

# The Catholic Record

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

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### A GOOD BOOK

A good book is a candid friend. It can chide our inaction, divest us of our self-conceits and dose us with common-sense, that most excellent and least common of all commodities. It can re-entkine enthusiasm, fetch back the ideals of other days and imbue us with the vigour of youth. For it is not a mass of verbiage but a spirit aglow with life and vibrant with a message to those who can hear. It is a factor in the joyousness and earnestness of life, a tonic both mental and spiritual. Such a book is "The Inner Life of Very Rev. Pere Lacordaire, O. P." This is a delineation of the life and character of one of the great sons of St. Dominic. Dowered with the gift of wondrous and persuasive eloquence, with a powerful intellect, and clad in sanctity of life that compelled admiration, he was sent by God to rouse a world sunk in the lethargy of degeneration into activity of right principle and action. His words of flame burned into the consciences and minds of his hearers, even as his holiness shamed and awed them. He was no purveyor of verbal nostrums. His was no uncertain voice. His message, given with originality of statement, and born on a rushing tide of eloquence that had its source in the world unseen, was the message that had been enshrined in the heart of his France, and around which were grouped its glories.

Henry Lacordaire was born in 1802. He studied law, and his maiden effort assured his friends that he would become a barrister of the first rank. But he felt disinclined to pass his days in courts. His studies opened his eyes to the historic and social evidences of Christianity. Writing when he was twenty-two years of age to a friend he said:

"I had grown for nine years in unbelief when I heard the voice of God calling me to Himself. I seek the logical causes of my conversion. I can find no other than Christianity—an evidence which appeared incontrovertible to me as soon as my age enabled me to clear up the doubts which I had drawn in with the very air of the University. . . I have reached Catholic belief through social belief; and nothing appears to me better demonstrated than this argument: Society is necessary, therefore the Christian religion is divine, for it is the means of bringing society to its true perfection, adapting itself to man with all his weakness and to the social order in all its conditions."

Again he says: "I have played the game of the material interests of this world, and, without having been intoxicated with its delights, I have tasted enough to be convinced that all is vain under the sun; and this conviction comes from my imagination, which has no limits save the Infinite, and from my reason which analyzes all it touches."

Liberated from the thralldom of scepticism, Lacordaire bent himself to the task of equipping himself for what was to be his life's work. Around him were the forces of disorder. Philosophers' voices were clacking, advocating this and that theory. Infidels were deriding the Church and getting ready to put her into a museum of antiques. The fashions of new remedies for social ills were, however disunited among themselves, as one in proclaiming that the Church outworn had lost its grip upon the world. To convince his age of the falsity of these assumptions and to show how the Church had an answer for the questions of humanity, an antidote for life's miseries, strength for the struggling, became the life's work of Lacordaire. Admitted to the priesthood Sept. 25, 1827, he accepted the post of chaplain to a convent of the Visitation Nuns. Soon after this he gave signs of remarkable eloquence in a course of religious conferences to the pupils of the College Stanislas in Paris. Among others Chateaubriand went to hear him. His method was original. He disregarded the old and sacrosanct rules for sermonising and invested his discourses with a warmth that charmed as well as attracted his auditors. "His whole being preached: his eye, like a flame, kindled where it fell

and his voice rang out natural and unrestrained, now piercing, now persuasive, now supplicating, now menacing. It was not merely the priest that spoke, but the poet, the citizen, the philosopher—it was the man of the day speaking to men of his own time of the past, and of a religion they believed to be in its last agony; leading them first to admire his talent and finally to respect his doctrine." These first conferences had a disquieting effect on the conservative who were trudging along in the old rut of exposition of doctrine. Denounced as a preacher of novelties, he, in obedience to authority, abandoned the course of sermons in the college. Obedience costs something, he said, but I have learned from experience that sooner or later it is always rewarded and that God alone knows what is good for us. Light comes to him who submits as to a man who opens his eyes. He had not long to wait.

The pulpit of Notre Dame was entrusted to him. Some looked upon his appointment with misgivings and others doubted if he could make way against the shrewd and learned who would be but too pleased to ridicule him as a mediocrity. But his first sermon in the historic Notre Dame made everyone realize that the preacher had a message for his generation, and that his gift of insight and powers of exposition placed him in the forefront of orators. He was a man raised up by God for a special work.

You thought, said he to his auditors, to have cast God from off His throne, and in spite of your mad attempt God is pursuing you without intermission. He is everywhere, crossing your road and presenting Himself in all shapes before your minds. In your philosophical deductions, in your studies of natural science, in your historical researches, in your attempt at social reform the question of God is always the first to present itself because it is as impossible to do without God as it is to change Him. He is to day what He was yesterday and what He will be to-morrow. He presses you on all sides and you do not see Him. Now the God Whom you seek without knowing it, Whom you invoke in secret, the God of Sight, of Science, of the Future, is He Whom I preach to you, the [God of the Gospel Jesus Christ Our Lord in Whom alone is life and salvation.

This kind of preaching was understood because it corresponded to the profound evil which agitated the age. He did not oppose any legitimate progress or any praiseworthy aspirations. He hailed the discoveries of science as pioneers smoothing the way for the heralds of the gospel. He held up to view the negative results of modern philosophy as so many proofs of the absolute necessity of faith. The more he believed in the advent of democracy the more did he feel the necessity of raising on high over its head the standard of the cross without which liberty cannot fail to perish. Where God is not, he constantly repeated, the love of liberty can only engender anarchy and despotism. Such in part was for thirty years the doctrine taught to France by the religious patriotism of Father Lacordaire. It was the teaching not of a tribune but of an apostle, understood by many, rejected by some, yet, nevertheless, sure of its final award; for it was the offspring of earnestness and self-devotion.

Speaking of him Montalambert says, in Memoir of Lacordaire, when I look around for one greater, more eloquent than he I can only think of Bossuet. His soul loved souls above all things; that soul in which austerity and firmness were blended with such a wonderful sweetness, in which tenderness and loftiness went hand in hand, in which the candour of the child was allied to such intense manliness. What neither time, nor the injustice of man, nor the treachery of glory will ever take from him is the greatness of his character, the honor of having been the most manly, the most finely tempered and most naturally heroic soul of our times. The Life of Lacordaire, by Father Choacore, from which we have drawn the above sketch, will repay perusal.

One act of self-denial is worth more than a bushel of vocal prayers.

## THE POPE AND THE BLUE-JACKETS

From an account in Collier's Weekly of the audience recently granted by the Pope to American sailors in Rome, we take the following: Soon the word was passed, one party hailing another in the streets, that the Pope was to give an audience. A hundred and fifty strong, they assembled before the Vatican, awaiting the word which was to let them pass the Swiss guards standing at rest with their halberds before the bronze doors. In automobiles came from other ships, the officers in the morning all in evening dress, the proper garb for continental ceremonies. And let me say that for an American it is not a comfortable rig to breakfast in nor to promenade the streets in at broad daylight.

The ends of the earth meet at the Vatican. Here were our people from one side of the ocean; a Syrian patriarch with his high headgear; the prelates from Peru, missionaries from China, and in another chamber, our blue-jackets—all waiting to pay their respects to the great Pope. In a purple walled room, with a rich ceiling and painted frieze, our men lined up, awaiting the Pope's entry. Long streaks of light from the winter's sun marked the woven fabric of the walls and reflected its sparkle in the polished floor, broken by the men's shadows.

Amid a dead silence all eyes were fastened on the great door, and a small man in benevolent air, with a face pale against the white of his garb entered slowly. It was Pope Pius X. Monsignor Kennedy, the rector of the American College in Rome, followed; so did a chamberlain and two officers of the Swiss guard stood at parade rest in the back-ground.

Intently the Pope glanced around the chamber at the kneeling blue-jackets, and in Latin he expressed his gratification and pleasure at the fact that they had come from such a far distance to be in Rome; he expressed his hope that they as men would do their duty to their flag and their country.

His thin hand was raised in blessing as the men bowed their heads; the sunlight seemed to fall upon him, and he stood there a wonderful figure in white, serene and kindly. For all the world the scene was like a Rembrandt etching, big and simple in effect, with the Pope outlined against the middle tones of the purple robes of the American priest, the dark blue of the men coming as the dearest note.

The brilliancy of the uniforms of the two officers behind accentuated the simplicity of the color scheme. It lasted but a moment, but the ceremony was majestic and inspiring, and to all of us of deep significance and of great beauty. And here was an audience arranged by an Episcopalian minister, given to men who were not all of the faith, but all present to offer their obedience to the greatest man of a great Church. There were men and barely twenty-five among the men.

## ANGLICAN ORDERS

Dom Gasquet, President of the English Benedictines, preaching in the New York Cathedral, thus summarizes the futility of the Episcopalian claim to Christian priesthood:

"To-day we find men of the highest intelligence and good faith claiming to have the same Christian sacrifice and the same sacrificing priests as the Catholic Church, and they are using a communion service from which of set purpose every notion of oblation and sacrifice has been ruthlessly removed, and their ministers are ordained by an ordinal which is designedly composed to express the rejection of the sacrificial character of the Christian priest."

Mainly there were only three principles of the Catholic Church which were attacked by the upholders of the Reformation doctrines. The Papal supremacy over the Church, the safeguard of unity of faith and a mark of the Church Christ established in this world; the Christian Sacrifice of the Mass, attacked and swept away by the reformers; and the priesthood in its sacrificial character, which was the necessary consequence of the eucharistic doctrine upheld by the German and English reformers.

"There were, of course, many minor points of Catholic belief and practice which were attacked and destroyed in the days of the Reformation; such, for example, as the devotion to the Mother of God and the Saints, and the long-established custom of blessed ashes and candles and the creeping to the Cross on Good Friday."

At first it was not generally known whether Elizabeth would remain staunch to the old religion or favor the new, although there were suspicions that she was inclined to the latter.

"She was welcomed as sovereign by all parties, Catholic as well as Protestant, and no one now, I believe, credits the silly story that she

was forced into the arms of the reformers by the refusal of the Pope to recognize her as lawful Queen."

"One of the first measures proposed to Parliament at the beginning of the new reign was the act of Royal Supremacy. Its object was of course to do away with the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, and substituted that of the Crown. A stringent oath was to be required of all holding any office in the State. By this every adherent of the old Faith was deliberately excluded from any and every position in the Church and State."

"It was Dom Gasquet said that the unfettered Church of England, the Bishops, clergy, and teaching bodies, boldly declared for the old Catholic faith, but that the power was in the hands of those who desired the 'alteration of religion,' and that the alteration was effected mainly by three acts of Parliament. 'The substitution of the communion service for the Mass,' he said, 'was passed by a majority of three votes and without the support of a single episcopalian peer, the Bishops to the last man opposing the bill.' 'There can be no doubt,' said the speaker, 'that had not ten Sees been vacant at the time, the attempt to change the religion a second time would have been defeated.'"

The second Parliamentary reconstruction of religion was followed by systematic attempts to stamp out the Catholic priesthood and by centuries of persecution in which hundreds of priests were put to death by law for having said Mass."

"It was the Mass that mattered," said Abbot Gasquet, quoting one of the present English Cabinet Ministers. "Looking back to those days of darkness and despair, it seems impossible to believe that any remnant of those who would not bow their knees to Baal could survive the system by which it was hoped to crush them. And when liberty of conscience was at last accorded it was more in the spirit of compassion than in any expectation that they could revive and live again that it was given. As well might the world think that the worship of Pan or of Jupiter would spring again into life as that the poor, despised, dying Catholics could grow once more into a position of respect and influence, reasserting and publicly upholding the principles of the Catholic faith."

## SOCIALISM OPPOSES CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

Even such an astute Socialist tactician as Morris Hilquit has thrown all precaution to the winds and has placed himself unequivocally on record as being in accord with Marx's, Engels' and Bebel's views on marriage and the family. Dr. John A. Ryan, who is at present engaged in a controversy in Everybody's Magazine, the latter to acknowledge that "Socialists stand for the dissolution of the marriage ties at the pleasure of the contracting parties."

What will Socialist "soap box" orators say to this admission? They have been telling their audiences that those who maintained that the doctrines of Socialism were subversive of the Christian ideal of marriage, were slandering the fair name of Socialism. Socialist publications have taken the same attitude of indignant resentment.

It is not the opponents of Socialism who are contending that Socialism is founded on a philosophy of life that is against Christian marriage, but it is recognized by Socialist authorities themselves; the former are merely repeating what the latter said. Thus the Socialist newspapers had rather argue the matter with their own recognized authorities in the movement.

The statement that Hilquit makes anent Christian marriage is direct and unambiguous. He says that love is the only basis of the relation between the sexes, and that when love ceases, these relations are at an end. Here are his own words:

"Socialism will vastly raise the economic level of the masses and will put an end to the material dependence of adult normal human beings on others. It will thus remove all sordid, mercenary motives from marriage and will naturally leave but one basis of marital union—mutual love. It is a logical corollary of the proposition that a union based on love can endure only so long as the love continues. In other words, Socialists stand for the dissolution of the marriage ties at the pleasure of the contracting parties."

Hilquit might have drawn an object lesson from the history of Socialism itself which conclusively proves that this free relation of the sexes would be a curse to men and woman, not to speak of the children.

The daughter of Karl Marx, himself, Eleanor Marx, has imbibed the sex philosophy of her father. While on a tour of the United States she made the following statement in the Chicago Tribune (November 14, 1896):

"Love is the only recognized marriage in Socialism, consequently no bonds of any kind would be required. Divorce would be impossible, as there would be nothing to . . .

These words of the daughter of the founder of modern Socialism are another version of the idea expressed by Hilquit. Eleanor Marx had also put her theories into practice. She lived with Edward Aveling, an English Socialist who had abandoned his wife. The tie between Eleanor and Aveling was purely a private contract—a prototype of the sex relations under Socialism. Now mark what happened!

Aveling grew tired of Eleanor. The latter neglected and abandoned brooded over her sad fate. In a fit of despondency she drank the bitter dregs of a deadly poison. Decent men would have called Aveling a brute and a coward, but wasn't he within his rights, according to the Socialist philosophy, in looking for another affinity when he grew tired of Eleanor? Would there not be more Eleanor to commit suicide if Socialism and the era of free love would ever dawn?

Hilquit has put a resume of the Socialist position as to marriage and Frederick Engels, the collaborator of Karl Marx, declared: "If incompatibility, disenchantment or repulsion set in between the two persons who have come together, morality commands that the unnatural and therefore immoral bond be dissolved."

And Angus Bebel spoke to the same effect: "If marriage founded on love alone is moral then it follows that marriage is moral only as long as love lasts."

When such recognized authorities acknowledge the free-love tendencies of Socialism, why is it that Socialist publications contend that Socialism is merely an economic movement which has nothing to do with religion or the family? Is it all a question of tactics, a matter of catching votes?

