Fritz" was making a cave of fire, with narrowing walls, for the men of the battalion in which Schultz served; and these narrowing walls were of fire, too, with fearful bursts through them of flames that brought death, and what was more terrible than death.

"I haven't felt worse," Schultz confessed, "since I saw those frog children running away from the bombs in the dinky towns where that old frog woman lived."

"Frog" was the name that Schultz applied to our allies, the French—not in derision, not in condescension, but simply because in the army no one had his right name. But nobody wants to think of the Argonne horrors or to describe them,—at least, at second-hand. The cave narrowed; the fiery walls seemed about to fall inward; and Schultz saw a soldier hurled from somewhere into space, and then he fell fifty yards from Schultz's dugout.

"It's death, all right," said Schultz. "I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. I am glad I whispered last week when the chaplain came around."

So he crept out of his shelter; he knew Fritz saw him, for the fusillade on his spot redoubled. He kept on, and with difficulty dragged the man to shelter. It was done with perfect simplicity, as if it were swimming through a calm lake. The man brought in seemed to be hardly a human being; he was black and bloody.

"It would be a kind thing to finish me with your pistol," he whispered. "I think I have lost my legs, and there is no chance of a doctor hereabouts; we're cut off. But, say, 'twas fine of you to do it! I am going fast. I'll trouble you for a drink of water, if it's handy; and there's a message in my inside pocket for my people at home."

The voice was husky. Schultz could hardly hear the words through his thick woolen helmet; he himself looked like a gnome, for he had not had time to have a wash for several days and nights.

"Don't give up yet," he said. "You're out of the worst of it. I'm in the worst of it. It's a doctor I ought to have had days ago. I am all in, and death will be welcome."

"Be cheerful," said Schultz. "As soon as Fritz eases up a little, I can get you into our Hotel de Louks, the best in the trenches; for if we haven't soap, we've water. The doctor is awful busy, but I'll find him."

The groan from the shapeless mass thrilled Schultz, accustomed to such sounds as he was.

"You're suffering?"

A stifled sob was the only answer. Schultz looked at the sky; it was full of danger. Well, he could die only once, and he had seen the chaplain last week.

He raised the mutilated man on his back and crawled over the rough and calcined earth—from which green things could scarcely spring again,—and made for the cell of a trench which he called his own. Naturally, he was afraid, especially when the hot blood of his burden dripped on his wrist. He had never winced in battle—Schultz—but the image of the half-dead creature he bore filled his mind. He visualized it unconsciously; for, unfortunately for a soldier, he had imagined his own death, and he had imagined the wind had turned, and by this time he had learned to know the smell of the mustard gas. He seemed to tread through burning fires; he fought all fear, all danger, in his determination to reach the goal. At last he laid the man down in the lower bank of the recess in the trench room.

"Ob, kill me!" the voice sobbed. "I can't stand it!"

Schultz caught a certain cadence in the voice; it was a far off echo, such as we hear in the stranded sea-shells of the Irish fishermen.

"When did you 'whisper' last?" he asked.

"'Tis many Easterns ago, worst luck!" was the faint answer.

"It's not for the likes of you" (Schultz's mother had been an Irishwoman) "to be talking of taking your own life. The poor creatures think out themselves are different but you are a right-hander, if I'm not mistaken."

"My name's McGarry," breathed the wounded man.

"Jim?"

"James Joseph McGarry," breathed the wounded man.

"It can't be!" Schultz looked closely at the wounded man.

"There's no nurse; we've been under fire so long that the nurses are all with the wounded below in the dug-out they call the hospital; but we've warm water,—which we haven't had for days; and there are some clean towels. I'll do what I can till I get the Captain to call the doctor by telephone. And I'll have the chaplain come, and you can relieve your soul by 'whispering' this blessed minute. Do you know who I am? Keep alive, man; it's your 'buddy'—Charlie Schultz."

The hand of the wounded man slightly tightened on Schultz's.

"You'll find," he breathed, "the set of fresh underwear in the oilcloth bag under my vest; I've kept it for you."

"There was no more. Tears started to Schultz's eyes; he almost sobbed himself.

"The best God ever made!" he said. "And he knew what it was like I would want most when he found me. The Lord be good to him!"

Willing hands, with great tenderness, did what they could for the unconscious man. The most skilled of them dared not touch the mangled mass that had been his legs.

The chaplain came first—a tall, slim young man, on whom the un-speakable terrors of war had left no trace, except in his eyes, which beamed his cheerful mouth. His eyes for many months had not smiled.

"He'll die if he is left here."

"But you—and the others?"

"We'll give him his chance."

McGarry gained consciousness after the priest had given him a restorative.

"And now," said the chaplain, cheerfully, "you'll just 'whisper' as well as you can, and I'll give you absolution."

The two were alone. The turmoil, the roar of death and destruction were heard outside; inside was that peace which surpasseth all understanding. Schultz and three soldiers entered; the priest gave them his blessing, as they bore their comrade out.

"Bless you again! Say an act of contrition." He raised his right hand. "It's a forlorn hope."

"You're going the same way to the hospital yourself, Father. And if Fritz knocks us over, we'll be in good company."

The priest looked out into the fiery night; he recalled rather whimsically a line from a poem he knew—Tennyson's "Into the Mouth of Hell." "But out of this hell," he thought, "there is a glorious redemption."

"Corse," and cried; she was his nurse once. And she kissed me on both cheeks—the captain kept quite stern-like and didn't laugh. She called me her 'Feez,' or something like that—what strange talk they do have! But I was mighty glad that the boys and I saved her from starvation. It seems as if every good old woman in the world was having it done for her."

"It means," said McGarry, whose forbears were from the north of Ireland, "that this Colonel Bouigny will have a job for you; and badly you'll need it, with a whole army of us getting home after the war and wanting work. As for me" (he looked at the foot of the bed and choked)—"as for me, I'm done for."

He turned his face to the wall.

"And the likes of him losing his legs," thought Schultz, "and thinking first of the clean underwear I needed! God forgive me!"

Schultz went back to his dugout, and the tears of the helpless—the grateful helpless—flowed down his cheeks. The call for another day's bloody work came. The drive was resumed. The next day General Foch declared the armistice; on that last day Schultz lost his right hand.

Colonel Bouigny received the battered-looking young soldier, still in khaki, with what might be called embarrassment. He had read his old nurse's note.

"Ah," he said, "dear old Clotilde! How we all loved her! In helping her you have helped the very flower of the old women of France. You deserve the Croix de Guerre. Now," he added, "I have a big house on Long Island; I have an American wife there, too; and, if you like, you may take care of my big house winter and summer. You will be well paid—Clotilde would wish that," he smiled. "A man with one hand will not find it easy to get a job at once, and the process of reconstruction is very long. For my work, you will need only quick eyes, a good memory, and a lively mind."

Schultz's heart jumped. He had been rather "blue." How could an entry clerk work effectively with his right hand gone? At best, as Colonel Bouigny had said, the process of "reconstruction" would take considerable time; his mind gloomed at the thought of idle waiting; but presently he said:

"The best man for you, Colonel, would be a 'buddy' of mine—the best ever! And if one-handed man is the right sort for your work, a no-legged man would be even better."

The colonel had watched his face and read his thoughts.

"What did this pal do for you, mon brave?"

McGarry fired up.

"What we all most longed for in those filthy days was a suit of clean things—you don't know how much!"

"Yes, I do," said the colonel. "I was in the trenches, too, before I lost a leg, and they sent me over here. Yes, I do!" he added with emphasis.

"Then you understand. This 'buddy' of mine carried for weeks a suit of underwear for me in an anti-septic bag; he—Schultz broke down—he—well, he lost his leg, but he kept my clothes."

The colonel paused a moment.

"I have a place for two," he said. "There's the lodge. That might suit the legless man. My old keeper was killed, and his wife and children will not live alone there. Yes, yes, a legless man would be better than anybody. It is arranged. There will be room for two. Report on Monday."

And the colonel warmly shook the hand of Schultz.

"The Lord bless the old frog woman!" said Schultz.

"Comment?" said Colonel Bouigny.—Ave Maria.

A FRENCH CATHOLIC POLITICAL PARTY

Unofficial, yet persistent, are the rumors that come out of France telling that the formation of a Catholic party is imminent. The projectors of the idea have been made bold by happenings in Italy, where Catholics have decided to throw their united strength into the pan of god government and thus try to restore the balance now leaning to radicalism. There is only one sentiment in this regard, and that is hope that the rumor flows from fact. If French Catholics were again to settle back contentedly into the role of the repressed, their cordillitas throughout the world would be sadly disillusioned. We can believe that before the war the Catholics of France so tenuously considered themselves a helpless minority, that had no choice but to accept the persecution heaped upon them. Now there is no gain-saying that the war has proved that Catholicism has a vigorous life in France. If from this day it does not assert itself in molding French official opinion, French Catholics will quickly slip from the estimation in which the world generally holds them. Silence, as a protest, is commendable as long as it does not mean the encouragement and spread of the evil against which it is directed. This has been the trouble in France. Unable to reconcile themselves to the government that existed, the prominent Catholics preferred to remain entirely aloof from it, rather than to father a movement which would prune it all of its evil angles. But the Catholics of France have redeemed themselves a thousand times on the battlefield. They showed

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

DEVOTION TO MARY

For nearly two thousand years Christians have been adoring our Lord Jesus Christ; for the same length of time they have been showering their veneration on His incomparable Mother.

First of all, the Vicars of her Son, from St. Peter down to the present occupant of the See of the Fisherman, strong in their infallible faith, have all glorified the Mother of God; they have encouraged the Catholic world to render her the veneration which is due her, and by word and example have inspired confidence in her.

The defenders of the Catholic Faith in past centuries proclaimed the greatness of Mary. They spoke and wrote of her dignity as Mother of God, of her influence in banishing the powers of darkness, and they gave her the most honorable titles to show how they appreciated her role in the plan of the Redemption.

When our missionaries in distant lands preached the Gospel of Christ, they also preached the glory of His Mother. They offered to Mary the sufferings and sacrifices they endured, and they asked her to present the fruits of their apostolic zeal to her Divine Son.

The great ones of the earth acknowledged the queenship of Mary. Christian kings and princes raised splendid monuments in her honor and took pride in attaching her fair name to them.

What the kings and queens and leaders of men have done to honor Mary has also been done, and is still being done, by the masses of the faithful.

It is in the hearts of the masses that the Mother of God lives; and as if these hearts were not numerous enough, the Church has set aside the month of May in order that during thirty-one consecutive days the name of Mary

may be glorified by the masses of the faithful. Besides, she is there to honor the Mother of God either by saying her rosary or by wearing her scapular?

