

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1915

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COME TO STAY

The "moving picture show" has come to stay. A financier whose interests led him to study the statistics of this mode of entertainment in the United States says that 6,600,000 see the shows daily. The great majority of these people are children. It reaches them at the most susceptible period of their lives. It is a tremendous power for good or evil. The Catholic people by their activity or apathy can determine which it shall be. On them, therefore, rests the responsibility.

"HUGH: MEMORIES OF A BROTHER"

By no means the least interesting thing about this remarkable study is its clear though light sketching of the Bensons as a family. The Archbishop is shown somewhat in the background, a rather pathetic father of the old school, devoted to his children yet somehow aloof—inaccessible, as it were, a man who "loved family life, but had an almost tremulous sense of his parental responsibility." It is the mother who is the calm, potent source of the family life: from her appears to have descended, if not the talent or the immense industry of her children, that uncommon strength of sinew which is necessary for such labours as theirs. Several group portraits of the three brothers are reproduced—there was, as in so many families of genius, another brother, the most brilliant of them all, who died young. Almost from the first of the series, one fancies them written clear by photography, Benson the Don, Benson the clever story-teller, Benson the priest. The last, who possessed the talents of all three, is Hugh of this book. He is not a saint but a very natural and most human person.

Mr. Benson deprecates the generalization which has attributed his brother's accession to the "Church of Rome" as a saintly yielding up of the will. He believes that his happiness in his calling was owing to the fact that there "he had found the exact milieu in which he could use his will to the best effect." There was never anything ascetic or negative about him. Submission to the spiritual authority of the Church, was, to put it crudely, washing his hands of the whole spiritual bother; it left him free for all sorts of activity. And activity was the one thing necessary, as a priest, writer, preacher, householder—so was it that he finally burned himself out before his time. He died just after the outbreak of this great war: already he had offered himself for service as a chaplain at the front.

There is an uncommon appeal in the little priestly figure, so busy, so eager about the things most worth while, and yet possessed of a sort of remoteness, a child quality which the years were powerless to touch. At any age Father Benson must have "died young." Its frankness and tenderness make of this little record a singularly beautiful memorial.

BEAUTIFUL BELGIUM

Martyred Belgium still mourns her desolate territories and profaned sanctuaries: her banished sons and daughters are bereft of all except sad memories and hopes of restoration by friendly Powers, yet the first shock is happily over and she is beginning to breathe freely again. From her ashes a new life will arise and her future will be likely to surpass the comfortable past. Her depths have been sounded: her moral forces mobilized for greater achievements in the fields of conflict against the foes of liberty, or orderly growth of the higher civilization. Those of us who knew her in the years that preceded her bitter cross and passion may have only viewed her indolently: her smallness bred but slight respect: her fitness seemed poorly compensated by her intensive horticulture: her industries were mostly grimy, though of course we admired her eagerness and thrift, her old cities and new boulevards, her hotels de ville and cathedrals, with the artistic treasures they sheltered.

Tourists smiled at her effusive and military drillings and prancings, carried on within the sound and sight of Waterloo; reprehended the use of dogs in milkcoats, and voted the Brussels shops copies of the Parisian ones. They lounged through Malines and bought a lace collar or two, got mildly interested at Ghent in the Van Eycks' pictures or in St. Baron, and spent perhaps a curious hour at the Petit Beguinage, Notre Dame. Now we must bow reverently before her noble sacrifice, admire her kingly chief and his brave comrades, expect great things from her awakened soul and sense of heightened values. Redeemed and purified in the fires of affliction, to what glorious destiny may she not attain? We may leave the question for time to answer. Well-informed thinkers know that these people have sprung from the loins of heroes. Size is not everything. Big hearts are more than a match for big guns. The Kaiser and his hosts had better hesitate long before thrusting their hands a second time into the heart of loyal little Belgium.

WITH HONOUR AND PROGRESS

We have lately celebrated the Centenary of Waterloo, but in how different a spirit from the one which had become traditional in English circles! Napoleonism found its grave in 1815: strange that its pale shadow should have come to judgment in 1915! But how great the contrast between the means and instruments employed then and now. If long and costly preparation, fierce hunger for victory over a despised foe, engines of destruction such as the world never knew before could reverse that former verdict against the brute force that would subordinate Right to Might, then indeed there would be little hope of saving civilization. But France stands with bare breast, invincible in her armour of just indignation, to oppose her non possumus, which is a word of fate. Soon the ruthless invader will be driven across the frontier. The ruined cities and villages will be rebuilt, and the polluted precincts cleansed. Once more the stream of tourists will flow across the channel to visit the shrines and picturesque places of La Belle France. Rheims will no longer rear her splendid front to the sky, but Amiens will remain a joy forever. Still admiring travellers will climb the towers of Notre Dame to view the city outspread: will crowd the Madeleine, stand spellbound at Lourdes: gaze endlessly in the shop windows and sample the resorts of the Boulevards. They may still prefer busy London, but they will have learned to appreciate the works and ways of a people whom we have at last come to know as they are—a people capable of great and noble enterprises, no less bent upon progress in the peaceful arts, side by side with ourselves, than resolved to defend at all costs the liberties they have won. We cannot fully enlarge upon the vast debt to civilization that France rightly claims as her due. The spell of her great authors, preachers, thinkers, and inventors still overhangs twentieth century Europe. In the large and varied evolution of the race France is destined to play a more important part than ever. She has sloughed off her old skin, flung aside the incubus of despotism, allied herself with the higher forces that make for human progress and freedom. Brute militarism cannot crush her. Her heroic sons and daughters are growing worthier of their leading place in the marching files whose function it is to inaugurate the Golden Age, laying sure and strong the foundations of a better life.

THE IRREPRESSIBLES

We read in Mr. Harold Ashton's vivid pictorial account of the war in its earlier stages, with what irrefragable gale the relief troops going to the front singing "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," changed when they reach the firing line to "Onward Christian Soldiers!"—not exactly appropriate to the occasion, but fulfilling "Tommy's" expectation that the righteous cause he stood for was somehow identical with the guaranteed triumph the hymn celebrated. Anyhow, Tommy was nearer the mark than the foe whose beast of "Deutschland über Alles" scarcely

seemed to suit the circumstances of broken lines making for the rear. We are not assuming that cowardice is the common characteristic of these conscripts from Bavaria, Saxony, and other states beyond the Rhine: we are only emphasizing a quality in which they are notoriously deficient. It would need another Carravante to depict worthily the assault of the Kaiser and his hosts upon the Allies. No knight-errant, not even he of the rufous countenance, ever set out upon a wilder adventure than did the master of many legions when he threw down the gauntlet in the face of Western Europe. Moreover, Quixote was really full of benevolent intentions, though, alas, sadly lacking in the sense of humor which is the crowning gift of the best and wisest among mortals! A plentiful lack of this saving quality distinguishes the whole German race in these degenerate days, from the pastors and professors down to the tolling folk. A kind of dull dementia has darkened their view of their neighbors. Now we know that our own industrialists are not fitted, as Gilbert put it, to "shine in the high aesthetic line," but in mother wit and ready speech that implies an unfeeling fund of cheerfulness they will compare favourably with any people under heaven.

WINNING HIS SPURS

At recruiting and patriotic meetings no more powerful and convincing speeches have been delivered than those of Hon. T. W. McGarry. In telling illustration, in clear and striking presentation of facts, and in command of vigorous English he has revealed unexpected qualities and resources. No one in any of the Provinces, is doing better service for Canada and the Empire than the Provincial Treasurer. It is apparent that Mr. Hearst acted with wisdom and discretion when he inducted Mr. McGarry and Mr. Ferguson to enter the Provincial Cabinet.—Toronto News.

STUPID CENSORSHIP

If our own nation are to rise to the heights of a situation which threatens to become a fact of the highest interest and importance, it is imperative that they should no longer be kept in the dark as to its real nature.

For this reason we are compelled to call attention to what may appear a trifling incident, but is really typical of an ingrained habit of the Government in its dealings with the public. The news of the Greek Prime Minister's resignation was despatched to us by our Athens correspondent before 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening, and it reached London in plenty of time for publication in The Times recently. It recorded the bare fact of the resignation without any comment. It was the literal truth, neither exaggerated nor colored, about a fact of the highest interest and importance which could not possibly be long concealed. It was apparently given out to the French newspapers in time for them to publish leading articles upon it. What was the action of our own censors? They kept it back until 11 yesterday morning. The result, we need hardly say, was to deprive our readers of information of great importance, the immediate publication of which could not possibly have harmed our national interests.

If this wilful suppressive veil were not characteristic of the fashion in which these officials exercise their functions, we should have attributed it to inadvertence or to carelessness. But it does not stand alone. It is one of a long series of suppressions which show that the first instinct of the censors is to hide bad news from the nation. Where total concealment is practicable it is deliberately practised. Where this is impossible the news is postponed, or doled out in dribbles, or both. The message from Athens was not the only communication to our columns recently to which the principle was applied. The brilliant despatch from Mr. John Buchan of the fighting near Loos was grievously mutilated before it was suffered to appear. We say nothing of the excisions freely made from a descriptive account of a struggle which had taken place ten days before—an account which only related what was perfectly well known to the Germans. But we are compelled to state that the censors refused to pass a tribute which Mr. Buchan had paid to the nerve and tenacity and skill of the Germans, while they freely passed a corresponding tribute to the gallantry of our own troops in attacking such formidable foes. In other words, they gave one-half of the picture and suppressed the other, thereby distorting the effect of the whole. That, we venture to say, is not the way to make a high-spirited and self-

respecting people put out their full strength in the war. There is something ignoble and eminently un-English in these studied efforts to hide, or to garble, the truth if the truth is thought to be unpalatable. Not until the nation knows the full extent of the task before them, and the full measure of the efforts it demands, shall we even begin to draw near the victory we mean to win.—London Times.

MORE ANGLICAN CLERGY CONVERTS

Whether it is the War or Kikuyu or the general failure of Anglicanism that is at the root of it, the fact remains that the tide of Anglican conversions flows apace. Two more clergymen, this time from Leeds were reported recently as having been received into the Church at Ampleforth Abbey, Yorkshire, by Dom Wilfrid Willson, O. S. B. These were Rev. Henry J. Poskitt, M. A., senior curate at St. Hilda's, Leeds, and Rev. Cecil Francis Farrar, B. A., curate at St. Saviour's, Leeds; and it is expected that both gentlemen will go on to the priesthood. Leeds has always been a great centre of Ritualism and a nursery of converts, at least since the early Tractarian days. In the forties of last century, the practices and devotions carried on at St. Saviour's gave great annoyance to Dr. Hock, who was vicar of Leeds and representative of the High and Dry Anglicans of the period. To Kettle and Pusey the conversion of so many of its clergy were, in Pusey's words, "heart-breaking events"; and readers of Mr. Parcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning" will remember how the "secessions to Rome" at St. Saviour's caused distress to Manning, then (1874) Archbishop of Chichester, just before his long and serious illness. He complained in a letter to Pusey of some Church of England clergy as "revising the Reformation." In 1846 Rev. R. G. M. Mullen, curate at St. Saviour's, became a Catholic, and was afterwards Canon of Westminster. In 1851 again five Leeds clergy, all of St. Saviour's, along with two others, were received into the Church by Father John Henry Newman of the Birmingham Oratory. So that Leeds is still keeping up its long and honorable tradition. May it ever continue to do so!—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

BROAD CULTURE AND A WIDE SPIRIT OF TOLERATION

By a vote of seven to six, the Toronto Board of Education refused to award a plumbing contract for Park School to the lowest tenderers, W. J. McGuire, Ltd., on the ground that Mr. W. J. McGuire was a supporter of the Separate Schools system. Apart from the needless expenditure of \$492—the difference between the rejected and accepted tenders—such a decision is most regrettable at the present juncture, and, were the Separate School Board disposed to follow the bad example, liable to lead to reprisals and to fan into flame the dying embers of sectarian strife. The action of the Toronto Board of Education is penalizing a worthy citizen for supporting a school system which has the sanction of the law is not only indefensible but impolitic, calculated, as it is, to exercise a baneful influence in civic life. If our Public system of education stands for anything it stands for a broader culture and a wider spirit of toleration among the children who in years to come will be responsible for the growth and development of high civic and national ideals.

The refusal of the Board to award the contract to a Catholic firm is not only out of harmony with the spirit of the times, but is contrary to the practice which has obtained on the Separate School Board for at least some years past. The Globe is informed that the Separate School Board awards its contracts on business grounds only, and that Protestants, and even Orangemen, have received contracts where the prices justified the award. If this is the case in regard to Catholic contracts, is it not a thousand pities that, in the midst of a gigantic struggle in which race and religion find a common level in the trenches on the firing line, the city of Toronto, which has risen so magnificently to its opportunities since the outbreak of war, should tolerate such a gross injustice to a reputable citizen? At a time when war is a great unifying influence in our midst, when the claims of country and Empire and civilization call for united effort in many fields of human endeavor, it is lamentable that a Board charged with the sacred function of directing the education of the young should strike such a discordant note. Only last week Toronto city presented the noble spectacle of a community of one mind and one thought in its philanthropic desire to support the British Red Cross Fund. No question of creed or race marred the success of its efforts. Catholic and Protestant were rivals only in the determination to give practical effect to Christian teaching.

The fight in Europe to-day is for a broader spirit of toleration between the nations; for the freedom and the rights of minorities. The curse of Germany is that for forty years a vicious bent has been given to her educational system, which has transformed the nation into a fighting machine dominated by brutalizing ideas that are a negation of all accepted Christian teaching. This war will have been fought in vain if peace among the nations is not reinforced by a spirit of good will among men.—Toronto Globe.

THE ARMENIANS

Pope Benedict XV, has secured a pledge from the Sultan of Turkey that the persecution of the Armenian Christians shall cease. But the havoc among them has already been frightful. It is estimated that the victims of the Turks number between 700,000 and 800,000. As to the nature of these atrocities, the experience of Christian Europe for many centuries shows that the minds of the Turks ordinarily run in two channels when their fanaticism is aroused. We take this extract from the London Times: "The provincial authorities generally carried out the task entrusted to them only too thoroughly, and, unlike the previous historic massacres, the present atrocities are not confined to a definite area. From Samsun and Trebizond, from Ordu and Aintab, from Marash and Erzerum come the same tales of atrocities—of men shot down in cold blood, crucified, mutilated, or dragged off for labor battalions, of children carried off and forcibly converted to Islam, of women enslaved in the interior, shot down, or sent off with their children to the desert west of Mosul, where there is neither water nor food, or to Deirzoor, between Aleppo and Bagdad, where there is no food, in either case to die miserably. Many of these unfortunates did not reach their destination, because the escort so overrode the victims that many fell out, and, as flogging and kicking were unavailing, they were left to perish by the roadside, their corpses distinctly defining the route followed. Many were tied back to back in pairs and thrown into rivers alive."

The Allies are fighting the Turks, who are sufficiently defined their attitude. The Holy See has intervened, with such result as we have already noted. The United States has made its protest. Germany, even has made an official remonstrance; but the slaughter and rapine of the Turks finds extenuators among high-placed Germans. Count von Reventlow appears to think that Turkey had a case against "the bloodthirsty Armenians," as he describes the victims: a phrase which irresistibly reminds us of the bloodthirsty lamb which muddled the waters for the beneficent and justice-loving wolf. The Turks have more than a little reverence for the Kaiser since that most Christian ruler sent a perpetual lamp to burn at the tomb of the Sultan Saladin. We wonder, incidentally, what those non-German Catholics who have grown so fond of the Kaiser think of this, and whether it is balanced in their minds by his obtaining from the Sultan a traditional revered site in Holy Land for the Catholics. To us, the two-fold incident savors too much of the "Good Lord! Good Devil!" spirit. "What with the recent Zeppelin raids in London and a fresh horror in Belgium, German rebuffs of Turkish cruelty would hardly be graceful. The remnant of the Armenians will fight in the armies of the Allies.—Boston Republic.

HOLY NAME RALLIES

Everywhere the Holy Name rallies are producing a wholesome effect. They are helping to attract the eyes of men even more to that city built upon the mountain which can no longer be ignored. The public press takes notice of them, often in enthusiastic terms. Men are impressed with the sincerity and profound convictions of the participants in these vast demonstrations. "It was a wonderful sight, a remarkable and inspiring demonstration," says the Passaic Daily News. "The parade and celebration of the Holy Name Societies was the most impressive and triumphant success of any similar affair on record." From Paterson comes the same note of deep appreciation in the secular Press Guardian: "Kneeling on the green turf, just as the sun dipped below the Preahnese hills, bathing the countryside in golden hues and scintillating on the rippling waters of the Passaic below, 10,000 Catholics bared and bowed their heads and recited Pope Benedict's prayer for peace. The impressive sight came as the conclusion of the most impressive Holy Name demonstration ever witnessed in Paterson."

So city after city becomes the scene of these splendid manifestations of Catholic Faith. All men of discernment and good will must realize that here is unfolding before their eyes a glorious movement that must be welcomed with sincerest joy by every

loyal citizen. The Baltimore Sun writes:

"The parade of the Holy Name Societies of the Diocese of Baltimore, in which 17,000 Catholics of Baltimore and other Maryland cities, Washington and Alexandria, marched for three hours yesterday, was lauded by Protestant ministers from Washington pulpits last night. The Rev. Dr. Randolph H. McKim, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Epiphany and one of the best known clergymen of Washington, declared that 'the desire to combat blasphemy is the excellent object of the millions banded together for that purpose, and may God bless their efforts.'" . . . The Rev. John MacMurray, pastor of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, extolled the work of the Holy Name Society and suggested the formation by the Protestant churches of a similar organization."

At the Holy Name Rally held in Cincinnati 40,000 men participated in the parade, according to the Catholic Telegraph, and 20,000 spectators were crowded in the park around the reviewing stand, upon which a temporary altar had been erected for the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.—America.

CARDINAL FOR SCOTLAND

FIRST TIME SINCE REFORMATION THE COUNTRY WILL HAVE ONE Catholic Priest Association Service

For the first time since the Reformation a Scottish prelate is to be made a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals, to represent a nation which is fast returning to the faith. Many names are suggested, but nothing is really known as to the personality of the new Cardinal, although Scottish hopes are centered on the beloved Archbishop of Glasgow, Most Rev. Dr. Maguire, who is soon to celebrate the golden jubilee of his priesthood and the silver jubilee of his episcopate.

Such an appointment would give great satisfaction, and could not bring disappointment to England, which has already two Cardinals, while Ireland may possibly hope for another one, being the most Catholic nation of the three.—Church Progress.