At the convention of the Socialist party in Chicago in 1908, Mr. Hilquit introduced a resolution to the effect that Socialism was a purely economic movement and had nothing to do with matters pertaining to religion or the family. This same Hilquit now declares that "Socialists stand for the dissolution of the marriage ties at the pleasure of the contracting parties." What Hilquit said in 1914 is a contradiction. He was concealing the truth in 1908 when it was a matter of adopting a plank which would pull the wool over the eyes of American workingmen.—Live Issue.

## WHO'S A LIAR!

The old saying when thieves fall out then honest men will come in for a measure of justice, is very often applicable in modern conditions, says the Michigan Catholic. The following article which appeared in the Detroit Journal dated March 4th, will be of interest to our readers in general. It ought to set the "lukewarm" thinking and cause some of these foolish ones to cease swallowing the lies sent broadcast by the malicious vilifiers who are reaping a rich harvest catering to the ignorant:

"Apology for having published an anti-Catholic article in The Menace based on the burning of the Methodist parsonage at Dearborn, Mich., Detroit by Special Representative Singleton, who was sent here by the publication to investigate the fire. The article seeking to lay the arson at the door of the Catholic Church, was written, Singleton told Shepherd, by Rev. J. A. Cottam, pastor of the Dearborn Methodist Church, since bound over to court on the charge of burning his own house to collect insurance by fraud."

"The article appeared in a recent issue under the heading 'Bigoted Romanists Set Fire to Minister's Home.' It told of the fire of Jan. 25th. Cottam was asked some time ago who wrote the story, and he denied all connection with it, declaring he never read The Menace, and never allowed it in his home. He denounced that publication in the strongest terms."

"Despite this, Singleton says that Cottam not only wrote the article in which blame was thrown on Catholics, but also that he was conducting negotiations with The Menace concerning the publication of a book."

## NOTABLE CONVERSIONS

ARE COMING THICK AND FAST IN ENGLAND

London, Mar. 6.—While Catholic England is agog with hope of many conversions following on the fervent novena, now being offered up at Tyburn and throughout the country, comes the news of a remarkable conversion at Birmingham, and another convert has been confirmed. The Rev. M. H. Winter, Anglican curate at Northfield, has been received into the Church at the Oratory Edgebaston.

The sacrifice Mr. Winter has made in following his conscience commands admiration. He is married and has three children, and has no private income on which to live. He cannot enter the priesthood, and must find some work by which to support his family. He has spent much of his life in another convert in this country only a couple of years.

The manner in which his conversion was received by his rector should bring a blessing on that Anglican parish. The rector praised Mr. Winter very highly and said he had bravely followed his conscience, and, while they were very sorry to lose him, he hoped all would combine to extend to him every sympathy and kindness.

At Westminster last Sunday Lady Auckland, a convert for many years standing, had the happiness of seeing her second son, the Hon. F. C. Eden, confirmed, his reception taking place last December. This is the second grown-up son of Lady Auckland to embrace the Catholic faith.—Catholic Press Association.

## LACKING IN AUTHORITY

The Christian Advocate of New York, a Methodist organ, thinks that the "Go to Church" campaign is "all right as a means of calling attention to the importance of church attendance," but that "it is all wrong if it leaves the impression that periodical rallies, which concentrate attention upon a single date, sufficiently answer the demands of the case." The editor says there already enough editorials which are found in church on Christmas and Easter, but who are absent on all other occasions, except at wedding and funerals.

The great trouble about the Protestant churches is that they speak without authority. If there is authority for the observance of Sunday as the Lord's day, it is the authority of the Catholic Church. The Bible says nothing about Sunday as the Lord's day. It was the Catholic Church that made the change from the old Jewish observance of Saturday, and the Catholic church did so by virtue of the authority vested in her by Divine Founder, Jesus Christ. He conferred the power to "bind and to loose," which means the authority to give commands, to make laws; so that the Church founded by Him prescribes what has to be done by her children in order to keep the day holy.

When the Reformation, as it is called, arose, the authority of the Catholic Church was rebelled against and defied. The reformers taught the people that each individual is the judge of what he must believe. Many doctrines of the Catholic Church were abandoned, and very many Catholic Church laws defied.

The reformers inculcated rebellion against the authority of the Church. It is not surprising, therefore, that men treat such teaching and preaching as there are in Protestant churches as lacking in authority and therefore consider them as not binding on their consciences. People need more than a mere invitation to "go to church." God gave a command to "keep holy the Lord's day," and His Church pointed out the manner of keeping it holy, and speaks in His name. Protestants don't believe in the authority of their preachers and they give one proof of this disbelief by abandoning church going. Each individual decides for himself, and it is human nature to follow the inclination to "take things easy" and it is harder to be a Catholic; one believes he has to be obedient, not rebellious.—New World.

## ANGLICAN BISHOPS AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

The courage of some representatives of the Church of England in contending that it is the true judge and arbiter of what is Catholic in doctrine and ritual is one of the most amusing phenomena of the day. On Bishop strongly maintains that it is a Protestant Church, and another that it is a Catholic Church. During the proceedings in the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury the Bishop of Hereford urged that the Church of England is a Protestant institution, and maintained that there are few signs that Anglican Mass vestments and the movement of which they are a part commend themselves to the great mass of the Holy Catholic Church of Christ. What this Holy Catholic Church is of which the Church of England is a branch the Bishop of London would find it rather hard to define. Evidently he did not mean the greatest Church in Christendom, for he said that in trying in his diocese to keep the Church of England Catholic—"not Roman Catholic"—it would be a mistaken policy for him to try to stop things which are Catholic.

"But," continued the Bishop, "to allow things that are Catholic strengthens my hands in stamping out things that are Roman." So that, according to this Anglican prelate, the power of deciding what is Catholic has been given by Our Lord not to the oldest, and the greatest Church in Christendom, but to a comparatively puny national Church, one Bishop of which denies that it is Catholic, whilst another, the special guardian of Catholic orthodoxy, can do no more than claim it is mainly Catholic.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

The total number of conversions in 12 diocese in England for the year 1912 is officially given as 6,322.

The first church in England known to have been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin was at Glastonbury; it was founded by St. Joseph of Arimathea, who visited Britain in 63.

A rosary, three hundred years old, 13 feet in length and whose beads are of wood, hand sawed 1 inch in diameter, was presented to Notre Dame University.

A manuscript copy of the gospels, dating prior to the year 1000, and belonging to the destroyed library of Ivan the Terrible, has been found in St. Petersburg, Russia.

Three converts from Anglicanism have been received into the Church at Rome on account of the controversy over the Kikuyu affair, one of them from Zanzibar itself.

Among eleven Franciscan Missionaries of Mary who made their profession in Rome recently was a Chinese Sister, who pronounced the vows in her native tongue.

Rev. F. P. Williamson, M. A., rector of St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, Aberdeen, Scotland, has resigned and entered the Catholic Church. He will study for the priesthood.

Among recent converts to the Catholic Church in England is Mr. Stanley Browne, who was received into the Church at Stratford a short time ago. Mr. Browne was formerly secretary to the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Of the 70,000 Catholics in Japan to-day, 40,000 are descendants of the primitive Christians, converted by St. Francis Xavier and his missionaries. Many of them have the blood of martyrs in their veins.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Meek and their 4 children, ranging in age from one to ten years, and one of the most prominent families of Beville, Texas, were received into the Church recently.

Cardinal Gibbons is preparing to make another pilgrimage to Rome in the early part of May and will probably be accompanied by the Rev. Louis O'Donovan, one of his secretaries. The Cardinal is at present in New Orleans.

That 5 priests have been murdered by rebels in the State of Tamaulipas, Mex., and that 3 are still held for ransom by Mexican rebels was the statement of two Catholic priests, Father Jose Medina and Father Ramon Gonzales, who arrived in New Orleans from Victoria, Mex.

At Mullingar, in the Diocese of Meath, Ireland, a new cathedral is to be erected through the generosity of the late Prof. Campbell, M. D., of Dublin, who left \$50,000 for this purpose. The rest of Prof. Campbell's fortune, amounting to about \$55,000, was left to be distributed among various Irish charities.

Miss Mabelle Sargent, formerly of Terre Haute, Ind., has entered a convent at Montreal. Miss Sargent is a convert to the Church of recent date. Her father was a prominent Mason and was for a time the Grand Master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. He was Commissioner of Labor under President Roosevelt.

In the village church of Trineham, Sussex, England, has been found the original painting by Camillo Procaccini entitled "The Holy Family." It is said to have been bought some years ago in poor condition for the sum of \$150 and given to the Church by a patron, but remained unrecognized until the present rector made inquiries.

The Catholic Women's Society of Waterloo, Iowa, has taken a simple and effective way of refuting The Menace, and at the same time doing some missionary work, in its decision to begin the mailing of pamphlets or papers to non-Catholics. The members will secure the literature and follow up The Menace and like publications with its distribution. The plan of the Iowa ladies is a good one, and if widely imitated would do much toward lessening prejudice against the Church.

Lord Dunsay, Dublin, claims to have discovered a new Irish poet in the person of one Francis Ledwidge, a native of Slane, County Meath, whose poetry, drawn mainly from rural life, has not, in Lord Dunsay's estimation, been equaled by any Irish poet since the days of Oliver Goldsmith. Ledwidge is a peasant, twenty-two years of age, and Lord Dunsay, at a meeting of the National Literary Society in Dublin, enthusiastically extolled his merits and read a number of his poems to an appreciative audience.

Brother Botolph, president of St. Michael's College, Santa Fe, New Mexico, in speaking of the chapel of San Miguel at Santa Fe, of which he has charge, said that it is the oldest Catholic Church in America. It is supposed to have been built by Spanish missionaries in 1550, but in 1650 with all the rest of the main buildings of the city, it was burned by the Indians. The chapel was rebuilt in 1710, and the greater part of it still remains as it was originally built, except the tower, which has undergone some changes. The date of erection is carved on a beam of the roof and can still be seen.

AILEY MOORE

TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW VICTIMS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PARTS ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST

CHAPTER VIII

HOW SHAUN A DHERK CONSULTS FOR THE PEACE OF THE COUNTRY, AND MR. JOYCE SNAPPER LOSES THE BOND

On the following evening, just when the hand of the clock on Mr. Snapper's mantelpiece was pointing to twenty minutes past ten, there were three heavy knocks heard at or on Mr. Snapper's hall door.

Mr. Joyce Snapper had, at the moment, taken off his cravat and put on his dressing-gown. For a very considerable period Mr. Snapper had been accustomed to put on his dressing-gown when he expected any stranger—for dress in gowns is quite a modish kind of garment, and Mr. Snapper thought he "looked well" in it.

"Savvy! This thing!" cried Jude, in the kitchen—for Jude's horror was night visitors. In fact, she had nearly lost her life by them twice already, as John and herself had been on these occasions put upon Snapper's knees to produce Mr. Joyce Snapper's person, and only saved themselves by producing Mr. Snapper's gun, and swearing their book oaths that Mr. Snapper himself had received a sudden call to some place, of which they—Jude and John—knew nothing, only the direction.

"Shan-riaghe!" said John in a low voice, and looking out under his eyelids, as if he feared to see the new comer present himself in the ceiling.

"Aish!" answered Jude in the same voice.

Three knocks, heavier than the preceding, were heard, and John seized the poker. Jude was starting for the barn.

"What the h—ll are ye about these downstair?" John to sleep, and so on, as usual? John! John! I say—"Choke yer grander neck!" prayed John, only not loud. "Yis, sir," he continued, "the's dreadful rapping, faith sir," he said, going to the foot of the staircase; and—

"Open the hall door, you cowardly spalpeen," said Mr. Joyce Snapper. "Open the hall door, and don't be there like a dog in a sack, and so on; a nice defender of the house, and so forth, we have."

John stood rebuked, and happily reassured; for John knew Mr. Joyce Snapper sufficiently to believe there was nothing to be feared when Mr. Joyce Snapper was outrageous.

Knock! knock! knock! again; but this time John is just opening the door.

John's heart "rose up to his mouth," as he said himself when he saw the person that stood outside. In fact, only two things prevented him from catching the intruder by the neck—for John had his own intentions and his own views about the country.

The two things were, that he was afraid to use it, and that he was afraid to do it. John suspected that the fellow whom he had that moment looked upon was an informer, for he had seen him at the house two or three times before, and at the same unseasonable hour.

The visitor was Shaun a Dherk, who came to give his assistance in "doing justice," and in "pacifying the country."

Mr. Joyce Snapper stood at the top of the staircase, and recognized his friend.

"Let in that man," cried Mr. Joyce Snapper.

"Yis, sir," answered John.

"Benacht Dhisarui!" said Shaun, as he moved across the threshold.

"God's blessing on you!"

"Dhia as Mbure goith," John answered mechanically, not heartily.

"God and Mary with you!" for the Irish salutation is always repaid by something more than it gives. But John, as has been intimated, most sadly belied the reply on his lips, by the curse inside his teeth.

"Och, but ye're the han'some boy, sure!" said Shaun, as he passed by the servant.

"But, as if recollecting himself, he turned back after two steps, and sinking his voice to a whisper, while he looked as knowing as a petty session attorney; "I saw some wan, a vic!" continued Shaun, "an' thro' I don't blame her for sartin', so I don't; for faith yave a pair uv eyes yer own, a gra, and Shaun shook his head admiringly; "Mary Fling," added Shaun, "is the finest colleen in the barony, an' a good father an' mother's child. Nuvver blush, a vic, 'tis the proud boy you ought to be, this night, a vic; an' be sartin' I have a word at the Flings. 'Thin'g thin, v'raish'?" which means "Do you understand, brother?" and Shaun looked more knowing than ever. "I left her just now," said Shaun, moving off; "an' I hard her sayin' to a showman, that had London showin' 'em, an' all the world, that he'd do well if he came up here, uch! but he have the sights sure enough!"

The time of this dialogue was not so long as it may appear; at all events, it did not appear long to Mr. Joyce Snapper. Mr. Snapper was very fond of graceful positions, and he also liked to see himself in the looking-glass at night. Why the former was so—that is, why Mr. Snapper liked a graceful position is no mystery to the reader;—why he delighted to stand between two candles and admire himself at night, let us leave to the learned in human nature. But assuredly Mr. Snapper

did like, at night, to stand between two candles and view himself in his mirror; and then he tossed his hair most fantastically, and looked numberless times at his teeth, and flung open his vest, and looked at the studs in his shirt, and at his eyes and eyebrows, and front face and side face; and very naturally Mr. Snapper concluded, that if he was not a handsome man, he was a smart looking, interesting person, and worthy of any respectable match; particularly, considering the "cold thousands" he had laid by.

