

# 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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## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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Neither the elections nor the murder of Sir Henry Wilson, nor the wholesale murders of our poor people, by special—in the quiet village of Cushendall, as well as in the riotous city of Belfast can yet displace, in the attention of the Irish people, the consideration of the new Constitution. It now is, and for months to come will remain, the outstanding feature, both in the press, and in the mouths and minds of the people. The longer it has been before them the greater has grown the volume of comment upon it. In my last week's article I summarized most of the main features of the Constitution—and expressed these features, mainly, in the manner in which those who are in favour of the Constitution would wish them to be expressed. In that article I had only time to allude to a couple of the biggest obstacles. As the biggest items of news coming out of Ireland during the next twelve months will, directly or indirectly, bear upon the Constitution, American readers can intelligently appreciate that news only if they are informed of the attitude of the Anti-Constitutionists, as well as the Pros. I shall accordingly state the larger objections that are urged against the Constitution by its opponents—and then I shall try to forecast for my readers what is going to happen in regard to it—and consequently in regard to all Ireland's future.

I think the special correspondent, in Ireland, of the London Daily Chronicle, squarely hits the nail on the head when he informs his anxious English readers that "It is logical for the Republicans to resent the potential acts of the Crown on legislation, and the incorporation of the oath to the King in the Constitution." At the same time he comforts his English readers with the assurance "But the Constitution bristles with safeguards. And he also points out that the proportional representation provided for in the Constitution is, in itself, a guarantee safeguarding the minorities in the elections to both chambers.

The oath of allegiance prescribed for all members of the Oireachtas (both houses of Parliament) in the first place shuts out from representation all genuine Republicans of Ireland. None of their representatives could in conscience, or in honor, take that oath of Allegiance to King George, his heirs, and successors, for ever. And with a large, and important, body of genuine Republicans—a large proportion of whom are both intellectual and energetic—shut out from representation there is at once created in the country a most fruitful source of feeling and dissatisfaction. That large body thus shut out will certainly not take their exclusion passively. And any Irish government that is in office will find its hands full vainly trying to repress an irrepressible body. Every reader of this article, no matter what his own personal opinion will be, will agree that the oath in the Constitution will make for less strife.

In the next place readers will readily realize that the Chronicle man's second point, about the power given to the Crown by the Constitution, is well taken, when they realize that the Constitution gives to the Crown, either directly or through its salaried representative in Ireland, such radical rights as are those enumerated by the Anti-Constitutionists.

It makes the King of England a most important part of the Irish Parliament, and vests in him all Irish executive authority. It approves of a British Governor-General, and orders that Ireland shall pay him a salary of \$50,000 per year, together with immense perquisites for "the maintaining of his official residence and establishment."

It gives England's King the right to either veto or approve of the spending of every penny of the Irish Government's money.

It gives the Crown the right to approve of or veto every Irish Minister.

It gives the King of England the right to dissolve an assembly, when he likes, the Oireachtas.

It gives him the right to veto every Irish act of Parliament.

It makes Ireland's supreme court subordinate to the English King's Privy Council.

It gives the English Crown the appointment of every judge in Ireland.

It gives the English King control of the Irish Army.

There is another grave shortcoming of the Constitution—one which has deeply disappointed many earnest Irish people who, originally in favour of the Treaty, held that the Constitution could improve upon the Treaty. The Constitution shows itself to be not only wider than the Treaty, but definitely narrower, for it explicitly states that "If any provision of this Constitution, or of any amendment thereof, or of any law made there-

under, is, in any respect, repugnant to any of the provisions of the scheduled Treaty it shall, to the extent only of such repugnance, be absolutely void and inoperative." These stern, cold, words blighted the hopes of many Treatyites, and made of them at once Anti-Constitutionists. The Treaty, with its hundred limitations, was to be cast steel.

Then the claim, at the outset of the Constitution, that Ireland is equal with the other States in the scheduled Commonwealth of Nations and by the Constitution itself, rudely negated, since it indirectly yields England's right to harbours and strongholds in Ireland, to control Ireland in a Naval and Military sense, to control her wireless, her cables, her lighthouses, her ports—and in time, not merely of war, but of "strained relations with any other power, to occupy and rule Ireland by an English Army. And, directly, the Constitution provides that the Privy Council of England shall be superior to Ireland's "supreme" court. And, as pointed out by an Irish authority, it is rather ludicrous co-equality which gives England the right to cut off nearly one-fourth of Ireland, and attach it to herself, since even the land has an equal right to cut off, and attach to herself, a rich slice of Britain.