APPRECIATED

The Square Deal, in its October issue, gives the following appreciative notice of the effective service rendered to capital and labor in a threatened industrial conflict by a well-known priest of the St. Louis archdiocese:

"The timely intervention of Father Timothy Dempsey, pastor of St. Patrick's church here, and founder of his famous workmen's hotel, brought to a sudden and last month a strike of 1,500 teamsters, which threatened at the time to completely tie up the city's transfer industry. Serious trouble was imminent when Father Dempsey stepped in, and it was feared that at least 3,500 union men in other industries closely allied with the transfer business, would walk out in sympathy. In a few hours' time the venerable priest had brought employer and employees together and secured an increase of 50 cents a week for the striking teamsters, and also a reduction in time was granted. Drivers by this agreement will not be required to work on Sundays, and those who are to be discharged are to be so notified the night before. The agreement is for two years."

"As a result of Father Dempsey's success in this strike Mayor Kiel has planned to create an industrial dispute Commission to arbitrate differences arising between employer and employee. The idea originated with the priest, who, it is believed, will be named a member of the Commission. A proposed ordinance establishing such commission is now being drawn up by City Counselor Daves."

Father Dempsey has for long years heroically devoted himself to the cause of those who can best be described as the fotsam jand jatsam of humanity, or in the more expressive language of the street, "the down and out." He has earned the confidence that is placed in him.—America.

THE "CHRIST" OF THE PASSION PLAY DEAD

Miss Isabel Brown of Chicago has received a letter from Innsbruck, Austria, telling of the death in battle of Anton Lang, who played the part of Christ in the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

Lang's death, the letter says, was tragic. He had been sent to the front with the German army, and the scenes he saw were so terrible that he broke down and had to return to Bavaria. After recuperating he was again sent to fight and was killed in action.

The actor's trade was that of a potter, and his pottery was known all over the world. Lang has been seen in the part of Christ by millions—many of them Americans, who made visits every ten years to Oberammergau to see the Passion Play.—Buffalo Echo.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Of the 55,000,000 people of Japan, about 72,000 are Catholics.

The latest figures indicate that there are over 1,000,000 Hibernians in the world.

"The report that Signor Nathan had been appointed Syndic of Villa Grande, recently occupied by the Italian troops is not true," says Rome.

At Ostia, near Rome, the now light-house of Terra S. Michele, which is 2,250 yards inland from the Mediterranean, was built by Michael Angelo in 1567.

Rev. Michael J. Scanlan, Director of the Catholic Charitable Bureau of Boston, has been appointed to succeed the late Judge Harvey H. Baker as President of the Massachusetts State Conference of Charities.

St. George's Church, Empire, La., has been completely wrecked by a cyclone. The church furnishings, consisting of new pews, altars, Stations of the Cross and organ, also vestments, are a total loss.

St. Alphonsus' parish in Ireland, is said to have the largest religious sodality of any single Church in the world. The Archconfraternity of the Holy Family now numbers over 7,000 persons.

Scannell O'Neil of the Catholic Citizen is authority for the statement that William Galt, brother-in-law of the future Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, was until death several years ago a member of St. Patrick's parish, Washington, D. C.

The London Universe chronicles the reception into the Church by Father Wonnacott (himself a convert) of Mr. John Cox, a prominent member of the "Catholic League" (Anglican) and Secretary of the South London branch of "The Living Rosary of Our Lady and St. Dominic."

Those interested in the unfortunate lepers will be interested to learn that the devoted apostle, Brother Dutton, is still at his post at Molokai to be more exact at Kalawan. He has not left his charges since April 15, 1893, twenty-two years ago. He is a busy man and not much given to writing. His whole attention is given to his work.

His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., has appointed Cardinal William Van Rossum Grand Penitentiary of the Holy Catholic Church, the highest post ever given to a Dutch cardinal. The post was left vacant by the recent death of Cardinal Sebastien Vanunelli. Cardinal Van Rossum has been a member of the Sacred College less than four years. He was born in 1854.

A despatch from Rome announces that Monsignor Petrelli, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, will be the official representative of Pope Benedict XV., at the coronation of Emperor Yoshihito of Japan on Nov. 10. Monsignor Petrelli will be the bearer of an autograph letter from the Pope to the Emperor.

A new movement is being started in the Southwark, England diocese for the assistance of convert clergymen. It will be a sort of house of studies to which they can go immediately after their reception into the Church, where they will receive free housing and help to settle in life after they enter the Church.

Rev. Bernard A. McKenna, S. T. L., one of the best known priests of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, has been appointed secretary to Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan rector of the Catholic university, and is to be especially identified with the progress and erection of the national shrine of the Immaculate Conception on the campus of the university.

Rev. Chrysostom Verwydt, O. F. M., of Bayfield, Wis., celebrated his golden sacerdotal jubilee on July 14. He is one of the oldest missionaries of ten Chippewa Indian tribes in the Northwest. He has written several books in the Indian language, and has accomplished untold good among the Indians for thirty years amidst the greatest privations and difficulties.

The first Catholic translation of the Gospels into Irish ever published made its appearance last month, says the Ave Marie. The translator is the Rev. Canon O'Leary, who was assisted by the Rev. Gerald O'Nolan, professor of Irish in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. The work has the highest episcopal sanction and support.

Recently His Eminence Cardinal Gotti fell down stairs in the Vatican and suffered concussion of the brain from which he has not yet recovered. The Holy Father was much concerned at the accident, and sent the injured Cardinal an autograph letter expressing his sympathy. Cardinal Gotti is eighty-one years old. He was proclaimed Cardinal in 1895. He is the Prefect of the Propaganda.

On his last birthday, George V., King of England, honored Rev. Mother St. Lucia, Provincial of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, with the Imperial medal of honor. This humble religious had heroically served God and man for many years in India. Her community, which does fine educational and charitable work in this country, have long looked upon Mother St. Lucia as one of the gems in their religious crown.

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

By ANNA C. MINOUE CHAPTER XXVII—CONTINUED

"Say," whispered the warden, "if you don't want to leave your cell again to-day, you needn't. You look bad."

"Thank you," replied Hal, in weak tones. "I'd like to stay in Captain Hines's cell, for it got the morning sun."

"Very well," said the warden, and he permitted the young man to pass on.

A few minutes later, in Captain Hines's cell, Hal's buttoned coat revealed the rusty spade.

"Lieutenant Todd," said the Captain, gravely, "you deserve honorable mention and promotion! The way you took possession of the enemy's arms was the neatest thing I ever saw."

"It wasn't the most pleasant I ever experienced," remarked Hal, dryly. "I reckoned it up during breakfast, and not less than a thousand pounds were rolled over me this morning."

With the spade in their possession, the work of tunnelling became comparatively easy. But now, with the prospect of escape almost a certainty, another difficulty loomed before them—they had no money.

By bribery Hal managed to send a letter to Virginia, telling her of their intention, and dire need of funds to carry it to a success.

After a period of waiting, her reply came in a pair of beautifully embroidered slippers. But the authorities were fully as shrewd as the fair sender, and when Hal received them the slippers showed how severe was the scrutiny to which they had been subjected.

The lining of cherry silk was ripped apart, and red roses and green leaves had been slashed across; even the soles were out in places, and Hal smiled bitterly as he saw how completely Virginia's scheme had miscarried.

"Wonder where they found the money?" said Captain Hines, as they gazed upon the mutilated footwear.

"Gad! I don't envy the one who had no more manliness than to destroy a lady's handiwork."

Hal snatched up the slippers and found them so comfortable he grew almost reconciled to the loss of the gold.

The tunnel was now finished, but the hearts of the daring plotters sank lower each day, for all would be in vain unless they could provide themselves with citizen's clothes and transportation.

General Morgan never lost hope, and finally set the day for their escape, trusting to good fortune to carry them in safety to their friends in Kentucky.

One morning, with other of the officers, he was engaged by the warden in conversation, as had been his wont for weeks, to prevent that keen-eyed martinet from making a too careful survey of the vacant cells.

Suddenly he turned to Hal, who was playing chess nearby, and said: "Lieutenant Todd, will you confirm a statement of mine? I hold that it is possible for a man, provided he is agile and a good climber, to escape from this prison through the skylight, by means of the balconies. The warden thinks it could not be done, but is willing that you should make the test."

Hal sprang to his feet. As he moved quickly forward, the heel of one of the slippers got caught on the edge of a small ladder that was lying on the floor.

The outer piece of leather gave way, and Hal Todd's heart seemed to cease its pulsations, as his fine ear caught the faint ring of gold.

Virginia had secreted the money in the heels of the slippers! To move even an inch was to entirely loosen the slight hold of the few remaining tacks, thereby betraying the secret; while not to obey his chief's command was equally as dangerous.

He knew, moreover, that this command was a part of Morgan's scheme, as he desired to obtain some knowledge of the yard into which the tunnel would open and the height of the wall that rose between it and the street below.

Hal threw a despairing glance at General Morgan, who looked with wonder on the hesitating officer. But before a word could be uttered, the ever-ready Hines called:

"Get out of your slippers, Todd, and show us how good Scott County boys can climb!"

And as Hal obeyed, he mentally questioned why, of late, his wits seemed to be wool gathering. While the others watched the agile Lieutenant as he sprang from one of the iron balconies to another, thus proving, to the warden's discomfort, that at least one of the confederate prisoners could go to freedom by the skylight, if he so desired and fate were propitious.

Captain Hines walked carelessly to where the discarded slippers, with their hoarded treasure lay. He drew the one from under the ladder, quickly and firmly pressing the loosened tacks back into their places; then, he caught the eye of one of the subaltern officials fastened upon him, he quietly removed his own shoes and thrust his feet into his friend's slippers.

Lifting his glance and meeting that of the guard, he smiled and whispered: "I'll leave me brogans here for the youngster. Don't give away the joke. He will think the corporal has them, and there will be a row to brighten up the afternoon."

Saying which, the wily Captain strolled leisurely to his cell. Alone, he quickly detached the outer piece of leather from the wide and somewhat high heels. This revealed a cavity in which were stored several

gold eagles and banknotes of large denominations.

"Trust a woman's plan never to fail!" he cried exultantly to himself, as he secured the money. Then he carefully replaced the cover of leather and again slipped his feet into the slippers, while in the corridor without Hal was causing, as it seemed to General Morgan and the other men, an unnecessary amount of confusion because of the disappearance of his footwear.

Thus the last difficulty had been removed. They had now but to make their escape. The night was set for the 20th of November; the hour, that after the sentry had passed on his midnight round. An opening had been cut from the air-chamber into the floor of each cell, a covering as thin as an eggshell having been left to screen the aperture from the detection of the wardens.

In anxious dread, that little band of grimly determined men waited until the sentry's footfalls echoed down the still corridor that November night. Then at the signal they rose, quickly, quietly. Placing the previously provided dummy on their beds, and striking the thin coating of stone that concealed the opening, they let themselves down into the air-chamber. One by one they passed through the tunnel, and when the leader had cut the sod which had been left untouched to screen their work from the eyes of passers through the yard, they stood once more on earth, free men! Ah, not yet! Beyond were the kennels, with the savage dogs; before them, the high wall to be scaled. The old device was theirs—a rope made of bed clothes.

Swiftly, noiselessly, they crossed the yard—it would not have been well for man or brute that would have encountered them in that moment—reached the wall, climbed to its top, let themselves down again to earth, and were free! A long hand-clasp, a whispered God-speed, and they separated into small parties to make their way, by various routes, to Kentucky. General Morgan, with Captain Hines and Hal, went to the Union station and took the train for Cincinnati. When the train slowed up at a suburban station that city the three men quietly dropped themselves from the steps of the train and struck across the country for the Ohio River. The end of their walk brought them, at day-break, directly opposite the long, low house where dwelt General Morgan's friend. They found a boat waiting for them. With a cheer Hal snatched up the oars, and in a few minutes his feet were set on Kentucky soil. His boyish spirits mounted with the occasion, and as his companion moved toward the house he took off his hat, and waving it toward the opposite shore, sung out:

"Adieu! Adieu! Ohio Shore! I hope I'll never see thee more! How's that for impromptu verse-making, Captain?" and he slapped the tall Captain Hines enthusiastically on the shoulder.

"Not as striking, by any means, as your manner of emphasizing it," was the Irish soldier's dry comment.

A glad welcome awaited the General and his two officers from the hospitable Kentucky gentleman, but Hal's eyes often wandered toward the door, and greatly he wondered why Virginia was not there to greet him, with their host and his beautiful wife. When breakfast was over, the lady drew Hal aside, and said to him:

"Miss Castleton is not with us. To our deep regret, she has returned to Georgetown. But she left a letter for you," and she laid an envelope in his hand. Hurriedly Hal broke the seal, and what he read on the small sheet of paper made him catch the table for support. He re-read the words, then, like one in a trance, he crossed to General Morgan and handed him the note. Then the young heart that had endured so much gave way, and throwing himself on a chair, Hal hid his face in his hands and sobbed aloud; for this was what Virginia had written:

"I have received this morning a letter from Mr. Howard Dallas, Colonel Powell, who we thought was safe in the South, has been in prison in Georgetown since July; and—the letters have betrayed how the hand had trembled that penned those direful words—yesterday General Burbridge sentenced him to be shot at the Park gate."

The date of the letter showed that it was written five days previously.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A reign of terror existed in Kentucky. Guerrilla warfare was rampant on both sides; military murder was the order of the day; robbery and imprisonment, even of those whose loyalty was unquestionable, were constantly perpetrated; and every man who held a grudge against another was free to avenge it under the iniquitous regime of General Burbridge and his cabal. This "Council of Evil," as it was called, had its headquarters at Lexington, and was composed of three members of the military and two citizens; of the latter, one was Howard Dallas. They controlled the actions of General Burbridge, and their motive, in the great majority of cases, was purely personal. The man of wealth and influence secured his safety by purchasing their goodwill, while an enemy was lost once he fell under their power. It was in vain that Governor Bramlette uttered proclamations against the "Council of Evil" and its tool, General Burbridge. In vain were his appeals to President Lincoln to interpose the strong arm of his power and save incorruptible patriots and innocent citizens from

condemnation and punishment bestowed without even the pretence of a trial. The military authority was in the ascendant, and before it the civil was rendered helpless.

Howard Dallas had drunk his cup of sweet revenge. With her father sleeping in his soldier's grave and her brother marching South with Sherman, Lucy Menefee was wholly at the mercy of the man she had made her enemy, and, with her invalid aunt, was sent by him to the woman's prison in Louisville; while by a method peculiar to the time, the great plantation and valuable personal estate of the dead Union officer fell into his hands. A strong Unionist, but prevented by ill-health from bearing arms in defence of his cause, her brother-in-law had been torn from his home and ordered into the "Rebel lines," while the young wife was compelled to fly to friends in the far North to save herself from sharing the fate of her aunt and sister. One still remained unpunished, Virginia, and her time came when the wily Clarisse brought about the capture of Clay Powell. Twice during that long summer had Dallas sent Mrs. Powell word that the opportunity she desired had come; but each time she stayed the sentence of the cabal, and instead of Clay Powell, another Confederate prisoner lost his life because somewhere in the State a loyalist had suffered from the guerrillas or the hatred of a secret foe of his own party.

"You will wait until it is too late," he said to her one October day. "While he is practically without a friend—for those he possesses are either prisoners themselves or believe that she is safe in the South—still you do not know when Mr. Davidson will mysteriously turn up, and—"

"But I do!" said Mrs. Powell, in her sharpest tones. "Mr. Davidson is now in his foot's retreat—"

"What! at Willow-wild?" cried Dallas, springing to his feet.

"Not at Willow-wild," she replied calmly; "he will not be there for several weeks."

"Will you explain?" he asked, seating himself. "Who is Mr. Davidson?"

"A fool!" she returned, with a smile. "Who he always one?" asked he.

"From the hour he saw Mary Clay," she answered, and her eyes seemed to send out sparks of fire. Her listener knew that he had now touched upon dangerous ground, but he resolved to make a bold dash across it.

"Oh! Clay Powell's mother? She must have been a most fascinating lady."

"Lady?" said Mrs. Powell, elevating her eyebrows, though her voice quivered with the heart's suppressed hatred. "Lady?" she repeated.

"Was she not one?" asked he, with assumed carelessness; and his hearer laughed bitterly.

"Ladies do not, as a rule, come out of log houses and go from one plantation to another to help slave-makers, do they?" That was Mary Clay! Born in wickedness, nursed in poverty, ignorance, and toil, she proved herself the worthy result of such conditions.

"And paid for daring to set herself up as the rival of Angie Kerridge!" threw in Dallas, with a smile in his cruel eyes. She turned upon him fiercely, stung out of her habitual stern silence.

"She lied, and knew she lied, your mother, when she gave you that version of my story!" she cried.

"I—why, I would no more have stooped to take revenge on a creature like Mary Clay than I would bend the dust that chances to lie in my path! She could no more have helped her vile cause than the worm can its rising into a wild note, 'not on her, but him! him! To be cast off by him for a thing like her! And after what I had done for him! Oh, Christ, men are merciless!" Then she turned to Dallas and half closed her eyelids, and thus looking at him seemed like a snake ready for a spring. "I said men are merciless," she began, "and you are a man, and I have known few to whom the epithet is more applicable. You have only to speak and smile to inflict torture."

"Thank you!" he said, sarcastically. "I wish all were as unscrupulously to that easily inflicted torture as you seem to be. I shall make it a point to frequently talk to and smile upon my enemies."

She looked at him, at the handsome, delicately cast features and tall, graceful figure; then with a sardonic smile turned her eyes toward the window, which showed her the late, brilliant autumn flowers; and Howard Dallas smiled, too. After a while, he said:

"This is not business, however. I have always found that delays are dangerous. I recommend that the next time the Georgetown prisoner is selected by—General Burbridge, be shot in retaliation—and the smile again crossed his face with the marked emphasis on the last words—"you enter no opposition. I am fast beginning to think that you have it in your heart to yet save the handsome son of you—"

"Former lover," she supplied. "Don't hesitate, my dear Howard! My ears are not accustomed to the phrases, it is true, for your parents' generation and mine were refined and delicate. I knew that I should have to pay for coming to the young, but I was willing. You are mistaken, however, in your belief. I might, indeed, have liked young Powell, were he not his father's son. This is only October; I have still several weeks,

"How are you able to state the exact time of Mr. Davidson's return?" he pressed.

"He will not be here before the last week in November," she said. "And when he comes he will find that I was again too quick for him. I do not wait for the stars to guide me. He is a fool."

"So," said Howard Dallas, musingly, "he loved Clay Powell's mother. Why did they not marry?"

For a moment she looked at him thoughtfully, as if his question had given a new aspect to the story; then said, carelessly: "I was never interested enough in—Mr. Davidson—to inquire."

"But I am interested enough to want to find why this mysterious man has set himself to act the part of guardian to Clay Powell, and why it is that he has the knack of turning up at the right time."

"I have already answered the first question: because he is a fool; and I assure you, for the second time, that he will come too late when he comes in November," she continued.