What a precious privilege we Catholics possess in our devotion to the Mother of God! Outside the Church, through some strange aberration, Mary does not receive the homage to which the relation she bears to her Divine Son entitles her.

But for us Catholics Mary is more than that. It is not too much to say that the study of her wonderful life has molded in the past, and is still molding, the thoughts and ambitions of the noblest of our youths of both sexes.

And for those who have not heard the call to the higher life, that is, the vast multitude who have to live in the plain and struggle amid the temptations of the world, Mary is still an intercessor and an advocate. It is the mass of poor, suffering humanity, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears, who feel the power of her arm and turn to her to strengthen them in their resolves.

E. J. DEVINE.

POPE'S INTEREST IN THE WORKINGMAN

URGES SPECIAL ATTENTION TO NEEDS OF TOILERS

C. P. A. Service

Rome, April 10.—During the last few days there has been held in Rome an important meeting of Catholic Action in Rome under the direction of the Papal Union among Italian Catholics, and the representatives assembled sought and received the privilege of an audience with His Holiness at the conclusion of their work.

His Holiness used, as he so often does, a parable to point his lesson; this time the parable of the sower. The husbandman never so happy, as when he sees the seed he has sown fall on good ground.

"The child represents for us the future of society. Society that is to be, inasmuch as it is that, which is being formed by the children of today, will have just that amount of good in it as is represented by the education that the children of today receive.

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all, that from a religious basis of education today may result in an improved future for society. And the working classes, who form such an important part of society—do they not deserve special attention on the part of all, who are trying to promote its interests?

freedom from guidance and restraint in choosing their schools, their books, their companions and their amusements, that most parents, it is clear, have fully abdicated their throne and left the kingdom of their children's hearts in foolish, inexperienced hands.

THE ROOT OF UNREST IN EUROPE

The wave of unrest that is passing over Europe is accounted for in many ways, and the majority of those who seek for the cause find it more in material than in moral or spiritual matters. The root of this unrest, says Prior Gilbert Higgins, C. R. L., lies in the forsaking of God's truth.

THE SCHOOL PLUS THE HOME

Many Europeans marvel at the sacrifices American Catholics make to maintain their magnificent school system. We patiently bear the burden of a double education tax in order that our boys and girls may receive the religious training that is their right.

"What is at the bottom of this unsettling unrest which threatens to convert peace into as great a curse as war? The absence of the peace of Christ from the hearts of too many—that is the root of the mischief. The heart of man was created for God, and it will never rest until it rests in Him.

THACKERAY'S REPENTANCE

It is interesting to learn from a paper by Sir Francis Barnard that the novelist, in later life, regretted the vein in which, both in Punch and "The Irish Sketch Book," he had attacked the Church.

A COMPARISON

PROTESTANT PROFESSOR NOTES DIFFERENCES IN RELIGIOUS SPIRIT OF SOLDIERS Protestant chaplains in the American army have been dismayed by the vast numbers of men who through to all the camp Messes, while few think it worth their while to go to the Protestant services.

Without question many a Catholic father and mother can find in the foregoing passage fruitful matter for Lenten reflection. For outside the Church it is considered no disgrace so unpardonable a crime to arrest the development of a child's "sacred individuality" that boys and girls of tender years are permitted such

soldiers, thousands of them, along with the Catholics, crowding the Mass? It is because they feel that this Mass stands for an atonement of their sins. It furnishes them with the desired confession that they cannot find in their own religion.

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

The eventual triumph of the real spirit of France over the machinations of the anti-clericals who for so long a period have held sway over the destinies of the nation is foreshadowed by letters like the following from the pen of an English soldier: "France and the French people are a truly heroic race. It is Catholic, as far as I can judge, to the backbone.

IF IRELAND IS WRONG BOLSHEVISM IS IN ORDER

GARDINAL O'CONNELL SOUNDS NOTE OF WARNING TO RULING CLASSES WHO HOLD POWER In the course of a sermon delivered in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston recently Cardinal O'Connell said that the great nations must learn from Ireland the lesson of maintenance of faith in God and the law of right.

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His throne of justice. That is the only lesson today that can preserve any nation on the face of the earth. If Ireland is wrong, then there is nothing left for the world but Bolshevism. But Ireland is right.—Buffalo Echo.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1919

## THE CONVERGING VIEWS OF THINKING MEN

Nothing is so striking in the conclusions of thoughtful and observant students of social conditions and social dangers today than their close approximation to Catholic ideals and Catholic principles as the only remedy for existing ills and the sole preservative against worse evils to come. Of course no one can be blind and deaf to the inane maunderings of those who if they have any notion of principle could not apply it consistently twice in a life time. We refer rather to those who have been shocked by the menace of world conditions into serious and consecutive thinking; who recognize the paramount importance of principles and do not shrink from their logical application.

In an address (which we shall publish next week) to the Commercial Club of Cincinnati, Ohio, Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, said:

"We do not derive our civil liberty or our right to do business from Government; we, who were in possession of civil liberty and the right to do business, have instituted a Government to protect and to defend them. It is on this civil liberty of the individual as a basis that all American life and all American success have been built."

Speaking to business men in the United States President Butler made only a slightly different application of the principle—the fundamental principle of civil liberty—clearly enunciated and defended by Leo XIII.

"Inasmuch as the domestic household is antecedent, as well in idea as in fact, to the gathering of men into a community, the family must necessarily have rights and duties which are prior to those of the Community, and founded more immediately in nature."

Again the Protestant President of the American University:

"The one fact that is never to be forgotten is that pulling some men down raises no man up. But we are now told that these inequalities due to liberty have become so great and the disparity between individuals so marked that civil liberty and individual opportunity must be displaced by the organized power of the State. We hear it said, that the conduct of our daily lives, that we eat and drink, the conduct of our business, what we do and gain, must all be under strict governmental supervision and control."

"Men of Ohio, this is the first long and dangerous step on the path back toward autocracy and militarism. Once a State becomes all powerful it easily thinks of itself as unable to do wrong, and becomes the unmoderated State of which Prussia and the German Empire have been the most perfect types."

Compare the words and thought of Pope Leo XIII:

"The contention, then, that the civil government should at its option intrude into and exercise intimate control over the family and the household, is a great and pernicious error. . . . And not only is such interference unjust, but it is quite certain to harass and worry all classes of citizens, and subject them to odious and intolerable bondage."

In his Encyclical on "Human Liberty" Leo also protests vehemently against the advocates of "the absolute and omnipotent State," and he adds that if their contentions were true, "there would be no tyranny, no matter how monstrous, which we should not be bound to endure and submit to."

It has been pointed out again and again that Bolshevism rule in Russia is not democratic because the Bolsheviks are only a small minority of the Russian people. Now in the name of decency and Christianity, in

the name of reason and common sense, we ask how Bolshevism in Russia or elsewhere would become a white less revolting or devilish if its principles and its Government secured the enthusiastic support of the vast majority of the people? That crude conception of democracy we have shown before may be as subversive of all liberty, civil and religious, as any autocracy or oligarchy.

The thoughtful and clear-speaking President of Columbia University has a message and a warning for Canadians as well as Americans when he says:

"What we have defended against German aggression and lust of conquest we must now band together to protect against those more insidious and no less powerful enemies who would undermine the foundations of which our American freedom rests. It would indeed be a cynical conclusion of this War if we who have helped so powerfully to defeat the German armies in the field of battle should surrender in any degree to the ideas that had taken possession of the German mind and that led the German Nation into its mad war against the free world."

Another remarkable and significant pronouncement is that International Labor will have incorporated into the Treaty of Peace the principle that the labor of a human being shall no longer be treated as a commodity or an article of commerce. This is the very essence of the radical reassertion by Leo XIII in 1891 of the human rights of the laborer both as an individual and as a father after the long reign of the materialistic economics which brutally proclaimed that the price of labor like that of any other commodity must be regulated by the law of supply and demand.

Hilaire Belloc sees in the trend of reaction against industrial conditions not the Socialist but the Servile State.

"The condition of society known as 'industrial' is quite abnormal to men, and cannot endure. It has involved us in abominations which we cannot tolerate. It is actually in ruins as I write. [1917.] Its prime characteristic is not the instruments with which it produces wealth nor the manner in which it produces it, but the concentration of the ownership of the means of production in a few hands, and the relegation of the mass of the community to the condition which is technically called 'proletarian.' That is, the mass of men in such a society are dependent on the wage paid them at short and regular intervals, and by their necessity for that wage which is absolute life and death to them, they are absolutely controlled."

Socialism would take this control from the minority which possesses it and vest it in political officers who would exercise it for the benefit of all. But Mr. Belloc sees that the Socialist theory acting and reacting on the impossible and abominable industrial conditions, is "making with greater and greater rapidity for a state of affairs quite other than Socialist: something utterly different, to wit, the Servile State. And this Servile State is a condition of society in which the few still possess the means of production and are specially secured in their possession of it. The many not only still remain proletarian, but are settled and bound into a proletarian framework and are granted, against this, those fundamental advantages of sufficiency and security which, in the brief interlude of industrial anarchy, they had increasingly lost."

And the remedy he proposes, indeed the only alternative to the Servile State, is the wide distribution of ownership. Not, for instance, the provision of houses by the State or Capital for laboring classes; but the ownership by each individual workman in ideal and aim is radical. It is the difference between the free and the servile condition of the working classes.

This too was pointed out by Leo in his great Encyclical on Labor.

"If the workman's wages be sufficient to enable him to maintain himself, his wife and his children in reasonable comfort, he will not find it difficult, if he be a sensible man, to study economy; and he will not fall by cutting down expenses, to put some little savings and thus secure a small income. Nature and reason alike would urge him to do this. We have seen that this great labor question cannot be solved save by assuming as a principle that private ownership must be held sacred and inviolable. The law, therefore, should favor ownership and its policy should be to induce as

many as possible of the humbler class to become owners.

"Many excellent results will result from this; and first of all property will become more equitably divided. . . ."

Whether or not England will continue her rapid development into the Servile State or slowly retrace her way to civil and economic freedom Mr. Belloc is unable to determine; for present conditions are "a vicious product of a false philosophy or false religion whichever we choose to call it—for the outward condition of society proceeds from its mind, and not its mind from that condition." But it is certain that only in those countries which achieve the ideal of widely distributed ownership of property will liberty survive.

## WHAAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD?

An article 'Civilization Imperilled' in the Saturday Evening Post is remarkable for its deep and clear insight into the menace of present world conditions, but perhaps the most remarkable thing about it is that it is a type of numberless other articles of the kind to be met with everywhere. Typical also, and significant as well, is the fact that this very popular weekly as a regular feature now gives its millions of readers one or two serious articles by serious writers. The introduction to the article we are considering is worth reproducing verbatim.

Alfred Noyes writes:

"A few years ago the title of this article would have seemed fantastic to the majority of level-headed men and women. Today it is the expression of a constant thought that troubles all of us. It is the most level-headed members of the community who are most anxious. Only the irresponsible and thoughtless are unconscious of a vast peril to that slow growth of the ages which we call our civilization. Practical men, with their feet planted solidly on the earth, are looking into the future as into an immeasurable darkness; and they are not sure whether there is solid ground in front of them or whether the next few steps may bring them to the brink of a precipice."

"East of the Rhine there is no stable government in Europe."

"We hear of attempts to organize crime in the interests of the proletariat as a substitute for law in the interests of all. We obtain authenticated reports of attempts to 'nationalize' women, so that the 'best and most beautiful specimens' shall no longer be the property of privileged classes, but available for the use of any member of the proletariat 'not more than three times a week.'"

"I personally heard the same doctrines openly supported from the platform of Carnegie Hall in New York by the Bolsheviks of America at a recent red-flag meeting. We hear even of attempts to 'level intelligence,' so that there shall be penalties even for intellectual distinction. In the art and literature of the day we can see for ourselves all those destructive forces actually at work attacking all the higher standards on behalf of a leagued mediocrity, and carrying the world with them on a wave of loose sexual suggestion."

Two or three observations may be emphasized. "Only the irresponsible and thoughtless are unconscious of a vast peril to that slow growth of the ages which we call civilization." Many in this age of misuse of civilization do not even realize, would in fact scout the statement, that civilization is the slow growth of thousands of years. Their historical misinformation may be summed up in their use of the term "medieval," when as a matter of fact it was in the middle age that all that is worthy and stable in civilization was builded broad and deep; though the marvellous medieval development was made possible by a thousand years of Christian struggle with and triumph over barbarism; and this again owed much to the pagan civilization that preceded it.

Amongst those who authenticated the "nationalization" of women was Mr. Francis, American Ambassador to Russia.

That "Bolshevism" literature is no new literary development is evident from the fact that every Socialistic principle now put in practice in Russia has been advocated for years, for generations; their books are in our public libraries, in university libraries; the authors are respectfully treated in every handbook of literature where often Catholic writers are taboo; we can give to those who think Bolshevism an entirely new and freakish development of half-civilized and half-oriental Russia, quotations from reputable authors advocating any and every constituent principle of Bolshevism. It is utter folly to believe that present conditions are due to

"unrest" which is a natural reaction after the strain of war. The social upheaval, actual and threatening, is the logical and necessary development of principles long openly and urgently advocated; it is the harvest that follows the careful cultivation and seeding. If civilization is a slow growth of the ages, disintegration also is the slow process of generations, if not of centuries.

The example which follows illustrates more than one truth; incidentally it shows that the support which Godless education is likely to render to the tottering social order will be altogether disproportionate to the harm it has already done:

"A publisher recently brought at a collection of so-called modern poetry in which there was one piece so vile, so unutterably evil that it could have been produced only by the type of mind that has been made familiar to us by the Bryce report; and yet this book was praised, carelessly, by a hundred newspapers and had a certain vogue."

"I pointed out the plague spot to a professor of English literature at a leading university. He seemed to be amazed by it and he condemned it in very vigorous language; but I can only suppose that he was an uncanny, good actor or that he had a very short memory, for I subsequently read a very flattering account of this book from his pen."

"It was the fashion to praise it, in fact; and the fashion had been too much for his courage. He knew only too well how difficult it was nowadays to face the ridicule that beats down upon every attempt to maintain the true standards of art and literature."

Referring to the openly immoral literature which corrupts this generation proud of its ability to read, and contemptuous of the illiterate and virtuous, Mr. Noyes says:

"The downfall of moral standards has led us to the brink of greater dangers than our practical men seemed to realize until they were confronted by this incomprehensible specter which they call Bolshevism. But our European art and literature—and latterly certain sections of American literature—have been increasingly Bolshevistic during the last thirty years. Vicious literature has been common in every age; but it has been reserved for our own to produce a literature that deliberately crases the "not" from every law of God or man and proceeds to preach a creed of immorality as the gospel of the future."

Again:

"It was in 1880 that one of the most logical and lucid of English critics described the intellectual condition of his generation thus:

"There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has placed its faith in the fact, and now the fact is failing it."

"Since then the disintegrating process has eaten right through the fabric of the European world."

Alfred Noyes is not a Catholic, far from it. He writes that "the time has now come for the combined forces of Christianity to reassert their divine creed and bring healing to a wounded world." It is the religion of Milton he longs for; he can not see that Protestantism shattered the combined forces of Christianity, that while for a time it retained positive Christian influence over a positively Christianized people, it is now a thing of shreds and patches, a dead branch cut off from the life-giving vine. Like many others his eyes are holden; but like many others, too, he is groping toward the light into which thousands of the most thoughtful and virtuous of mankind will enter in our generation if the peril to civilization is to be averted.

It will be intensely interesting to compare the analysis of these tendencies recognized by the writer we have quoted with that of Leo XIII, who, guided by the grace of state and looking out over the world from the watch-tower of Christ's Vicar, warned the world long before the Great War shocked it out of its self-complacent egoism:

"Through a series of well known historical causes, the pretended Reformation of the sixteenth century raised the standard of revolt; and, determining to strike out straight into the heart of the church, audaciously attacked the Papacy. It broke the precious link of the ancient unity of faith and authority, which, multiplying a hundredfold power, prestige and glory, of the same staff and one shepherd. This unity being broken, a pernicious principle of disintegration was introduced amongst all ranks of Christians."

"We do not, indeed, hereby pretend to affirm that from the beginning there was a set purpose of destroying the principle of Christianity in the heart of society; but by refusing, on the one hand, to

acknowledge the supremacy of the Holy See, the effective cause and bond of unity, and by proclaiming, on the other, the principle of private judgment, the divine structure of faith was shaken to its dearest foundations and the way was opened to infinite variations, to doubts and denials of the most important things, to an extent which the innovators themselves had not foreseen. Then came the contemptuous and mocking philippic of the eighteenth century, which advanced farther. It turned to ridicule the sacred canon of the Scriptures and rejected the entire system of revealed truths, with the purpose of being able ultimately to root out from the conscience of the people all religious belief and stifling within it the last breath of the spirit of Christianity. It is from this source that have flowed rationalism, pantheism, naturalism, and materialism—poisonous and destructive systems which, under different appearances, renew the ancient errors triumphantly refuted by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church; so the pride of modern times, by excessive confidence in its own lights, was stricken with blindness; and, like paganism, subsisted thenceforth on fancies, even concerning the attributes of the human soul and the immortal destinies which constitute our glorious heritage."

"This system of practical atheism must necessarily cause, as in point of fact it does, a profound disorder in the domain of morals. For as the greatest philosophers of antiquity have declared religion is the chief foundation of justice and virtue. When bonds are broken which unite man with God, who is the sovereign Legislator and Universal Judge, a mere phantom of morality remains, a morality which is purely civic and as it is termed, independent, which abstracts from the Eternal Mind and the laws of God, descends inevitably to the material ultimate conclusion of making man a law unto himself. . . . He will be swayed by a contempt for right and for public authority as well as by licentiousness of life, which, when the condition becomes general, will mark the real decay of society."

The great Pope added a paragraph which then, and even a few short years ago, would cause a smile of amusement or derision, but which now millions recognize as the prophetic vision of a sincere Christian, whether or not they acknowledge the exalted office he was called upon by God to fill:

"Perhaps we may be accused of exaggerating the sad consequences of the disorders of which we speak. No; for the reality is before our eyes and warrants but too truly our forebodings. It is manifest that there is not some betterment soon, the bases of society will crumble and drag down with them the great and eternal principles of law and morality."

## PRESIDENT WILSON'S COURAGE

The public statement issued to the press by President Wilson is the most encouraging and significant thing that has transpired since the Peace Conference met in Paris. There may have been heroic championship of proclaimed principles in the secrecy of the Peace discussions; but there is no use in disguising the fact that people everywhere were becoming despondent, pessimistic, disgusted with the "new diplomacy" of "Open Covenants openly arrived at." Not only was the diplomacy as secret but dominated by quite the same considerations as that of the Congress of Vienna. Secret treaties between the parties further hampered and complicated the progress of "openly arriving at open covenants" on the broad principles of the President's Fourteen Points to which all openly agreed but—held that their secret treaties were binding.

President Wilson has boldly challenged this impossible position and has challenged England, France and Japan to come out into the open, and declare before the peoples of the world whether or not they stand on the principles which constitute the bases of the Armistices or the imperialistic secret agreements which contravene the great principle which he laid down and in which they acquiesced:

"That peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game now forever discredited, the balance of power."

If President Wilson were to stand openly and inflexibly on the principles which he so eloquently proclaimed during the War, the irresistible

power of all the peoples of all the world would be his to wield in the cause of international justice and national freedom.

## MONSIGNOR O'CONNOR, V. G., AND PHILIP POCOOCK, K. S. G.

The Pope honors already announced were solemnly conferred on Easter Sunday on Monsignor O'Connor, V. G., and Mr. Philip Pocock, K. S. G.

It is usually when a priest has served long and faithfully that such recognition comes to him in the evening of a well spent and active life in the vineyard of the Lord; in the case of Monsignor O'Connor it is a distinction which while recognizing great things already achieved marks him out in youth for greater things yet to come.

That a young man endowed by God with the great natural ability of Monsignor O'Connor, while the habit of study and first fervor of the priesthood are still his, should find in teaching the opportunity of deep and yet deeper study of theology, is not the least of the advantages which accrue to a diocese able and willing to establish and maintain according to the declared mind of the Church its own Theological Seminary.

That he will measure up to his responsibilities and opportunities he has already given ample evidence, and this mark of favor and distinction he has received from the Holy See will, we are sure, be but the beginning of a career of usefulness in the Church which will satisfy even the holy ambition of one who in his youth has carried so creditably and so humbly the burden of a double responsibility.

Were it left to the citizens of London irrespective of creed to designate the Catholic fellow-citizen on whom the Holy Father should confer the signal honor of Knighthood in the Order of St. Gregory the Great, the honor would have gone to Mr. Philip Pocock.