As many people have already formed the idea that this Constitution is the Constitution that was drafted by the Irish Constitution Committee, it is necessary to point out that it is no such thing. The Constitution drafted by the Irish Constitution Committee, and heartily approved of by least Griffith, breaking up, hails the Constitution as a good one, and asks the people to accept it. A large body of the people, also hungering and thirsting for peace, want to accept the proposed Constitution—any Constitution. But on the other hand, not merely is all the Anti-Treaty element bitterly opposed to this Constitution, but a very large proportion of the thoughtful element in the Pro-Treaty party is firmly opposed to the acceptance of it. In addition, I have information that the leaders of the Labour Party, though they, too, had been crying for peace and the resumption of work, heartily dislike the proposed Constitution, and will very soon try to have their party pronounce for its unequalled rejection. So the feeling provoked by the proposed Constitution cuts directly across the party lines which we have had, and will create a revolution in present time politics, dividing Ireland between two new parties, the Constitutionists, and the Anti-Constitutionists. Where, as was shown by the recent elections, the Pro-Treatyites were very far outnumbering the Anti-Treatyites, there is good reason to believe that in the new division, the Anti-Constitutionists will overwhelm the Pros.

One thing only may prevent this revolution being apparent to the world. Both of the present political parties, disliking the Constitution as they undoubtedly do, may, and probably will, leave the thing in abeyance. The probability is that they will go on, altogether disregarding the proposed Constitution. The new Dail will occupy itself in trying to stabilize and quiet the country, eradicate the minor forms of anarchy that was here and there lifting its head, and developing the country's resources—setting the industrial and commercial tide once again flowing. This action is, of course, likely to bring on a crisis in our relations with our co-equal, Britain. Britain will wait, with more or less impatience, for the adoption of the Constitution. When it finds that the Constitution offered to Ireland is being ignored, demands, growing sterner every time, will come across the Channel to the Irish Government—to be followed by commands. Finally, if, as is likely, things go in this way a supreme crisis will be reached about New Year's next. And Britain will certainly make threat of a renewed war. Ireland will, in that case, just as certainly defy her again. Then it will remain to be seen whether Britain can really call upon the vast physical resources, and the vast moral resources, necessary to reconquer Ireland—for lack of which they had, a few years before, failed to conquer, and practically withdrew from it. From what I know of both the present morale of Britain, and her present physical circumstances, I could confidently say that her threatened re-invasion would prove to be a gigantic bluff. She would fall back upon a blockade. The result then would mainly depend upon Ireland's moral fibre—

to what extent, and for how long, she could suffer Britain's blockade. SEUMAS MACMANUS, Mount Charles, County Donegal.

## BIGOTRY DENOUNCED

### SPIRITED ARRAIGNMENT OF INTOLERANCE BY LEADING LAWYER OF SOUTH

Savannah, Ga., June 15.—The members of the Georgia Bar Association heard their president, Hon. Arthur G. Powell, former judge of the Georgia Courts of Appeals, deliver a scathing denunciation of religious intolerance in his official address to the annual convention, held at Tybee. Judge Powell is one of Georgia's leading citizens, and a leader in the legal profession. "I am no Roman Catholic," Judge Powell said, "and I am a Baptist and my forefathers are far back as I can count them were Baptists. Some of the family are bold enough to claim that John the Baptist was named John Powell. I do not know about that, but I do know that no reason exists for any bias in my mind in favor of the Catholic religion. But I am an American citizen and know something of the meaning of the word 'Liberty' and when I see statutes passed in the use of law for the purpose of giving to some board or officer a discretion by which the members of the Roman Catholic Church may be persecuted I am filled with abhorrence."

"This is supposed to be a land of religious freedom and of liberty of conscience; yet can you sum the wrongs that would be done to Jews and to Catholics, even in this very state of Georgia, if most of their rights were not protected by fixed laws instead of being left to discretion? And this is true notwithstanding the large number of useful, upright, honorable, high-minded citizens found in the membership of those two sects. However, this spirit of religious persecution is so foreign to the inherited instincts of our people that the hope is strong within me that it will soon pass away; and I am bold enough to prophesy that the day will come when the descendants of Mr. Justice James K. Hines will point with pride to the dissenting opinion in that case in our Supreme Court when the majority withheld the enforced reading of the King James version of the Bible in our Public schools, as having been written by their ancestor—an ancestor of whom they may well be proud.

"Discretion is the weapon of tyrants; and there is no tyranny like the tyranny of an unrestrained democracy. We are the people; but, thank God, we are not free. Give praise to the wisdom of our forefathers that this is a government of liberty and not of unrestrained freedom—that we are a people held in restraint by the limitations of a constitution and by a system of laws inherited from that noble race across the sea that prized liberty because they had won it by long struggle and had kept it through the guardianship of an eternal vigilance."