It is very wonderful either, that Shaun a Dherk found Mr. Snapper only just seated in his arm-chair, his arms folded in a tree, gentleman-like way, and one leg thrown over the other. Moreover, on his feet were two very red slippers.

Let us not omit, however, to mention, that just as Shaun placed his foot on the lowest step of the stairs, and as Master John was about closing the hall-door, a man appeared, approaching the house, who beckoned his hand very familiarly, and nodded his head very knowingly, and made certain movements with the palm of his right hand towards the earth, all of which signified that John was to wait for him a little, and that he (John) would not be sorry for it if he did.

The image of Mary Fling rose up in John's imagination, and the images of £50 and four milch cows, which her grand-uncle had left her, and which some fortune had bestowed on her, and which she was now destined to receive with herself, so he waited for the new comer, whom he rightly judged to be the showman, who showed people "London, an' a power o' places abroad." Shaun a Dherk looked like one who would have a long sit above stairs. It was quite reasonable that John, Jude, and the showman should have a pleasant sit below.

And, in fact, so they had—for the showman was the identical "north countryman," with the large nose and large grey eyes, and heavy eyebrows and thick lips, that the whole barony was speaking of. Several religious people gave him an innocent people, however—for he had a lantern, and when he darkened the room, he brought out upon a sheet, before which he placed the lantern, a great variety of places and persons,—the Devil and the Miller;—being some of the latter. Besides, he was known to have told the fortunes of several with great exactness; it was even said that he foretold robberies, house-breakings, and murders on themselves; but of course, only "dark clouds on the house," or as a "red hand guiding the man's soul along a dark way," or as "something good to happen, which he could not exactly see." Young people welcomed and feared the "north countryman" and old people, as we have intimated, would have nothing to do with him; but all admitted that when he came the way he never ate his bit—and for that purpose often opened his wallet in a poor woman's cabin, where he left more than men that came there in their jaunting-cars or their carriages. That was Mr. Brian McCann.

Mr. Joyce Snapper welcomed Shaun a Dherk very patronizingly of course; and as he was in his "best style," he sat with the light full upon his face—upon his shirt-bosom, and upon his grey pantaloons and red slippers. Shaun a Dherk through humility, and because he wasn't in any style at all, would rather sit "over near the window," if his honor "per meened;" and as Mr. Snapper made no objection, the minor detail was arranged.

"Well, Shaun, how goes the world, as the saying is—eh? Gone regularly through that affair, and so on?" And Mr. Snapper smiled—a very meaning smile—and looked at least one hundred ways in one half-minute of time. He had an advantage in his eyes, the reader is aware.

"In troth, yer honor, I done a grate dale, an' I hope yer honor will consider me, fur I am a poor man, yer honor, you know."

"What does Shanahan say?"

"Och, by coorse, he made a poor mouth, an' he said his owdest boy was in the favor, God bless the bearers! an' his owld father was sick, so he couldn't."

"Couldn't and all that, Shaun, eh? Couldn't?"

"Faith, yis—he couldn't. The place looked poor, sure enough—an' 'twasn't like the house o' Shanahan's a bit, an' tellin' the truth!"

"Well, Shaun, is that your news—confound it!—and he couldn't—couldn't—I know—then he'll march as the saying is—the rogue's march. He'll march, if he was to carry his father's coffin in the cart, and his son sitting upon it—he'll march—march," cried Mr. Joyce Snapper, indignantly.

"I hinted that, yer honor," returned Shaun a Dherk. "And I told him that 'twas better fur 'im to offer, becase yer honor couldn't ax id—but he shuk his head, melancholy-like, an' he looked in sorrow."

"Well?"

"So I said I was sorry for 'im; an' I was goin' away, when he called me back agin. 'Shaun, 'sis he, 'wur you spakin' to the agint?' 'Me?' 'sis I, 'Spakin' to the agint?' Di ye think his honor 'ud spake to the likes o' me?" "Well," says he, 'Shaun, what'll I do—what'll I do?' 'I'll take all my stock—every bit uv it—to pay all that money, Shaun; an' then—och one!—not a drop o' milk to feed the owld or the young—an' the poor owld man that never shuk his dure agin any one, he'll be hungry—the father that reared me Shaun."

"Well, all that's very good, and so forth—we all know—well!"

"Arrah! yer honor, faith, I was near cryin' myself, so I was—case you know—Mich have the name of bein' a good son to th' owld people, an' I'm growin' owld now," said Shaun, with a sigh. "But to make a long story short, yer honor, he looked round the owld house—he was born in the little room where th' owld father yer honor—an' I saw he wouldn't fly from the nest. 'My father's heart will break,' he said, 'if I'm turned out; an' he hasn't long to stay wud us now.' An' then he paused, yer honor. 'Yis, 'sis he, 'buy the renewal of the lease, and the son of owld Paddy Shanahan will have enough left to bery his father; an' then he can go out wud his childer an' his wife to beg.' 'Yis—yis,' he said, 'my father shan't never know—never!' He'll be hare to-morrow, yer honor."

"Shaun, you are 'Solomon the Wise,' as the saying is; Shaun, there's a golden rule for you; an' that is, 'Thank yer honor—yer honor does serve all I'm doin', an' I'll do more, please God.'"

"The remains of that Hynes family—and so on—is a great bother; but the vagabond always pays up."

"Och, sure, nothin' is asier than the way yer honor knows."

"What way?" asked Mr. Snapper, with quite a complacent smile.

"Faith, then, yer honor, 'tisn't I would be better than yer honor, I'm sure. But you know, yer honor, 'tis parties that way that disturbs the pace o' the country always. Little bits o' howldin's that can't stand; an' thin they want to get a change, somehow, an' all that; an' thin they join the 'torries' an' the 'boys' you see; whin all the time, if the land was together, the place 'ud be full o' respectable people, an' we'd have pace an' quietness."

"Shaun, you speak like a man of sense."

"Och yis, yer honor; an' that's the reason you put the powder in that beggarwoman's son's thatch, that he was transported fur."

"Me?—eh?—what do you mean?—what do you mean, eh?"

"Och, yer honor," Shaun replied, in a low, confidential tone.

"Sure Grimes an' I wur hand-agl'v, an' I know'd all of it."

Mr. Joyce Snapper looked full at Shaun, and Shaun looked as open and candid as the sky. Mr. Snapper was quite red this time, and he turned away from the candles a little, —a very prudent course. He felt as if a hot iron were being pressed upon his forehead; it felt as if the beggarman knew everything and every one. He could kill Shaun, and he might attempt it—the thought struck him; but to dispute with him was impossible. Shaun knew too much, and he looked like adamant, Shaun did.

"An', yer honor," Shaun continued, as if nothing at all had occurred, "I had something about another that you know; faith, this house would look handsome if a body knew what there! I had something that brings here the foul murderer o' Mr. Sherin."

Mr. Joyce Snapper absolutely stood up. He looked like a man blackening up for death. Shaun spoke in so solemn a tone—it looked like accusation.

"Di you want anything, yer honor?" said Shaun, very solicitous.

"Can I do anything fur yer honor?" he asked.

"Nothing—nothing. Well, Shaun, you were saying something, and so on."

"I was, sir—yis I was. Gerald Moore can."

Mr. Joyce Snapper's heart beat like two horses racing.

"Gerald Moore can be convicted by evidence."

"Eh?" cried Snapper, entirely reassured. "Eh—what's that—tell me that again; Moore the proud scholar—the Moore—eh?"

"Yis."

"How? Speak, man!"

"I know a man that saw him spakin' to another; the other swore his book oath the same evening to murder Sherin, an' appointed the place an' the hour to do it; it was done at the place an' the hour, an' there is witnesses that can swear it."

"Glorious to Shaun a Dherk! you are better than a dozen police and justices of the peace, as the saying is. Where are the people who help you?"

"Och, sir, many a wan I have to help me, because I travel the world wide, an' I see the world's heart— the inside an' the outside, you know, Mr. Snapper, an' I know you're loyal—a loyal man, you know—an' I'm doin' my duty by a loyal man, in helping him to be a magistrate, an' to keep the pace."

Mr. Snapper was flattered by this speech; but still Mr. Snapper did not feel perfectly easy.

"Any more, Shaun?" demanded Mr. Joyce Snapper.

"Och, yis—a dale more, yer honor," answered the beggarman. "I have, in a sayret place, something the dead man had about him that night, an' I got it from Mr. Moore's house."

"You have?—the d—d—eh?"

"Troth, I have, thin—an' I paid well for it too."

"What?"

"A bond."

"A bond—to whom?"

"To Skerin, from owld Moore."

"For how much?"

"For £1,000."

Mr. Joyce Snapper burst out laughing; he laughed very heartily. Never before or since had not so loudly, he cried for "mercy."

"Not true, Shaun."

And Mr. Joyce Snapper's heart dilated, and his chest stretched proudly forth, when he said to Shaun a Dherk—

"Shaun, be easy on that matter—you're wrong—I have that bond."

Shaun shook his head.

"I have, Shaun; I have that bond, I say!"

Shaun put out his hands, and shook them.

"A mistake," said Shaun—"a mistake. Ax the people. Shaun a Dherk is always right. You have a copy, may be."

"No."

"Yis."

Mr. Joyce Snapper, more proudly still—a little indignantly, in fact—rose from his chair, and rapidly went to a desk—an old fashioned standing mahogany desk. There stood the venerable piece of furniture, with all its brass handles up to the front, and its broad polished breast. It was against the wall beside the mantel-piece. The bell-pull hung just near it.

Mr. Joyce Snapper slowly opened the desk; and having put in his hand, without any search, at once—tenderly, ever so tenderly—he took out a piece of parchment. The parchment was nicely rolled and taped—with red tape. Solemnly, rather, he undid the knot and unrolled the parchment. He brought it over to Shaun.

"Now?" said he.

"The copy," said Shaun.

"Why, you omadawn, as they say, I'm one of her majesty's attorney at law. Look at the names, Shaun! Look here!" And he spread the paper broadly over the table.

Shaun a Dherk rose. He stood right between the candles and the window blind, until his figure was perfectly defined upon it; and he struck his stick on the floor as he made a step towards the table.

As Shaun looked over the parchment, there was a shriek from the kitchen which startled Mr. Snapper, and apparently very much startled Shaun a Dherk.

"What's that?" said Shaun.

Mr. Snapper, like a courageous man, rushed to the door; but like a cautious man, he stood there. Shaun a Dherk, like a pious man, went on his knees to say his prayers. Having listened for a moment, and heard nothing, Mr. Snapper was gaining courage, and really opened the door to go down stairs. But at the same moment the window of the drawing room was raised as if by magic.

Mr. Snapper's heart sank—he rushed towards the end of the room and cried "Thieves!"

Shaun a Dherk roared "Murder!" And the people below stairs were crying out anything and everything, but no one paid them any attention.

The barrel of a brass blunderbuss now made its appearance at the open window, and was soon followed by the owner, or the bearer, Mr. Snapper's blood curdled in his heart—he thought his hour had come.

The burglar was a powerful man—a fellow of light step and proud bearing. He wore a shirt over his clothes. On his head was a woman's beaver bonnet, and his face was covered with a crape mask.

He laid down the window, walked right into the middle of the room and summoned Snapper to his presence.

"I'm only a poor man as looks for his bit, sir," cried Shaun, "an' have mercy on me this night! Och, sure you wouldn't," continued Shaun; "sure you wouldn't injure a poor old creature!"

"Hold your tongue," said the stranger peremptorily. "Hold your tongue, you old spy. Your gray hair saved you many a day an' night, or your old carcass would be feedin' the crows long ago. The fellow spoke quite majestically.

Again he summoned Snapper, and commanded him to go on his knees.

The land agent shiveringly obeyed, but cried for grace. Shaun a Dherk, in agony, struck the table on which the bond lay, and cried "Mercy!" The stranger placed the blunderbuss at Snapper's breast.

"If you believe in God," said the assassin, in a solemn tone; "if you believe in God, pray."

"Oh, mercy! mercy!" cried Snapper.

"Villain!" said the stranger; "the grave an' the highways is full of the dead and the broken-hearted, that you tormented an' scourged, an' drove from home, an' happiness, an' hope. Oh, you dark, black devil, the curse o' the poor is upon you, day an' night; an' justice is come at last. Pray, if you have a prayer to say."

"Och one! och one! och one!" cried the beggarman.

"Spare me," said Snapper, "and I'll swear—oh, I'll make every amends, every amends, all amends. I'll swear, I'll swear. Oh, spare me!"

The rebel deliberately, and fastly, too, tied Shaun and Snapper together, and just as deliberately tied them both to the grate. He then quietly—even slowly—it was so quietly—he quenched all the lights—the murder seemed to have conceived some frightful thought. He would not shoot them perhaps—he would beat out their brains, or cut their throats, or—

Snapper felt a knife at his neck. Humbly and fervently, though not loudly, he cried for "mercy."

"Och one! och one!" repeated Shaun a Dherk. "Silence! silence! like the grave of poor Dherk," said the stranger.

"Silence, like the Mr. Snapper."

"Why, yer honor?"

"Because that's not true."

Mr. Snapper shook from head to foot. He pushed closer to Shaun a Dherk, who still muttered his low "Och one!"

There was an awful silence. The heart of Mr. Joyce Snapper thumped so loudly at his breast, that it was audible through the whole room.

Having engaged himself for some minute or two about the old desk, and muttered some other threats and curses, the assassin went down stairs. He was determined to be secure. The servants were first to die, or to be prevented from giving the alarm. What moments these were to Mr. Joyce Snapper and to Shaun a Dherk?

However five minutes passed, and no one was heard returning; ten minutes passed, and no one came; a quarter of an hour, and steps were heard at a distance—a measured tread it was, and of more than one. Steadily, steadily, the steps approached the land-agent's house.

A gleam of hope—he knew not why—shot into the soul of Mr. Joyce Snapper.

At length the steps were heard on the walk approaching the door; and then at the door, and then in the hall, and then on the stairs. There was scrambling, and tumbling, and cursing, in the hurry; but Mr. Snapper recognized the voices of the police.

"Hurra!" cried the land-agent. "Hurra!" he cried again. "Here! here!" he cried.

"God save the Queen!" cried Shaun a Dherk.

Caps knocked against the door-frame, and bayonet scabbards against the door, and guns made a frightful noise as they were "grounded" on the floor; and during all the time Mr. Joyce Snapper was laughing—laughing immoderately. He was almost beside himself with joy—a thing not very surprising, we should think, considering the time he has had.

"Why, Mr. Snapper," said the sergeant of police, "here is dreadful work indeed. Where are you? Johnston will you strike a light. So! Thunders!" cried the sergeant, when he beheld the pair of captives. "Thunders! but the rascals have left you in an awful pickle, sir."

There was no resisting the impulse to a simultaneous roar of laughter. "Desk rifled!" said the corporal.

"Devil mend him!" said a private, in a side whisper to another who answered, "Am!"