Honest, straightforward, public spirited, fearless yet unobtrusive in the performance of duty, public or private, Mr. Pocock enjoys the respect and confidence of all who know him. By business capacity and honesty—for business integrity is still a great commercial asset—he amassed considerable wealth. His generosity is described by the Holy Father as magnificent, and the word describes simply and accurately those gifts to educational, charitable and church purposes, of which we may not even now give more detailed information. So literally does Mr. Pocock carry out the Scriptural injunction of not letting his right hand know what his left hand does, that His Lordship did not dare to ask him beforehand whether or not he would accept the honor his Bishop intended asking the Holy Father to confer.

After a long life of probity, unswerving integrity, simple faith, and duty fulfilled, Mr. Pocock will bear worthily and well in the evening of a well-spent life the distinguished honor of Knighthood in the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

While the press of two continents has given every possible publicity during the past four years to supposed covert pro-German sympathies on the part of the Vatican and of Catholics under different flags, the active pro-German activities of certain American Protestant missionaries in Bulgaria have been discreetly kept in the background. We have not seen any space given in the Canadian press to the charges laid before the State Department at Washington against these representatives of the American Board of Foreign Missions not only in Bulgaria (with which country the United States was, technically, not at war) but in Persia, the Asiatic outpost of Turkish power. The difference of the attitude of the press to the one and the other is in itself in the highest degree instructive. So also is the stand taken by officials of the State Department, to the effect that "publicity would not be given to the charges in detail until the Mission Board had had time to make investigation and to report." Let us hope that this maxim may pass into a permanent principle with the Government. Catholics have not in the past been shown so much consideration in respect to the doing, real or imaginary, of their brethren at home or abroad.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE FAST and loose use made of the Christian name in these days of eclectic thinking is graphically illustrated by the recurring Spring announcements of the big publishing houses. Two books, "Christ in You" and "Spiritual Reconstruction," bearing the imprint of Dodd, Mead & Co., may be cited as examples. The titles naturally suggest that the books are Christian and spiritual; in reality they are but effusions of the blasphemous spiritist cult which, profiting by the religious chaos of the time, raises its insolent head anew to bewilder and mislead the multitude. As for the fundamental principles of Christianity, as understood even by the sects, they have simply no place in their pages.

FREE USE, it is true, is made of the name of Christ in these masquerading volumes; Scripture is quoted throughout (always, of course, in a forced and unnatural manner), but the books themselves are in their substance but the sheerest spiritist gibberish and in their purport cut at the very roots of revealed religion. No wonder that the unchurched masses, which form so large and increasing a part of the great public on this northern continent, are bewildered and to delusions of this kind fall so easy a prey. While, apparently oblivious to this menace at their very doors, the Berts and the Speers and other shining lights find more diverting employ-

ment in slandering the Catholics of Italy and South America.

A MENACE of another kind lifts its head in the latest returns of the British Registrar General. A medical correspondent of the London Times has by calling public attention to the vital statistics embodied therein, sought to rouse the national conscience to a danger which is infinitely greater and more far-reaching than any German invasion could possibly be. Energy and determination in the field of arms may, as the late War has proved, overcome the effects of lack of vigilance and of unpreparedness, but the draining of the life blood of a nation through a falling birth rate, if not checked in time, spells inevitable doom. It has long been the habit in England to point the finger of scorn at France in this particular; the figures of the Registrar General come, therefore, like a bolt from the blue.

ACCORDING to this official, the quarterly return of marriages, births and deaths reveal the unwelcome fact that for the first time since the establishment of civil registration, the number of deaths exceeded the number of births by almost eighty thousand. The average of excess of births over deaths in the fourth quarter of three preceding years was 44,785. Making due allowance for the abnormal death rate during the influenza epidemic, the situation nevertheless, according to the same medical authority, remains disquieting. For even though 8,104 more births occurred in the fourth quarter of 1918 than in the corresponding quarter of 1917, the 1918 birthrate is the lowest on record.

WE DO not here commit ourselves to an analysis of the illuminating figures given in the Registrar General's report, nor is it our purpose to enlarge upon the why and the wherefor of the disquieting state of affairs revealed. Suffice it for the present to say that the menace is a very real one, and if we may believe the Times' correspondent, has already crossed the portals of the English as a people. The Catholic Church, true to her divine mission, has ever sought to keep this menace from her own children and has never ceased to utter a warning voice to the world at large against infractions of the natural or the moral law. France, so long her "eldest daughter," has prospered just in proportion to the heed given to that maternal voice. Just to what extent the War has had a chastening effect upon her as a nation the future will reveal. May it not be that the lesson learned by four years of bloody conflict may bring home to her rulers and to her people alike that their welfare, spiritual and temporal, is bound up with loyal adhesion to the national traditions of two thousand years.

WHILE THE press of two continents has given every possible publicity during the past four years to supposed covert pro-German sympathies on the part of the Vatican and of Catholics under different flags, the active pro-German activities of certain American Protestant missionaries in Bulgaria have been discreetly kept in the background. We have not seen any space given in the Canadian press to the charges laid before the State Department at Washington against these representatives of the American Board of Foreign Missions not only in Bulgaria (with which country the United States was, technically, not at war) but in Persia, the Asiatic outpost of Turkish power. The difference of the attitude of the press to the one and the other is in itself in the highest degree instructive. So also is the stand taken by officials of the State Department, to the effect that "publicity would not be given to the charges in detail until the Mission Board had had time to make investigation and to report." Let us hope that this maxim may pass into a permanent principle with the Government. Catholics have not in the past been shown so much consideration in respect to the doing, real or imaginary, of their brethren at home or abroad.

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BRIEFLY IT is charged that in Bulgaria these missionaries exerted every effort to prevent a rupture between that Government and their own, and that they used funds designed to aid war sufferers, to further the cause of Bulgaria and indirectly, that of her allies, Germany and Austria. Further, it is charged that the political activities of these missionaries in Northern Persia, as



well as Bulgaria, were of such a nature as to have compromised them with the two Governments, and to have put the United States to unusual embarrassment in correcting the evils worked thereby. It is not the Catholic way to prejudice or to prejudice. That is for the proper authorities. Well will it be for the individuals concerned and for the body that employed them if they can appeal to their Government tribunal with as much confidence as Catholics everywhere can look the verdict of history in the face as to the attitude of the Church and their own conduct throughout the period of hostilities.

ST. JOAN OF ARC

John C. Reville, S. J., in America

The news that Blessed Joan of Arc has received from the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff the highest honors which the Catholic Church can give, and has been enrolled among her canonized Saints, will thrill the whole Catholic world. In this solemn act the world will recognize the loftiest tribute that can be paid to the memory of the Warrior Maid of Orleans and of the Maiden of Rouen. By the act in virtue of which Benedict XV. completes the work of Pius X., who enrolled the Maid of France among the Blessed, the Pope enshrines on the altars of the Catholic Church patriotism and faith in the person of the Virgin-Warrior who saved France and died a martyr's death for her fidelity to the heavenly voices which guided her in her tragic mission.

To the universal hymn of enthusiasm which will welcome the act of the Sovereign Pontiff, our own country will add its voice in no unmistakable manner. For nowhere, perhaps, outside of her own beloved France, is the story of the Maid of Domremy more popular; nowhere have her ideals and her romantic daring met with keener and more sympathetic understanding. Our soldiers, men of her own Faith and of creeds which the simple Lorraine peasant girl could not have understood, have gone to battle with her name upon their lips and her ideals in their hearts. They have stood bare headed before the place of her agony in Rouen, and marched "eyes right" before her humble home, and pitched their tents amid the forest aisles where she heard her mystic voices. They have brought home from the field of battle a clearer understanding of her story, a higher admiration for her purity, her heroism and her faith.

But the heart of France especially will feel in this crowning of the career of the Maid that a special homage is paid to the patriotism and the martyr-heroism of the one being in all the splendid epic of the history of France which perhaps is the most characteristic of France, the one individual which unites in itself the sturdiest and noblest of the French qualities. In her native village, by her simplicity, naïvete and sprightly gaiety, in her straightforwardness and sincerity at Vaucouleurs with that rude old soldier, Messire de Baudricourt, whom she wins over to her plans; by her reckless bravery before the walls of Orleans and Paris, and by the bridge of Jargeau, she is absolutely French. Before her unjust judges, at the bar of her accusers, she displays all the splendid qualities of her race. She does not know how to read or write. But her mind is quick and penetrating. She is not to be outwitted by the quibbles of Cauchon, that unworthy bishop, or by the logical pitfalls spread before her by his henchmen and his tools. She reads their wiles and tears away the mask of their maneuvers in a few simple words which put them to shame. Her language, the language of this unlettered girl, is stamped with that simplicity, clearness, directness, and vital power of painting facts and men which are distinctly French. Her language is the gold coin of truth, minted pure and unalloyed from the treasury of her virgin heart. To get anything like it we have to go to the simple and noble pages of the best masters of French prose. To her judges her words are like the flaming brands of indignant archangels. On her scaffold at Rouen they are the feeble cry of a helpless girl around whose frame the billowy waves of the funeral pyre are slowly creeping. To King Charles she speaks like a queen; to the Duke d'Alencon, to Lahire and Dunois on the field of battle, like a soldier and a knight. She is French in her enthusiasms, in her unshaken belief in the destinies of her country and her king, in the ultimate triumph of her cause. She is French above all things in her Faith.

Everything in the Maid is profoundly and absolutely Catholic. She is the embodiment of the Faith and the religion of her country. St. Louis, the Crusader, was not more Catholic in his language, his thought and ideals than the peasant girl of the Marches of Lorraine. In the Chronicles of the good Sieur Joinville, which lay bare the soul of the saintly monarch, we catch the same atmosphere which hovers around the Maid of Domremy. God for both is the supreme Lord and Master; France is the kingdom of Christ; the King is but the Lieutenant of My Lord Christ. King and peasant mind are steeped in an atmosphere of the purest mysticism. But they are not idle dreamers; they are practical doers of things. Louis battles all

day in a saddle armed cap-a-pie against his rebellious vassals at the Bridge of Taillebourg. Joan rises before her prayer before the altar and rides like a flaming archangel over the field of conflict to rally knights and captains and men at arms to hold fast, for "By the Lord, victory would be theirs!"