A few weeks later he thought she would make good her words; for a servant brought him a message that one of her negroes had been shot the night before while keeping guard over his mistress's place. Nightly she had stationed the old man on the front lawn, and faithful in freedom as he had been in slavery, he kept watch while the household slept in security. Sometimes a prowling dog would cross the lawn, often the rabbits would steal out from their nests, but never a human being had come to disturb the simple thoughts of the old negro as he marched to and fro under the stars, until that night when, turning unexpectedly in his walk, he saw a figure, bent under a heavy weight, stealing away from the "quarters."

"Halt!" he cried. The surprised thief dropped his burden, turned, and the moonlight fell on the face of the "blue-gummed" negro. Before the old man could raise his gun, the other drew out his pistol. The next instant, a long, quivering cry rang out and Joe's long watch was over, while the assassin lifted his sack of stolen meat and continued his way to Georgetown. The next morning one of the children stumbled over the stark body that was partially hidden in the long, brown grass. Mrs. Powell was hastily summoned, and when she came to the place and looked down on the calm, black face, the stiff hands still clasping the unswelling gun, a smile of exultation lighted her eyes, and turning to the group of frightened servants she bade one go for Mr. Dallas; then she ordered the others to carry the dead man to his cabin and make him ready for burial. Clarisse, who had been accused by the cries and confusion, was waiting for her cousin in the second parlor.

"What has happened, Cousin Angie?" she said.

"Joe was shot last night," she replied.

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the girl. "The child have done it? The Rebels?"

"I suppose so," returned Mrs. Powell, and began to pace the floor, nervously awaiting the coming of Dallas. When he arrived, she said: "Have I lost anything by the delay?"

"I believe that you have gained," he said; then he bowed over Clarisse's extended hand, saying solemnly: "It is dreadful that this had to happen to disturb you so early."

"Poor old Joe! Who would have the heart to harm him?"

"This is a specimen of what the Rebels are doing throughout the State," he remarked. "You are to be congratulated," he went on to Mrs. Powell, "that they contented themselves with killing your servant."

"But I demand reparation!" she cried, her glittering eyes fastened on him. "The wrong that has been done to me must not be passed unnoted. The Rebels have killed my servant while he was fulfilling his duty as guard over my house. The next time they will kill me, if this murder is not made an example of, if an illustration is not given that the government is determined to protect the lives and fortunes of its supporters. I send for you to lay the wrong that I last night suffered before General Burbridge, and say for me that, as a loyal Unionist, I look to him for a vindication of my rights, nay, demand it of him. He will not refuse me," she added, "and—well, I can trust the rest to you. With these words she left the room."

"That means, I suppose," said Clarisse, "that Mr. Powell must be selected as the victim? Oh," with an affected shudder, "it is horrible!"

"The fortunes of war," he said, lightly.

A silence fell, and after a minute he went to her side, and drawing her hand under his arm, he laid it on his breast.

"Have you no greeting for me?" he said, slightly bending his head toward her. She flashed him a look, with a laugh, and attempted to draw her hand away; but he held her closer to him. She again looked at him, but without laughing this time, and he bent and kissed her.

"I have not seen you for an age," he said, as he went with her to the window.

"Whose fault was it? I was at home," she remarked.

"The last time I was here you treated me so badly I swore I would punish you for it."

"And stayed away? Do you think that was a punishment?" She leaned her head against the window-sill as she regarded him with her

large lustrous eyes, and the white lace curtain threw out into bold relief the rather heavy beauty of the dark face. He met her look with a smile.

"Yes, I think so," he said, answering her question. "Upon my I am correct. Didn't you look for me yesterday evening? Didn't you want me?"

"What makes you think so?" she asked, with something like a curl at the corner of her lips.

"I fall it," he replied.

"Then your feelings deceived you very much. I read to Cousin Angie for an hour after supper, and then went to bed and to sleep."

"That is not so!" and he set his small, even teeth and looked down on her in silence. "Perhaps you did read to your cousin," he continued, but after she went upstairs you stayed for half an hour, and then—Thomas Todd came."

"You must have a magician's tube," she said with a laugh. Then: "How do you know so much?"

"No matter," he said, but he laughed again and grew silent.

"Clarisse," he said, "you look pale this morning. What did Thomas Todd say to you last night?"

"He said that you are an artful, merciless man. That you loved Mattie Menefee, and because she wouldn't marry you, you gave out it was you who broke the engagement, that you have never ceased to pursue her and hers, and cruelly destroyed their happiness; that you will not stop your persecution of her while she lives; that I should, as he warned me long ago, avoid you, for once you gained power over one you are relentless, if she or he dare cross you."

"Nice and friendly of Captain Thomas, I declare!" said Dallas, with his smile. "So much for what he said of me. Now what did he say to you?"

"That he loves me now as he loved me three years ago," she answered, her eyes on his, her smile defiantly meeting his smile; and her expression of pleasure grew more pronounced as she saw the blood run up and color his white brow.

"And what did you say to him?" he asked, slowly, his eyes and smile emphasizing the words. But she did not answer, and then he laughed a low, long laugh.

"Shall I tell you what you said?" he asked, quickly.

"No!" she said, without thought, but added instantly: "Tell me what you think. You can not know what I said to him."

"He said I was pitiless, didn't he? Well, I am, and I'll not spare you, for I know that you sent for him, thinking to punish me! You told Thomas Todd, Clarisse, to prove his love in the surest way a man does—by offering to make you his wife. And he told you that he could not, for he considers himself still bound to Besse; that nothing but her death or marriage with another could absolve him from his promise to her. You ran against the honour of a Todd, my Clarisse, and found that it could be broken, but never bent!"

The colour left her face, but she said when he ceased:

"You have a very vivid imagination."

He studied her for a while, then remarked, with a laugh:

"How like a woman to attempt a denial of her defeat! Oh, Clarisse, I didn't learn that from my imagination, but—shall I tell from whom?"

"Yes," she said, an angry light in her dark eyes.

"Yourself!" and again he laughed. She turned her head quickly and gazed out of the window. For a time he regarded her half-averted face; then he stepped to her side, and leaning an elbow on the sill, took one of her hands and laid it on his lips.

"Are you angry, Clarisse?" he asked, still clasping her hand. "You look so handsome when you have that fire in your eyes and that curl on your lips that I half wish you would be angry all the time." But she coldly drew away her fingers, and continued to gaze past his face toward the flowers.

"Clarisse," he said, after a thoughtful pause, "look at me and listen to me!" When, at last, he brought her eyes back to his, he went on: "I am what Thomas Todd told you—a cruel man and a revengeful one. Some women can overlook and forgive even that in a man, when they love him as a woman ought to love; but no woman ever loved me as I wanted to be loved." He searched her face but it was not less to her still than that of the marble Diana that stood in a niche above her.

"When the woman I loved threw me over for a foolish notion," he went on, "well, all the latent cruelty and revengefulness of my nature were fully and forever aroused. Why did you draw it upon yourself by treating me as you did the last time I was here? Why, then, when you did, couldn't you bear with a little of it, and not wake all the devil in me by sending for that young fool? What did you gain by it? Only to hear from him what you ought to have known from me. Only to prove to him that I am all he said I was. Am I entirely to blame? You say that a man ought to be generous and noble in his treatment of a woman; and he should forgive it that she will deliberately do the things that hurt his love and pride, that shake his confidence in her, that disappoint him. But that is not the man I am. Who ever gets anything over me pays for it. Did I make you pay so dearly for crossing me, Clarisse?"

He had raised himself, and was looking at her, a passionate gleam in

his eyes, but she met it calmly and said:

"I am not the woman who forgives for the mere asking."

"A woman always gets the worst of any conflict with a man," he said. "Clarisse, I'll buy your forgiveness. I'll give it to you to yet show Thomas Todd that small hands can deal stinging blows." And with the words, he left the Park.

Late that afternoon he went to Lexington to lay Mrs. Powell's grievance before General Burbridge. He found that military leader in one of his bad moods, for the Confederates had won a decided victory over a part of his command that was stationed near Mt. Sterling; so, without inquiring into the case, he wrote an order that two of the soldiers then confined in the Georgetown jail should be taken to the Park gate and shot in retaliation for the murder of Mrs. Powell's negro servant. At the suggestion of Howard Dallas, the Union soldiers commissioned to execute the order were to be under the command of Captain Thomas Todd.

Mr. Dallas sought his private office and wrote a letter to Virginia Castleton. He held the winning card now, he told her, and as she had been scornful, he would be pitiless. She had thrust herself between him and his happiness in her desire to warn her friend; now he could ruin her life-joy and he would not hesitate. "Clay Powell's death-warrant has been signed," he wrote. "No power on earth can avert its execution unless I will it. I bear the man no hatred, and though Mrs. Powell has long waited for this culmination of her many revenges against his father, I will brave even her anger and lasting hatred, and save him from the ignominy of being shot at her gate, for a negro, and will do it on one condition—that you become my wife."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LOAN FROM GOD

It was almost midnight, but with the wild applause still pulsating in her ears she knew the quivering nerves would not permit sleep. There was nothing for it but to lie back in the easy chair to ruminate happily behind closed eyelids while her maid fitted about unobtrusively in her retiring preparations. Every success paled before the one of this night, achieved before her most critical audience since coming back to America. She knew it for the indelible stamp of approval. It was the apex of her struggle for recognition—the bitter fight for the life of her talent was over.

The comfortable room, redolent of her favorite perfume almost home like in its appointments (even to the pretty canary twittering uneasily in its cage), gave no intimation of the bleak winter night outside. She closed her happy reverie by suddenly rising and slipping across to the window, drawing the heavy curtains to look out at the forbidding scene. A few belated pedestrians still forced their way through the storm in the white glitter of the square beneath.

She smiled in a self-satisfied manner as her mind reverted to the many magnificent rooms and brilliant cafes in which she was at this moment the topic of conversation—she who but a year ago had been poor, lonely, almost friendless. Ah, her wonderful genius had forced this tribute!

A door in the rear creaked faintly as she turned to give a new instruction to Madeline—the words died on her lips, for it was a man she confronted, standing on the rim of the velvet light from the pedastalled lamp. Her first frightened glance showed her a precisely garbed individual in evening clothes, a fur lined coat hanging over one arm, the expansive shirt front centered by a flaming jewel throwing an almost phosphorescent tint on the pallid features, mustache and imperial. Even in the shadowy, illusive light he revealed himself—Frederick Maurepas, her old music teacher.

"Le petit maître!" she gasped. The waxen features wrinkled in the old, inscrutable smile—a trifle sadder than of yore.

"You have not forgotten me, then?" in mingled cynical surprise and hope. "Forgotten you?" sinking dazedly into the cushioned seat without once removing her eyes from the magnetic ones. "But who could I be seated on?"

"Merci, mademoiselle." He complied only to the extent of leaning a trifle more comfortably against the chair near which he stood. Thus the former associate, strangers since she started on her conquering course and he slipped back into his sullen existence, renewed their intimacy.

His mere presence mirrored for her again the crude, ugly, struggling slip of femininity she had been, battling the nipping courtesy of the artistic Paris. She saw again the barrack-like pension, the early, ungracious old concierge, the leering naive students. Maurepas was not, indeed, the great master who had flailed the voice out of her (he was too yielding, too dabbed, to head any institution), but in the days when his genius did assert itself between the asinine debauches, luckily the student admitted into his magic circle. She, the gritty, plunging little American, had been one. How she had begged him to try to conquer his foe with prayer—she scorned the suggestion in his infidel style. But he loved her all the more for her tense religion.

"I heard you to-night," he murmured in some constraint. "I didn't shame you?"

"You were magnificent!" with a rare smile toning the monotonous in-

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a horse, but I didn't know anything about horses. He said, 'Well, I'll sell you the horse for \$100. I'll give you a month's trial. If you don't like it, I'll take it back. If you do like it, I'll give you \$100

section. "You make a glorious use of God's loan." "God's loan?" "Some call it a gift." She started in amazement. "This from you—Frederick, the infidel—you speak of God?" His shrug approached a shrug. "One change in travel—learning; I have learned since I left—passed from Paris. And you have still time to learn." She laughed outright; the little reprobathe must be leading up to his usual rally. "Had you learned before you would not have scolded me for my hour 'wasted' at Mass—ah?" Pondering, he fondled the waxed mustache and imperial with the old, dubious gesture. "No—I might at least have paid interest on my loan—and you should, too." "All that I possess is but a loan from God, you say?" "What else?" "Of which you do not consider I am properly appreciative?" "What do you do to show your gratitude?" She frowned irritably under this unlooked for and astonishing catechizing. "Have I not always been industrious and religious—what more can be demanded?" Eyes and shoulders rolled heavenward. "She asks this—she, who is of the religion that is the conservatory of charity." She flung out impatient, protesting bands. "You wrong me. I never refuse a demand." "Ah, just so. You must be appealed to—like common mortals; your charity is a grace note when it should be the dominant chord." She rose and walked slowly back to the window to gain time to ponder that. What did he mean? He gave no sign of being in liquor—he was actually preaching. Without seeming to raise his voice, he yet made himself distinct across the big room. "Even your talent for hard work is a loan, else your native genius would lie dormant—think then that a heavy interest you owe. None comes nearer stern necessity than the Catholic; and a calamity if your power for good suddenly terminated." She shivered; in a flash she realized how she had always credited herself with her success. A solemn silence ensued. "I must acknowledge—" she ventured, turning. "Mademoiselle?" Madeline, lunch-tray in hand confronted her—no other. The mercurial master had vanished as he had come. She had nothing to recall him but a train of bewildered reflections. She threw up a hand to greet Twit, the canary, as usual, before retiring, he sprang up alarmed, fluttered sharply away, and in the same instant some substance, a seed hull perhaps, was drawn into her throat with a breath. For a moment she struggled, there was a terrified gasping and spasmodic coughing as she sank back, half fainting. "The house doctor—quick." The distracted Madeline sprang to the phone. In a moment the apartment was flooded with light, and he was examining her throat. He drew back with a sigh of genuine relief. "It's gone," he pronounced, in a pleased tone. She shook her head. "No, I still feel it—" hoarsely. "That is merely the irritation where it lodged." She grew angry. "I wish you would call a specialist," she insisted. He gladly consented. The thing known as the artistic temperament must not be tampered with. However, the particular doctor she desired happened to be cursed with that peculiar crocheted himself, and after getting the house physician's view of the matter, he declared his intention of waiting until the morning for the examination. Nothing could budge him. She realized the folly of her demand, but, terrified by the incident, treading so closely on the dark premonition of the eccentric Frederick, her feelings bordered on the superstitious. She paced the floor in an agony of doubt. The feverish struggle for peace had given no room for introspection. Now, in an instant she saw that for which she had sacrificed comfort, health, friends, her religion almost, tottering on the brink of a bottomless pit. The pretty bubble had burst. But the specialist did not agree with her. He confirmed the other's words. "Yet I can scarcely talk," she said, trying to cheer up at the bidding. "I know it," he smiled. "Your nerves won't permit it. You've been hypnotized by fear—your subconsciousness is playing you a nasty trick." That angered her. "Do you take me for a foolish child?" "Oh, no, merely the victim of an intense nervousness brought on by your recent marvelous successes. Get your mind off yourself, snap your fingers and you'll come out of it." But it took more than this cynical brusqueness to arouse her. Her distracted manager was summoned and left off tearing huge patches of his scanty locks long enough to receive her command to cancel dates indefinitely. This done, she sank into a stupor of despair. Now was she turned back on herself—the building of her career assumed another secret. What she had long flattered herself to be natural ability and splendid will power had in a flash revealed it

self as the little master's "Loan from God"—to be withdrawn at His pleasure. How slight the interest she had paid on her loan! The indifferent giving, the charity that needed prodding, the late perfunctory attention to religious duties—all boiled from the hidden depths to torment her. How far more grateful and meritorious were the lean Paris days. Her first prayers were the result of fear, but they gradually merged into hope and resignation. From that instant the care asserted itself. She arose one morning with the firm conviction that all was well. Another moment and she was flooding the room with melody that brought the almost delirious Madeline to her on the run, eyes streaming with happy tears. Even Twit, the innocent cause of her misery, celebrated the recovery with throat-bursting contributions. She was scarcely dressed before the happy manager was kissing her hand. "I wish to give another concert here to-morrow night," she explained to that astonished person. "It is too short notice—you cannot draw," he stammered. She smiled. "Oh, yes, this concert will draw. Every penny of its proceeds will go to charity—the White Plague institute preferably." That announcement occasioned no heart beats for him. He was out for money—next season he might not have such a brilliant light shining for him. But he had long since passed the stage of daring to argue with female artists—he bowed in pathetic resignation. Perhaps the free advertising might compensate. The bare announcement in the noon editions of her recovery and intention awakened an interest far beyond the musical circles. Plans to augment the ordinary receipts by auctioning choice seats. The scheme was a whirl and when the hour arrived for the first number she faced an audience that packed the hall to the danger point. They rose to their feet in a burst of enthusiasm as she made her bow—it seemed as if they would never permit her to begin. But when they did finally sink into silence she rewarded them with an outpouring of melody that fairly rent space. There was a soul, not a mechanical throat, in that song. She refused to weary, and on a corollary encore with vigor and spontaneity that seemed possible only in a first number. It was late when she released her. She bowed herself off with a feeling that at last she had united her soul with the world. Her delight in the offering showed its radiance over her listeners. Of Frederick, the petit matre, she had seen or heard nothing in her retirement. The first thought was wonder if he had heard her to-night. Far down in her heart she craved his scant eulogium as much as in the student days when a smile had lit up the entire week. She lolled in a chair an hour hoping for another unconventional greeting. She retired in the certainty that morning would find him waiting. Rather, it found another—one who destroyed all thought of M. Maurepas. She flew across the room to seize a lithe, nervous figure, the muscular hands of the oldest, dearest friend she had. He it was who had advanced from a none too full purse the money which first set adrift the ugly duckling on the waters that floated her back a swan. They regarded each other in long, loving silence. "You—you of all people," she murmured happily, leading him to a seat and dropping down before him for a continuance of the childish, happy gaze. "I just managed to hear you last night, and believe me, you were translated. Whence the impetus?" He lit a cigarette and calmly smoked as she detailed her mishap. "Then it was no advertising dodge?" he laughed. "A blessing in disguise"—musing behind half closed lids on the disconcerting events of the last week. "But the strangest feature of all is the source of my inspiration." "A story? Come, let us have it, Dorothea." Chin on hand, she pondered a moment to the music of Twit's magic notes. "An unannounced visit—for the purpose of a sermon—from none other than my little master, Maurepas." He started violently, the half-smoked cigarette falling from his fingers, blankly. "Let me have that again, please. Whom did you say, Dorothea?"—in plain bewilderment. "M. Maurepas—I, too, was surprised." "And I'm a deuced sight more so!" "He came in here that night—" "Frederic Maurepas came into this room that night"—incisively, doubtfully. "Yes; immaculately attired as usual, waxed mustache ends, smiling, shirt-front, big jewel"—she paused as he tried to relight with fingers trembling violently. "Frederic—the abstemious guzzler—" "Yes, yes, yes," in pretty impatience. He blew a long cloud from his lips. "Maurepas," as if to himself, "the Studio, Rue 28—" "Must I furnish you with photo and Bertillon measurements to establish his identity here?" she laughed gaily. He bit his lips. "All that isn't enough for me. Now look here, are you sure you didn't dream it?"