## MISSIONARY PERILS VIVIDLY DEPICTED

By N. C. W. C. News Service

Washington, D. C., July 17.—An interesting description of the hardships endured by missionaries in Alaska has been sent to the State's Regency office by a client of Mary in the northland who has written the Rev. Bernard A. McKenna in order to be insured of securing a supply of the Shrine Christmas cards.

The correspondent is Thomas A. Power, a native of Waterford, who paid a visit to his native land last year after an absence of thirty years, but who has now returned to the frozen north, where he is located at Unalakleet, an Eskimo village on the coast of the Behring Sea. This village according to Power "has a population of about two hundred Eskimaux, two fur stores, a bureau of education school, ditto hospital and a mission, the Chicago Scandinavian Lutheran or some name like it;—the only thing it is a unit for is down with Catholics."

It was necessary for the Catholic resident of Unalakleet to travel sixty-five miles to St. Michael's to make his Easter duty. This was over the frozen sea and he writes that "with the ebb and flow of the tides and the high tides and strong winds often breaking the ice, handling a dog team with loaded sledges is about the toughest proposition a man can go up against."

"I had a long talk with Father Sifton," continues the narrative "and returned, baptizing an Eskimaux baby, the child of Catholic parents, as the Father was going up the Yukon on a trip of greater importance. Father Sifton is alone in St. Michael's and during the winter he visits several villages

and missions within a radius of three hundred miles, teaching, tending the sick ones, baptizing the children and the converts, and doing the work of several priests. Others are doing similar work. He travels alone driving his own team and facing the white death of the trail as well as its dangers and hardships;—blizzards, deep snow, overflows, sleeping in filthy igloos with the coolies so much in evidence that they are part of the family, and all with a smile. When one sees the work of a pioneer priest one can take off his hat and bow, knowing that a stronger power than that of man upholds him."

## FRENCH ARTISTS

### PAY COMBINED TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC COMPOSER

Paris, July 6.—National leaders of France and the elite of Europe's artists have been combining to give a triumphant tribute to the personality and achievements of Gabriel Faure, dean of French musical composers and ardent Catholic. Beginning with the great demonstration in the amphitheater of the Sorbonne, a few days ago, when the most eminent musicians of the Continent gathered to render and the most important personages assembled to applaud, M. Faure's compositions, there has been a continuous round of honors to this famous old man.

President Millerand and Madame Millerand, several members of the Cabinet and a large number of the aristocracy of brains and blood of France were at the concert in the amphitheater of the Sorbonne, M. Faure sat at Madame Millerand's right while the singers, soloists and orchestra played his works. Vincent d'Indy alternated with Philip Gaubert in directing the Conservatoire Orchestra. Among the soloists were Carlot, Pablo Casals, Mme. Croiza and M. Panzani. These are the names of the chief artists of the musical world, were in the audience. The great theater was filled to overflowing and a throng on the outside heard as best it could the fugitive melodies that came to them through the open doors.

By common consent among the musical authorities of France M. Faure is the head of the French school of composers. He is known principally for his powerful symphonies and instrumental works, but he is the author also of a Requiem Mass which is considered to be one of the masterpieces of modern music. He has written several motets to the Blessed Sacrament and the "Blessed Virgins." These are marked by indescribable delicacy and mystically poetic qualities.

Although long past the Psalmist's limit of life, M. Faure is vigorous and original in his work. At this concert one of his compositions dating back to his youthful days, nearly sixty years ago—"Cantique de Racine"—was discoursed by the Conservatoire Orchestra and rapturously received by the audience. Some of his most recent compositions were accorded the same warm admiration.

## MICHIGAN BIGOTS MADE WORST SHOWING YET ON SCHOOL ISSUE

Detroit, July 14.—"The parochial school amendment," says the Lansing correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, "made the poorest showing of the four proposed amendments with but a few more than 1,000 signatures filed out of the required 105,000."