In virtue of that mysterious law of suffering under whose yoke the noblest must pass, the Maid of Domremy, the Conqueror of Patay and Orleans, who brought her King to his sacred throne, the royal archbishop of Reims, then unshorn of their splendor, had her passion to undergo. It may be doubted whether even the annals of the early martyrs can show such a hypocrisy, heartlessness, low cunning and cruelty as we find in the judges before whom she was arraigned. Before that court, whose presiding officer was a bishop unworthy of his sacred calling, Joan was like a dove trapped by unclean birds of prey. But her innocence, her purity, her heroic constancy, though they could not save her life have won for her a place in every generous heart and a shrine and an altar in the Catholic Church of which she was to the last the devoted child. A Catholic bishop, Catholic ecclesiastics betrayed her. The Catholic Church has ever guarded her memory and now gives her the highest honors and places again in a more solemn manner the triple crown of virginity, patriotism and martyrdom upon her brow.

Joan of Arc by her victory at Orleans almost five hundred years ago actually saved the French nation from the yoke of the stranger. Her victory thrust the invader practically out of the whole of France. Only a foothold was left to the English in Normandy. Calais alone remained to them out of the vast conquests formerly held. But the victory of the Maiden entailed consequences which neither Jeanne nor the men of her days who fought side by side with her could even dimly foresee. Thanks to her, France was rescued from the clutch of the stranger. France was providentially dragged from the Gulf of national ruin yawning at her feet. She was freed at last from the endless quarrels and strifes which had for so long divided her. The victors of the Hundred Years War, the Burgundians and the Armagnacs and Bourguignons, with her own kings firmly seated upon the throne, with her finances and commerce restored and her trade flourishing, France saw peace, prosperity, order coming back after an exile of a hundred years. She could thus calmly prepare for the great destiny awaiting her when she would soon be called upon to lead the nations of the world.

But Jeanne not only freed France from the yoke of the stranger; she was an instrument in the hands of God to save the Faith of the French people. A little more than a hundred years after the death of the Maid, Henry VIII., the heir and successor of the Edwards and the Henrys, who in the days of Jeanne and her immediate forbears had claimed the throne and the kingdom of France as theirs, was dragging England into schism. But for Jeanne and her victories at Orleans, Jargeau and Beaugency, and her triumphant but tragic martyrdom on the market square at Rouen, Henry VIII., in virtue of the iniquitous Treaty of Troyes (1420), which betrayed the rights of the legitimate Kings of France and sold them to England, would have been master and king of France. With him schism, and with his successors heresy, would have been seated upon the throne of Charles VII. France, the fairest of the driven Catholic nations, the Eldest Daughter of the Church, into apostasy, as England was driven, one of the strongest bulwarks of Rome and Catholicism against the rising tide of the Reformation would have been swept away and Western Europe undoubtedly covered with the flood. The splendid Catholic life of France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would have been impossible. Jean of Arc saved France from the grasp of the foe; she kept France as a distinct nation upon the map of Europe. That solemn fact France can never forget. In the strictest sense of the word the Maid of Domremy is the savior of French nationality. Her banner planted upon the ramparts of the Tourelles at Orleans had but one meaning to French and English alike. It plainly said: "This soil is the soil of France. It must remain hers forever." But Joan did more. She preserved France for the faith of Peter. She kept it for the Catholic Church. Out of that fold the French nation seems at times inclined to wander. It is never at rest; it is never itself until it comes back to its ordered quiet and peace.

During the world war men whose sires fought under Talbot, Gladsdale and Bedford against the Maid, the sons of the men-at-arms and knights who fought with Joan, and soldiers from beyond the seas who saw in Joan the symbol of purity and heroism, have rallied to the sound of her name. In them the Maid has continued her mission. That mission is not yet ended. Enthroned in glory now, with the highest title and honors that the world knows bestowed upon her, and armed with spiritual weapons from celestial armories, the Maid of Domremy, the Virgin of Patay and Jargeau, the Martyr of Rouen, has one more task to accomplish. No longer with the sword of battle, but with that irresistible influence which comes from the depths of her pure heart, she must rescue her beloved France from the hands of those unnatural children, aliens in ideals and aspirations, who have sold it into the hands of falsehood,

license, atheism and infidelity. She must again gather around her white standard the brave, the pure, the true. Her silver armor must once more flash like a meteor in the fray, and her war cry, "Jesus! Jesus!" find an echo in every heart. If so, under her standard the hosts of evil will melt away, and again the Warrior-Saint will deliver France.

ADMIRAL BENSON HONORED

CATHOLIC SAILOR GETS NAVY DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

Washington, April 21.—Admiral William S. Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, has been awarded the Navy Distinguished Service Medal by direction of President Wilson. Admiral Benson is now in Paris, and presentation of the medal probably will not be made until his return to the United States, as the naval medals have not yet been completed.

Acting Secretary Roosevelt today sent this cablegram to the Admiral: "The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting to you the Navy Distinguished Service Medal for exceptionally meritorious and distinguished service as chief of naval operations throughout the War with the Central Powers."

THE PERILS OF POLITICS

Michael William in America

Before going to California for the first time, some twelve years ago, I had often heard the admiring tributes that were paid to the Golden State by progressives, liberals, radicals and all the varied types of social reformers, because California was so fecund and inventive and daring in the great matter of progressive legislation—and progressive legislation, of course, was the agency through which the reformers were certain they would make, if not a new heaven, at least a brand new earth. And so many of us placed in legislation as a cure-all of social evils. But I had not long dwelt in this paradise of the reformer ere I began to ask myself strange and unsettling questions. Unfortunately, also, for my naive peace of mind, I happened to be in active newspaper work, and was thrown a great deal among reformers, and among politicians, and among the mass of people; the common people, as the reformers daunt to name them, who do the voting, and pay the taxes, and are affected by the laws made for them by the reformers, and put into operation by the politicians.

I remember with especial vividness one week during the night of which it was my duty to sit from eight o'clock until ten or eleven listening to and reporting the evidence taken in the rooms of the Board of Election Commissioners, in an investigation of a recall petition. A certain politician had been duly elected to the State legislature from a certain district. Another—a defeated politician, by the by—circulated a petition for the recall of the person elected, who was charged with grave dereliction of duty. The petition was signed by the requisite number of voters, men and women of all sorts and conditions, but all alike in the possession and enjoyment of the potent sniff of nobles citizens all. The women were not—as Mr. Brisbane would put "punch" in the words—of the men, but their noble equals before the law. And the men were exercising the right only newly won to recall from office an unfaithful servant. Beautiful example of progressive legislation!

Unfortunately, some scores of fraudulent signatures happened to be obtained themselves upon this great document, the recall petition. The case was taken to the proper authorities; there was a public hearing; the newspapers devoted space to the controversy, and night after night I heard the evidence given by perhaps seventy-five or one hundred witnesses, men and women, signers of the petition. There were doctors and lawyers and street sweepers, and house-wives, and business women. And the evidence usually went something like this: "Your name is John Jones, or Mary Jones?" "It is." "Is this your signature?" "Yes." "Did you read the petition when you signed it?" "Did you know exactly what it was you signed?" "No." "Why, then, did you sign it?" At this point the answers greatly varied. One would say, "Well, Joe Jenkins (one of the paid circulators of the petition) is a good fellow; he asked me to sign, so I did." Another: "Why, I thought it was a petition for more street cars in our district; that's what Bill Cummings told me, and I let it go at that." Still another: "I was too busy to read the thing. If you stop to read all the petitions that come around nowadays, you'd have no time for work; so I just signed it anyhow."

In short, hardly two or three of all the witnesses possessed any knowledge of the wording of the petition; or considered it to have been their duty to read it before signing it; and if those who circulated the petition had not tried to make their work easier by slipping on a number of the names of dead persons and people who long ago had left the district, they could have put it through.

So much for that particular example of progressive legislation. And as it was in this case, so I discovered it to be in innumerable others. At election time in California there are so many scores of proposals on the ballot that not one average citizen in a thousand—indeed, I would dare to say, in ten thousand—ever stops to read them, still less to study them. This proposal or that one is defeated or adopted, as the case may be, because this news paper or that one, or some particular class of the population, conducts an agitation for it, or against it. But as for the electorate exercising its native wit, there is none of that, none at all.

And so today we see on the one hand a determined, energetic group, such as the Prohibitionists or the Woman Suffragists, doing just what they will to do; and they are the types and examples of other groups who find the masses of legislation designed to fulfil their private desires; all the groups effecting their purpose by manipulating politicians, not by convincing the reason of citizens, or awakening their sentiments of patriotism or justice. And on the other hand we see a vast, world wide and constantly growing distrust and loss of faith in all forms of representative government. This loss of faith in the panaceas of mechanical democracy is at the bottom of Bolshevism. It is finding sinister expression in England, where the parliamentary system is tottering to its fall. It is voiced in its most attention-awakening fashion, perhaps, by President Wilson, warning the politicians gathered from all the ends of the earth at Paris that plain people everywhere themselves demand a hearing, and will not blindly yield their destinies to "their government."

But the politicians at Paris, in England, too, and in Germany, and in the United States, still play politics; still they trust to words and "acts" and "bills" and "treaties" and "covenants" and legislation of all kinds; and still they neglect the one thing without which all other things are of no avail: they will not listen to Jesus Christ. He came down upon earth to tell us that the end of life, the thing toward which all social action, all true politics, all art, science, government, personal and national ideals must tend, and must strive to attain, if they are to be worthy of human effort, is the salvation of the individual soul. He founded a Church, indefectible and infallible, by which and through which the end of mankind might be achieved. Today, in the midst of the world-war, even as in the days of Napoleon, of Bismarck, and of other super-politicians and world-heroes, are found here and there a statesman or politician who patronizingly condescends to religion; who looks upon it, perhaps, as a useful agency for keeping the people contented with their lot; but where are the statesmen who consider religion first, and who look upon politics as a sacred trust and duty, the temporal means for the attainment of as large a measure of human justice, and peace, and happiness, as is possible?

Are there any such? There are many statesmen and politicians who can talk glibly enough, and indeed in many cases sincerely enough, about social justice and spiritual betterment, and uplift and enlightenment; but mostly what they really mean is the religion of the new paganism; of State-worship. And they form the most powerful peril in politics today, for unless the satisfaction with legislative methods which is continuously expressed in Bolshevism, in Socialism, in Syndicalism, in Spartacism, and in anarchy, all success in overwhelming government of all kinds—save the self-imposed rule of the oligarchy which in all cases control these movements—there is reason to fear that the fever of legislative madness now at work will before long come to a crisis, and achieve permanency in State Socialism, which is the servile State for Christianity, only the Catholic Church, can save us from one or other disaster.