Meanwhile Mr. Joyce Snapper was liberated, much to his comfort. He was so rejoiced, that for a moment he did not dream of his losses.

Shaun a Dherk came beside him, and gave him a nudge.

"Let the polis folly him," whispered Shaun.

"A hundred pounds—for his capture!" cried Snapper.

"Has he long gone?"

"Not a quarter of an hour," replied Snapper.

"What appearance?"

"An able-looking vagabond—6 feet high."

"No more than one?"

"No more."

"No idea of the direction?"

"Go towards the say," said Shaun a Dherk.

"Hold your tongue, you old humbug," said the sergeant.

"Ovoh!" said the injured Shaun.

"A hundred pound reward!" repeated Snapper.

"Our men!" cried the sergeant, "on, in the direction of the hills!" and with great noise and clatter, "and so on," they departed.

At the entrance to Mr. Snapper's yard—that is, at Mr. Snapper's gate—they met the man who had brought them the information—it was Mr. McCann, the showman. A very loyal man was Mr. McCann; indeed all showmen are loyal.

"Quite right, old fellow!" said the sergeant, recognizing him "there has been the d—d to do at Snapper's. Who's here with you?"

"This a partner o' mine that I quire over to look after me to Squire Snapper's, and met me here. But I say, sergeant, an' I goin' to get nothin' for my trouble? I was in risk o' me life, so I was."

"Why, you turf souled pedlar, did you not run away? and what fear was there of you?"

"Ah, very well, but had I na gane oop stairs, and had I na gane for ye?"

"O, humbug!" said the sergeant; to which saying all the men agreed.

"Then of I tell ye the road he's walkin'?"

"Well?" said the corporal.

"How do you know?" asked the sergeant.

"I'll tell ye 'ye promise me £10 o' the money."

"Done!" answered the sergeant.

"Honourably, an' for sartin'," rejoined McCann.

"Then my partner here seen him comin' out, takin' off his white shirt, an' goin' towards Biddy Browne, the beggar-woman's, where the's a woman dead."

"Gobs!" said a tall black-looking fellow, with a fixed brow, and very black hair; "Gobs!" said he, "Biddy Browne ought to be burned out of that den."

"I always suspected her," said a second.

"And I!" said a third.

"Right about!" cried the sergeant. "March!" said he. And the police proceeded to the "wake" of Peggy Dines—poor girl. For Peggy had died—and, as she said herself, "had found a mother for her baby."

"Remember the £10!" were the last words which the police heard from Mr. McCann, to which they answered by a shout of laughter.

Three men were walking by the foot of the Keeper-hill by the gray dawn of the following morning. They stood still for a moment, and raised their eyes to heaven—reverently taking off their hats.



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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. My Dear Sir:—You are coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and strong Catholic spirit.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1914

IRELAND

On the world's stage, these days, Ireland is in the limelight. Every newspaper in the civilized world is giving to Ireland and the Irish question a good deal of space. Prophecy is at all times dangerous. In the midst of such startling developments it is particularly so for us who write a full week ahead of the date that the paper bears. It is quite safe, however, to give a glance at the past. The path of English rule in Ireland is strewn with promises—broken promises. In 1800 she said in effect to Catholics: Support the union and you shall be immediately emancipated. Lecky, in his "History of Ireland in the 18th Century," (vol. v. pp. 428-29) says:

"We have seen that it had been the first wish of Pitt and Dundas in England and of Cornwallis in Ireland to make Catholic Emancipation a part of the Union; and when this cause was found to be impracticable, there is good reason to believe that Canning recommended Pitt to drop the Union until a period arrived when it would be possible to carry the two measures concurrently. Wiser advice was probably never given, but it was not followed, and a Protestant Union was carried, with an understanding that when it was accomplished the ministry would introduce the measure of Catholic emancipation into an Imperial Parliament. It was this persuasion or understanding that secured the neutrality and acquiescence of the greater part of the Irish Catholics, without which, in the opinion of the best judges, the union could never have been carried."

At the beginning of the century, the population of Ireland, roughly speaking, was about 5,000,000. Of these 5,000,000, 4,000,000 were Catholics, 600,000 were Protestant Episcopalians and 400,000 were Presbyterians or members of other Protestant denominations, but mainly, in fact almost entirely, Presbyterians. The 4,000,000 Catholics had no more to do with the government of the country than a community of mice might have to do with the government of the cats. By law they were excluded from Parliament, from the Judicial Bench, from the Vice-Royalty, from the rank of King's Counsel, and from other important positions; in practice, they were excluded from everything.

Emancipation came in 1829. "What you refuse," said Henry Grattan, "refuse decently; what you give, give graciously." Emancipation was neither refused decently nor given graciously. The 40s. freeholders had been allowed to exercise the franchise so long as they had voted at the bidding of the landlords. At the Clare election, under the influence of O'Connell, they defied the landlords. They were disfranchised on the instant. "The 40s. freeholders were first elected for electioneering purposes. As long as they allowed themselves to be driven to the hustings like sheep to the shambles without a will of their own, all was well; not a murmur was heard. But the moment these poor people found out the value of their tenure, the moment they exercised their power constitutionally, that instant they are swept out of political existence."—Lord Anglesey quoted by Sir Spencer Walpole in his "History of England."

It was not until 1884 that the English and Irish franchise were assimilated—that the Irish people got a fair chance of making their voices heard with effect at parliamentary elections. "In 1838, four years after emancipation, there was not in Ireland a single Catholic judge or stipendiary magistrate. All the high sheriffs, the overwhelming majority of the unpaid magistrates and of the grand jurors, the 5 inspectors-general, and the 32 sub-inspectors of the police, were Protestants. The chief towns were in the hands of narrow, corrupt, and for the most part intensely bigoted corporations. For many years promotion had been steadily withheld from those who advocated Catholic Emancipation, and the majority of the people thus found their bitterest enemies in the foremost places."

The foregoing is a quotation from Lecky. Let us give one incident of the Tithe War. At Doon, in the county of Limerick—where the population was: Catholics, 5,000, Protestants, 1, the parson demanded tithes of the priest; the priest refused to pay. His cow was seized and put up for sale. Never was a cow put up for sale under such extraordinary circumstances. There was upon the field—keeping the ground as the saying is—a strong police force, a troop of the 12th Lancers, five companies of the 92nd Highlanders, and two pieces of artillery. The Church of Ireland was disestablished in 1869. Lord John Russell said: "Your oppressions have taught the Irish to hate, your concessions to brave you. You have exhibited to them how scanty was the stream of your bounty and how full the tribute of your fear."

Students of history do not need Gladstone's admission that the disestablishment of the Irish Church was the result of the fear inspired by Fenianism. The Land League, says Barry O'Brien, to whom we are indebted for much of the matter of this article, was an organization than which there seldom existed in any country one more lawless or more violent. But Mr. Gladstone said: "I must make one admission, and that is, that without the Land League the Act of 1881 (Land Act) would not at this moment be on the Statute book." Steadily for one hundred years have the Irish struggled toward freedom. Never in all that time has the English democracy realized how intimately bound up was their cause with that of the Irish Nationalists. The House of Lords, always the implacable enemy of Ireland's hopes, has been shorn of its power. The friends of Ireland and the friends of the democratic cause need not fear the puny attempts of Tory military snobs to arrest the cause of Irish nationality irrevocably bound up as it is with that of English democracy. Furthermore, the factious and seditious spirit that owes its origin to Tory snobbery in the army and elsewhere is not likely to find favorable ground for development in the sober second thought of Englishmen when they consider such cold facts as T. P. O'Connor points out in his recent cable letter: "It is a fundamental, though often forgotten fact, of the Irish question that there is only one minority in Ireland that is oppressed, and that is the minority of Catholics and Nationalists that lives in these four counties."

"I recall, just passing, for I do not want to arouse any further bitterness in this bitter struggle, that 2,000 working men, and even women, were assailed, wounded, and driven from their work and their bread only two years ago in Belfast on no ground but because they were Catholics and home rulers. "If such an attack had been made on Protestant working people in Dublin it would have been regarded by the world as such an example and proof of hopeless want of the spirit of religious and political toleration that home rule could not have survived it."

A SELF-CONFESSED SLANDERER The Ogdensburg News of March 25 gives an interesting story of the "Rev." Benjamin Clearmont, one of those reckless and villainous slanderers who pose as ex-priests. Evidently the audience gathered to hear the "lecture" had little sympathy with the vulgar and obscene calumny that is not only not offensive but very welcome to certain "pious" ears. The upshot of his pious efforts is best told by the following affidavit: "I, Benjamin Clearmont, being duly sworn sayeth that my name is Benjamin Clearmont. I was born at my mother's house at Geneva, Switzerland. I was never a Catholic priest. I was altar boy for eight months at St. John's church at Quebec under Father Guiselin when I was fourteen years of age. I left the Church in 1905. I have been lecturing for one year to obtain revenue for myself or at the request of Orange-men of Canada. I have given eight-teen lectures. The lectures I have

given are true. There are some things I have said in these lectures that I can't prove according to law. I cannot mention any sister or convent that I believe to be bad. I cannot mention any priest whose character I believe to be bad or questionable. The reason why I believe the Catholics to be a menace to the country is that they will not recognize any Church but the Catholic Church, and the lack of free speech. The bills that were circulated in Potsdam were directed to be circulated by Davis Gardner of Methodist denomination, pastor at Peninsula Baptist minister. Was ordained in the Baptist business room at Montreal in 1909. I am not to continue to lecture any more. I decided so last night, unless called for a word or two in a church. I have slandered the Catholics and the Catholic Church by the lectures I have given and the bills I have caused to be circulated, and I ask their pardon and to be forgiven. My present age is thirty-three years. On this date I went up to the hall at 7 o'clock p. m. to sell tickets. I was caught by someone—a stranger unknown to me. I was dragged into a car, held down on the seat, struck on the head several times and choked. They said they were taking me away to hang me or pitch me into the river or pull my limbs apart. They took me into the house about a mile away. I was there about a half an hour with a dozen unknown people around me. Then I was discovered by the police and brought to this hotel and asked for a notary public to make this statement, which I do now on my own free will to show the people of Potsdam that I am willing to repair any wrong I have done, which statement is made before Mr. Dewey and Mr. Murphy. (Signed) BENJAMIN CLEARMONT. Witnesses, F. L. Dewey, C. A. Murphy, Notary Public.

Conditions in Portugal. "When Dom Carlos and his son were butchered in a public square, Lisbon paid no more attention to the matter than if it were only two pigs that had had their throats slit. Indeed an English tourist who asked a respectable shopkeeper in the Rocio what had happened was told, with an evil smile, that it was nothing—only two fine large porkers that had just been killed at the end of the street. Had the queen and her son afterwards been dragged naked up the Rua Augusta, and been decapitated in the Praça de Dom Pedro, there would, I am convinced, have been no surprise and no emotion—only an ugly, silent leering. Only one newspaper spoke of the tragedy, the Lucta, which dismissed it with several sarcastic lines in a column dealing with petty thefts and minor accidents. Not a word of human sympathy anywhere for the boy King or his mother. Only one newspaper had a black border next day—it was the organ of Senhor Franco, the Dictator. Not a single shopkeeper put up a shutter, or marked in any other way his sense of the occasion. Three or four balconies were draped in black; they all belonged to court furnishers."

We quote these words from the pen of the well-known press correspondent, Francis McCullagh, in an article in the Nineteenth Century for January. They present a picture of present day Portugal which clearly indicates that there must "be something rotten in the state of Denmark." Patriotism would seem to have become extinct in modern Portugal and a sordid selfishness became enthroned as the motor power of the nation. It is not a question of Royalty versus Republicanism. In neither Portuguese aristocracy nor Portuguese democracy can any ground be found for enthusiasm over the future of the nation. Both seem equally apostate to the interests of their country, both are equally degenerate.

Under royalty indeed the municipalities enjoyed many privileges which have been wrested from them by the new regime which has gone like a steam roller over all local liberties. To day the members of local municipalities are no longer elected. Parliamentary elections have now become a sham and a scandal. The 75 per cent. of illiterates which Portugal contains have all been struck off the voting list because they are illiterates; and of the remaining 25 per cent. the 15 per cent. of royalists are also disqualified on the ground that they did not make application for the right to vote.

Before the Republic came into existence the Republicans advocated liberty of the press and kindness to political prisoners. It has now suppressed every non-Republican newspaper in Portugal and it has filled the prisons with prisoners who are sometimes kept a year without trial. Sir Conan Doyle, in a letter to the Times, courteously drew the atten-

tion of the Portuguese government to the state of affairs; he was immediately set upon by the semi-official Mundo and accused of being a hireling of the monarchists. When the Duchess of Bedford began her prison campaign she was described in the same organ as an Irish Roman Catholic tool of the Jesuits. When this question was discussed in the British Parliament, Dr. Costa, from his place in the Portuguese chamber, made the statement that in England prisoners are sometimes hanged first and tried afterwards.

Before the revolution the Republican orators thundered against the wealth of the monasteries. Now that the government has taken over all the monasteries the report is given out that the monks had practically no property and every attempt to get a statement on the subject has been ignored.

The muzzling of the press has been carried out relentlessly by Dr. Costa. A Republican journalist, Senhor Homen Christo, a man recognized for uprightness, published damaging disclosures about Dr. Costa's private character and political honor. Dr. Costa had him arrested, suppressed his paper and drove him out of the country. Lately Dr. Costa has been accused in the most categorical manner and by the most trustworthy people of being involved in irregularities in connection with the sale of government lands in S. Thome. All the non-Republican papers which gave currency to the charges were at once suppressed. A distinguished economist, Senhor Roque da Costa, in the Lisbon Journal of Commerce, maintained that there is no such thing as a surplus despite the assertion of the Premier to the contrary. He was soon afterwards lodged in jail.

Individual liberty is trampled on. The civil carbonarios of Dr. Costa enter houses when they like, make searches, effect arrests and carry off documents though they themselves possess no warrants, have no insignia of authority and wear no uniform even.

A number of judges who refused to stand for dictation from Dr. Costa were punished by being banished to Goa. Illegal prosecutions are directed against Monarchists, Radicals, Socialists, etc., and condemnations passed on false evidence, insufficient evidence or no evidence at all. Courts-martial are always at work. Lawyers who dare to defend alleged Royalists are grossly attacked by the newspapers and the mob. Monarchist prisoners, not yet convicted, are torn from the hands of the police and maltreated to such an extent that some of them are injured for life.