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She made a forcible negative. "Madeline is proof of my wretchedness. But why this doubt? Was he not always eccentric? What is marvelous in this visit?" "Nothing—nothing" very slowly, and his gaze wandered around the room from her anxious features. "That is, nothing—over and above the fact that Frederic Maurepas has been dead and buried for a year." —David A. Driscoll, in the *Magnificent*.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

AN INCREASE OF VOCATIONS

Every creature has its time and place marked out for it in the plan of God; the harmony of the Universe demands this of His goodness and His wisdom; otherwise it would cease to be the source of utility, beauty and happiness. If this general rule affects all animals and inanimate being, how intimately must it affect those rational creatures who are made "a little lower than the angels" and who have the image of their Maker graven upon their souls. Every human soul, using its free will, helps to carve out for itself its own niche in the Divine plan. Sooner or later in its short life, it reaches a decisive hour when it enters into itself and, under penalty of making a false step, examines itself, questions itself closely, asks itself in all earnestness what place it is to occupy in the universal scheme. This is the work of choosing a vocation, a work where in God will cooperate with the human soul in its preparation for its journey down the river of life, for formidable journey, in all truth. A it is made but once; but at the same time a consoling journey, for the soul knows by faith that if it stays at the helm God will furnish wind for the sails.

come they may be, may sometimes be the offspring of a vivid imagination, while reason and conscience are guides that may always be readily followed. However, in this affair of a call to a closer service of God in the priesthood or the religious life, there are considerations that cannot be ignored. There are, for instance, certain aptitudes of which will help a perplexed youth to arrive quickly at a decision. In the first place, certain qualities, physical, intellectual and moral, are required. If these are absent, no matter how strong, may be ignored. But when one has these qualities and when one feels at the same time a desire to lead a holier life than can be led amid worldly distractions, one may easily conclude that God is knocking at the door. "If thou wilt be perfect," take up thy cross and follow Me." Here a vocation is quite evident; it becomes only a matter of the choice of the means to be employed to carry it out.

The question suggests itself why there are so few, among those who have all the qualities desired, who heed this invitation to follow Christ; why so few take the trouble to find out once for all what God wants them to do; why so few reflect on what it means to neglect the call to the higher life. One wonders whether youth realizes its responsibility in this affair of vocation. It is a fact that man's plan is to save the souls of men by the ministry of their fellow men. Why is it, then, that there are so many souls who are not being ministered to at the present time? Why are there so many souls without pastors? Why so many little children growing up without a knowledge of God, who may lose their souls through lack of this knowledge? Why so many pagans who have never yet heard the doctrines of the true faith? It cannot be the fault of God who assuredly wishes all men to be saved and is willing to cooperate in the work. The answer to these vital questions would be, we fear, an indictment against many of our own homes. Not to mention the negative opposition shown in the un-Catholic atmosphere of so many so-called Catholic homes, which stifles noble impulses in young souls, there is the positive opposition of parents whose selfishness too often puts obstacles to the call of God. There must be something radically wrong in our Catholic communities where vocations to God's exclusive service are rare. The Church is usually organized in those places, temples are built, altars are prepared for the Holy Sacrifice and there are men to offer it; souls are famishing there for the Bread of Life and there are none to break it. Parents assume a serious responsibility when, instead of giving encouragement, they use their authority to prevent their children from carrying out God's designs over them. Of course, the natural law has its obligations, and if a child is obliged to aid parents who cannot aid themselves, no prudent spiritual adviser will urge it to decline those obligations; but the selfishness or the unreasonable affection or the lack of faith that is often detected in a Catholic father or mother should have little influence on a confessor or spiritual director when he is asked to give a decision regarding a child's vocation. Parents should know that the paths that lead to God are inviolable. The Council of Trent did not hesitate to threaten with excommunication "all those who without a just cause would hinder young women from taking the veil or binding themselves by vows." Is the crime of preventing a daughter from exercising her right less odious or less blameworthy when there is question of a son who aspires to the priesthood? Many parents may ignore us that we should not look for miracles to show us the higher way, that more impulsive, however well-

to day do not prepare children for the glorious but severe duties of the altar or the cloister? Are not children taught to hold worldly success in the highest esteem, the only object worth reaching out for? Does not materialism in some form or other lower the ideals of young Catholics in our age? Why then try to gather roses from thistle-stems? The contrast of success in life, commercial, political, social success, placed continually in opposition to the obscurity of a life hidden in God, upsets the relative value of things in the minds of young men and young women, and is certainly not conducive to the fostering of their vocations. After all, what can the most brilliant career in this world offer but a few fleeting pleasures or a little applause that dies out in a moment? Can there be any comparison between worldly pleasure and applause and the solid joy and happiness that is found in a close service of God? If young men and women would only learn the whole truth about vocation to the priesthood or to the religious life, the difficulty would be not in finding reasons to urge them to enter the narrow path, but rather in finding reasons to keep them out of it. Meanwhile we must accept the situation as it is and try to suggest a remedy. The lack of vocations is causing anxiety to the Church; millions of souls are perishing through absence of spiritual nourishment. And yet souls must be saved, the sacraments must be administered, our children must be taught, our orphans must be reared, our poor must be looked after, our sick must be tended, our erring must be led back to virtue, our parishes must have their clergy, our colleges and convents and monasteries their busy inmates, the foreign field must be supplied with missionaries; in a word, the work that Christ began on earth must be continued. This is the greatest of works, and Catholics in general must take the means to provide the agencies to carry it on.

The most powerful means, the one that appeals especially to the members of our League is undoubtedly prayer, prayer for an increase in the number of vocations. We should ask God to inspire young men and young women to consecrate themselves to His service. In the Catholic Church there are outlets for every form of consecrated zeal; there are none to whom God gives the germ of vocation who cannot find a niche to place themselves in. We should pray, secondly, for those who feel that they are called, that they may receive abundant grace to persevere, so that having put their hand to the plough they may continue to the end of the furrow. We should ask God to give them a full intelligence of their sublime calling, so that they in turn may give Him all the glory and all the service He has a right to expect. Thirdly, we should pray for Catholic parents, so that they may understand the responsibilities which weigh upon them in the affair of the vocation of their children. Not merely should they put no obstacles in the way, but they should know that there are limits to parental authority in this matter. Vocation is, like salvation, a personal matter, and parents cannot oppose certain inalienable rights of their children without becoming guilty of criminal usurpation. Fourthly, we should ask God to inspire wealthy Catholics to found bourses and scholarships for the education of young men whose vocation to the priesthood is evident, but who have not the means to prosecute their studies. Wealthy Catholics may look around seeking outlets for their charity, but they will find none more pleasing to God than this in this world and none that will bring them a greater reward in the other.

to trump up an international case, and threaten international intervention, carefully forgetting the part they had played in the first stages of the incident. "Throughout Mexico there are hundreds of these colonies, perhaps thousands, each with a similar history. It seems strange that these people, ordinarily possessed of good common sense and honorable intentions should permit themselves to run such awful risks because of an unnecessary fanaticism. It must be that they are entirely ignorant of the great political power of the Catholic Church in Mexico, of its great work in defending and protecting the Indian population from the brutal enforcement of despotic laws of the civil government under Spain. "The constant recurrence of such episodes have filled the minds of the Catholic clergy in Mexico with fear and suspicion. They think that the principal object of Americans is to disestablish and overthrow the Catholic Church. "Americans and the American government will always be unpopular in Mexico, and with the Mexican people so long as the Catholic Church and its clergy remain dubious and uncertain of their own positions and liberties at the hands of Americans. To this intensely Catholic country the United States has taken no pains

whatever to select able and clear-headed Catholics as diplomats and consuls. Such men could, and we have no doubt would, in a very short time, create a revolution of feeling toward the United States and Americans."—Truth.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1915

AN AMERICAN KIKUYU

The hopelessly divided sects of Protestant America have formulated a scheme by which they may shamelessly cover the shame of their divisions while attempting to seduce South American Catholics from the faith of their fathers.

It is proposed to hold a pan Protestant congress at Panama to consolidate the plan of campaign for the South American raid. The name of this congress at first indicated the character of the work proposed.

This specious and spurious unity was nauseating to at least one honest Christian gentleman. Dr. Manning, Rector of Trinity Church, New York, objected strongly to the plan of the congress in that it provided for an apportionment of territory, union schools, and an interchange of communicants.

The Executive of the Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions had decided to send delegates to the Panama congress which is to be held next February. The matter was considered the other day in New York by the full board.

Though we can not agree with the continuity claims of the Church of England and its branches it is impossible to withhold admiration from these Episcopalians who are evidently sincere and who are doing a great deal to spread Catholic teaching and foster Catholic piety outside the visible body of Christ's Church.

A few extracts from the summary of the Episcopal discussion of the matter of sending delegates to the Panama congress will be interesting to our readers and, it may be, instructive as well.

A significant reference to the Pope brought the Right Rev. Reginald H. Waller, P. M. Bishop of Fond du Lac, to the platform:

"I am sorry," said the Bishop, "that there are some here who take this matter so lightly. I could not laugh at the picture of the Bishop of Rome tearing his hair and clothing. What has been said hurts. It hurts me deeply. It hurts all of us who look forward to Christian unity and I am sure that the world will one day see Christian unity before I die. I hope to see the first stone laid. We have made the start. It is that there is between us and the Church of Rome an untouchable chasm which God only can close? I regard this Panama Conference as a direct attack of one part of Christendom upon another."

"It represents an effort which the good old Church of England would not permit. We have no business to join in such an attack. We are here to say that we will not make such an attack, and will not let you attack. We have to fight. You have driven us to the wall. I stand before you speaking for a large body of intelligent and faithful men. One part of Christendom is not going to war with another branch while the heathen are unconverted."

Then the Bishop fearlessly and honestly indicated the glaring dishonesty of those who pretend to picture South America by painting only the short-comings of Latin American Christians. What would the United States look like if painted the same way?

"The Church of Rome may be full of error, and South America may be dark and dim and damp; but let some certain difficulties we have kept the fellowship for four centuries. I want to say to you candidly that when it comes to joining with Protestantism against Roman Catholicism that there are some of us here, if you make us, who would take our place on the other side."

The Rector of Trinity, before quoted, ridiculed the pretence that there was no intention of attacking the Catholic Church in the proposed campaign. Dr. Manning declared that the whole purpose of the proposed congress was to bring a United Protestantism on the problem of South America, and to seek the co-operation of all bodies. He spoke of the recent action of the Catholic bishop of Panama in denouncing the congress and telling the faithful not to attend it on the pain of committing a mortal sin.

He further stated that the action of the Panama Congress would be a movement "under hostile banners against the largest Church in Christendom."

The Rev. Dr. Strass declared "that he did not regard the action as in any way hostile to the Roman Catholics, as there were in Central and South American countries many persons who were not Roman Catholics and who had gone there on account of the great material development of the countries to the south."

It used to be a favorite argument against the Catholic Church that South America lagged behind North America in material progress. The marvellous development of South American countries in recent years is a very effective refutation of that charge. But our evangelical friends can quickly change their front.

In order to eat their cake and keep it the "evangelical" wing of the Protestant Episcopalians consented to the "understanding that the delegates were to have certain instructions from a committee to refrain from cooperation provided any were appointed." With this "understanding" the motion to rescind the appointments was defeated by 26 votes to 13.

Amongst those who stood for honesty, decency and charity and voted according to the principles which they profess were the Rt. Rev. R. H. Waller, Bishop of Fond du Lac, Wis.; the Rt. Rev. Alfred Harding, Bishop of Washington, D. C.; the Rt. Rev. G. Motz Williams, Bishop of Marquette, Mich.; the Rev. Dr. Wm. T. Manning, Rector of Trinity Church, New York; and the Very Rev. Seledon P. Delaney, dean of All Saints Cathedral, Milwaukee.

The first fruits of the "unity" congress movement were indicated by Bishop Waller on withdrawing from the P. E. Board of Missions when he said:

"Now go your way and have your conference. In so doing you have left discussion, bitterness and discord."

SIR EDWARD CARSON

The comments of the press on the resignation of Sir Edward Carson have been somewhat perfunctory, and since his withdrawal has ceased to be regarded as the prelude to the break-up of the Coalition Government this great man sinks without leaving a ripple on the waters of oblivion.

One or two papers pointed to his resignation as a further evidence of his intense and high minded patriotism. They would have felt impelled to do as much if the cable had announced that Sir Edward had stood on his head. Others seemed to think that Sir Edward's one small head could hardly carry all the Empire's statecraft plus all the Empire's patriotism. These intimated that the Ulster leader (who is not an Ulster man) was a bit pigheaded as well as a bit conceited in putting his civilian opinion against that of Britain's duly qualified and competent military authorities.

Just here is where we think our newspapers do an injustice to the lamented Attorney General. Sir Edward Carson is a great and successful military leader. We have it on the authority of these same papers. Have we forgotten Carson's army? The Two Hundred Thousand soldiers drilled, armed, and equipped? Sir Edward is, therefore, a man of war and a competent military critic. Moreover, his military experience is precisely that military experience which gives special weight to his military opinion in the present crisis.

Carson's army was armed with German rifles and drilled by German sergeants; Sir Edward himself went to the fountain head of efficient militarism when he paid his famous visit to the Kaiser. It was the very ardor of militarism that carried Carson's Army into making the threat—some were narrow-minded enough to call it an unpatriotic threat—of placing themselves under the greatest Protestant Empire in the world in certain eventualities. Sir Edward, chief of Carson's unbeaten army, is therefore a competent military critic. His army is still unbeaten and it holds to its present heroic resolve to remain a long, long way from Tipperary, Berlin, and other danger zones it will have the proud distinction of emerging from the greatest of wars intact. Sir Edward can say to Ulster when peace is restored: Of all that invincible army which you have confided to me, I have lost not one.

GOING TO WASTE

We have received so much inspiration from that excellent little monthly The Field Aar that we again recommend it to our readers. The address is Ossining, New York. Subscribe for this inspiring and inspiring Foreign Mission publication. We clip from The Field Aar:

"What a number of vocations must be going to waste, we thought, as we read lately in a letter from Holland that eighty apostolic students had been enrolled for 1915-16 at the new Mill Hill preparatory school, in Tilburg. This school was a new venture three years ago and it entered a field already occupied by almost a score of mission houses.

"Now if the school at Tilburg had not been started where would those eighty boys be? Some of them, doubtless, would have gone to another, similar institution, but many would probably have never realized the need and opportunity which have drawn them into the apostolic net.

"Scores and hundreds of young Catholic hearts in the United States are waiting to be impressed by the priestly spirit. Many a good boy is too timid to take the initiative, or too modest to dare offer himself for priestly training without the encouragement of some officer in the army of Christ."

In the United States, yes, and in Canada also.

It may be useful to tell some of our readers that Mill Hill is a Seminary in England for the preparation of priests for the foreign missions. The Catholics of England have an enormous task rebuilding, reconstructing the Church in England; regaining Protestant agnosticism and materialistic England to the Church of Christ. Yet with the overwhelming burden of this task on their hands the Catholics of England established and maintain a Foreign Missionary Seminary—Mill Hill.

It has been said a thousand times over that the Church will never accomplish its full mission at home if it neglects the foreign mission field. It is because—thanks largely to The Field Aar—that we are thoroughly convinced of this truth that we feel inclined to make a proposition which perhaps impinges on the office of the episcopate.

Could we not have a Mill Hill preparatory school in Canada?

Canada must and will in the course of time have its own Missionary College. But in the meantime there are not vocations going to waste? Could there not be an arrangement made with Mill Hill by which our preparatory school should eventually revert to the Canadian Missionary Seminary when that desirable institution materializes? We are Imperialistic enough to be quite satisfied with a Mill Hill preparatory school in the meantime.

YOUNG PRIESTS GOING TO THE FRONT

Rev. Father McCarthy, who was ordained from St. Peter's Seminary, London, a year ago last Trinity, has been appointed Army Chaplain. On learning that their young priest was going to the front the parishioners of Logan, Centralia and Mount Carmel presented him with purses of gold, and friends in Mitchell gave him a wrist-watch. Amongst those at the latter presentation was Rev. T. J. Charlton, Anglican clergyman.

Father Ambrose Madden, O. M. I., of British Columbia, has also received an appointment as Army Chaplain. This young priest has served several years in the ministry and his ardent desire since the outbreak of the war to go to the front with the Catholic soldiers has at length been gratified. Young, athletic, full of zeal, total abstinence, no better appointments could have been made than those just indicated.

The London papers have stated that Father Fallon, brother of Bishop Fallon, was also going. This is incorrect. The Bishop has two brothers priests, Father James and Father Charles. Either would make an ideal chaplain. Father Charles volunteered and was accepted, but his ecclesiastical superiors could not see their way clear to give the necessary permission for Father Charles to absent himself from his duties in the American Oblate Province.

The CATHOLIC RECORD can, we think, bespeak the prayers as well as the heartiest good wishes of all its readers for the two young priests who will go to console, encourage and strengthen our Catholic soldiers in the performance of their patriotic duty in the war for the world's liberties.

THE RED CROSS

The Red Cross appeal has gone forth and the response has been prompt and generous. Nevertheless we feel impelled to urge those of our readers who have not yet responded to do so again and yet again. Many times, it may be, the call will go forth.

In this connection we feel that we cannot do better than to reproduce the words of our venerated Bishop Fallon:

"You are called upon to help in this work of mercy in the name of the cross. Before Jesus died the cross was the emblem of infamy. His blood reddened it and it was given to the world by Him as a symbol of mercy. It is absolutely unthinkable that we should refuse its appeal—the appeal of the Red Cross."

And again our Bishop says: "When my mother needs my help she shall have it, and the more she needs it the happier I shall be to give it. The British Red Cross appeal should reach all patriotic people."

Again and yet again when the call of the Red Cross comes let us be proud of the privilege of responding.

OUR DEAD

"The raindrops patter against the pane. The wind moans by the door; Herself, she sees that the fire is bright, And then sweeps up the floor; Himself, he tells the beads, the while The others answer low, 'God pity the souls that are out tonight, And rest the dead we know.'"