THE HARVEST OF THE WAR

The toll of human life taken up the world war as summed up in the Manchester Guardian, reaches up the stupendous figure of 17,500,000. Yet even this number, surpassing all our powers of realization, does not include all the deaths indirectly attributable to the war. It includes, however, a mortality of 6,000,000 from influenza and pneumonia, due to war conditions. The total number of allied losses are placed at 5,600,000 while the deaths suffered by their opponents are computed at little more than half this figure, or some 2,800,000. The loss of life for the British and Indian Empire is estimated at 898,824. Italy is said to have lost three-fifths as many through diseases in the war zone (300,000) as through casualties in battle. The number of Armenians, Syrians, Greeks and Jews massacred by the Turks being 4,000,000. A million Serbian civilians are thought to have succumbed to the sword, to hunger or disease. Truly a terrible muster-roll of the dead!—True Voice.

FATHER NORTHGRAVES

At 6 p.m., on Friday, the 26th instant, there passed peacefully away from St. Joseph's Hospital, a venerable priest of the Diocese of London one noted for his outstanding scholarship, his amiable character and at the same time for his simple, child-like piety. The Rev. George Richard Northgraves, for it is he of whom we speak, was born at Ottawa, then called Bytown, on February 25th, 1854. His father, William Northgraves, a Jeweller by trade, was a member of an old English Catholic family, one of that glorious remnant who, despite persecution and penal laws, never lost the faith. His mother, Theresa Prussien, was a native of Quebec.

At the early age of five years, Father Northgraves began his studies, attending first a Catholic private school in Kingston and subsequently the Grammar School of Belleville. At eighteen years of age he became a pupil of St. Michael's College, Toronto, just two weeks after that institution had been opened in St. Michael's Palace by the Basilian Fathers of Annonay, France. There he had for professors, such men as Fathers Soulerin and Flannery, and for fellow students, Archbishop O'Connor, Bishop R. A. O'Connor of Peterborough, Fathers Ferguson, Walsh and others.

In 1874, as a fitting recognition of his brilliant talents, he was requested to act as professor, which he did, at the same time pursuing his studies for the priesthood, to which rank he was raised in Toronto, August 30th, 1877, by Bishop Farrell of Hamilton, to Bishop De Charbonnel was absent in Rome.

Father Northgraves' ordination did not occasion his removal from St. Michael's, for, at the earnest request of Father Soulerin, he continued as professor until 1880, receiving the humble salary of \$80.00 per annum. For the next few years he was Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, during which time he played an important part in championing the Catholic cause at the time of the passing of the Separate School Act of 1883.

He was fond of recounting how on that occasion he quietly helped to thwart the designs of the Orange Party. They had called a meeting to discuss the question of Separate Schools, pass a resolution unfavorable to them and memorialize the Government on the result of the de-liberations of their meeting. Father Northgraves quietly notified all the Catholics to attend and, in addition, to be there at least one hour before the appointed time. Thus when the assembly was called to order, the hall was filled for the most part by Catholics, there being no room for the others to enter. After a somewhat lively meeting, to the chagrin and astonishment of the officers on the platform, a resolution favorable to Separate Schools was passed. Not without the agitation to spread all over the Province, the Government gave the resolution passed at this meeting as its reason for speedily passing the Separate School Bill.

About this same time, Father Northgraves, who had established a name for himself as an astronomer and mathematician, was offered the Chair of Mathematics at Toronto University, but Bishop Lynch would not allow him to accept the tempting offer. In the same year, he attended the Council of Quebec with the Rev. Father Lynch and at the request of the Fathers of the Council added the scriptural references to Butler's Catechism.

For six years, he was Dean of Barrie, that is, until his departure for Rome in 1869, when he attended the Vatican Council as theologian of Bishop Lynch. At the time of death he enjoyed the distinction of being along with Cardinal Gibbons, one of the two surviving North American members of that memorable assembly.

From 1870 to 1874, Father Northgraves was again attached to St. Michael's Cathedral, bearing the title of Archdeacon. In 1874, Bishop Walsh, a great personal friend of his, requested him to come to London, naming him Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, in succession to Dr. Kilroy, who went to Stratford. In 1877, charged with Wyoming and in 1885, with Parkhill, wrote his famous work "Mistakes of Modern Infidels." This book, an answer to the teachings of a well known atheist, Bob Ingersoll, received the universal approbation of all denominations.

From 1890 until 1910, this worthy priest acted as Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, residing with the late Father Corcoran of Seafort. Even after he ceased his journalistic labors, he continued to labor actively in the ranks of the priesthood. Advancing age, however, was beginning to tell and on the occasion of the last Priests' Retreat which he made in 1917, he remarked to the writer that he thought he would not attend any more. "It makes me feel pretty old," he said. "When I am making a Priests' Retreat with the son of a man whom I prepared for First Communion."

On April 10th, 1918, Father Northgraves retired and took up his residence at Mt. Hope. There he was accustomed to celebrate his daily Mass, the consolation of his declining years. On Easter Monday, he offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the last time, as that afternoon he fell, breaking a limb, the shock of which caused his death. Not realizing what had happened, he exclaimed to the Sister who picked him up, "Sister I am afraid I shall not be able to say Mass tomorrow." This was the last message of that venerable and holy priest, whose hair had grown white and his step feeble in the service of the Master, to his beloved Sisters of Mt. Hope.

He formed an interesting link with the past remembering as he did the first Bishop of Upper Canada, the Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonnell, whom he saw pontificate in Kingston Cathedral, Easter Sunday, 1839. R. I. P.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THOUGHTS AT EASTER

There is no denying the spirit of jubilation and triumph which animates the whole Church during these days of Easter. Christ risen from the dead dieth no more, death shall no more have dominion over Him. He is risen, He is not here. Fear not! He has overcome the world. How well did not the apostles in the few succeeding months understand what our Divine Lord meant in these significant words of triumph, encouragement and for them eternal hope.

But the Church takes great care that we realize just what is the nature of that victory. No doubt for carnal and worldly minds this is difficult. But we must acknowledge that in the world it was always thus. The worldliness of the Jews, for example, deceived them with regard to the true nature of the Messiah. He was to be their king, the restorer of their nation, their wealth, their prestige, their exclusiveness. The Gentiles sat in the shadow of death without hope, they were the sons of the accursed, the idolatrous nations lost, departed from God and faith in Him never again to be restored to friendship. How their gross understanding of the true nature of Christ's work deceived them! Our Divine Lord made clear enough His mission. It was a message to souls: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul? or what exchange would a man give for his soul?"

This was the vital problem, the only problem Christ came to solve, to Him all else was subservient. Those who live for themselves, their own satisfaction, the world about them, in a word for things of sense and time, do not readily grasp the importance of these truths in every day life. "But the sensual man perceiveth not these things that are of the spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him, and he cannot understand because it is spiritually examined." How well then to remind Christians of what this feast means for them that they be not deceived by the dangers about them. The Church therefore uses the exhortation of St. Paul to the Colossians: "If you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, for Christ is sitting at the right hand of God; mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon earth." to recall her children to their proper relation to God and to Christ.

Having been clothed with Christ in baptism we find ourselves the objects of His tender care all our lives. The Christian is strengthened in Confirmation, cleansed in Penance and fed by God Himself in Holy Eucharist. "I am the bread of life." This is the bread which cometh down from heaven; that if any man eat of it he may not die." Clearly there is no other way under ordinary circumstances to gain what Christ came to give us. All other sources but lead to these unless we think of the extraordinary gift given by God's own bounty under peculiar circumstances to some souls.

How important the sacraments! How important the minister of these gifts! Do our readers realize what it is for souls to lack these heavenly gifts granted them? Our work here for the Catholic missions in Canada is to know these truths and help all others to realize them. Pastors in parishes who labor in season and out of season are ever spurred on by the knowledge of them and through God's grace they have made fruitful, barren fields. With their example and success before us we are persuaded to push on and grant aid where needed. Above all we must educate and send priests to do the work of Christ among souls. This is our great work. We are so situated now that we must look to our own parishes, which are organized, for the church in districts not so favored. No other plan is possible. Knowing the appreciation of our readers for the gifts God has granted them we believe that they will continue to help Catholic Church Extension by prayer, by money, and by exhorting the young to missionary work so that others may be brought to Christ with God.

Contributions may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, Presidents, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed: CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only five priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding burses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student. What he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary  
J. M. FRASER.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

THE REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS

Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow His steps. (1 Pet. ii. 21.)

The Church is unwilling that we should forget the sufferings and death of our blessed Lord when we are studying those Wounds in His hands, feet, and side!

Remembrance of them, indeed, is the life of devotion. How fervent is prayer when the eyes of our soul are gazing on those Wounds in His hands, feet, and side!

But even earnest Catholics whose prayers and fervour at Mass are borne up before the throne of God by this remembrance must not be content. More is required.

What a contrast! Sufferings borne for the love of God, and sufferings borne with murmuring and repining. Those who murmur are not the disciples of Christ; those who bear them with a patient mind are taking up their cross and following His steps.

Let us take to heart the example which Christ has left us, lest we prove unworthy of Him. May the memory of His sufferings be ever in our mind, that we may learn bravely to take up our cross and follow Him.

How well these words come from the mouth of him who was scourged for preaching the name of Christ, rejoicing to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus (Acts v., 40); who was imprisoned by Herod; who in the Mamertine prison in Rome refused to be liberated, preferring the cross, to be like his Master.

Even the most devout may sometimes be despondent, and fail in bearing their sufferings for Christ's sake. But we must not give up and lose heart even if we fall. Rise up and begin again. And St. Peter is our example in this as well. St. Ambrose tells us that when the persecution of Nero broke out, the Christians, thinking how necessary St. Peter was to the infant Church, begged of him to seek safety in flight.

CONSTANT PAIN AFTER EATING

The Tortures of Dyspepsia Corrected by "Fruit-a-lives"

St. MARTIN'S, N.B. "For two years, I suffered tortures from Severe Dyspepsia. I had constant pains after eating; pains down the sides and back; and horrible bitter stuff often came up in my mouth."

MRS. HUDSON MARSHBANK. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

chapel on the spot of that meeting still stands. "Lord, whither goest Thou?" Christ, casting on him a glance of sadness and love as He had done once before on the night of His Passion, replied: "I am going to Rome to be crucified afresh."

A "VICTIM" OF THE CONFESSIONAL

Some years ago a number of young aristocrats sat feasting in a fashionable hotel of one of the larger cities of France. Wine had been flowing freely and they were engaged in an animated discussion of politics and of the news of the day.