That the comparatively small clique of Dr. Costa can commit such crimes against liberty without provoking a storm of popular indignation is the most lamentable feature of the case. It can outrage the feelings of the devout peasantry, of the army, of the legal and medical professions and of the diplomatists, yet no protest is ever made save to some disgusted foreign journalist, who is implored in a heated but cautious whisper to "write up" the matter in the English press. Priests have been arrested in the churches because, in speaking of the regeneration of the world by Christ, they did not mention Alfonso Costa as well. The congregation, strong Catholics all of them, looked on sheepishly while their revered padre was dragged away by the hair of the head. Francis McCullagh, who is our main authority for this account, recites instances of outrages committed against the medical fraternity, the navy, the diplomatists, all of which have been received with similar pusillanimity by the members of these various bodies. Evidently if the injured people abjectly acquiesce in seeing their sacred rights wantonly trampled on by a clique who form but a minority in the country, they can scarcely appeal for sympathy to other nations. Their listless attitude can awaken abroad nothing but disgust.

The chances for a Royalist restoration are not alluring and, even if it were effected, it does not appear that it would be a gain to the country. In the last days of the monarchy Portuguese politics were a sink of corruption and it would appear that the revolution had proved a boon to many of the old "bosses" and wirepullers. Half of them became ardent Republicans and entered the service of the new government; the other half, driven into exile, are doing more swindling there than they ever did at home. Some of them, who left Lisbon without a penny of their own, are now substantial persons in Paris and the

French watering places. They are making a fat living off the poor dupes who contribute towards the restoration of Dom Manuel. Of the £100,000 contributed during the last three years towards the re-establishment of Manuel on his throne the vast bulk has found its way into the pockets of these exiled "bosses." Some of the bankers and telegraph clerks in Spain have been heard to express amazement at the immense sums of money coming to obscure royalist agents, and at the large proportion of these sums which always go straight into the recipient's pockets. For these folks exile is a more profitable business than restoration and it may well be questioned if they seriously desire a restoration.

The success of the Republican clique, both in the beginning when it seized the reins of power and during its despotic rule, is due to the hopeless inertness that pervades the body politic. Centres that are notoriously Royalist and where the old king was popular, Braga, Coimbra and the north for instance, were silent over the death of the old King and gave no sign of encouragement to the new King. The Houses of Parliament, though both dominated by Royalist majorities, registered no protest when a few days after the murder a procession of 5,000 people headed by Alfonso Costa went to lay wreaths on the tomb of the regicide. Again, when the government opened what it called a Museum of the Revolution, and one of the Cabinet Ministers, Bernardino Machado, escorted beves of school children through it in order to show them Buica's carbine, the blood-stained garments of former conspirators, the shattered skulls of anarchists, and other relics of the same nature, Portugal as a whole took the sickening exhibition as a matter of course—until the London Times condemned it. School children have been paraded through the streets under the eye of the Minister of Public Instruction, each child wearing on its breast a medal bearing the inscription, "No God; No Religion." And yet their parents, who in the main profess Catholicity, uttered no protest.

Evidently religion as well as patriotism has decayed. But it must not be forgotten that this decadence has not sprung into existence with the coming of the Republic. This demoralization has favored the schemes of the Republican clique but the Republicans did not create it; they found it awaiting them. It grew up under the monarchy.

The alliance between State and Church accounts in great measure for the decay of religious fervor. The Church has been for the last hundred years regarded by the State as a department as completely under its dominion as the Foreign Office or the Home Office. Up to a few years ago there was keen competition among the sons of the nobility for the good salaries in the Church; their ardor was dampened only when the government reduced the salaries and emoluments attaching to these offices. For nearly a hundred years the Crown claimed and exercised the right of nominating to bishoprics, priories, canonries, parishes and to every species of ecclesiastical office. And it is obvious that no candidate could hope for promotion unless his qualifications proved acceptable to the civil authorities. Pius IX., in 1862, invited the Bishops of the country to visit Rome for the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs, but they did not go nor did they send an explanation. Only two of the Bishops attended the Vatican Council. To one familiar with conditions these incidents awaken no surprise. The seminary education was under the supervision of the government. The government reserved to itself the control of the appointment of the professors, the subjects to be studied and the selection of text books. Such conditions were plainly not in the interests of the formation of a clergy who would be consumed with fervor for the welfare of religion. And the present decadence of religion may be traced no doubt to this subordination of the Church to the State.

The decadence of national vigor is traced to two factors: 1. The excessive drain made upon the manhood of the nation by exploration, colonization and war. 2. The adulteration of the race by East Indian, Brazilian and especially by negro blood. To the importation of slaves, however, is due a great loss of national vigor. At one period the whole white manhood of the country seems to have been engaged in war, commerce, discovery or colonization and slaves

were freely imported from Africa to till the soil. In Lisbon we are told that at one time the proportion of slaves to freemen was as one to ten. And a writer who is regarded as worthy of credence estimated that in the sixteenth century the slaves formed one-sixth of the population. These slaves merged with the native population. "One can still see," writes Francis McCullagh, "all over the South the woolly hair, dark skin, and other characteristics of the negro race. Priests, farmers, village shop-keepers, noble ladies, the most unexpected persons, will be found to bear the tell-tale marks which would be a serious handicap to them in Virginia, U. S. A., but which do not matter at all in Portugal. . . . The contamination of the lower orders took place centuries ago, but the contamination of the upper classes is still going on. During the past century there has been a steady stream homewards of Brazilian capitalists with woolly hair and a suspiciously dark complexion but also with plenty of money. These returned exiles had never any difficulty in buying titles of nobility and in allying themselves by marriage with the old aristocracy."

This introduction of negro blood would seem to account for the absence of a healthy reaction among the people and for the lowering of the moral and physical tone of the nation.

Evidently in neither the religious nor the national field is the outlook for Portugal an encouraging one. The policy of a Bismark might very well prove the salvation of the country.

THE OTTAWA CITIZEN SWALLOWS ITSELF

Not satisfied with becoming deservedly famous as a maker of paradoxes, the Ottawa Citizen is now developing a most wonderful aptitude for swallowing itself, paradox and all. Because we ventured to question the veracity of a Citizen article which aimed at showing that the Catholic Church was opposed to Irish Home Rule, that journal accuses us of "daring anyone to tread on the tail of our coat." We are sorry if we have offended our contemporary, and we hasten to assure it that we had no intention of twirling our shillelagh, holding as we do that hot words never strengthen an argument.

In its article, "Leaders in Ireland," to which we referred in our issue of March 21st, the Citizen, in our opinion, made certain definite charges against the Catholic Church. Sheltering itself behind the authority of Redmond-Howard, the nephew of the Irish Leader, it argues that Protestantism and progress are synonymous terms, whilst clericalism, that is, Catholicism, is, of its very nature, reactionary. "The Home Rule movement has been founded, inspired and championed almost entirely by Protestants." "Nowhere is there such a strong parallel to the revolt of Ireland against the bureaucratic regime of Imperialism than in the revolt of England against the clerical domination of Rome." "Of the great leaders in Ireland, O'Connell is the exception to the rule of Protestant leaders. He is said to have done much to make Home Rule a clerical movement." "Certain powerful movements in Ireland to-day owe their direction and inspiration to men who have come into almost direct opposition to the Church." "Home Rule would be a mild form of republicanism. Republicanism is not in favor with the clerical party in France. The Duke of Norfolk is a powerful Catholic peer. He is opposed to Home Rule." If these statements mean anything they mean that the Catholic Church is opposed to Home Rule. We took issue with the Citizen on this point, and endeavored to show that such was not the case. We reminded the Citizen that, granted the majority of the Irish leaders were Protestants, they could effect but little without the support of the people. And if the people were "priest-ridden," and the priests were opposed to Home Rule, we asked the Citizen to explain how it was that the Protestant leaders had the united support of the Catholic people. We maintained that the fact that the majority of the Irish leaders were Protestants clearly proved that the Church did not unduly influence the current of Irish political life, as had it done so, these leaders would never have been accepted by the Irish people. Viewed from whatever standpoint the charge of the undue exercise of clerical power in Ireland falls to the ground, either the people are not "priest-

ridden," or the Church is not opposed to Home Rule. If the Citizen wants to have it both ways it is up to it to explain how it happens that, if the priests hold the people in leading strings, they should support Home Rule, whereas the priests themselves oppose it.

The Citizen complains it has been misunderstood. It never implied that clericalism was the controlling force behind Home Rule. No indeed, it did not. It tried hard to prove just the opposite. And it is exceedingly wroth at us for disagreeing with it. The obvious duty of the Citizen, then, was to prove our contention wrong. Instead of which our contemporary first gets angry at us, and then agrees with us, thereby swallowing itself. The Citizen claimed that the Gaelic League and the Co-operative Movement were opposed by the Church. We proved very conclusively that both the one and the other owed much of the success they had attained to the loyal support of the priesthood. The Citizen now agrees with us. We contended that there is no justification for the charge that the Church unduly interfered in Irish politics, advancing as an argument the well-known fact that bishops, priests and laity stood loyally by Parnell after he had been condemned by Rome in the interests of England. The Citizen sees in this "a delightful paradox." It would be such did we subscribe to the theory that a bishop or a priest ceased to be a citizen. But when Irish ecclesiastics stood by Parnell in defiance of Rome, they did so in their capacity as citizens protesting against English Tory interference exercised through the Vatican. When circumstances forced them to take sides against Parnell they did so on moral grounds, and in no way left themselves open to the charge of meddling in a purely political question in their capacity as clerics.

The Citizen is all in a muddle about affairs in the Green Isle. It blows hot and cold at once. It agrees with us that many priests have helped to promote the democratic movement in Ireland. In the next breath it hints at the coming together of "all the forces of clericalism and Conservatism in Ireland," and instances as an example the fact that "Mr. William O'Brien and Tim Healy have led their clerical faction out into the open—in direct opposition to Home Rule." Will the Citizen please give a list of the clerics that belong to this O'Brien-Healy clerical faction? We know whereof we speak when we say that it cannot name a solitary Irish Bishop or more than half a dozen priests, none of them of any prominence. Clerical faction, indeed. Why, one of the leaders of this "clerical faction," Tim Healy, is the very man who denounced the scheme of proportional representation in the Irish Senate as calculated to give the bishops a controlling voice in the election of that body. And the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which is popularly supposed to be pledged to exterminate all "heretics," has been denounced in all moods and tenses by the leaders of this "clerical faction," moryah. The Citizen would be well advised to confine itself to generalities. It is not one whit more happy in its selection of an example of a "clerical faction" than it was when it instanced the Gaelic League, founded and mainly directed by priests, and the Co-operative Movement, whose vice-president is the Jesuit, Father Findlay, as typical of "certain powerful influences in Ireland to-day that owe their direction and inspiration to men who have come into almost direct opposition to the Church."

There is one other little matter upon which we venture to seek enlightenment from the Citizen. If Home Rule is a democratic movement, and "Protestantism and progress must logically go together," how happens it that the Protestant Church in Ireland is opposed to Home Rule? Is this another paradox? But the entire line of Citizen argument is a collection of like contradictions. O'Connell, it tells us, did much to make Home Rule a clerical movement. And yet O'Connell said he would as soon think of taking his politics from Constantinople as from Rome? Home Rule means "Rome Rule," and yet the Duke of Norfolk, "a powerful Catholic peer," is opposed to Home Rule, and clericalism and Conservatism are in alliance in Ireland? The Church does not take kindly to republican institutions, and yet nowhere does the Church show such vitality as under the Stars and Stripes? No, dear Citizen, the Church is not conservative in the anti-democratic

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sense. It is at once the greatest champion and the highest example of democracy that the world has ever known.

**"THE POPE OF ROME IS KING OF CANADA"**

Perhaps you haven't noticed it, but the emissaries of Rome are assuming quite a jaunty air these days. The wily Apostolic Delegate has dropped the mask of unassuming mildness, and wears a haughty look as becometh the Prime Minister of the first Canadian king. Even the humblest missionary priest goes about with dilated nostrils and flaming eyes, displaying his utter contempt for the unregenerate heretic. Do you seek the solution of this changed attitude? Then search not the Scriptures, but the Menace. The jesuitical machinations of Rome have achieved success. The Pope now rules from Ottawa, and this fair Dominion is now a Papal state. What boots it that my Lord of London should dream of a great Imperialism of the English-speaking races, or that Henri Bourassa should have visions of a French republic on Canadian soil. The destiny of Canada is cast in an entirely different mould. As we write these lines the Union Jack is being lowered from the flagstaff of Rideau Hall, and Pius X. is about to exchange the seclusion of the Vatican for the regal splendours of a palace at Ottawa.

Thinkest thou we speak in parables? Then—whisper it not in Gath—we will explain. There is published at Aurora, Mo., a paper, to wit, the Menace, the chief defence of the rights and liberties of the people so direfully threatened by the enslaving power of Rome. This journal, having learned that "all is fair in war," is not over scrupulous in the tactics it employs to defeat the machinations of the Jesuits. Swallowing at one gulp the odious principle of its great protagonist, that "the end justifies the means," it dresses up hoary lies in the garments of truth, and serenely pursues its way through a very ocean of slander and calumny. When brought to book for one or other of its many falsehoods, it unblushingly admits that it lied knowingly, and straightway proceeds to exult another falsehood from the refuse heaps of bigotry. The great and mighty Republic to the south of us, being the land of the free, graciously permits this "polecat of the press" to carry on its unpeppery campaign of calumny against 16,000,000 of its best and most loyal citizens. Judge, then, of the amazement of the Menace when it discovered that liberty as understood by the British Constitution did not mean license to vilify one's neighbour? The Canadian Government refused to permit the Menace to be transmitted through the mails. After it had recovered from the first shock of such a stunning surprise the Menace set about circumventing this usage of the Pope. An office was hired, and a printing press set up in Aurora, Ont., and a British edition of the Menace was given to the public. Surely, it thought, the Pope will not dare to put a ban upon a good British publication? But it little reckoned the length of the Papal arm or the unheard-of nerve of the Jesuits. Thicker than the snowflakes in a mid-winter blizzard the subscriptions poured into the office of the Menace in Aurora, Ont. The Jesuits were just about quitting their new college in Guelph, and the Papal Delegate had purchased a single ticket for his native Italy, when one day, as the printer's devil was setting up the Roman Church's obituary, an innocent looking blue envelope arrived from Ottawa, Ont. Ah, said the editor, we have fought and conquered, and here is a subscription for the Hon. Pelletier. But alas! for his hopes. Instead of a Canadian postal note for 50 cents the envelope contained a formal notice of the Postmaster General's refusal to allow the British edition of the Menace to be sent through the mails. Now here was a pretty mess for any honest editor to find himself in. If his paper could not be scattered broadcast all over the Dominion through the Canadian mail service where was the use of printing it? True, he might imitate Sir Edward Carson's Provisional Government of Ulster, and send the journal by the hands of despatch riders—but then Canada is a little larger than Sir Edward's four counties. There was nothing for it, then, but to take down his shingle and his for the land where libelling one's neighbor is permitted by law. And back he went.