The above lines from "At the Gate of the Temple" enshrine a very beautiful old Irish legend, to wit, that on All Souls' Eve the dead revisit their former earthly abodes; and to let them see that they are still remembered the housewife puts everything in shape before retiring for the night. The house is swept spotlessly clean; a bright fire is lighted on the hearth, and chairs are set around so that they may rest awhile in comfort.

There are those to whom this old custom seems senseless superstition. But to him who looks at it with the eyes of faith it is a manifestation of the wonderful spirituality of the Irish people. It is an eloquent witness to

their familiarity with the supernatural. The Communion of Saints is to them something very real and tangible. The spirit world is as present to them as the material world in which they live. They are never out of touch with their dead. They hear their voices in the sighing of the night wind. They see their faces in the hurrying clouds. Their names are ever upon their lips mingled with fervent prayers for their souls.

Without professing our belief in this old time legend we may learn a very profitable lesson therefrom. We are all too apt to forget our dead. We look upon them as being far removed from us. Someday we hope to meet them again, but as for the present they are separated from us by the unsurmountable barrier of death. We are out of touch with the supernatural and spiritual. But are our dead so very far away? Rather are they not very near. To be sure they are in another world and in a state of being very different from ours. But that other world is not isolated from ours. Faith bridges the chasm. Prayer links up the material and the spiritual. We can communicate with them, and they with us. And very precious are the lessons that they whisper into our listening ears. Not all the tomes of the philosophers hold as much of wisdom as the still small voices that speak to us from the eternal shores.

These November days bring home to us very vividly the thought of our beloved dead. The chill winds sing their requiem and all nature seems to plead for their remembrance. Like the Irish housewife will we not give them some tangible proofs that they are not forgotten? Will we not set the house of our soul in order so that we may be able to gain indulgences for them? Will we not fan the embers of faith into a bright fire, and give to them of the warmth of our prayers? Will we not above all prepare for them a seat in their Father's house by assisting at Holy Mass for them during this month that is their very own?

Yes, let us remember our dead. When we are face to face with God at morning Mass let us plead for them. We loved them in life. Let us not now forget them in death. And let us thank God for the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints, that healing balm to our aching hearts.

COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE NECESSITY for presenting a united front to the encroachments of Rome is regarded by the Presbyterian as one of the strongest arguments for union with the Methodist and Congregationalist bodies. "It would contribute so largely," it is also affirmed, "in removing the stumbling-block which denominationalism puts in the way of Roman Catholics."

STRANGE, is it not that these good people continue to mistake the shadow for the substance! A mere outward conformity, which makes the wayward intellect of man the last court of appeal in religious belief can never atone for the exclusion of definite dogmatic teaching. But the latter Protestantism in any form never had, nor ever can have. It is foreign to the genius of eclecticism, and this latter is the sole basis of the much debated "union." As for Catholics, no member of our Faith worthy of the name can ever be deceived by so veritable a jack-o-lantern. The "city of confusion" and "house of bondage" can have no attraction for those who dwell safely in the "land flowing with milk and honey."

THE CANADIAN Congregationalist is publishing a series of papers on "The Pilgrim Fathers," those great champions of religious liberty in an age of intolerance—that is, when it was a question of their own freedom from restraint. For a like boon to others they were not quite so zealous, as witness the age of Cromwell and the Puritan reign of terror in New England. Writers of this class usually study ecclesiastical history with blinkers on. The Congregationalist scribe would be well advised to draw the curtain before he reaches the latter episode. What American publicist was it who said that the only thing to be regretted in the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock was that Plymouth Rock did not first land on the Pilgrims?

THE LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE, flourishing under the British flag, should get busy and exercise a little super-

vision over France as Britain's chief Ally in the present War. Here is an incident which it cannot very well afford to ignore: The patriotic curé of a big commune in the Department of Indre, said to his people on a recent Sunday: "My dearly beloved brethren, divine service today will be reduced to a minimum. After praying God to bless our sons on the battle line, I will ask those of you who can do so to go and help the harvesters. Until the harvest is entirely gathered in I authorize, nay, I invite you to work on Sunday. Mass will be said at 4 a. m. for the harvesters." These French curés need to be disciplined and how better than by a drastic exhibition of Puritan pharisaism!

THE SAME CURÉ, continuing his exhortation said: "As for those among you, men and women, who have gold at home, it is your duty to hand it over to the State. And if, after exchanging your gold for notes, you purchase national defence bonds with the proceeds, you will have done your duty as Catholics and good Frenchmen." This is the spirit which has made France, in face of a great peril, the wonder of the world in the unanimity of her patriotism and determination. And it is from the altars of her village churches that the slogan has sounded loudest and clearest.

WHAT MUST BE regarded as amongst the hopeful signs of the times in Scotland, is the widespread interest displayed in the course of lectures being delivered in Edinburgh Cathedral by the Very Rev. Canon Stuart on "The change of religion in Scotland in the Sixteenth Century." His audiences, we are told, are to a very remarkable degree, composed of Protestants drawn in large measure from the professional and mercantile classes. Canon Stuart's gifts as a preacher, and well-known familiarity with Scottish history, cannot fail to make his lectures interesting. But what is chiefly remarkable is that in the undeniable loosening of dogmatic ties, in the Scottish Establishment, men's minds should be turning back to the days when authority was the basis of belief to their countrymen, and the unity for which they now sigh was a reality. To Scotsmen of pre-Reformation times there was but one Kingdom of God upon earth. And that one Kingdom still exists with its portals wide open to welcome back their wandering descendants.

IN TENDERING a welcome to a civic deputation from Hamilton, Controller O'Neill, vice-chairman of the Toronto Board of Control, assured them that Toronto was always ready to give its sister city all the information it needed to improve its civic administration. That was a happy thought of the Controller's. Toronto's reputation for clean and orderly government under the aegis of the lodges is world wide. Its City Council sets an example of patriotism to even the British Government, by decreasing the hoisting of the flag over its Public Schools on the Twelfth of July, and by choosing war-time as a fit occasion for the exercise of discrimination in the matter of contracts on the ground of religious belief. As to the harmony and good feeling which prevails always in the deliberations of Toronto's model City Council it would be entirely superfluous to say a word. Hamilton must necessarily profit by close observation in that direction.

As a radiant example of a murderer repentant this extract from an English letter should not be overlooked: "We had two Zeppelins over here this week, one last night which mother saw going to church, and one on Tuesday. . . ."

A Mr. Ernest Phillipps, writing in the English Protestant Alliance Magazine, resurrects several of the silliest and stalest columns against Catholics after this fashion: "That Romanism is the negation of Christianity is proved by the fact that the so-called Holy Donkey is still worshipped in Italy." And, combining piety with calumny, he thus concludes: "May the day soon dawn when our Father in Heaven will be worshipped by all people in spirit and in truth"—which causes the editor of Catholic Book Notes (Catholic Truth Society) to remark: "In this plea aspiration we heartily concur especially as to Truth." That, certainly, as Cyrano de Bergerac would say, was a pretty party!

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The War news of the week is the persistent rumors of peace. Of course peace is denounced as pro-German. Still there is reason to believe that Peace is the subject that occupies the mind of all the chancelleries of Europe.

There is no news of the progress of the War other than that the Teutonic Allies are pushing their way through Serbia more rapidly than was anticipated. On the other fronts, though furious fighting and the consequent loss of life has taken place, little change has been made in the various lines.

A FREE-THINKING SOCIALIST AND THE POPE

A noted pacifist free-thinker has been talking to a representative of the Catholic Corriere d'Italia about peace and about the Pope in connection with it. First he had something to say about the Internationale the mighty Socialist union which all the world thought had been at least temporarily shattered when the Socialists of every country joined the rest of the citizens in their countries' war. Not at all, he says. It still exists; the much advertised meeting did take place—at Zimmerwald—and was a great success; its results will be seen later. There is to be another in December, and there are great hopes of peace arriving as the result of it, and always through the efforts of the Internationals. That is what he says in spite of facts which tell a different story. But he, Socialist Free-thinker has also something to say about the Pope. He has the highest praise for what the Pope has done and for his efforts on behalf of peace, on the same level, and the same lines, he seems to think, as those of the Internationals.

In the course of the interview this striking tribute from a French free-thinker to the Holy Father is given. We quote in full: "Holy Father, you are adding a sublime page to the gospel. You are applying, in act the Gospel to actual events. And what men want is not so much the word of Eternity as the interpretation of it in the present day. It is the Gospel of the present day that you have revealed to them. What is wanted is that your call shall be understood. You wish to invite the real friends of peace in the world to stretch their hands out to you in order to bring closer the end of the war which for a year has been devastating Europe." You wish to see all men, whether they belong or not to the Roman Church "unite themselves with you in a work of perfect charity." I am a man; a free-thinker; and I am with you.

"Holy Father, you alone have the magnificent privilege of being able to say, to see reproduced in every newspaper, to bring home to every conscience, what all good men should think. All good men—reduced for a year to the slavery of a desolating alliance—came to-day at least give you the homage of their admiration and gratitude. They see that in carrying out his international mission the Pope has legitimized their titles to humanity. In face of all other countries or countries which call themselves mothers, the Pope has shown himself to-day the Father of men.

"Holy Father, from your universal word, which draws its deep charity from the very fountains of religion but which finds its decisive proof in clear human evidence, this war is morally condemned. Let the peoples and their rulers understand it. If they desire to attain to the triumph of their violence they are condemned of themselves. You have shown the downfall of force; you desire the return to reason, men's distinctive sign and higher characteristic. If right is foreign to war, it is alone, solid, in peace. You see it and you say it. Let all see it. Hell has broken loose on earth. You recall the heavenly laws of human brotherhood. The world is shaking, trembling in the balance between life and death. You will divine courage, throw on the side of peace the weight of your authority and the name of your God. In fine you bless all men. It is for men to bless you. I ask you, Holy Father, to accept all the homage of my respect."

On which a Catholic writer in the same Corriere d'Italia has also a word to say. It is natural that the free thinking pacifist and socialist cannot see the stark contradiction in their associating hope in the work for peace of Benedict XV, and hope in the Internationals. The Internationals, and the international authority of the Pope can have nothing in common: one denies country, in the other love of country harmonizes with his lofty office of common Father. The only thing they may be said to have in common is that both wish to see an end put to the human massacre. The Internationals has its own ideas as to that: the Pope—just because he recognizes and blesses love of country, and does not sacrifice to a utopia the immortal principles of justice of which he is the supreme guardian—desires a peace which shall be a triumph of those principles and respond to the rights of different nationalities and the just aspirations of peoples. How then can there be co-operation between the Swiss meet-

ing and the Chair of Peter? He gives full credit to the sincerity of sentiment in their pronouncements, especially when the French free-thinker goes so far as to say of the Pope that he alone has the privilege of bringing home to all consciences that which all good men should think? But the Internationale must not deceive itself: the sorrowful mothers are looking to the Pope rather than to Swiss congresses.—Rome.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

A BRAVE CHAPLAIN

"ARE OUR FELLOWS WINNING?" The manner in which Father Finn sacrificed his life at the Dardanelles in order to administer Extreme Unction to a dying man lying in the open was described at Gooly Yorkshire, England, by the Rev. H. G. Foster, Protestant naval chaplain, who had just returned from Gallipoli.

Father Finn saw some of his men of the 1st Dublin lying wounded on the beach near Seddul Bahr, says the account in the Sheffield Telegraph, and under a heavy rifle and machine gun fire he asked the colonel's permission to go and minister to them. The colonel said, "You are foolish to go; it means death," but he replied, "The priest's place is beside the dying soldier; I must go." He ran down the gangway of the River Clyde and received two shots in the shoulder.

Through bleeding and in great pain he crawled from one wounded man to another, administering Extreme Unction until he was so weak from loss of blood that he could not lift his head, and he lay among the men he had worked for. One man went to his aid and found that another shot had entered his throat and that he was dying. He just said "Are our fellows winning?" and the end came.

THE IRISH AT THE DARDANELLES

An Irish officer, a Connaught man, in a letter to Mr. J. R. Kelly, K. C., which has been printed in the Freeman's Journal, writes giving an account of recent fighting in the Dardanelles:

I am somewhere in Turkey—at least, they tell me it is Turkey; it might be one of the summer resorts for the inhabitants of Eades—and have been having a rough time. The casualty lists from here since August 1, will convey more to your mind than pages of a letter from me. We met with a terribly hot reception when we arrived here to force a new landing. Shot and shell rained on us from the shore and aeroplanes dropped bombs all around us. The oldest soldier amongst us that day said he had seen war in all its horrors, but he had never even dreamt of anything so terrible as that landing. Our naval guns did splendid work that day, after a continuous duel lasting from noon to 4 p. m. till far into the afternoon our big guns triumphed and the Turk had to push back. During all these dreadful hours we were pouring into small boats and wading for the shore. It was dangerous work, and many a poor fellow left the ship's side but never reached the beach, and then—up that shingly beach strewn with dead and dying, dashed through a hail of lead and steel, whilst the thunder of the guns and the bursting of the shrapnel turned the place into a real inferno. Well, thank God, I lived through it all, but all the poor Irish boys who found a grave on that shore—we were all Irish—the like never was on earth! If Irish soldiers never fired another shot their songs in this country since they landed would be sufficient to earn for them a fame equal to, if not greater than, that which their ancestors won in the past. English, Scotch, and Colonial all unite in their praise. "The Irish are great," you hear on all sides. Truly they are great to fight and greater still to die! I have looked upon poor Catholic soldiers dying here on the battlefield and have felt prouder than ever I felt before—proud of being a Catholic and proud of being an Irishman.

WOMEN ON THE "HESPERIAN"

Among the passengers on the torpedoed "Hesperian" were a number of officers and men of the Canadian contingent, many of whom had interesting stories to tell. One wounded Canadian, who was on his way to Ontario to get married, said that what struck him most was the anxiety of the women on board to assist the wounded soldiers to the lifeboats.

Every woman on the "Hesperian" was a real heroine. I heard one girl, not more than eighteen or nineteen, exclaim to one of our chaps, "You are dying for us; it is our turn now." She was busy supplying us with life-preservers. When asked to take a lifeboat herself, she calmly replied, "I've not finished my little bit yet."

A SON'S APPREAL

Here are two gratifying declarations made during the discussions at the T. A. S. Union Congress at Bristol:

Mr. John Hodge, M.P., chairman of the Labour Party, dealt the pacifists a knock down blow when, speaking with deliberation and intensity, he said: "The men who talk peace to-day are traitors to their own country."

Perhaps nothing touched the hearts of these rather stolid Labour delegates so much as a few words spoken by an elderly Durham miner, Mr. Robson.

meeting that had to decide about a strike, and he had a letter in his pocket from his son in the trenches, who said, 'Father, if you give us a chance we can whack them.' That word "Father," coming from the lad in the trenches, seemed to clutch the congress by its heart strings. There was a great shout of cheers from 600 men that answered all the peace cranks' miserable little arguments.

CATHOLIC PLAY SUCCESSFUL

Charles Phillips' latest play, "The Divine Friend," met with great success in San Francisco, where it was staged for the first time. The leading roles played by Margaret Anglin the well-known Catholic actress.

About a year ago Mr. Phillips, editor of The Monitor of San Francisco, met Miss Anglin, and in the course of their conversation reference was made to the prevailing obscenity of the stage.

"If I had a good religious play," Miss Anglin declared, "I would put it on just as a protest against these disgusting spectacles."

This remark led Mr. Phillips to write a Biblical drama in blank verse, entitled "The Divine Friend." It is based upon the story of Mary Magdalene. Miss Anglin accepted it and this week it was presented to its first audience in San Francisco. It is reported that the first production in New York will take place in January.

PRAYERS FOR DEAD SOLDIERS

HOW THE WAR HAS POPULARIZED PURGATORY

By M. C. L. in Catholic Herald "Those casualty lists in the papers look bare. Why don't they put 'Requiescant in Pace' at the top of the deaths, like the Romans? That is a prayer with a new meaning for those in this unending fight—'Rest, and in Peace.'" Doubtless that paragraph expresses the feelings of very many outside the fold, now that our country indeed hears the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death. The Protestant attitude towards prayers for the dead has always been incomprehensible to us "Romans," who believe in the Communion of Saints, in the immortality of the soul, and in the justice of Almighty God. There have been Protestants here and there who, before the war prayed for their dead; just as there has been Protestants who deplored the fact that the practice had not obtained in their community, and they have tried to introduce it, whilst illogically rejecting the doctrine of Purgatory, a doctrine which proclaims and emphasizes the Divine Justice. That Justice assuredly will not condemn to eternal punishment with those guilty of the unpardonable sin a soul which has passed away stained with a lesser offence; yet, as nothing defiled can enter heaven, a place of acceptance now, or his lectures he considered worth hearing. Earlier still in the eighties a certain Burial Board had a lengthy discussion arising out of the application of a parishioner for permission to erect over his wife's grave a tombstone with the words: "Of your charity, pray for the soul of _____ who fell asleep December 1880 R. I. P." The Chancellor of the Diocese said that he sympathized with the objection to such an inscription, but did not think it would be sustained in a court of law, as in a similar case a Vicar's action for the removal of the stone was defeated. (The Vicar's mode of comforting the afflicted was certainly queer.) In this case the stone had not been erected, and it was decided to refuse permission for its erection, and in future not to allow any inscribed quotation or extract "other than a complete text from the Scriptures." What would have been the issue had a parishioner presented a tombstone with the inscription: "It is a holy and whose some thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins," supported by that passage in the Thirty Nine Articles which directs that the II. Book of Maccabees, with others, be read, "for example of life and instruction of manners?" For, though fallible Protestantism rejects II. Maccabees (and other books) as not forming part of Scripture, we cannot suppose, in face of that direction, that the Church of England believes it to

contain false doctrine. However, had a parishioner so adventurous, so many questions would have been raised that the discussion might still have been going on. The frequency of "memorial services," the actual prayers for the departed offered by non-Catholics of the "High" party, indicate the change that has taken place, and the development in certain non-Catholic circles of Catholic sentiment and practice. Not long ago there was quoted in this column the beautiful and touching verse whereby a Moderator of the Free Kirk expressed his approval of the practice of praying for the dead, and even hinted at a belief in Purgatory! In these sorrowful, splendid times, with their glory and their grief when many a home is desolate, "the heart's desire must flow beyond the limits of the things we know," and the consoling and beautiful practice will make to those who mourn too strong an appeal to be rejected. Happy are we Catholics who have known it all our lives and kept in touch with the beloved dead by means of it, who have never lost it, nor permitted it to be taken from us by Act of Parliament or other human means, who have not to wait for its restoration ere we exercise it, or in exercising it go against "the mind of the Church." Ours is, and ever has been.