They had succeeded, with the aid of the irreligious literature of the day, in stifling the Faith of their childhood in their own hearts. The doctrines and practices of our Holy Religion, therefore, around which their conversation began to turn, were made the object of their wit and derision.

What a good joke it would be, finally remarked one of them, "if we all went to confession just for the fun of the thing." Some of the others declared that such a joke did not altogether commend itself to them, and that they did not believe the speaker would have the courage to carry it out.

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When he had finished his mock confession, the priest, who had been listening very calmly and quietly, said to him: "You have now done your part in order to win your bet. You have confessed your sins. It is now for me to do my part and to impose a penance upon you. And your penance will be as follows: You will for three days say three times daily, morning noon and night: 'I must die; but I do not care in the least.'"

"There is a judgment after death; but I do not care in the least." "There is a Hell; but I do not care in the least." And with these words he dismissed him.

On the evening arranged the friends met together and the mock penitent related what had happened and claimed that he had won his bet. But the others, not prepared to give in so easily, declared that the bet could not be considered won until the penance too, which was part of the Sacrament, had been performed. "If that is all," replied the young man, "I give you my word of honor

that I will perform my penance and win my bet." And he really began to pronounce the words mentioned—at first hastily and without reflection; but, after a while, with a sense of their meaning and significance. A strange feeling took possession of him. The words began to recall the stifled belief of his early childhood.

He began to think seriously of death, of eternity and the state of his soul, and, after a few days, grace had completed its work. The young man returned to the priest to whom he had made his mock Confession and besought him to aid him in making a true Confession and in effecting a thorough reconciliation with God.

Thus restored to Faith and to a right mode of living, he strove with all earnestness to atone for the grave sins committed and never failed to tell the story of how he was, by the extraordinary Providence of God, led back to the right path.—J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G.

AFTER LENT

Now the drear storm is past, the snow is gone, And from the brown earth peeps the violet, And from the west, where late the dim sun set

"BACK TO THE LAND"

U. S. CATHOLIC WAR COUNCIL, WITH \$300,000 AVAILABLE, LAYS PLANS

Plans for a back-to-the-land movement among retraining soldiers were announced yesterday by the Reconstruction Committee of the National Catholic War Council of 81 East Forty-second Street.

The Rev. Edward V. O'Hara, who has just returned from service in France as a chaplain, has been appointed to direct the colonization movement. He said last night that the scheme had already been inaugurated in many of the Catholic dioceses and that soldiers and sailors with some small capital to invest in farming would be transported to the new colonies, without expenses, as soon as the tracts were opened, which is expected to be within three months.

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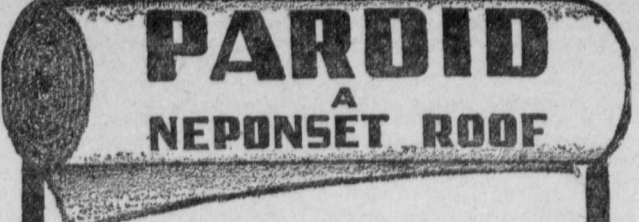
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real and so it is not to be wondered at if they are slow to see the need for giving greater assistance to the soldier farmer of today than that given to the veterans of the civil war."

Fools and children tell the truth, which proves that most people are not fools. There is no zeal like that inspired by self-interest.



THE economy of roofing with Paroid is apparent when you consider:—

It can be laid quickly, and at half the cost of new shingles.

When put on, Neponset Paroid forms the ideal roofing—fire, weather and wear-resisting.

Neponset Paroid Roofing lives long, stands up, and pays for itself yearly by giving absolute protection and satisfaction.

Neponset Paroid Roofs have proven their durability and economy for twenty years.

Neponset Paroid Roofing can be applied over old shingles without the added expense of tearing them off.

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Roof with Neponset Paroid—it Pays.

Neponset Paroid Roofing is made in three colors: red, green and slate grey.

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STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS

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The refreshing quality of Coca-Cola, which has made it a favorite with the millions, is the result of three factors which are entirely natural and wholesome.

First—Coca-Cola is prepared with cold, carbonated water, which alone is quite refreshing.

Second—Coca-Cola contains natural fruit flavorings, which, with pure sugar, are very refreshing.

Third—Coca-Cola contains a purified extract from tea, called caffeine, which is both wholesome and refreshing.

Coca-Cola may therefore be described as "a cold, carbonated, fruit-flavored improvement upon tea, of approximately one-fourth the stimulating strength of the average cup of tea."

Coca-Cola is entirely wholesome, delicious and refreshing.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY ATLANTA, GA.

SAVE FUEL! A lady in Toronto actually reduced her monthly fuel bill from \$2.25 to 90c. a month by using a Peerless Cooker and had more nourishing and digestible foods. With the Peerless you can cook an entire meal on one burner. Let us tell you how. Write for particulars today.

Artistic Religious Statues OF QUALITY

Owing to the increasing demand that we have had during the past few months, for the Statues of St. Rita, we beg to inform the Catholic public of Canada we are now in a position to supply the following subjects, in sizes as mentioned with price of same attached.

We prepay the charges to the destination of the order, goods securely packed. These Statues are all excellent models from new moulds, and we can faithfully guarantee that these Statues will meet with the approval of all. The prices are now and the quality good. We also take orders for large Church statues, and will cheerfully submit quotations on inquiry of same.



Sacred Heart of Jesus St. Theresa (Little Flower of Jesus)

In Size of 8 Inches. Price of Each \$1.25

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Sacred Heart of Mary Our Lady of Victory St. Joseph and Child St. Rita

Size 12 Inches. Price \$2.50

St. Anthony St. Roch St. Rita St. Joseph with Child

Sacred Heart of Jesus Our Lady of Peace Vision of St. Francis

Sacred Heart of Mary Immaculate Conception St. Joseph with Child St. Theresa (Little Flower)

Our Lady of Lourdes St. Ann and Blessed Virgin Immaculate Conception

St. Francis of Assisi St. Joseph with Lily Our Lady of Peace

Size 16 Inches. Price \$4

Sacred Heart of Jesus St. Ann and Blessed Virgin St. Rita St. Anthony

Sacred Heart of Mary St. Theresa (Little Flower) Vision of St. Francis

Our Lady of Lourdes St. Joseph with Child Immaculate Conception

St. Francis of Assisi St. Joseph with Lily Our Lady of Peace

Size 18 Inches. Price \$4.50

St. Roch

Size 22 Inches. Price \$5.00

Sacred Heart of Jesus St. Ann and Blessed Virgin St. Rita

Sacred Heart of Mary St. Theresa (Little Flower) Vision of St. Francis

Our Lady of Lourdes St. Joseph with Child St. Joseph with Lily

Our Lady of Victory Blessed Virgin and Child St. Anthony

Size 23 Inches. Price \$6

St. Theresa (Little Flower of Jesus) Our Lady of Peace

NOTE—The smaller size Statues will go by Parcel Post, securely packed, and the larger sizes will go by express, charges prepaid. Please give the name of railway station to where goods are to be shipped. Send all money in form of post-office money order or registered letter, thereby insuring safety.

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46 St. Alexander St. Montreal, Que.

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60c. Each Postpaid

Quest Of The Golden Chest by George Hart, a thrilling tale of real adventure—going, fresh, broods over ocean pathways as well as the mysterious lure of tropical forest, a romance in "Quest of the Golden Chest" will fire his ambition in many deeds. In God's Good Time, by H. M. Ross. This is a story that grips the heart, stirring and the liveliest sympathy for what is human and good. Jack Hildreth On The Nile, by Marion Ames. This is the kind of hero that is done to the boyish daring in disposition, and at the same time thoroughly upright and honest. Juniors Of St. Bede's, by Rev. Theo. H. Bryson. An excellent story in which rough, poorly bred, sterling character, that is his own discomfiture. This is a really new style of Catholic tale. Little Marcella At The Lake, by Mary F. Nixon Reiter. The seven Marcellas children spend a week at a lake side. They have an unquiet, ruffled series of adventures and fun. Plenty of motor trips and pictures make life interesting for them. Fishing and swimming help to make a success of their holidays. Milly Aving, by Sara Trainor Smith. The story of a helpless young girl's bearing her cross with patience and courage. By so doing she becomes a source of education and an inspiration to better living to those around her. The story ought to find great favor with ladies and ladies. Mystery Of Hornby Hall, The, by Anna T. Sadler. An unrivaled story in which hangs a mystery which is to it may find all brightness, where live the people who are destined to generate the secrets that have such a blighting effect on its owner. Mystery Of Cleverly, The, by George Aron. Tells of a career of a youth who is thrown upon his own resources by the sudden death of his father under a cloud of suspicion as a thief. After many ups and downs and some remarkable adventures, he eventually triumphs over adversity. Ned Rieter, by Rev. John W. A. Around Ned Rieter's father, she has built a beautiful story of a boy's school and family life. The boys are a splendid set, interested in their tasks and games and not above an occasional bit of mischief. Ask for Quantity Discount

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

EVERLASTING LOVE

For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind; And the heart of the eternal Is most wonderfully kind.

A REMARKABLE RECORD

Like another famous American who you will remember from your school history, arrived in Philadelphia alone and friendless, and with his earthly possessions in a bundle under one arm, and a loaf of bread under the other, was the target for the amused smile of the young woman who was to become his bride.

But before we go into some of the big things that Joe Tynan—Joseph H. Tynan is the name he signs to checks and other things—has done, we shall dwell a little longer on his early history.

The very next day after his arrival in Philadelphia the lad went down along the Delaware River and got a job with the old Philadelphia Engineering Works.

Fourteen years ago his mother died. Seventeen years ago he married a Philadelphia girl of Irish descent and they have three children—Margaret, Josephine and Joseph, jr.

When the United States entered the war among big men—that is to say among shipbuilders, who are porforce big men, he was at the top of the heap.

One of these was the launching, on Aug. 4, only twenty four working days after her keel was laid, of the 121,000-ton steel commerce carrier, Invincible.

The launching of the Invincible furnished an incident which gives a happy insight into how Joe Tynan gets things done.

Tynan had noticed that the big hammers had stopped their pounding and came out into the yard.

A foreman reported that his men were through and that they only awaited the arrival of noon to push the big ship into the water.

At noon, the time originally scheduled for the ceremony, workmen had laid the keel plate of another new ship on the spot vacated by the Invincible.

"No use wasting a minute," snapped Tynan, as he directed the work of laying the new keel.

Tynan's loyal associates "started something" when they set this record, for now in every shipyard in the land has arisen the cry: "Let's beat Tynan!"