When the first born of the Menace

arrived back at Aurora, Mo., there was an awful shindy in the paternal mansion. The editor got orange and black in the face all at once. He tore his hair, swore at the cat, and kicked the printer's devil—even as his son and heir had been kicked out of Canada. Then he sat down to his desk and wrote—well, what he didn't write isn't worth mentioning. "The Pope of Rome is king of Canada. He draws the first blood in the impending religious and political revolution." And as if all this wasn't startling enough he had it set up in flaring capitals. "If the Pope of Rome is King of Canada, as he claims to be of earth, heaven and hell, he is going to get more hell in Canada than he has ever gotten in either one of the other dominions." And by way of "giving him hell" he calls on "Orangemen, Masons, Odd Fellows, and all other Protestant fraternal organizations and societies" to hold protest meetings at once, draft resolutions have them signed by every member present, "and forward to the Postmaster General at Ottawa by special delivery." No doubt a howl will go up from the Orange lodges, and the custodians of equal rights will demand the head of the Postmaster General. But drafting resolutions is a game that two can play at. Why not every Catholic society express its thanks for the government's commendable ruling and send its resolution to the Postmaster General? A beginning has already been made. The Bracebridge Catholic Men's Society have passed such a resolution and ordered it to be transmitted to Ottawa.

Truly these are sad days for the children of light and the sons of freedom. With the Pope of Rome King of Canada small wonder the Menace is in danger of apoplexy. And with Home Rule for Ireland almost accomplished there isn't a kick at all, at all, left in the Orange Sentinel.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

THE SPECTACLE of the Mayor of the second city in Canada delivering himself of a vulgar harangue, insulting to fully one half the people of Canada and pandering to the very lowest elements in human life, is not one calculated to increase respect for the country abroad. But if Toronto will have lodge rule, and entrust its affairs to incendiary editors, it must abide by the consequences. That, however, is no salve to the country's wound in the world's eyes.

A RECENT "Lepracaun" cartoon hits off the situation in Ireland to a nicety. It depicts John Bull seated at a table enjoying a peaceful nap after a hearty dinner of "Home Rule." In his slumbers he dreams of "Erin free, happy, united and loyal." Sir Edward Carson, however, in a cocked hat, decorated with a death's head and an Orange lily, roughly shakes him by the shoulder and bellows into his ear: "Wake up, John Bull, an' don't be dreamin about a happy an' United Ireland. I tell ye Ireland shall never be happy or contented as long as me or me friends can prevent it. And mind, I tell ye if ye don't listen to me, an' do as I bid ye, I'll turn on ye meself in a minit."

THE CUNARD Steamship Company has never enjoyed the reputation of being any too courteous in its Catholic passengers in the way of making provision for the celebration of Mass on board its liners. It is high time its officers extended to Catholics the same courtesy as they have to Protestants in the matter of religious services. It is gratifying, therefore, to learn, on the authority of a priest writing in the St. Paul, Minn., Catholic Bulletin, that the Cunard Company has experienced a change of heart in this respect, and is now fitting its ships with requisites for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. This will be welcome intelligence to its constantly increasing Catholic patrons. In this connection it may be well to state that the North German Lloyd Company has not only made such provision, but has installed Sisters of Mercy on all its ships to nurse the sick, look after the children and protect the women. This is a new field of usefulness for these consecrated women. That it will prove an incalculable boon to the many poor Catholic emigrants goes without saying. It will rob their advent to strange scenes of half its terrors and place them in immediate touch with their fellow-Catholics on landing.

IT MAY perhaps be news to many of our readers that in the person of Lord Skerrington Scotland possesses

its first Catholic judge since the "Reformation." He is what is known as a Lord of Session, and, like his father-in-law, Patrick Fraser, is also a Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland. Born in 1855, and educated at Edinburgh Academy and University, he soon attained an enviable position at the Scottish Bar, and in 1905 became Dean of Faculty of Advocates at the latter institution. He ascended the Bench with the judicial title of Lord Skerrington in 1908. His family name is Campbell. It is gratifying to know that he is also a zealous Catholic. He presided at a recent meeting of the Glasgow Catholic Institute at which Sir Bertram Windle, F. R. S., President of University College, Cork, lectured on "Science and Religion."

ACCORDING to a speaker, the Rev. Dr. E. Griffith Jones, at the National Free Church Council assembled at Norwich two weeks ago, England is in great danger of becoming again a "Romanist country." This prognostication he based largely upon the decreasing birth rate. The present generation, he said, had "suddenly lost that love of offspring which characterized their forefathers." "Families were growing steadily smaller and smaller, and Protestants were not holding their own in the increase of population." "The cause was deep-seated and was affecting every class in the community, especially the Free Churches." "The Catholic Church alone," he went on to say, "took a valiant stand on high religious grounds against this evil tendency, and if they (Protestants) did not recover their discouraged ideals, as regards family life, it might yet come to pass that England would become again a Romanist country."

IT IS significant that while thus forecasting the future the speaker did not include conversions as among the predisposing causes. "Not by conversion," he said, "but by its superior fertility and the higher sense of racial responsibility inherent in that form of faith," would the result be predicted be brought about. That he should lay no stress upon conversion was perhaps inevitable from his standpoint, for the great stream of converts that have come into the Church within the past seventy-five years has mainly flowed from the Anglican communion. Nevertheless, the Free Churches (Nonconformity) have not remained untouched, and many notable names might be cited from that source also. But having regard to the preponderance both in membership and influence, of the Established Church, and the constantly increasing leaving process of Catholic ideas within it, Dr. Jones was not well-advised in leaving this out of his reckoning.

THAT TO THE moral and intellectual chaos to which modern society is fast hastening, the Catholic Church presents an adamant wall of resistance, should be a matter of thankfulness to all those of whatever religious persuasion, who still revere and love the primitive Christian maxims. That it is not so, but that the hatred and distrust which was implanted deep in their nature by the "Reformation" still holds sway, and that they should waste their substance and their energies in a vain attempt to undermine the only power which they feel and know stands between them and religious anarchy, is a mystery absolutely insoluble on any human hypothesis. We must go to the great Prophet of Israel for the only solution: "They have put darkness for light and light for darkness," "deceiving and being deceived."

MR. HAROLD BEGIE, the brilliant impressionist journalist, as he has been called, is unlike many of his contemporaries, in that he is willing to be set right when he stumbles. He recently gave currency, quite unwittingly as the event proved, to a cruel slander upon the Catholic priesthood. He had been pursuing investigations in the interest of the Daily Chronicle, among the Glasgow slums, which, as is well known, are among the worst in Europe. In one of his letters to that journal he thus delivered himself:

"To one old woman I said: 'Why don't you get out of this?' 'Ach, why should I?' she demanded with a grin. 'For the sake of your children.' 'They're all right.' 'But it's a horrible house.' 'The house is a verger good house.' 'You're a Roman Catholic?' 'That's what I do.' 'Do you go to confession?' 'I do.' 'Does the priest come to see you?' 'Only when a body's dying.' 'Doesn't he come to

help you?' 'Ach, the priests don't trouble about quarters the like of this.' 'And you're quite content?' 'I'm verger weel content.'"

THE GLASGOW OBSERVER at once called Mr. Begie's attention to the fact that he was unconsciously libelling the Catholic priesthood and giving currency to an innuendo which would on his authority speedily crystallize into an accepted fact. It pointed out to him that the priests were constantly among the poor, and supplied him with a list of Protestant public officials from whom he might obtain accurate testimony on that point. Mr. Begie put the information thus placed at his disposal to effective use, and the result was an *amende honorable* which does justice at once to the body of men concerned and to his own sense of truth and honor. His words deserve the widest publicity, not so much because of the incident that occasioned them, as because of the example they set for journalists everywhere. They at the same time constitute the most effective kind of reproof to clergymen of a certain type to whom lying and detraction in regard to things Catholic has to all appearance become like second nature.

MR. BEGIE'S retraction, somewhat curtailed, is as follows: "Such a mass of evidence is adduced to prove the devotion of the Roman priests in Glasgow that I heartily desire to express not only my regrets . . . by my earnest and reverent admiration for the quiet, constant, perfectly organized and affectionate services rendered by the Roman priests in Glasgow to the wretched and most helpless of the Glasgow poor. Whether this particular woman had been overlooked . . . or whether she lied, I cannot say. . . . I never occurred to me for the moment that I was attacking the Catholic Church (who could attack that Church on the side of its services?) and I am grieved that it never occurred to me, as it ought to have done, that such a statement might give pain to people whose work for the poor I am not worthy even to praise."

**THE TRANSCRIPT, THE PACIFIC AND VIRGIN BIRTH**

SOME ministers in California, probably with an eye to notoriety, have been telling people that they do not believe in the Immaculate Conception, that is to say, in the Virgin Birth of our Blessed Lord. What they do or do not believe is of little importance, except to themselves. To them it is of great importance, since it may determine their lot for all eternity. What is noteworthy, however, is that they speak of the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth as if they were one and the same thing. The Pacific, a Presbyterian weekly of San Francisco, attempts to set them right; and its article is of such importance in the eyes of the Boston Transcript as to deserve reproduction in the columns of that journal. The Pacific begins by saying that of course the ministers know the difference between the two. Here is a precious addition to modern criticism. "When a man does not say a thing, he does not know it," is a canon that has done much service. Now we have another: "When a man—or, at least, a minister—says something explicitly, he does not mean it." Anyhow, the Pacific undertakes to set them right. It tells them that the Immaculate Conception means that the Blessed Virgin Mary was conceived without origin. So far as the words go it is right: what idea may be behind them in the Presbyterian mind with its Calvinistic notion of original sin, is another question. But it soon begins to blunder. It explains that the doctrine was devised in the twelfth century to obviate the difficulties connected with the derivation of Christ from fallen and sinful humanity. Strange that the Church got along for twelve centuries without finding it necessary to obviate thus the supposed difficulties! Stranger still that it would think to obviate them by moving them back just one step! "The reasoning was," says the Pacific, "that inasmuch as Mary, thus born (sic) did not partake of fallen humanity, her son, Jesus, partaking, of course, of her nature, was free from that taint." Will the Pacific be good enough to indicate the text-book of theology from which it got this reasoning, and we shall see that it is put on the Index at once. "For centuries," it continues, "the leaders among Roman Catholics were divided as to this doctrine." Perhaps the Pacific would imply that for centuries they were wallowing in "difficulties concerning the derivation of Christ from fallen and sinful humanity" just like the ministers of to-day.

Having disposed of the Immaculate Conception to its satisfaction, the Pacific takes in hand the virgin birth. In the first place it says that it is a matter of no great importance. "This doctrine has long been looked upon by many eminent ministers as not an essential article of faith, and not a few have given it no acceptance." St. John makes the right belief in Christ Our Lord a matter of tremendous importance, so did the Church in the days of Ephesus and Chalce-

don. But the eminent ministers had not come on the scene then to put Apostles and Councils in the wrong. The reasons which the eminent ministers give for their opinion are worthy of them. "The scriptural proofs are rather dubious. Matthew and Luke allude to it." Choose your words, and you can prove anything. "Allude," reminds one of the man who gave a troublesome visitor a hint to go, by throwing him down stairs. St. Matthew and St. Luke mention it explicitly in terms so clear that it would be impossible to improve of them. "The Gospel of Mark, which is by all now admitted to be the earliest Gospel, and the foundation of both Matthew and Luke, does not mention it." The "Gospel of Mark" is not admitted by all to be the earliest Gospel, etc. The Catholic Church has much to say to the contrary. "St. Mark does not mention it." No, he begins with Our Lord's public life. "The Gospel of John has not heard of it." Gospels do not hear, but we hear the Gospels. Would that the eminent ministers had done so to their profit. The meaning is that St. John never heard of it. Why? Because he does not mention it. "What one does not say, he has not heard." Suppose St. John replied: "My whole Gospel implies the fact recorded by St. Matthew and St. Luke as a necessary foundation," could the eminent ministers deny it? Not if they had really studied St. John. And so they proceeded until we reach this gem, evolved by one of them: "It seems that the Virgin Birth tends to throw some discredit upon the sacredness of marriage, a tendency to be deprecated." "Seems! tendency! 'some!' What is the use of beating about the bush? It does, or it does not throw discredit on marriage. If it does, point out how. You do not mean to say that it discredits marriage, to say that only a Virgin Mother could give birth to the Incarnate Word? You do not imagine that it is any reflection on your own children that they are not each the Incarnate God?"

The Pacific recognizes that even among ministers there are some to disagree with the eminent ones we have just been hearing from. For their benefit it suggests that it may be explained by parthenogenesis. The argument is beautifully simple, worthy of the enemies of Our Lord and His Holy Mother. "The embryo multiplies itself by splitting in half; certain shellfish, are propagated by a female only." Therefore . . . we dare not write the conclusion. What have we to do with amoeba and shellfish? Can the Pacific give a single instance of parthenogenesis from the human race? But even if he could bring a thousand, they would have no bearing on the question at issue. The conception of our Blessed Lord might as well be called pyrotechnics as parthenogenesis. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." This is St. Luke's "allusion," as the eminent ministers call it, to the tremendous mystery in which the Blessed Trinity formed in the womb of the Mother of God and of her substance, the human body informing it with a human soul and in the same instant uniting it to the Divine Nature under the Personality of the Eternal Word. Catholic theology is a difficult thing to handle. Hence, should the editor of the Pacific wish to enlighten his brethren on the subject again, he had better apply to some of the clergy in San Francisco to do the work for him. They have a duty "to enlighten those that sit in darkness and the shadow of death," and are always glad to perform it. As for the Transcript, we could never have believed that it could be so imposed upon by such an article as the Pacific's, as to give it two columns.—Henry Woods, S. J., in America.

when they will not go to hear. All who would like to co-operate in this work will receive a name and address from the Catholic Truth Society, Box 383, Toronto, Canada, by writing. Please give name, address, and the number of papers you are willing to mail.

**THE POWER OF SILENCE**

And there are times when to be silent is infinitely harder than to act. To sit still and see the waves of falsehood, or wrong, or trickery, of injustice, perhaps of death itself, come sweeping over us, to close the lips and wait, just wait until the flood shall have passed—there is strength for you. But after the flood there is the great calm that comes of endurance; there is the great courage that comes of victory. For there is victory in silence; always there is victory in silence. Only a weak spirit cares to spend itself in retort, in fighting, in censure, in blame; the greatness of the soul is in its ability to suffer and be still. Also comes growth through this same powerful medium.

This is the thing; just to be silent and let the waves beat. For beneath the waves is God; and beneath the wrong is the glory of integrity; and over all, sanctifying, blessing, making clear and sweet the waters of unrest, is that gentle spirit of obedience, which, with the consciousness of wrong to none, will sometime and in some way surely bring the troubled heart into the perfect and eternal port of peace, the consciousness of nobler manhood and truer womanhood which is, after all, the one real perfect attainment of life.