The faith which St. Cyril of Jerusalem expressed and we pray "for all those who are departed this life in our communion, believing that the souls of those for whom the prayers are offered receive very great relief whilst this holy and tremendous Victim lies upon the altar." We believe with St. Augustine that "the dead are helped by the prayers of Holy Church and the sacrifice of salvation," that they "who have a spiritual as well as a natural affection for their friends who are dead according to the flesh, though not according to the spirit," should show solicitude, care, and zeal, "in offering up for them those things which help the spirits of the departed—alms, prayers and supplication." We pray with St. Ambrose: "Give rest, O Lord, eternal rest to Thy servant, that rest Thou hast prepared for Thy saints!" Praying for the dead is no new thing to us. As a contemporary observer, we who are born in the fulness of the Faith enjoy a peace of mind to which others not so fortunate are strangers, and are indifferent to the fluctuations of religious opinion.

Secure in the possession of the great fundamentals and knowing what is essential to salvation, we realize that in our creed there is nothing to amend. What we hold to-day was held in the beginning, and will be held by all orthodox believers ten thousand years from to-day. The Church delivers her message; we hear, and like Peter, accept the dictum of eternal truth. This article rose from a contemplation of casualty lists in a Scottish paper, thick-strewn with Scottish names, and by some association of ideas I thought of the brave days of old, when Scotland was Catholic, and Bruce, her hero king, erected a chapel on the spot where his friend Seton fell, in order that Masses might be offered in perpetuity for his soul. One could imagine Bruce repeating the words of St. Ambrose: "I loved him in life, I will not forsake him in death. Give rest, O Lord, eternal rest to Thy servant!" For then Scotland believed as the saints of old believed, and neither her living nor her dead had been robbed by the Reformation of their Christian heritage. And now? Ah, dear, brave, gallant dead, laid in nameless graves afar, are there none who, loving you in life, will not forsake you in death, but fill "the golden censers" with prayers for you? "Those casualty lists in the papers look so bare. Why don't they put 'Requiescant in Pace' at the top of the deaths?"

CATHOLICS "GASP FOR THE BREATH OF GOD"

"In the lands of Central and South America the people are gasping for the breath of God. The number of Christian missionaries sent to these people has thus far been totally inadequate. In the Republic of Venezuela, with millions of human beings, only three evangelical heralds proclaim the gospel of life through Christ. Much the same is true in other Latin American countries."—The Missionary Review of the World. This statement is quoted and denied in "The Living Church" (Episcopal) for September 18, 1918. It is more than denied. It is exposed. An Anglican churchman resident for many years in South America, writing "The Living Church," makes it clear that such allegations are used as the simplest way of gaining financial support for the Protestant missions. The letter follows: "It is rather the simplest way of gaining the support of men and money in Great Britain and the United States to preach that Latin America is 'without true religion,' has 'lost its faith,' and needs to be restored as the heathens do in China and Japan. It all hinges on the definition of true religion, for these Catholics repudiate absolutely the kind of religion the Protestants bring with them, and they resent being considered as semi-heathens. . . . These people are happy, agreeable, hopeful, their cities are clean and very well governed even from American standards, wealth is increasing everywhere; schools, universities,

modern engineering works are developing, railroads are here just as much as in Illinois. The churches are very interesting and vigorous. There are 4,000 clergy and students here (mentioning his own city); the Dominican, Franciscan, Jesuit, Carmelite Orders flourish and hold large properties; the central government supports them with large yearly grants. State and Church, schools and military, are interwoven. I have heard splendid sermons, been inspired with the magnificent power of the Church over these people, prayed that God might provide an equally effective propaganda in Boston, Washington, or Milwaukee; in fact, I never realized what Church can mean, until my last residence here. These people do not want, would not understand, any form of speculative Protestantism with which I am acquainted. There are four small missions in _____, Protestant exotics for 'Gritigos,' which are absolutely free to do what they like. On the other hand, the sad, the alarming aspect is that these mission churches do not hold their own people. Anglicans have a very 30, as by Act of Parliament or other human means, who have not to wait for its restoration ere we exercise it, or in exercising it go against "the mind of the Church." Ours is, and ever has been.

"THE MENACE IS NOT WANTED IN NEWFOUNDLAND"

Editor RECORD: Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find two editorial clippings from the Daily News and the Evening Telegram of the city of St. John's, Nfld., which, perhaps, would be worth your while to publish in your paper.

These two papers are the most influential and the most widely read in the island. Their editors, Hon. W. A. Robinson, editor of the News, and W. F. Lloyd, editor of the Telegram, are not Catholics, however, yet they are in one word, gentlemen. No further comment is necessary.

The vile Menace is not wanted by Catholic or Protestant in Newfoundland; and its business manager might do better by sending free copies to the Kulturized subjects of the Kaiser or Sultan.

SUBSCRIBE THE MENACE

We received last mail a copy of a newspaper called The Menace, the first we have seen. We direct the attention of the Hon. Col. Secretary to it, as head of the Postal Department, to consider what steps should be taken to exclude it from circulation in Newfoundland, on account of the scurrilous matter it contains.—St. John's Evening Telegram.

That infamous sheet, The Menace, is again finding its reptilian way into the island, several copies, stamped "sample" passing through the Post Office. One has reached the Daily News, and if it is sample, we are thankful that it is the only one within the building. The sooner obscenities of this kind are excluded from the mails, the better.—St. John's Daily News.

ITALIAN METHODISM!

Whenever we read the glowing reports of Protestant missionaries about the advance of Evangelicalism in Catholic countries we think of the old Evangelical lady who burned with zeal to go to Rome and convert the Pope. The probability of success was equal to that of the Bible societies which aim to popularize Methodism in the Eternal City. One thing you see the ones do is to make a lot of noise. Listen to them, read their reports and you would think that Catholicism is near its end.

A long time ago we were informed that Latin America was yearning for the pure light of the Gospel. Millions of dollars were spent in the work of endeavoring to proselytize the Catholics of South America.

It was a vain effort, as we have pointed out many times in these columns. How vain is evidenced by the plan now being considered by the sects to conceal their vastations of doctrine and pretend to be one Evangelical body by claiming a nominal union. It is a deception that will not work in South America any more than it would in North America.

As in South America, so in Rome. A few years ago the Tippees and other Methodists created a great deal of disturbance on the occasion of the visit of a prominent American to their little mission. Methodism in Rome was bold enough to put itself on the plane of equality with the Universal Church.

It was futile, but it deceived some Americans into thinking that the old lady's desire for the Protestantizing of the Eternal City was near to fulfilment, while all the time the fact has been that Methodism in Rome is a negligible quantity.

Tippee, who is now visiting this country, speaking of the interruption of Methodism's activity, says: "And yet Methodism in the Italy peninsula was never more active than at present, and never more efficiently active. The past year has demonstrated that our Methodism possesses an organization and a spirit peculiarly adapted to the needs, exigencies and life of Italy. The authorities are seeing this more and more clearly, and are giving to us more and more recognition, also more opportunities for service. With the continuance of a strong sympathetic support from America, Italian Methodism in the course of the coming ten years will show marvelous progress."

The "marvelous progress" was promised long ago. It is easy to make promises, and besides promises have to be made to keep the funds coming along. But Methodism in Italy to-day is the joke it was when it first had the effrontery to set itself up in the home of the Pope.—Boston Pilot.

POPE PLEADS FOR ARMENIANS

(C. P. A. Cablegram) Rome, October 18.—The ministers of Chile, Argentina and Brazil have been received in long, private audiences by the Pope. It is understood that the condition of the Church in Mexico formed the subject of their conversation.

Pope Benedict is deeply grieved at the news which reaches him of continued massacres of Armenians by Turkish troops. The Observatore Romano announces officially that he has made repeated efforts, through Mgr. Dolci, the Papal Nuncio at Constantinople, to induce the Sultan to put an end to them, and that he has received assurances that they will cease. Owing, however, to reports of further massacres having reached him he has now written a personal letter to the Sultan on the subject and is awaiting a reply. It is recognized here, of course, that it is difficult for the Sultan to control the murderous barbarism that exists in distant parts of his dominions, but it is hoped, nevertheless, that he will succeed in causing a cessation of the fiendish atrocities of which the Armenians are the victims.

SOLDIER PRIEST DEMANDS RETRACTION

A priest belonging to Haute Marne, in France, has just dealt in a very effective way with a libeler of the clergy, says the London Catholic Times. The editor of the Petit Hautmarneais, who is an anti-clerical, stated in an issue of his paper that of all the Catholic clergymen in Haute Marne not one had gone to the front. The statement was untrue. Not to mention others, Father Sommelot, a local priest, had been killed at the front; the Abbe Girard, another priest from Haute Marne, had been wounded and had lost a limb; and the Abbe Kohler, from the same place, had been mentioned in orders of the day and had received the military cross, with palm.

A Haute Marne priest who was writing in the trenches wrote to the editor, informing him of these facts and adding: "To defend you, sir, I have been risking my life night and day for over a year. More than a score of times I have narrowly escaped death. I will not allow you to insult me. I require that in your issue of Sept. 1, you retract your odious accusation and give the facts. If you refuse to do so, I shall not have recourse to the legal measures I am entitled to take, but I shall be on a holiday in September and you may rest assured that at the front the priests have hardened their minds and their muscles." The retraction and correction were duly inserted, for the libeler, like all of his tribe, was too great a coward to risk heavy punishment.

CARRANZA CHARACTERIZED

Commenting on the recognition by our Government of Carranza as the best leader of the Mexican people, the Catholic Bulletin says: "It seems strange to every intelligent person that the United States Government should contemplate even for a moment the recognition of this prince of brigands as ruler of Mexico. As chief of the so called Constitutionalists Carranza has, during the past two years, shown himself incapable of controlling the demoniac brutality of his followers. He has not raised a hand to save Mexico from their ravages. He is the avowed enemy of the Catholic Church in Mexico and has done everything in his power to persecute her by looking in sanctuaries, murdering priests, ravaging Sisters and depriving the rank and file of her children of the benefits of religion. By these acts alone he has forfeited all right to consideration for such an important position as ruler of Mexico. Why then should he be looked upon as a possible savior of the country?"

LIQUEFACTION

OF BLOOD OF ST. JANUARY AGAIN OCCURS AT NAPLES

Catholic Press Association Service One hour and a quarter was the time occupied by the blood of St. January recently liquefied in the chial in the Cathedral at Naples. One who had never been present at the miracle and who was close to the altar describes himself as having been extraordinarily edified, especially by the piety of the people. It is usually said that the impure, direct speaking Neapolitans allow the fervor of their devotion and emotion to carry them away so far as to call their patron saint hard names if he keeps them waiting long.

Nothing of the sort occurred this year, though an hour and a quarter is a lengthy wait. But there seems to have been an outburst of joy more heartfelt than ever this year when the celebrating Canon, turning the phial, could show the people that the miracle was accomplished once again. One incident occurred which has never been seen before: a soldier in uniform, when, after the miracle had been accomplished, he

Your Savings

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

What are you going to do with YOUR SAVINGS? You cannot keep your cash in a stocking. You must either put it in a Bank; invest in a Bond or Stock; or purchase Life Insurance with it. Some men will do all three.

By Putting YOUR SAVINGS INTO LIFE INSURANCE

You will be practicing Thrift in its best form. You will be making definite provision for your family. In the event of your early death, they will receive many times more than you have paid in. If you live, you will be adding each year to the value of your security.

Let us sell you a Policy in the Capital Life Assurance Company. We have all kinds, at all prices, with valuable privileges and perfect security always.

Write us, giving the date of your birth

The Capital Life Assurance Company of Canada

Head Office - Ottawa

approached, as is the custom with the faithful, to be touched on the forehead, lips and breast with the phial containing the blood, went straight off into an epileptic fit.

It may or may not be generally known that there has been, once at least, a break in the continuity of the accomplishment of the miracle. There are those at Naples who relate of their own experience how once a very high ecclesiastic indeed came to Naples and was granted the privilege of holding the phial and officiating at the ceremony—and that after an interminable period the miracle was not accomplished. He spoke to the people and told them not to attribute it to any fault of theirs; it was a warning to him, he said. And he died three days later.—Church Progress.

THE DYING SOLDIER

CONFESSION TO PRIEST WHO COULD NOT SPEAK ENGLISH

An Irish soldier mortally wounded in the trenches during the present war lay dying. His officer came, tried to comfort him, and asked if he could help him in any other way. The poor fellow answered that no one could help him now but a priest and that it wasn't his wounds that were troubling him but his soul.

The poor fellow had not been to confession for a long time. His officer, an Englishman and a Protestant, was kind; he went at once to look for a priest. They were scarce among the British Army at that time, but he knew if he went to the French army close by he would likely get what he wanted. He did so, calling out in French for an abbe. A soldier priest came forward, saying he was a priest and that he would attend the dying man. Back they went to the poor soldier, but the priest could not speak English, and of course, the poor dying boy knew no French.

The priest asked the officer to tell the man he was a priest, and that all he need do was to be sorry for his sins, make an Act of Contrition, and that he would give him Absolution and the Last Sacraments.

"Oh, no, sir, that wouldn't do me at all," the poor fellow answered, "I must tell all my sins since I so much offended my God."

The officer translated to the priest and then translated the priest's reply, that it did not matter about the confession now, he was sorry for offending God—that was all that was required. The poor boy was silent for a moment; then with the unquenchable Irish spirit his soul rose to meet and surmount the difficulty. "Why, sir," he said, "can't I tell my sins to you, and can't you tell them to the priest for me in the same way as you speak to him just now?"

The confession began, but before it was ended the officer was on his knees asking the priest to receive him into the Church. "Father," he said, "the Church which enables a man in excruciating pain to practise such humility and self-denial as I have seen this poor fellow practise to-day must be the right one." The soldier received the last absolution; the officer baptism. Both died the following day, the officer being killed in battle.

Surely for these two brave souls gone out of the darkness and storm a next day has risen, glorious with the eternal sunshine of everlasting joy and peace?—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

WHERE THE DIFFERENCE LIES

The underlying idea of a Protestant service for the dead is to comfort the stricken hearts of the mourners. According to the Catholic idea the Requiem Mass is for the soul of the dead. When a Catholic bereft of some loved one really understands this, there is a comfort and consolation in the Church's service for the dead that passes the understanding of those who know the differences between the Protestant and Catholic belief. The Catholic Church comforts and helps the living, by helping the dead. According to Protestant teaching, the departed soul is beyond all aid from the living, and so the funeral services are directed towards the consolation of those who are left behind.—Sacred Heart Review.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, March 22, 1918. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feast. May God be praised Who deigns to open months to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

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

Table listing names and amounts: Previously acknowledged \$6,220 87. In memory of John McCormack, St. John's 1 00. James Murphy, Sr., Nelson 2 00. M. D. B. Rankin, New Waterford 1 00. A Repentant Sinner 1 00. Jas. Fleming, Hamilton 1 00. A. O. E., Brechin 3 00. In memory of Mr. and Mrs. McManus, Drayton 2 00.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. FEFFERS
TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY
AFTER PENTECOST

SANCTIFYING GRACE

"Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith?" (Matt viii, 26)
The disciples in their frail boat had every reason to feel alarmed when the tempest arose on the sea.

Man can never enjoy peace unless he is assured that God is pleased with him. Recall to yourselves the moments after a good confession, or after a good Holy Communion?

Man can never enjoy peace unless he is assured that God is pleased with him. Recall to yourselves the moments after a good confession, or after a good Holy Communion?

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PARALYSED AND HELPLESS

Prominent Merchant Restored to Health by "Fruit-a-tives"

BOSTON, N.B., July 25th, 1914.
"I had a stroke of Paralysis in March, and this left me unable to walk or help myself and the Constipation was terrible. Finally, I took 'Fruit-a-tives' for the Constipation. This fruit medicine gradually toned up the nerves and actually relieved the paralysis. By the use of 'Fruit-a-tives' I grew stronger until all the palsy left me. I am now well and attend my store every day."

ALVA PHILLIPS.
Fruit juice is nature's own remedy and 'Fruit-a-tives' is made from fruit juices. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

dured contempt and ignominy from it since the so-called reformation. Truth has been suppressed by intemperate writers, and it is only in recent years that the documents have been brought to light by investigators that disprove the errors of history in those matters in which the Catholic Church has been maligned and misrepresented. It will take a long time to root out the old lies that have been in circulation so long, but it can be done by careful research and by publication of the documents that disprove the errors.—Intermountain Catholic.

TEMPERANCE

A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM FATHER MATHÉW

One of the speakers at the National Convention of the C. T. A. U. held last August at Pittsburgh, Pa., was Judge Ambrose Reid who was introduced by the Rev. Chairman as a strong advocate of total abstinence. Advocacy of total abstinence is often hereditary, for the Rev. Chairman who knew the Judge's father said that he lived to be eighty years old and had always been a total abstainer. The Judge, when he spoke, referring to his father, said:

"As a matter of history, I might say that when my father was a young man or boy in Pittsburgh, or else in St. Louis, I am not sure which, as he left here in '47 to make his fortunes in the then distant west, he went to California, was one of the pioneers across the plains in those days that tried man's souls. But, whether he took the pledge in St. Louis, from Father Mathew, before starting upon his perilous trip, or not, I do not know, but I do know that he took it from Father Mathew, in person and kept it until his death. And he preserved this personal message from Father Mathew, his own card in his own handwriting, which he then received from that distinguished apostle of temperance, Father Mathew. So I say, it's a personal message I bring to you after sixty-eight years from Father Mathew.

"As to the advocacy of total abstinence, from the standpoint of healthfulness and well being of the body, since I have referred to my father, whose card this is, he notes in his diary that through his journey, during the perils and sufferings of the trip, which were very severe, many died both of cholera and scurvy on the way, and while he had equipped himself in St. Louis with a small cask of rum for medicinal purposes—he never drank, even before he took the pledge, he notes that he did not touch it all the way, across the plains, they were one hundred and sixty days before they reached the diggings of California, and yet he came through that trip of peril and suffering, and privation better than any man who took whisky or rum on the way.

LONDON AND ITS DRINK PROBLEM

A new anti-breating regulation in connection with the use and sale of intoxicating liquor went into effect in London recently. It is the most radical and far reaching effort for the curtailment of drinking yet tried, for it affects nearly 10,000,000 persons and violations of the regulation are punishment by a fine of \$500 and six months in prison. The authorities have given notice that these penalties will be inflicted without mercy on offenders. All the cafes, hotels, clubs and liquor dealers are compelled to exhibit prominently in their places a copy of the anti-breating ordinance which says plainly that "each person must give his order and pay for his own drink." The only exception to the rule is that drinks ordered with a full meal may be paid for by a host.