The keel of the Invincible was laid on July 4 and also was the occasion of a considerable ceremony, at which were present Mr. Schwab and Vice President Charles Piez of the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Early in 1915 Tynan took a picked crew from the yard of the Union Iron Works and stole away to Canada. No one except Mr. Schwab and a few of his associates knew whether they were bound.

The very next day after his arrival in Philadelphia the lad went down along the Delaware River and got a job with the old Philadelphia Engineering Works.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MOTHER

Mother, Mother, Mother, I'm a man full grown, And I thought I didn't need you, I could stand alone.

My love has led to sorrow And my trust was vain, And I've tasted bitter failure And I've known deep pain.

Devote one evening a week to looking over your clothes. Brush and press your skirts. Air and press your waists.

Two HONEST BOYS An example of honesty is always instructive, whether it be given by a child or by one of maturer years.

Tynan had noticed that the big hammers had stopped their pounding and came out into the yard.

A foreman reported that his men were through and that they only awaited the arrival of noon to push the big ship into the water.

was an honest boy. I should always have thought that he spelled the word right if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

In connection with this worthy conduct, there is herewith given another interesting lesson: "Do you want to buy any berries today?" said a boy to a lady one afternoon.

"Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right?" said the lady. "How do you know but what I might cheat you, and take more than the quantity I have agreed upon?"

"No man is bound to be rich or great, but every man is bound to be honest."

TO THE CARDINAL

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO THE PRIMATE OF BELGIUM

The Stars and Stripes, published by the American army abroad, has the following tribute to Cardinal Mercier:

At the moment when the Belgian hands, leading the rejoicing columns of troops back into their homeland, are sounding forth that great anthem which tells how the Belgian, "arising from his tomb, has conquered by his courage his name, his rights and his flag," we of the Allies who have known and watched him, and through doing so have grown to love and revere him, stand with bared and bowed heads in honor of Cardinal Mercier.

In the days when the hosts of darkness strode roughshod over his country, when the whole world stood aghast at the enormity of the German crime, his voice was the first to be lifted in righteous, indignant, stirring protest, regardless of the consequences to himself.

A great priest, a great patriot, a great Christian—above all, a great soul is he; such a man as all the Allies, regardless of race or creed, delight in honor, and are better in mind and spirit for having honored—Mercier of Belgium.

MAUNDY THURSDAY

Last week the Church solemnly and thankfully commemorated once more the anniversary of the night on which the first Mass was said.

Keeping one's clothes presentable means effort, but there is effort attached to everything worth while, and if we would look as if we just stepped out of a bandbox, we must never lag in our efforts to appear refreshingly neat.—Buffalo Echo.

With a sure instinct, not only devout Catholics, but discerning Protestants also, realize that after all "it is the Mass that matters," as Mr. Augustine Birrell in a passage that can scarcely be quoted too often once wrote. It runs: "Nobody nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be indeed the one Divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the Altar may well seem to cast its restful shadow over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once for all long ago, in a chill historic past.

got a search warrant. They performed their gracious duty. If they found nothing, if the feelings of the dead man's relatives were not pleased, if in Virginia even the dead cannot escape the sleepless vigilance of the agents of prohibition, why should they be angry? "Shall even the majesty and the sacredness of death be no bar to activities of the anti-liquor agents?" asks The Richmond Times-Dispatch, honestly, no doubt, yet not without certain smack of west malignancy. Certainly not. Prohibition outcrows and over rides every consideration, profane or sacred. In fact, nothing else is sacred, or even important. Old delusions and customs, fantasies about personal liberties and rights, fade away in the burning light of this supreme sun of truth. Living or dead, King Alcohol must be hunted down, for the good of the community and the accompanying fees.—N. Y. Times.

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PROHIBITION AT WORK

GREEDY FEE-HUNTERS STOP AT NOTHING

Governor Sleeper of Michigan, who is in this city to welcome the returning Wolverine troops, has been thoughtful enough to tell New York of the legal pleasures that await under the benign sway of prohibition.

In his State, much infested by outlanders in automobiles and airplanes and other tricks and devices to bring in forbidden liquors, it is a felony to be caught with liquor in one's possession. In milder days it used to be an offense to be caught with liquor in possession of one's self.

Much as Michigan merits praise, old Virginia merits more. It certain facts appear somewhat macabre, one cannot be squeamish when a great cause is at stake. The other day the body of a "member of a prominent Virginia family" was on its way from Baltimore to his home in Norton, Va.

Each copy of the Kenedy Edition will be a De Luxe Volume printed in black and red from large clear type, on paper made to order so as to have the necessary strength, opacity and soft appearance; with artistic chapter headings, and fine illustrations, silk Book Marks and Thumb Tabs; about 910 pages, size 9 x 12 inches. (This has always been the most popular size.)

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Liquor and Tobacco Habits

Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for these habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, and positive cures. Become more healthful, energetic, and happy. Enquiries treated confidentially. Literature and medicine sent in plain sealed packages. Address or consult.

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STAMMERING

Our natural methods permanently restore nature's speech to stammering pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature. THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE KITCHENER, CANADA

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

KINGSTON, ONTARIO SCIENCE SUMMER SESSION FOR Returned Men In all four years. Counting as full University Year. Mining, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering Preparatory classes for any soldier wish to study Engineering. Classes Open April 28th, 1919 For further information write GEO. V. CROWN.

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Is in acting as Executor under Wills and as Administrator of Estates. Ask for our Booklet: "The Will That Really Provides," or consult us and we will gladly give full information. Correspondence invited.

We Pay 4% Interest on Savings Accounts, and allow withdrawals by cheque.

We Pay 5% Interest on stated sums of money for investment for terms of from two to five years.

We Collect Rents, attend to repairs and assume entire charge of properties in trust for the owners at ordinary agency fees.

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Advertisement for Canadian National Railways featuring a map of the rail network and a portrait of a man in a hat. Text: "Are You Thinking of Going to Western Canada? Wonderful opportunities await the Business Farmer or the Merchant who is seeking wider scope and greater rewards for his energy in Western Canada, along the lines of the Canadian National Railways."

Advertisement for the Missale Romanum, a De Luxe Edition of the Roman Missal. Text: "Authorized Edition Manufactured in the United States THE NEW MISSALE ROMANUM Published by P. J. KENEDY & SONS Typographi Pontificii New York, U. S. A. FOR SALE BY ALL CATHOLIC BOOKSELLERS Each copy of the Kenedy Edition will be a De Luxe Volume printed in black and red from large clear type, on paper made to order so as to have the necessary strength, opacity and soft appearance; with artistic chapter headings, and fine illustrations, silk Book Marks and Thumb Tabs; about 910 pages, size 9 x 12 inches. (This has always been the most popular size.) Manufacturing has begun and will continue as additional copy of the text comes from the Vatican Press. Copies should be ready before the end of 1919. Styles of binding and prices shall be as follows: Style A: Imitation leather, black, blind cross and frame on front and back covers, gold title on back, gold edges, net... \$11.00 Style Ax: Imitation leather, red, blind cross and frame on front and back covers, gold title on back, gold edges, etc. 11.00 Style B: Heavy leather, black, gold cross and gold frame on front and back covers, gold title on back, gold edges, net... 15.00 Style Bx: Heavy leather, red, gold cross and gold frame on front and back covers, gold title on back, gold edges, net... 15.00 Style C: Real morocco, black, gold cross and gold frame on front and back covers, gold title on back, red under gold edge, net... 20.00 Style Cx: Real morocco, red, gold cross and gold frame on front and back covers, gold title on back, red under gold edge, net... 20.00 Style D: Extra fine morocco, black, embossed cross and gold hair line tooling in artistic design on front and back covers, gold title on back, red under gold edges, net... 25.00 Style Dx: Extra fine morocco, red, embossed cross and gold hair line tooling in artistic design on front and back covers, gold title on back, red under gold edges, net... 25.00 Advance orders are invited. The demand will be large and orders will be filled in the order of receipt. Copies should be reserved NOW. EDITION DE LUXE POPULAR SIZE P. J. Kenedy & Sons 44 Barclay St. New York

Small talk is the generator of many big troubles.

Advertisement for Marlatt's Specific Gall Stones. Text: "Marlatt's Specific Removes Gall Stones in 24 Hours THE Never-Failing Remedy for Appendicitis Indigestion, Stomach Disorders, Appendicitis and Kidney Stones are often caused by Gall Stones, and mislead people until those bad attacks of Gall Stone Colic appear. Not one in ten Gall Stone Sufferers knows what is the trouble. Marlatt's Specific will cure without pain or operation. On sale at all Druggists, from Coast to Coast, or write direct to J. W. MARLATT & CO 561 ONTARIO ST., TORONTO, ONT."



FATHER FRASER'S LETTERS FROM CHINA

We are now giving to our readers some of the Father Fraser's letters which for one reason or another were not published at the time they were received.

The village of Pakenham was sanded last Saturday, on learning that another useful life had ended, another home left desolate, in the death of Mrs. D. A. Harvey.

Dear Friends.—That China is unprepared for a cold snap became apparent during the last few days. The thermometer fell to unprecedented depths.

The village of Pakenham was sanded last Saturday, on learning that another useful life had ended, another home left desolate, in the death of Mrs. D. A. Harvey.

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Yesterday morning when a considerable breeze was blowing from the west, the girl was lying in the gutter.

Two other bodies were found in the streets yesterday morning. One was a small child found in Manila Road; the other was a beggar man found in Seward Road.

The other day I had a sick call to an old woman. I found her lying close to a board wall all full of cracks and holes open to the cold north wind.

Counting on you I am taking in gratis this year all the well disposed converts from distant villages who are unable to pay for their board and wish to stay with me a few months to hear the Christian doctrine explained in preparation for Baptism.

Domine speravi; non confundar in aeternum. These, O Lord, have I hoped; I shall never be put to confusion.

Yours gratefully in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

OBITUARY

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Rev. Fathers Brownrigg, Cavanagh, Cornell, Fitzgerald, Breen, George, Stanton, Sullivan, O'Neill, McDonald, Cunningham, McCauley, Harris, O'Toole, and Fay.

A very eloquent and impressive sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Harris of Ottawa, a former classmate of the deceased priest.

The late judge is survived by his widow, formerly Miss Jean Reid, daughter of the late William S. Reid, of this city, and five children.

Windsor, April 25.—The death here to-day of Judge J. O. Dromgole removes one of the most popular men who ever graced the bench of Essex County.

The funeral service will be held here on Monday morning with interment in London.

After a man has made up his mind he begins to ask questions.

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