He who has forfeited the trust of his friends is to be pitied; he who has forfeited his own confidence is in danger of wreck. But he or she who has forfeited self-respect has indeed fallen upon misfortune.

To be silent is the sure and the safe thing always; there can be no blunders to regret when one sits still and waits. There can be no harsh words to unsay, bitterness to sting, no injustice to be flung some day into the teeth. But always is there a certain undefined, unknown something that will puzzle the wrongdoer and keep alive the unsatisfied wonder of those whose deeds have helped to set the seal of silence upon the lips of love. It is enough to know that one can act; it is enough to know that one holds the whip hand, without an eternal flourishing of it. Power loses its force when expended in threats. But to be silent, neither to harm nor to wish harm—that is the great triumph. And, after all, things have a way, a gentle, tender, glorious and happy way, of righting themselves without our help, if only we shall be brave enough, and wise enough and strong enough to wait and be silent.—W. A. D., in Nashville Banner.

**CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY AND THE PRESS**

The Catholic Truth Society have several branches to its work. One of them, which is doing a wonderful good, is the re-mailing of Catholic papers to poor and careless Catholics in all parts of the country. "The Power of the Press" is a noted saying. What an amount of good is done by the power of the Catholic press, and yet those who need it most are they who never come under its influence. Why? Because the subscribers as a rule are good Catholics, and those who are careless and neglected very seldom have the opportunity of reading this class of literature. The Catholic Truth Society therefore secured names and addresses of such people from priests all over the Dominion and Newfoundland; and many subscribers to our Catholic weeklies are responding to the appeals made, and volunteering to re-mail their paper each week, (after they have read it) to some name supplied by this Society. In this way the papers are serving a double purpose. Subscribers not only get the benefit, but the more needy, through this re-mailing, also receive and benefit by its influence.

A great amount of good has been done so far, and many families have come back to the sacraments of the Church simply through this medium. Everyone cannot be a missionary, but all of us, or with few exceptions, are anxious to assist in spreading the Faith, and here is an easy way of helping in this cause. By re-mailing your Catholic paper or magazine each week, you are the direct cause of keeping the Faith alive in some person's heart. People will read

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

**A VOICE FROM THE CRUCIFIX**

Ye gaze upon Me, hanging on the Cross, In blood stain'd desolation and distress; Ye pity Me for all My pain and loss, Naked and thirsting, wounded, comfortless! And tearfully ye sigh: "What can we do To soothe Your agony, beloved Lord? Fain upon softest bed of down, we'd solace You; Raiment and food and drink Your needs accord!" Thus would ye do? Ah! friends, when'er ye see One of My children, naked and forlorn, Homeless and hungry, thirsting, pitifully— Of every human consolation shorn— If, for My love, his naked limbs ye clothe, And give him food and drink and shelter free, Mine every Wound your tender care shall soothe, For, in him; ye shall feed and comfort Me! —ELIZABETH C. DONNELLY

**A SOBER IRELAND UNDER HOME RULE**

The Nationalist of Clonmel, Ireland, commenting on the many evidences of a growth of temperance sentiment in Ireland, says: "Success comes from the fact that the movement springs from the ranks of the people themselves. It shows their inherent goodness and commonsense, and is a happy augury for the future, for Ireland sober under Home Rule will be Ireland free indeed."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. J. J. BURKE, PHOENIX, ILL. PALM SUNDAY

THE LESSON OF THE CROSS

"My soul is sorrowful even unto death; stay you here and watch with Me. And going a little further He fell upon His face, praying and saying: My Father! if it be possible let this chalice pass from Me." (St. Matt. xxvi, 39, 42)

During the last days of the holy season of Lent we commemorate the sorrowful passion of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Until the day of His glorious resurrection summons us to joy, our hearts should dwell with His in the desolation of Gethsemani, in the cruelty of Jerusalem and in the ignominy of Calvary. We should bid farewell to Thabor and follow Jesus to Golgotha; forget His glories and reflect on His sorrows. There we will find abundance of solace for our grief, consolation for our afflictions and encouragement for our trials and tribulations.

The Passion of Jesus may be divided into five parts corresponding to the five sorrowful mysteries of the Rosary—The Agony of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemani, The Scourging of Jesus at the Pillar, The Crowning of Jesus with Thorns, The Carrying of the Cross by Jesus to Mount Calvary, The Crucifixion of Jesus on Mount Calvary.

First let us follow Him into the Garden of Olives, and witness the agony, that frightful mental suffering which was the beginning of His Passion. The Gospel account of the Agony is pathetic in the extreme. (St. Matt. xxvi, 37). "And Jesus taking with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee He began to grow sorrowful and to be sad. Then He said to them: My soul is sorrowful even unto death; stay here and watch with Me."

It is in His death on the cross He was like a God, in His Agony He was like a man. Falling on His face and remembering all the sins of the world, a bloody sweat oozed from His sacred body.

The moon with pale light never beheld such a sad spectacle as she gazed upon that awful night in the garden of Olives.

There passed before His mind in a sort of panoramic view all the treachery of the Jews, the hypocrisy of Judas, the denial of Peter, the sins of His dearest disciples and all those for whom through their own fault His blood would be shed in vain. How agonizing this must have been to the sensitive feelings of the amiable Jesus. How it caused the blood to trickle from every pore in His sacred body! Who can imagine the fearfulness of the conflict that caused that sweat of blood! Did you ever think that when you have offended God by sin, each offence was an additional pang to the heart of Jesus increasing the tortures of His agony? Grieve for those who have thus caused that blood to flow and resolve for the future to drink of that bitter chalice consecrated sacred lips—to drink of by His will and resignedly and penitently in trials and afflictions, in sorrow and contrition.

After Our Lord received the traitor's kiss and was seized by His enemies He was led to the city, where the scenes in that terrible tragedy follow one another in rapid succession. Denied by the Princes of the Apostles, presented to the high priests, scourged at Pilate's tribunal, mocked by Herod, He is finally scourged. "I find no cause in this man," says Pilate, "I will chastise Him, therefore, and let Him go." What a blasphemous thought! Chastise Him who is innocence, holiness, perfection itself! He is then scourged—a punishment reserved for the vilest of mankind. Imagine you see the innocent Lamb of God surrounded by that mob of ruffians, stripped with rudeness, His wrists bound, and tied to a pillar. He seems to be abandoned to the anger of God and the fury of men.

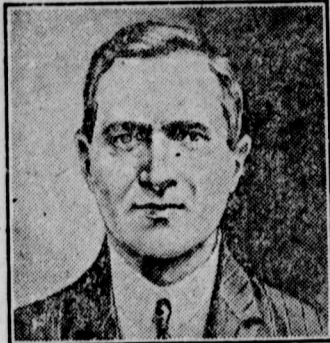
The brutal executioners shower on Him their cruel blows till He is covered with blood, gashed and swollen from head to foot. Every part of His sacred body is covered with one continuous bruise. Gash has run into gash and the flesh is torn in flakes from His bones. What a piteous spectacle Jesus now presents! What a contrast with what He was the day before, when seated at the table of His love with the twelve and John reposing on His bosom! What a tender sorrow we should feel and how we should deplore that sad change!

But another scene of barbarity yet remains. The fierce desires of the cruel soldiers are not yet exhausted. They know that Jesus had declared Himself King of the Jews, so they proceed to crown Him in mockery. They weave a crown of hard, sharp thorns and place it upon His sacred head. Then they press upon it until its points pierce the skin and penetrate the flesh.

The blood trickles down His face and neck and mingles with that of the scourge. In civilized countries everything possible is done to spare the suffering of one condemned to death. But these heartless, cruel, hardened ruffians, after placing in His tied and bleeding hands a reed as a scepter, passing before Him bent their knee in mockery, spit in His sacred face, struck His thorn-crowned head while they in derision saluted Him with the words "Hail, King of the Jews." Did refinement of cruelty ever exceed that of the Roman soldiers? Jesus standing there covered with blood, His face disfigured with the marks of blows and spit and blood, His eyes weary, His sacred body lacerated and mangled—even then in such an ab-

PAIN NEARLY DROVE HIM MAD

Suffered Horribly Until He Turned To "Fruit-a-tives"



J. A. CORRIVEAU

DRYSDALE, ONT., June 15th, 1913

"I am a general storekeeper at the above address, and on account of the great good I have experienced from using 'Fruit-a-tives', I recommend them strongly to my customers. They were a great boon to me, I can tell you, for about two years ago, I was laid up in bed with vomiting and a terrific pain at the base of my skull. The pain nearly drove me mad. Doctors feared it would turn to inflammation of the brain but I took 'Fruit-a-tives' steadily until I was cured. I have gained fifteen pounds since taking 'Fruit-a-tives' and I verily believe they saved me from a disastrous illness."

J. A. CORRIVEAU.

For Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and other diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood, 'Fruit-a-tives' is invaluable and infallible. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

ject condition a Godlike nobleness shown all over Him, causing Pilate to exclaim "Behold the man."

This appeal caused the mob to cry out "Crucify Him, crucify Him." "Take ye Him and crucify Him," said Pilate, "for I find no fault in Him." Then began His sorrowful journey with His cross to Calvary.

When we consider that Jesus after having been scourged and crowned with thorns was unjustly condemned by Pilate to die on the cross; that He was so weakened from loss of blood that He could scarcely walk with His heavy load; that falling several times the soldiers rudely struck Him; that stripping Him of His garments they treated Him so roughly that the torn flesh came with them; that these barbarians fastened Him with nails on the cross and allowed Him to die with anguish on that infamous gibbet; when, I say, we consider all these things and that He suffered all for our sins, can we help feeling compassion for Him and remorse for having by our sins been the cause of so much suffering, and will we not say with our whole heart "O my Jesus, I love Thee more than myself. I repent with my whole heart of having offended Thee. Grant that I may never offend Thee again, but that I may love Thee always and then do with me what Thou wilt."

What cruel torments He must have suffered during the time He remained on the cross. If it is wearying for us to remain a few hours in one position upon a soft bed, what must Jesus have suffered hanging on that hard cross with His body in such a condition? His body is one continuous wound against which His hard bed presses. Each of His hands, each of His feet, is pierced with a long nail, which, on account of the weight of His body, tears wider and wider the rent it has made. O what a smarting, torturing, pain He endured during the three hours of the crucifixion! Who can imagine all the King of martyrs suffered for the sake of others during that short time? "Surely He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows." (Isaiah liii, 4.) Man sins and the Son of God in order to make satisfaction for him is pleased to be condemned to death upon the cross. He was wounded for our iniquities. He was bruised for our sins. (Isaiah liii, 5.) If we had no other proof of the Divinity of Christ than His first words on the cross, they would be amply sufficient to convince us that He was God. Hanging on the cross surrounded by His murderers, before thinking of His mother, His friends or Himself He prays for His very executioners, His murderers. "Father forgive them." Can you look upon your Saviour and your God dying for His enemies and asking His Father to forgive them and to refuse to forgive those who may have injured you? After this brief consideration of the sorrows and afflictions of our God, suffering a bloody sweat in that garden of Gethsemani, scourged at a pillar in Pilate's hall, crowned with thorns, wounded from head to foot, His whole body mangled and streaming with blood, and all for us, will we not resolve to do something for Him?

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Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

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to give up some sin or sinful habit, to suffer something for Him and to have recourse to His sacraments especially to confession and Communion during the Paschal season? Such love for us as manifested by His great suffering and cruel death should cause us to love Him. Hard, indeed, must be the heart which, contemplating the Passion of Jesus Christ, will not be moved to compassion—to contrition, and to say "O my suffering Jesus, who hast endured so much for me and on account of my sins, I am sorry for having offended Thee. I love Thee more than myself, and to show my love for Thee and appreciation of Thy love and benefits I resolve to amend my life, to frequent the sacraments and to keep the commandments."

TEMPERANCE

HOW ALCOHOL RUINS MEMORIES

Dr. Smith of Heidelberg has recently conducted some experiments which show how alcohol thoroughly disturbs the memory. A number of persons were given three or four glasses of beer a day and required to memorize certain sentences, and write them down on paper. Half a dozen experiments were made with each person. No sentence was longer than four lines. The person was given the sentence and told to go and write it out; in fifteen or twenty minutes another sentence was given and the process repeated. For twenty days these experiments were carried on. The same amount of beer was given daily. After the sixth day the errors and losses in memory increased and on the twentieth day the losses amounted to 70 per cent; that is, in 100 experiments over 70 of them were errors and mistakes. The faults of memory steadily increased. The first day's experiments showed a small amount of errors. Then there was a steady increase.

This experiment confirms Prof. Kraepelin's test of remembering numbers and words. He found that without alcohol 100 figures could be remembered after 40 repetitions, an average of 2 1/2 numbers to each repetition. With alcohol the same person could only remember 60 figures after 60 repetitions, an average of 100 for each repetition. This showed a diminution of normal memory to the extent of over 40 per cent.

In every day life, where accuracy of memory is called for, it is a common fact that alcohol drinkers are the most unreliable. Events which seemed to make little or no impression on the brain when under the influence of spirits, and only with difficulty could be recalled. Even when remembered they were distorted and inaccurate.

These experiments bring out the astonishing fact that the memory of all the brain functions, suffers most pronouncedly from the use of alcohol. —Copyright 1914, by the Star Company.

BEER BREWING IN OLDEN TIMES

Lecturing at Newington, Edinburgh, recently, Councillor Hutchinson dealt with "Ancient Licensing Regulations and Their Effects." Among other things, says "Law Notes," the councillor observed that it was well established by The Book of the Dead that brewing was carried on in Egypt five thousand years ago, and what was also of great interest in view of recent legislation, and of bills in project to reduce the number of licensed houses, if not suppress them altogether, more than four thousand years ago demands arose in Egypt for a reduction of the number of places for the sale of beer, a sort of temperance (Egypt) bill, like the Scottish Temperance Bill.

SAVED WIFE FROM DRINK

WINNIPEG MAN SAVES HIS WIFE THROUGH SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION

How terrible the effects of the curse of drink when a woman is afflicted. Wives and daughters often save their husbands or fathers from the drink habit through giving tasteless Samaria to them in their tea, coffee or food. But this is the story of a young husband in Winnipeg who overcame all difficulties and saved his wife.

"The treatment of Samaria Prescription which I bought at Gordon Mitchell's Drug Store has saved my wife, who is still a young woman. It was only twelve months ago that she took to drink through trouble. I cannot thank you enough, for she never even thinks of it now, and if she goes near anyone who has had a drink, she always says how sick she feels. Do not use my name, as we are so well known."

Winnipeg, March 18th. Samaria Prescription stops that awful craving for drink, restores the shaking nerves, builds up the health and appetite and renders all alcoholic liquors distasteful, even nauseous. It is tasteless and odorless and can be given either with or without the patient's knowledge in tea, coffee or food.