SUNDAY CLOSING WORKS WELL IN CHICAGO

When, for the first time in forty years a saloon-closing law went into effect in Chicago, recently and made that city "dry" there was some fear that the result would be even a greater degree of drunkenness than ever. But the prediction that the early closing and the Sunday dryness would be followed by an unprecedented number of arrests for drunkenness was not fulfilled. Fewer than a dozen arrests were made. The observance of the State law, for many years a dead letter,

showed a marked decrease in crime and in accidents. Of homicides and suicides none was reported to the police. The day was also made memorable by a lack of street brawls. Sunday in Chicago for years has been punctuated by many—improvised fights, stabbing and shooting. The following disputes sprang up, induced by liquor clouded brains. The usual Sunday toll of deaths and injuries in automobile accidents was also missing.—Sacred Heart Review.

It's a God-send to Humanity

is what a leading physician says of Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal. Properly cooked in hot porridge according to directions on package, without stirring after first making, it is a delight to humanity. Use a double boiler or set boiler in basin of boiling water and use one cup meal to two cups water. Cook for half an hour. It's very nutritious, prevents indigestion and relieves constipation or "money back." Ask your doctor. At grocers, 10 and 25 cents.

TO BIBLE CHRISTIANS

To the volumes of the Catholic Truth publications, Mr. W. B. Luke, a recent convert to the Church, contributes a brochure dealing with those persons whom he recently left and whom he describes under the term Bible-Christians. He writes this work, he says, in no spirit of antagonism for his old friends in religion, whose kindly attitude towards himself and his views he is at pains to admit. It is rather with a view, he goes on, to showing them what Catholicity really is that he exercises his pen in writing to them; neither is his aim at all a controversial one; it is purely one of description, he assures us, for knowing what he does of his late colleagues, he now understands why there are so many who hang back from the final step. Ignorance and pre-conceived notions and assertions of anti-Catholic writers and preachers all constitute the grounds of their hesitancy. He says:

"The truth is we are trained in an atmosphere of prejudice and the ideas we imbibed in our youth, based on suspicious dislike and de- based on 'Rome' have never been subjected to a fair scrutiny. Our prepossessions color our views and we are still apt to interpret Catholicism in the light of Foxe's Book of Martyrs, the Spanish Inquisition, the bad Popes and the sensational tales of ex-monks and escaped nuns, although we know that these facts represent but a small fraction of the immense history of an institution that is now nearly two thousand years old and has played a great part in the gradual progress of mankind. We cannot gain a true notion of the general character of Catholicism by confining our gaze to the Dark Ages of its long history. We must study it fairly; . . . It is unjust to search out the worst that can be said against it and to ignore the best. . . . Hooking may be a more widely read writer, perhaps, than Cardinal Newman; but he is not so good an authority on the subject of the Catholic Church."

Bible Christians, as a rule, hold that Catholicism is but a blind formalism devoid of spirituality. The Catholic worship, when it is apprehended, is seen to be as far from the cold morality and formalism against which Methodism was a living protest, and true Catholicism is fundamentally cordial and sympathetic as a visit to a Church or to a devotional meeting must attest to any one who enters in an unprejudiced spirit. As for the confessional, this new made Catholic, erstwhile a stern unbending hater of the principle of confession, finds it most uplifting, not degrading; a blessing to the oppressed mind and not at all a burden. As for the priest—Protestant writers have concurred in drawing his picture as one who is smooth of tongue, adroit in his diplomacy, intrusive, tyrannical, unscrupulous, the destroyer of peace and, above all, a hypocrite. Therefore, of course, a pestiferous enemy who is to be avoided by all proper-thinking men. Who, he asks, are mainly responsible for this view? The novelists and "historical" romancers, he answers, who find it to their interest to write what they want the prejudiced to believe, and who find their greatest applause—plus, circulations—among the people who are disposed to credit the worst and to take no thought of realities. For our part,

A NON-CATHOLIC SEES GREAT FUTURE FOR THE CHURCH

Non-Catholic though he be, Mr. H. P. Sedgwick, writing in The Atlantic Monthly, thinks he sees a great future for the Catholic Church after the war, particularly in the United States. He confirms the view, expressed in this place in previous issues, that one of the great causes of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century was the growth of the spirit of nationalism: "The northern nations felt the swellings of national instincts, and the bonds of the universal Church were broken." From that time till the present day the sentiment of nationalism has been pre-dominant; that sentiment, says Dr. Sedgwick, "reached its zenith in the end of the century and is already beginning to wane." Cosmopolitanism is on the rise. Socialism in its international aspect might be instanced as an indication of this. "Signs appear," says our writer, "that the breaking up of nationality will begin in the United States. There will be in that country three principal parties; those of English, German and Irish descent; but there will be other stocks. But the whole so formed will not have that unity of inheritance, or habits, or pleasures, or tradition, or organization which makes a nation. The United States will be the one great cosmopolitan country. In such a country, with no purely national feeling to get stirred to opposition, a proselytizing church, prudent and bold, will have great opportunities."

SHE DARKENED HER GRAY HAIR

A Kansas City Lady Darkened Her Gray Hair and Stimulated Its Growth by a Simple Home Process. She Tells How She Did It

A well-known Society Lady, who darkened her gray hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlox Compound and 1 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently, then every two weeks. This mixture relieves scalp troubles and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. It will make a gray haired person look 10 to 20 years younger.

as Catholics, it is not necessary to compare up the true picture of the priest who is, before all things, the friend of his flock and its best guide. In the opinion of Mr. Luke, what has struck him most in Catholic priests (as against all ministers) is the almost miraculous commingling of two antithetical qualities, namely, their personal humility and their official authority. Only a true Church, he says in effect, which was sure of its authority and certain of the example of its Founder, could be at once authoritative and humble.

Mr. Luke advises all Bible Christians, not content to remain Bible Christians, and to evade the promptings of his spirit, to seek for admission to the true Fold, to study what he calls the case for Catholicism. No more saintly priest lived than Newman, in his Anglican days, and no Protestant of his time was more aggressively a supporter of Protestantism. This state of intellect lasted until he took up the book of enquiry and entered upon a study of all that Catholicism claimed in respect of its assertion that it represented the true teaching of Christ. Even Newman approached this study with the object in view of writing against Catholic claims to hold the deposit of truth. But like the honest man, even his bitterest opponents still admit him to have been, he soon reached the point in his studies in which he recognized where Truth lay, and then at once made no hesitation in declaring for the side of Right, entering at once his verdict against his own Church and coming over to the Catholic body. And as most men who doubt as to the questions of religion at all, must be primarily men who think, all such persons (says Mr. Luke, in effect) are capable of investigating the claims of Catholicity for themselves and of realizing simply from the bare truths of written history exactly on which side Truth must inevitably lie.

"For the sake of Truth," he urges, "I beg of you to hear the other side, and simply because, wrapped up in prejudice and ignorance, you cannot know the religion itself unless you study it in the words of its competent and authorized exponents. And Catholicism has nothing to hide; it invites, nay, it entreats you to investigate most fully its every claim to hold the Truth which Christ taught. It may be a deterrent in holding back men and women from submission to humble their proud minds and asked to submit to authority. All philosophic doubters—whether in matters of mere ethics or of religion—all admit the difficulty of giving in to a higher authority, of sacrificing their cherished convictions. Often, says Mr. Luke, in effect, pride restrains men from sacrificing even what they know to be false tenets or opinions. Obedience, submission—these are ugly words which struggle with the pride of intellect. If, however, a Church be held to be a kind of high-class debating society or speculative club where all sorts of opinions may be held and advanced, then it is certain that no organic working would be at all possible and that on no point at any time or in any place could a definite law be formulated which should apply to the whole community. Yet, while Bible Christians hotly deny the authority of the Church, they are perpetually hammering out from their Bible their own authorities for different conditions and (says Mr. Luke) with what a result upon the non-Catholic mind! No non-Catholic knows where he stands on any point with any certainty, and, indeed, how could he, asks the convert?—New York Freeman's Journal.

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Mr. Sedgwick points to the past in support of his predictions: "In the past the Roman Church has achieved her greatest victories in the face of the greatest powers of the world. First she subdued the Roman Empire; after its fall she met the Teutonic emperors as a rival; and now, after the Holy Roman Empire has passed away, she still treats with the governments as an equal. She is the only organization which has succeeded in adapting herself to the varying needs of men for nineteen hundred years. Again and again she has fallen under the servitude of German Emperors, of Roman nobles and the kings of France; again and again she has risen with undiminished vitality. It is not strange that many who think that some divine power stood behind the early Christ an Church should believe that the same power guides and preserves the Church of Rome."—Truth.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

IS THIS YOUR PHOTOGRAPH?

The weak-willed man makes impractical resolutions and promises, and fails to keep them. They were either too hard (beyond his strength) or too numerous. He is not a man of his word, but changeable, inconstant, and unpunctual. If, perchance, he makes one good prudent resolution, he is powerless to persevere in it; for he does not take the necessary precautions for keeping it, nor has he confidence in his powers to keep it, as he does not know the strength of his will. He is either too impulsive or too phlegmatic in his choices; and knows not how to restrain impulses nor to prick on to action his cold nature. As a result, his choices are ill-made, and he forms habits of rash choosing or of hesitation and indecision. When called on to make an effort he either stirs up too much or too little emotion—in the former case his will not ends in a blaze of excitement; in the latter, it fizzles out, leaving the task unaccomplished. The weak-willed man, if in authority, mistakes passion for power, and tries to bully and coerce with a kind of insane obstinacy. Not understanding what self-control means, and being at heart very diffident of his own powers, he makes a brave bad show by hectoring. In fine, his life is rendered wretched by its inherent weakness and inconsistencies.—Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

DOING AS ONE PLEASES

Everybody hates to be bossed and longs to be free to do as he pleases. In one way this desire for independence is a good thing, when it is founded on a power of initiative and a purpose to advance in usefulness; but it is an evil thing, when it comes from the spirit of pride and self-will that led the great archangel Lucifer to say: "I will not serve."

Because we don't know the other fellow's job, because we are unfamiliar with his environment, because we do not, and cannot, realize his responsibilities and his perplexities, we are likely to think that he has what the boys call a "snap," to feel that he does as he pleases, and to envy him.

I have met thousands of business and professional men of every degree of success and attainment. Reading my remarks upon actual experience, I can say that I have never known a man high up, low down, or occupying a place in the middle, who did as he pleased, or who could do as he pleased.

The owner of a great business enterprise, with thousands of men in his employ, may appear to be captain of his industry, and it may seem to those who do not know him and who have not followed him, that he is independent and may do as he likes without hindrance. As a matter of fact, he is not in command of his enterprise, although he holds legal title to it, although he may tell this man to go one way and that man to go another, although he may decide whether or not he will build a new factory, put a new line of goods on the market, or change his business policy.

If he is in business, he does not as he pleases, but as his customer demands. If he does not, he loses his business.

The real "boss" of business is not the man who owns it, but the customer, for without the customer there would be no business. The general in command of an army may, if he will, order his men to the right or to the left, to remain in the trenches, or to make a charge; yet he cannot do as he pleases, because he is subject to the rules of warfare and cannot disregard precedent without courting disaster. Therefore, instead of doing as he pleases, he does what others have told him is best. He consults his staff; and although he gives the final order, he is but a composite general, representing others even more than himself.

The office boy, who is obliged to be on hand early in the morning and to

sweep out dust, who cannot get an afternoon off without asking his employer's consent, may feel that he is altogether too much under the rule of discipline and that his employer, who appears to go where he will and to do as he pleases, occupies a position of complete independence.

It is obvious that the employer is more independent than is the employer, and may to a larger extent follow his own will; but as a master of fact, he is practically as much under discipline, as much subject to rules and regulations, as is the humblest man who works under him; for, if he should depart from established principles, he would become a bankrupt.

Back of it all in business, is the customer; and in business, and everywhere else, public opinion, established rules, precedent, right and wrong methods; all of these make a composite master, under which every man works, whether he is the president of a republic, the king of a great nation, or the motor-man of a trolley car.

Such a thing as complete independence does not exist. The only independence that is worth anything, that can be counted on to help one in his daily life, is the independence which is independent, which recognizes the rights of others, and which does not strut through the world with an antagonizing chip on its shoulder, claiming the right to wear it and refusing to give permission to anybody to knock it off.—Philip J. Fowler in Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GUARDIAN ANGELS

By Elizabeth King in Truth

One sultry day, during the long holidays, when I was making a tour through South Wales, I flung myself on the soft turf at the foot of an old oak tree. The beautiful river Wye lay at my feet, and through the trees, tinged with the rich hue of autumn, a glimpse of the ancient ruins of Tintern Abbey conjured up ghosts of the past, when the good Cistercian monks inhabited it, and tilled the rich soil in the lovely valley; for the monks were not idle men. Their days were spent in bodily labor, in study, or in visiting the sick.

The sound of the Vesper chants floated past me, and as the Gloria Patri swelled louder and louder; and was echoed by the rocks above me, I was carried in spirit to another—far other scene. In a dark, dirty court in a vast city, two boys were picking up old bones, old shoes, bits of rusty iron, and all sorts of refuse that they could find. Eagerly they placed their treasures—for treasures they evidently were to them—in an old bag; when full, they conveyed it to a marine store-ship, and sold the contents for a small sum. If each little worker could have seen his Angel guardian tracing his steps, all day and all night bearing him company, his monotonous task would have been lighter. I observed that the Angel of one of the boys often shed tears.

"Why do you weep," I said, "while your Angel companion often smiles as he follows his charge?"

"The boy I watch over," replied the weeping Angel, "worships a god who will lead him to perdition if he continues to do so. He worships Mammon, the god of this world. He hoards the money he gets instead of helping his mother, who works hard by day, and sometimes through the night, to support him. He heard that a man who was a bone picker made his fortune, and he hopes to do the same."

"And why," said I to the other Angel, "do you so often smile?"

"Hugh, the boy whose steps I trace," replied the Angel, "worships the God of Heaven; he goes to Mass regularly, never forgets his prayers, and works hard out of school hours, and gives the money he saves by the sale of the refuse he collects, to an aged grandmother whom it helps to support. He has one great wish: he longs to be a priest of the great God Whom he loves and worships."

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



THE BOMBARDMENT OF HELL

Once a Protestant Bishop remonstrated with his clergy on their too cautious references to the place of final punishment and represented their preaching of it thus: "Dearly beloved, were a man wilfully to indulge in mendacity and profanity and inebriety and theft and other such sinful abominations, and were he really to depart this life clothed in the garments of his iniquity, he would, methinks, be consigned to that place or state which the ancient Christian writers were wont to denominate—ah-h-hell, as it were—after a manner of speaking." That was three decades ago. Now that Protestant ministers usually mention hell only to deny it and bishops admit candidates to the ministry who openly repudiate it, the good man would hardly dare or care to rebuke them ever so mildly. The Protestant pulpit has ostracized hell, following, as it is wont, in the trail of magazine and newspaper, and such like peddlers of "scientific" haberdashery, which have branded it with the "dark-age" label, translated it to hades, and reserved it for their joke column fillings.

Occasionally revivalists will ring the changes on hell, and should they rouse in a notable degree that sense of future punishment for sin, which, however dormant, is always inherent in the human soul, the paragraphs are up in arms and hell is bombarded with countless bombs of apocalyptic ink. A fair sample of the Protestant mind in this matter may be found in the New York Evening Sun. It has a column called the "Sun Dial," which is intended to be and usually is humorous, and is also wont to exhibit good taste and good sense. But Mr. Sunday's clanging tones have transmuted the sunny humorist into an angry and un-sun-baked theologian, solely because the evangelist implants in his hearers' minds "the sense of hell as a waiting, reaching, creeping, enveloping, concrete thing. Nor is it only the excess of emphasis that angers. Hell itself must go: 'It is the last gabbling echo of the silly tales we gibbered when we were blue-lipped apes back yonder in the gray dawn of time; and one day there will come a language in which the thing is not. As skulls grow broader so do creeds.'

This is not merely the abolition of an irate scribbler who finds the daily torture of grinding out a column full of humor, punishment enough. It is typical of the literary pabulum that is fed daily, weekly, monthly, in Gargantuan dishes to the general public; and the blue-lipped apes and broadening skulls supply just the right "scientific" flavor for the banqueters that are catered to. These busy purveyors of exploded theories know not or ignore that real scientists now are agreed there are no scientific grounds for placing blue-lipped or any other kind of apes on our family tree; that the theory of broadening skulls has gone by the board, the oldest skulls discovered proving broader than the modern average, and that the latest evaluations of Egyptian, Hittite and Ninevite civilization do not establish that "we were always decent," as an acquaintance justly claimed for his family, they do verify his further contention that "the father you go back the more decent we were." Nor would it matter to the argument at what period of his physical development God breathed on man and gave him reason and free will. From this twofold gift flows responsibility and responsibility entails a sanction. That the sanction is, is revealed in the Scriptures: heaven is awarded the good; hell, the wicked. To escape hell the shallow shirkers of responsibility are willing to forfeit heaven. Hence their attachment to the ape theory. To condemn an ape, they argue, improved or unimproved, blue-lipped or red-lipped, to hell, were ridiculous and brutal; therefore, hell is not.

The dictum of the immortal John William Walsh that "modern man of science lost half their usefulness through not having been properly grounded in logic" applies with multiplied force to the journalistic jugglers of scientific fallacies. After all their tricks are tried, reason continues to insist inexorably that a future sanction ought to be, and is. Every violation of law has its penalty, and even though the law of men should not exact it, the law of nature does, with a constancy as inevitable as the laws of life and death. Nature's law is that which God has implanted in the human heart, and the penalties that men must pay in this life for having rebelled against the law of their minds, is plainly set forth by St. Paul. One can see his descriptions realized in every day experience, even without visiting prisons, hospitals and insane asylums, and the illogical ravings of agnostic professors, university ex-presidents and their journalistic claquers are among its commonest manifestations. But in this life the penalties for rebelliousness, as the rewards of loyalty, are partial. The good often suffer and the wicked prosper. The infinity of God's mercy is stretched to the

farthest limit finite nature sets; but there its scope is ended. Beyond there is justice only; not the falling and often unwise judgments of human courts, but the infallible and inexorable justice of God, which apportions its due, adequately and finally, to right and to wrong. And the dus of those who, knowingly and to the end, shut their eyes against God, is that they shall never see Him. Cut off from the distractions of earth, their nature's yearnings for all good, which is God, shall, by their own act, remain unmet forever. Their own unceasing sense of loss of the God they wilfully repudiated shall be their torture. This in the main is hell. It is in a sense infinite loss, for it is the loss of the Infinite.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF HELL

Revelation affirms what reason justifies. Christ came not to condemn but to save, and words and deeds of mercy make the story of His life; yet against the hypocrite, the unmerciful, the scandalizer, the persistent and unrepentant pursuers of evil, He, the embodiment of Divine Mercy, hurled the terrors of hell in terms unmistakable. When St. Matthew records the Baptist's threat to the Pharisees, "Ye brood of vipers who hath shewed you to flee from the wrath to come?" and, "the chaff He will burn with unquenchable fire," he immediately adds: "Then cometh Jesus unto John to be baptized by him." The same evangelist sets down the Saviour's twice repeated judgment on those who aided not the poor and needy: "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels." Referring in St. Mark to scandal givers, Christ reiterates thrice that it is better to maim one's body "than to go into hell, into unquenchable fire, where their worm dieth not and the fire is not extinguished." The same, an uncompromising doctrine is found in the other New Testament writers and runs through many of the parables, particularly those of our Lord's last days, in which He warns the Jews of the penalties their obstinacy shall entail. St. Jude's statement that "the punishment of eternal fire," after the manner of Sodom and Gomorrah, awaits those also "who defile the flesh, and despise dominion, and blaspheme majesty," sets down together the cause and the effect. It is obvious, then, that the doctrine of hell is an integral part of Revelation and that to reject it is to reject Scripture, Christianity and Christ.