If you know of any family needing Samaria Prescription, tell them about it. If you have a husband, father or friend, who is becoming a drunkard, help him to save himself. Used regularly by hospitals and physicians. Has restored happiness to hundreds of homes.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria with Booklet, giving full particulars, directions, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent in a plain sealed package to anyone mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Company, Dept. 11, 142 Mutual street, Toronto, Canada.

FOES TO ALCOHOL

Narcisse Quimet, the young French-Canadian, who stands champion among the golfers of the world, is a water-drinker. And so is every other sportsman of mark. Every club for golf or polo, lacrosse, cricket or football, is linked to teetotalism whether it knows it or not. No bar-room thus far has ever thriven close to a gymnasium, where the boys are well aware that beer and spirits never yet befriended hard muscles and stony nerves. A victors to-day as sportsmen lead the van in skill and daring. To a man they leave strong drinks alone.

Inventors in fields less hazardous than those of flight have been busy as apostles of cold water. These are days of swift motor cars, fast passenger elevators, of trains often speeded at more than a mile a minute. Our factories are crowded with quick and complex machines which demand, every moment, the utmost clearness of eye and certainty of touch. For security to life and limb, for celerity and quality in output, no dalliance with the beer mug is admissible. And here a word from Germany deserves attention. In Berlin the General Electric Company five years ago established a canteen for its thousands of hands. Of course, beer was provided, in addition, tea, coffee, seltzer and lemonade were furnished, all of capital quality, at the rate of 2 1/2 cents per pint. Mark the reward which attended purveying soft drinks with nicety and care. At first their sale was but one-third as much as that of beer. To-day non-alcoholic drinks enjoy a demand more than twice as large as that of beer. Yet more: the Company's record shows a steady diminution in "accidents," standing plainly in the credit of its water-wagons. It has long been demonstrated that in all cases of bodily injury, treatment is simplified when the patient is a water-drinker, while his recovery is hastened and assured.

THE SALOON MUST GO

The country is tired of the liquor traffic, says "The Coal Dealer." The Church is fighting it. Temperance organizations are united for its overthrow and congress has recently dealt it some heavy blows. About one-half of its population now live in dry territory and two-thirds of the area of the United States is free from the legalized saloon.

If business men will admit it and give the matter unbiased investigation, it will be found that liquor enters into the present day economic problem more than any other phase of life. There is no doubt but that the manufacturer and mine owner would get better results from labor employed free from booze, and it is a dead certainty that the merchant and retailer at large would find his collections easier and better if the vast amount expended for liquor was directed into the channel of trade and the purchase of necessities.

Unless a tree has borne blossoms in spring, you will vainly look for fruit on it in autumn.

The holiest of all days are those kept by ourselves in silence apart; though secret anniversaries of the heart.

There is no place where weeds do not grow, and there is no heart where errors are not to be found.

Prove It Yourself Without Cost



"1900" Gravity Washer

I will send you a "1900" Gravity Washer for 30 days FREE TRIAL—not a cent of cost to you—I pay freight. Everybody who has used this Washer says it is the "best ever." Write me to-day personally for booklet and particulars.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE EDUCATION OF THE MIND

The mind has three faculties—understanding, will and memory.

Understanding is made up of perception, imagination and judgment. These powers can all be educated.

The chief objects of mental education are, to cultivate and discipline the mind, and to store it with those great facts and principles which compose the elements of all knowledge.

The studies to be pursued, then, are to be chosen with reference to these objects, and not merely for the purpose of making the mind a vast storehouse of knowledge.

This understanding of the objects of education is also necessary, to stimulate the young to prosecute their studies in the most profitable manner.

If their object were merely to acquire knowledge, the more aid they could get from their teachers the better, because they would thus obtain information the more rapidly.

But the object being to discipline the mind, call forth its energies, and obtain a thorough knowledge of elementary principles, what is studied out, by the unaided efforts of the pupil, is worth a hundred times more as a training for the mind, than that which is communicated by an instructor.

I do not mean to commend self-confidence in a bad sense. For any one to be so confident of his own power as to think he can do things which he cannot, or to fancy himself qualified for stations which he is not able to fill, is foolish and vain.

moments the problem was solved. I can scarcely point to any single event, which has had more influence upon the whole course of my life than this.

In prosecuting your studies, endeavor always, if possible, to overcome every difficulty without the aid of others. This practice, besides giving you the confidence of which I have spoken, will give you a much better knowledge of the branches you are pursuing, and enable you, as you advance, to proceed much more rapidly.

GOOD AND BETTER To wish is good. To try is better. To keep on trying when things do not go smoothly and easily, that is best and bravest of all.

Ask any man, who is looked upon as an expert or an authority in his work, whether it be trade or profession: "Did you ever meet any discouragements along the road to success? Were there any drawbacks to your plans, any hard places, any failures? Was it all smooth sailing, clear skies and fair breezes?"

If he has any sense of humor, he will laugh at such an absurd question. If he is a serious-minded person, he will shake his head solemnly at your folly. No matter how he does it, he will give you the same reply. It will be a story of obstacles overcome; of hard-fought battles won; of times when he set his teeth and said, "I will," when everything and everybody seemed shouting, "You can't."

So boys, go ahead and wish all you please, but see that your wishing leads to something good and worthy. If you are the average bright, sensible boy, you will not waste much wishing on foolish things, harmful things, evil things. Instead, you will wish for the best things in life, try for them with all of your might, and march gladly on to victory.

WILLIE USES HIS EYES In his daily half-hour confidential talk with his boy-an ambitious father tried to give some good advice.

Several days later, when the entire family, consisting of his mother, aunt and uncle, were present, his father said: "Well, Willie, have you kept using your eyes as I advised you to do?"

teeth in her dresser; ma's got some curls in her hat, and pa's got a pack of cards and box of dice behind the bookcase."—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S TRUE ORNAMENT

The Christian young woman's true ornament is not found in dress. Beautiful clothes, judged in the light of faith, count for nothing. The Holy Spirit warns women against vanity in dress: "Women also in decent apparel: adorning themselves with modesty and sobriety not with plaited hair or gold, or pearls, or costly attire" (1 Tim. II, 9).

Then I said, "Surely there used to be a little chapel, down below the pulpit?"

"Yes," he answered laconically, "it's closed."

"But isn't it still there," I persisted, "isn't it used now? Perhaps it's not safe?"

It is indeed a tragic state of things. Here are these people, believing just as we do, that Our Lord is really present in the Blessed Sacrament. Yet the door of the chapel must be kept locked, and the very fact of its existence concealed, and that, presumably as a result of the attitude of their own Bishop and in deference to the opinions of members of their own communion.

ENGLAND'S "ALMOST" CATHOLICS A correspondent of the Tablet (London) tells a little story that can not fail to touch the reader's heart:

A short time ago I found myself in a town where, as a child brought up in a thoroughly Protestant atmosphere, I had, while staying with some relations, my first experience of a "High Church."



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THE VIRGIN BIRTH

For some time the newspapers have been putting this subject before their readers. For the sake of the public, therefore, it is necessary to explain it.

The perpetual virginity of the Mother of God is an article of faith so intimately connected with the Incarnation, that a right belief in the one cannot stand long without a right belief in the other. The Catholic Church teaches that the Mother of God was a virgin in the conception of her Divine Son, in His birth, and ever afterwards; and this is the force of the term "perpetual."

Although the denial to Our Lady of her title of Mother of God leads, as a logical consequence, to the corruption of the true idea of the Incarnation and every false notion that flows from this, yet the denial of the Virgin Birth does not come about formally in this way.

Then I said, "Surely there used to be a little chapel, down below the pulpit?"

It is indeed a tragic state of things. Here are these people, believing just as we do, that Our Lord is really present in the Blessed Sacrament. Yet the door of the chapel must be kept locked, and the very fact of its existence concealed, and that, presumably as a result of the attitude of their own Bishop and in deference to the opinions of members of their own communion.

Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use. \$2.00 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 5 K free.

They are continually misunderstood, ridiculed and even persecuted, their most sacred beliefs are denied and scorned by members of their own body.

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When we think of all this, it should help us to cast out of our hearts all feelings towards those of pity, of sympathy, with fellow Christians who are vainly longing for the privileges which we so freely enjoy.

Let us then argue less, and pray more, redoubting our supplications as we kneel before the Blessed Sacrament, that all who believe with us in that glorious liberty which is only to be found in the true Church of Jesus Christ.

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### Over a Million

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### "PILATE'S DAUGHTER"

Londoners are in for a treat on Tuesday evening, April 7th, when the St. Mary's Dramatic Society will present "The Mystic Rose" or "Pilate's Daughter." The Amateur Dramatic Clubs of London have given five dramatic productions in the past but none have yet attempted anything so pretentious as "The Mystic Rose." It goes without saying that this will be an unequalled success (as have all past efforts of St. Mary's Dramatic. This play is strictly religious in character, dealing with the crucifixion and especially with Pilate's part in this everlasting drama of Christianity, but, of course, no effort is made to introduce the character of Our Lord upon the stage. Owing to its religious nature this play is being presented in Holy Week, as a fitting prelude to the events of this great week.

The play itself is written by Rev. F. L. Kenzel, C. S. S. R., and has been presented with great success in the different Redemptorist parishes of America, the author being a member of this great order. In Boston the play is presented by the members of the Redemptorist parish, every year, twice each week all during Lent. So great is the desire to see it, that the reserved seat tickets for all these performances are sold before the first performance is given. It is hoped that Londoners will show a like appreciation. Only too often in the past have London audiences shown a preference and a decided one for light and sometimes none too choice amusements. Now is the chance for the Catholics of the city to show that they appreciate the really high class in dramatic art.

The cast consists of twenty-four young ladies who are being capably trained under the personal direction of Rev. Father Brennan, Professor of Theology in St. Peter's Seminary. The part of Claudia, Pilate's daughter, who is just a child in the first act, will be taken in this act by little Merlyn O'Donnell, the most talented child actress that Londoners have yet had the good fortune to witness.

### REV. FATHER BENNETT'S FIRST MASS

St. Basil's church, Toronto, was filled to its utmost capacity Sunday, 22nd March, when Father John Bennett, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Bennett, Toronto, celebrated his first Solemn High Mass. Father Bennett was ordained, with eleven others of his class, in the chapel of Seton Hall College, South Orange, by the Right Rev. J. J. O'Connor, of Newark, N. J. He returned to Toronto, his home, with his parents, brother and sister, who were present at his ordination, to celebrate his first Mass. He was

assisted by his two cousins, Fathers Tom and Jos. Ferguson of Hamilton diocese, who acted as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, and another cousin, Father T. Heydon, of St. Michael's College, acted as arch-priest. One of the most eloquent sermons ever heard in St. Basil's church was delivered by the young priest's uncle, Rev. James R. Ferguson, of Newark, N. J., on the duties and sacrifices of the priest.

Father Bennett comes of a family that has given many of its sons and daughters, to the Church. The late Father Michael Ferguson, of Sandwich, was a cousin and Sister M. Seraphina, of Mount Hope, London, Ont., is an aunt of the young priest. Father Bennett will be stationed in Newark diocese.

### NAZARETH ACADEMY

On the feast of St. Joseph, at the Chapel of the Motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Diocese of Detroit, Nazareth, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, Miss Margaret Bergens, of Portland, and Miss Mae Crotty, of Pontiac, received the habit and became novices of the Sisterhood. They will hereafter be known as Sister M. Corona and Sister M. Esther. The following Sisters took their first vows: Sister M. Aquinas, Sister M. Laurentia, Sister M. Norberta and Sister M. Emmanuel. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev. John Koelzer of Portland. There was a large attendance of friends and relatives.

### FRIEND, NIAGARA

The matter referred to was a typographical error. The difference will be acknowledged in our issue of April 4.

### DIED

**PEARSON.**—At her late residence 101 Pearl street, Brantford, Ont., Mrs. Sarah A. Pearson. May her soul rest in peace!

**TOPPINGS.**—At Deseronto, Ont., March 18, 1914, Miss Catharine Toppings. May her soul rest in peace!

### ANOTHER ANGLICAN RECTOR A CONVERT

The Rev. F. J. McLoughlin Day senior curate of St. Andrew's Anglican church, Taunton, for the past four years, and previously engaged at Oldbury, Birmingham, has written to his vicar, the Rev. George Rusk, informing him that he had decided to secede from the Church of England and to enter the Catholic Church. Mr. Day graduated at Oxford, with theological honors, and was for some time a theological student at St. Stephen House, Oxford.—Catholic Columbian.

### EASTER DECORATING

Last Easter our artificial flowers were used in over 200 churches for decorating. This year we expect more. We have lowered our prices to about 1/2 the price of natural flowers. Easter Lilies, 40 cents a dozen. Iris Lilies, 40 cents a dozen. Tulips, 40 cents a dozen. Chrysanthemums and Roses, 40 cents a dozen. Waxed roses 2 in a cluster, 50 cents a dozen. Apple Blossoms and Violet bunches, 40 cents a dozen. Large White Bells, suitable for weddings, 22 inches long, 25 cents each, smaller ones at 5 and 15 cents each. Write at once, Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ont.

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A QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR a junior class room of C. S. S. No. 6, in the village of Barry's Bay, township of Sherwood. Kindly apply, stating salary and qualifications to William Kirwan, Sec. Treas., Separate School No. 6, Barry's Bay, Ont. 1850-3.

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#### PRESS COMMENTS

Three sisters of Alberton, P.E.I., who were employed in the United States, sent their spare earnings home two years ago to be invested in the fur-farming business, and their profits have averaged \$15,000 yearly since.

A bookkeeper in the employ of Mr. Fred L. Rogers, the Governor's son, of Alberton, invested \$300 three years ago, and is now worth \$45,000 directly from this source.

Mr. Frank Hall, clerk at Holman's, Limited, received \$25,000 from an investment of \$500 made in this business for a year.

Seven clerks and managers in Summerside pooled \$500 each in 1910 and purchased a pair of silver foxes for \$3,500. The seller, feeling that he had driven a splendid bargain, cared for the pair for a year. The first litter consisted of seven pups. The seven owners have received \$36,000 cash dividends since, and the pair bought for \$3,500 could be sold for \$35,000 today. Mr. Austin Scales, of St. Eleonors, is a member of this association.

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To Wm. Moran, Secy-Treas., St. Lawrence Silver Black Fox Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 506, Ch. Town, P.E.I.

I hereby make application for ..... shares of the capital stock of the St. Lawrence Silver Black Fox Co. Ltd., Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and enclose \$ ..... being 20 per cent of total amount and agree to pay the balance on or before the first of August, 1914.

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Address.....  
Occupation.....  
Total amount \$.....

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