But "fear," says our philosopher, "is the most base and ignoble of motives." Again is evident the lack of that logical training which precludes the equivocal usage of words. Fear may be praiseworthy, reverent and servile, salutary and destructive. Is it ignoble fear that causes a man to take out a life or fire insurance policy, or induces a statesman to do his duty faithfully and well lest the blue envelope of dismissal should frighten him? There are many temptations, within and without, to swerve from what one knows to be right; and it is not ignoble to be steered in right by realization of the penalties for wrong, be these imprisonment or death, whether in time or eternity. When the knowledge that hell is the fitting penalty set upon sin by an all-good and all-just God makes a man recoil from evil and return to virtue, the fear engendered is not ignoble but a stimulus to nobleness of life. This is the fear of hell that suffices for sacramental absolution, the same that Christ spoke of when He said: "Be not afraid of them that kill the body . . . but I shall show you whom you shall fear; fear ye Him who after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, say I to you, fear Him" (Luke, xii: 4).

The Catholic Church, like her Author and Master, invites men to shun evil and practise virtue primarily for the love of God; to do good because it is the teaching of Christ and the reflex of the All-Good, the purpose of man's life here and the condition of its happy completion hereafter; but she also preaches the doctrine of eternal punishment, precisely as Christ preached it, for the same purpose, and to the same degree. Hence we need not be surprised that the people of our time, witnessing her uncompromising teachings on hell, as on every other doctrine taught by her Founder, regard her precisely as His hearers regarded Him: "They were astonished at His doctrine; for He was teaching them as one having power and not as the scribes." (Mark i, 22).—Michael Kenny, S. J., in America.

A TOUCHING PICTURE

THE CARDINALS VANNUCELLI WERE DEVOTED TO EACH OTHER

The Rome correspondent of the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times, gives this touching picture of their Eminences the Cardinals Vannutelli, the elder of whom recently departed this life: "There is in Rome at present at least one very lonely figure, high though his station is, viz. His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, Datary of the Pope, who feels keenly the loss of his brother, Cardinal Serafino. For years they passed the last hours of each day together after the labors of their office were done. Both lived in the same street, the Via Giulia, ten doors from each other (for according to the etiquette of the Vatican, each Cardinal must have his own particular place of residence) until Cardinal Vincenzo became Datary at the end of 1914. He then changed from the Via Giulia to the commodious building assigned as the residence and the

offices of the Cardinal Datary. But this did not prevent the younger brother from driving down to the elder in the Palazzo Sacchetti by the Tiber.

For the last five years—that is, since Cardinal Serafino knew his end could not be far distant—Cardinal Vincenzo usually found his brother absorbed in prayer. And he would kneel beside him until the elder commenced to say the rosary of the Blessed Virgin. Then the two aged Cardinals, the one in his eighty-first year, the other in his eighty-third, would take out their beads and slowly recite the holy rosary. This done, they would sit chatting together for an hour, and towards 9 o'clock Cardinal Vincenzo would order his carriage. The scene was beautiful in its simplicity, one worthy of a master's brush."

SARCASM

There are several ways of losing a friend. One of the most efficient, outside of open insult, is the use of sarcasm. Remember Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman—one who never needlessly causes pain. We should respect the reserves and

reticences of our friends. The man who practices sarcasm on his friends will soon have none but enemies; or at best, mere acquaintances.—Sacred Heart Review.

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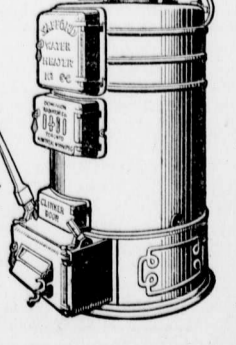


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His Wife Was Like an Icicle

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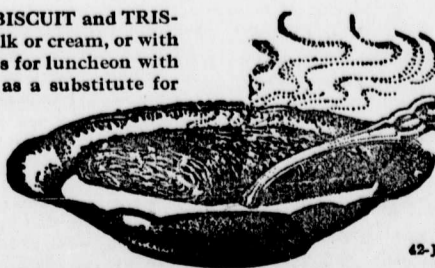
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A SPIRITUAL RETREAT

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY A GRATEFUL RETREATANT

In close proximity to Montreal City, yet far enough away from its noise and turmoil, and easily accessible by the tramway, is situated the Retreat House, Cartierville, P. Q.

The building is spacious and airy, containing about forty bedrooms for those making the retreats, a large recreation room, a large dining hall, and rooms reserved for the small staff of Jesuit Fathers who conduct the retreats.

To the south east of us is Montreal City, completely obscured by the Heights of Mount Royal, over which come dark clouds of smoke—in striking contrast to the freshness of our present surroundings.

It was on a Thursday evening nearing the end of September when about thirty of us set out for this hallowed ground to spend three days in seclusion, prayer and earnest thought; to put aside our business for that time in order to think of God, of our own souls, of the example of Christ, of the meaning and dignity of our lives, of our duties as of our privileges.

After a short journey by motor, we arrived at the Retreat House. The feeling of sanctity pervading the atmosphere produced that set of conditions eminently helpful for an efficient and thorough retreat.

By the time we arrived it was completely dark and the friendly lights from the Hospices were a pretty sight as they shone on the water, their reflections quivering like warm tongues of flame on its dark surface.

The feelings of awe and nervousness, bewilderment and even apprehension, which possessed those of us who were making our acquaintance with the place for the first time, were soon dispelled by the kindly reception given us. This calmed our fears, and by the time we had been shown to our respective rooms, we had begun to feel quite at home.

Returning from our rooms we were requested to observe strict silence—an essential of a good retreat—which, instead of being the frightful, fearful thing some of us had expected it to be, proved exceedingly simple and delightfully refreshing.

A short instruction and prayers before retiring prepared us for our work, and, as each of us repaired to our rooms we felt the better for having come, and looked forward with equanimity to the morrow, which previously had caused us some fears and misgivings.

After a deep undisturbed night's rest in a spotlessly clean, sweet room, we rose refreshed at 6 o'clock and descended to the little chapel at 6.30 for prayers; later returning to our rooms for meditation. Mass followed, then a review of our meditations, after which, we had breakfast. Breakfast over, the retreatants, marched in slow procession along the avenue reciting 'The Rosary.'

Next on the Order of the Day was 'Free Time' and this was usually utilized for a walk through the grounds, meditating on the points raised by the preacher and getting a thorough understanding of our real position with regard to God and all created things, and ever keeping before us the questions: Who am I? Whence am I? Why am I in the world? Is it to be my permanent abode? If not, whether am I tending? Getting a clear knowledge of the disorder of our lives, our failings, our sins. To begin the reformation of our lives and set ourselves courageously and with determination to follow in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Christ. To awaken and foster within ourselves great generosity in God's service, determination not only to avoid sin, but also to be of service to Holy Mother Church and our neighbour. The remaining hours of 'Free Time' were spent by the utterance of ejaculatory prayers; visits to the Blessed Sacrament and pious reading.

Lunch intervened and our meditations came to a conclusion. After lunch followed recreation, and this was the first opportunity the retreatants had to converse with each other. Needless to say this short period of relaxation was utilized to the greatest advantage.

As I wandered through this holy place, I felt the sanctity of the atmosphere sink deep into my soul filling it with an intense holy peace. I felt, the spirits of the saints, in whose honor we were praying, were lingering near us, helping our faltering wills; subjecting our bodies to the desires of our souls; infusing over our hearts an earnest longing for the things of Christ, purifying our senses, and lifting our hearts towards that land where the hills are everlasting and the glory of God unmeasured.

Recreation over, the retreatants assembled in the chapel for the way of the Cross. This is a moment when our souls are most exalted in watching our Saviour die. If ever there is a time when it is proper for us to turn to one another, and to verify our charity, it is when we stand beneath the Cross, since it is the supreme glory of the Cross that it claims to make suffering the deepest bond of human relations.

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Meditation, pious reading, Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, supper and recreation filled up the evening's exercises.

During the day lectures adapted to the retreatants, dealing with our practical duties, our responsibilities, the dangers of Socialism, the need of Catholic Social Organizations, and the like were given.

It should not be imagined that there is anything of dryness or tedium about a retreat. On the contrary, the days are happily occupied, and pass all too quickly. There is a time for sleep; a time for cultivating the understanding; a time to nourish the soul with prayer and pious meditation; a time for innocent recreation to refresh the mind, and invigorate the body, and quite apart from its spiritual advantages, is also a rest for the body.

Saturday morning was spent in preparation for confession. Our sins confessed, we left the state of penance bearing with us the great blessing of the retreat, that is a plenary indulgence, which leaves the soul as free from sin's temporal punishment as on the morning of baptism. In the evening a beautiful lecture on the passion was given, and later, as we repaired to the chapel for Benediction, our hearts were full of joy: we felt bright, content, and happy in the knowledge that we had done something which excited our sorrow and contrition for transgressions in the past and laid down good resolutions for the future.

Sunday morning we arose at 6 o'clock, heard Mass half an hour later, and received Holy Communion. The remainder of the day was spent in thanksgiving, drawing practical conclusions and strengthening our resolutions for future conduct.

On Monday morning our work was consummated by a fervent Holy Communion and receiving the Papal Benediction. It was an inspiring sight to watch those thirty odd retreatants kneel side by side at that altar which knows no distinctions of rank, intellect or wealth.

Only those who have witnessed the retreats can have any idea of the wonderful miracles of grace which they normally effect. On the second day you see a change on all faces. Everyone is much in earnest—hopeful and courageous, and for the most part, as simple and docile as children.

At every turn you find evidence that you are face to face with a new world of ideas. The silence, the constant round of devotional exercises, the prayer in common, the quiet thought in your own room, the devotional reading during the meals, the presence of holy pictures and images, all give emphasis to the great truths put before your mind three or four times a day in the meditations. The soul is withdrawn from its distracting surroundings and conventional estimates; it considers the great purpose of human life, which is the glory of God by the manifestation of His excellence in man; it considers its own duties in view of that purpose; it reflects how, in the past, it has thwarted that purpose by sin and irregularity; it looks upon Christ as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, enabling man to fulfil that purpose aright. The Church is revealed to you as the Divina foundation, answering all the needs of the human heart, binding men together in a great Communion, giving worth to the humblest life, and meaning to the most trivial action.

All these considerations are put before you three or four times a day, and you afterwards retire to your room to reflect upon them. Holy Communion on the second day and Holy Communion on the third, bring cleansing and strength. Finally the soul comes to see how the love of God is the force which raises man above himself, ennobles his life, and secures his eternal happiness.

This intense spiritual experience is no vague sentimentalism or 'revivalism.' It is a deliberate and reasonable adoption of a new attitude with regard to life. Moreover, its effects are permanent, and solid as well as intense, and this leads us to what is an essential feature of the system.

It was now Monday morning and the time had come to bid this hallowed spot a sorrowful farewell, for every step was taking us farther away from its silence and holy quiet, and we were entering a new world, as it were, full of hopes and possibilities. 'Whereas I was blind, now

I see.' was the general sentiment of the retreatants.

Within the enclosure of this place, no shadow of the outside world rested: no echo of the cruel war that was turning the continent of Europe into a vast battlefield and filling the souls of men with the lust of blood and the desire of those material possessions that must in so short a time pass away for ever.

Here there was no thirst for the destruction of human life or property, no clamouring of the flesh for sensual pleasures; no restless wish in the heart for the joys of the world, no lingering with thoughts that find their reflection in dark shadows on the soul.

No, naught was thought of in this holy spot but Christ and His Saints, naught was desired but Christ and the never ending beauty of the city of His Love.

DEATH SUMMONS JOHN N. MULLINS

The death in New York yesterday of John N. Mullins deprived the railway service on the American continent of one of its most promising young men. One of a family which had distinguished itself by providing numbers who have risen to prominence in making popular the iron road from East to West, he was fast encroaching on the laurels of his kinsfolk when he was cut down suddenly. Mr. Mullins was for six years with the Dominion Express Company in Toronto before he transferred his services to the C. P. R., and later he moved to New York, there to become the district passenger agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Great success followed him, and last year Mr. Mullins became chief conductor for the Frank Tourist Company. In this capacity he conducted many happy parties to the San Francisco Exposition.

His brothers are Tim Mullins, city passenger agent for the C. P. R., at Ottawa; W. E. Mullins, general manager of the United Fruit Company, New York City; Ed. Mullins, United Fruit Co., Costa Rica; Geoffrey Mullins, civil engineer, Toronto Harbor Commissioners, and Rev. F. Mullins, C. S. R., Montreal, and Richard I. Mullins at home at 145 Beverley Street, Toronto. Mr. Mullins, who has three sisters alive, was thirty-two years of age, and to many Toronto hockey players he will be better remembered as 'Jack' Mullins, of the Express hockey team.—Toronto Mail and Empire, Oct. 19.

ALL SOULS

All the month of November is devoted by the Church to the prayerful remembrance of all the souls in purgatory. Catholics who love their dead do not have to be urged to observe this practice.

It is of faith that there is a purgatory for the souls of the just who, when leaving this life, are not entirely purified, and that these souls may be assisted by the prayers and sacrifices of the Church, says The Missionary. This doctrine, which was laid down against the Protestants by the Council of Trent and which is conformable to the preceding councils, to the teaching of the Fathers, to tradition, and to the belief and constant practice of the Church, powerfully appeals to the human mind.

We find an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. W. A. Collinson, M. A., in a sermon which he has delivered at Missions giving utterance to his belief in it through what we may call a cry of the soul. 'Think,' said he, 'of those who have fallen in the war! They are now dependent on the mercy of God! We owe our scandalous neglect of the faithful departed, like much of our defection from faith and truth, to Germany. Some years ago I attended a Requiem Mass in a London Roman Catholic church. It was on behalf of the departed souls forgotten in England since the Restoration.' What a rebuke to us! In all directions there are signs of a desire for reparation. Even men who liked to be labeled as Low Churchmen are apologetically saying that prayers for the dead are permissible. I am a Catholic. As a Catholic I must remember the faithful departed.' Mr. Collinson will, we trust, see the necessity of entering the Catholic Church, which has preserved the doctrine whole and intact. The war is teaching many the value of the consolations which that Church offers to those in peril and distress.—New World.

INVITED TO SPEAK TO NON-CATHOLICS

The Very Rev. A. Stocker, O. S. B., D. D., editor of the Guardian, Little Rock, Kans., writing in that paper of the ebbs of the tide of anti-Catholicism locally, says: 'We have always believed that the American is at bottom fair-minded, and that the bigotry which of late years obscured that favorable impression would prove a passing distemper. If local symptoms permit a judgment as to the general condition of the body, we have not been mistaken. Right here, in the neighborhood of New Subaco Abbey, prejudice against the Catholic Church was rampant less than a year ago. At present there are indications that our neighbors are returning to a saner mind. The other day we were invited to address a gathering of non-Catholics in a Public School building of our neighborhood. On their own initiative these good people had sent a messenger to us with the request that we would favor them with a talk on the Catholic Church. We went with

pleasure and found a most attentive and well disposed audience. For an hour and a half we spoke to them in a friendly way, showing them how they had been misled into false notions concerning the Catholic Church by untruthful reports and unfair publications. The result was that they invited us to come again.'

ENGLISH BIGOTRY

AGAIN BREAKS LOOSE OVER BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO VATICAN

Much to the annoyance of the Kenites, Sir Henry Howard, British Ambassador to the Vatican, who will soon be returning to Rome, had another long audience of King George recently. The Kenites have been endeavoring to slander Irish soldiers at the front and to stir up bigotry by attacking the Pope as 'The German Anti-Christ.'

The publication of this scurrilous printer, Kenit, accuses the army of being governed by the Jesuits who are at the front as chaplains, and even attacks a notoriously Protestant organizer on the Young Men's Christian Association, because its executive has been kind enough to offer the use of their huts at the base camps in France to Catholic priests who have no place in which to stay.

Another piece of bigotry has been perpetrated by the Common Council of Christ's Hospital, or the 'Blue Coat' school, an ancient Catholic foundation, who have repudiated the choice of the Court of Aldermen in Sir William Dunn as governor, on the ground that this future Lord Mayor of London is a Catholic and cannot therefore sit on a Protestant board. The aldermen refuse to amend their choice, so a legal action is threatened.—Church Progress.

MARRIAGE

CAMPBELL CAMERON.—At St. Mary's Church, Mabou, N. S., by the Rev. J. F. MacMaster, Mr. Angus R. Campbell to Miss Mary Cameron, both of Mabou.

DIED

BOONEAU.—In Sault Ste Marie, Ont., July 15th, 1915, Mrs. Sarah Booneau (nee Miss S. L. Baselineau) May her soul rest in peace.

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What is an Internal Bath?

By W. R. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the 'Internal Bath,' has been given little thought.

The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be.

There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long sought for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference, or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as 'constipation,' 'auto-intoxication,' 'auto-infection' and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? 'Man of today is only fifty per cent. efficient.' Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy, and strong? The number is appallingly small.

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THE CATHOLIC PRESS

Need we say it is a duty of Catholics who love their faith to propagate it and defend it, and support Catholic newspapers and literature that do so? The work of a Catholic journalist is difficult and responsible. He has to defend Catholic faith and principle under ecclesiastical approval; to refute traducers of the Church; to combat ignorance and prejudice; to expose unfair treatment towards Catholics; to chronicle the chief news and events and activities of the Catholic world, the comment on them. This is a great work for the faith. And when it is done with loyalty to authority and support must be left to Catholic journalists in other matters, political or otherwise. It is for Catholic news a man reads his Catholic newspaper. And if a good press is a great support to the faith and morals of a people, is it not our duty to support it? When one thinks of the great labor and trouble that goes to the production of your Catholic newspapers, and the amount of valuable information given in them every week, it is wonderful how much is done at the price. It is our duty, then, to support them. The more support they get the better they will be, and the better they will make ourselves. Buy them, read them, give them to others, advertise in them, write for them if you can, and see, if possible, they are in public libraries.—The Missionary