This spells a great victory for the champions of freedom of education and religious liberty. Two years ago 353,000 citizens voted for the un-American proposal. But now, after months of agitation with the aid of specious inducements, not even one-third of that number would publicly sponsor the amendment fattered by bigots and fanatics, some of whom came from other countries and brought with them an alien spirit of strife and religious intolerance recalling the days of Cromwell. The failure of the petition is a great tribute to the fairness of the majority of the people of Michigan. Many of those who were deceived by the patriotic camouflage of the bigots have had their eyes opened. The campaign of education explaining old-fashioned American principles of liberty and equality has borne rich fruit. The people of Michigan have shown that they are sound at heart and devoted to the principles of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. Give them the true facts, and they will make the right decision. However the victory just won may not end the war on religious schools and religious liberty. It was reported in one of the daily newspapers that the advocates of the amendment will try to bring up their proposal at the election next spring. They need only 100,000 signatures, but they undoubtedly held back many thousands. At one meeting alone they gathered nearly as many signatures

as they fled, and they were busy throughout the State. Perhaps they are figuring on a small vote this Fall. This would make it easier for them to get the required percentage of signatures. But, if the vote is large, they will probably fail again. Hence, the Catholics, Lutherans, Presbyterians and other friends of freedom of education will turn out strong again this Fall.

## BLESSING OF PARIS

### ENDS GREAT SACRED HEART CELEBRATION

Paris, July 7.—The Feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated this year in the basilica of Montmartre with great splendor. The most interesting feature of the day was the attendance of all the religious exercises by a group of 300 faithful who came from Tourcoing for the especial purpose of mounting a guard of honor before the Blessed Sacrament.

One of the peculiarities of worship at the basilica of the National Vow is that it is never interrupted, day or night. Nocturnal adoration is a permanent feature, and is now better attended than ever.

In the city of Tourcoing the pious custom was established of taking the journey of 200 kilometers every year in order that a group of faithful might mount guard in the shrine of Montmartre. To the credit of the Christians of Tourcoing it is said that even during the War the tradition was never interrupted although the city was occupied four years by the German army and all communication with the French lines was cut off. The inhabitants of Tourcoing who had fled from the invasion and lived scattered through various parts of France, and also the soldiers who were able to obtain leave, had the honor of replacing the captives. Always, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, the group from Tourcoing has been found before the Tabernacle.

The number of faithful attending the offices of the feast this year was so great that the clergy of Montmartre distributed Holy Communion without interruption from five in the morning until noon. The Apostolic Nuncio celebrated Pontifical Mass.

After Vespers came the impressive ceremony of the Benediction of Paris. The doors of the great basilica having been thrown open, the Cardinal-Archbishop advanced to the edge of the terrace with monstrance, and tracing three times a great sign of the cross, blessed the capital which stretched out at his feet.

## GIVEN AUTOMOBILE BY GRATEFUL TRAVELER

Algiers, July 5.—If there is a happy priest in Algeria, it is the pastor of Aumale. When he opened his door the other day, he found standing before it a beautiful new automobile, fully equipped, which had been delivered to him with all charges paid.

The story is as follows: Some time ago a traveller fell seriously ill at Bou-Saada and asked for a priest. He was told that there was no priest nearer than Aumale, 125 kilometers away. "Has the pastor of Aumale an automobile?" he asked. "No, he has nothing but a motorcycle," was the answer. "Well, if I get well I shall give him an automobile."

The traveller recovered and went to Aumale, where he informed the priest of the promise he had made.

And now the pastor of Aumale is the proud owner of a handsome automobile in which during the past three weeks, he has already traveled over 800 kilometers in the service of his missions.

## HOLY FATHER'S GIFT TO CENTRAL OFFICE

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Caplano

Cologne, July 5.—The Holy Father, according to advices received here, has given 10,000 lire to the work of the central office for Catholic organizations which was established in Paris in 1921 by a committee of which the Right Rev. Joseph Schrems, Bishop of Cleveland, was a member.

The Pope, on receiving Bishop Schrems, and Bishop Schmid von Gruneeck of Chur, Switzerland, to hear of the aims of the organization, declared its work to be absolutely necessary.

The purpose of the central office, the central agency of which is in Rome, is to inform Catholic home organizations of all that happen of interest to them in foreign countries and to point out how Catholics in different parts of the world are meeting their problems.

There are four branches of organization work, including Science and Education, Social Questions, Charity, and Press and Propaganda. Thirteen nations already are united in the organization including the United States, Italy, France, Holland, Spain, Germany, Austria,

Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Canada, Switzerland, Ireland and England. Bishop Schrems is president of the organization.

## CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN

### TO BLESS AMERICAN GRAVES IN FRANCE

Washington, D. C., July 17.—The Rev. Jean B. Frigon, O. M. I. who was a volunteer chaplain during the War, will leave for France on July 26 to supervise the blessing of graves in which approximately ten thousand Catholic men from the United States are buried. Father Frigon will represent the National Catholic War Council, the Department of Historical Records of which will furnish a list of Catholics buried in the eight foreign cemeteries which he is expected to visit. These include the cemeteries of Suresnes, near Paris; Meuse-Argonne, at Romagne; Aisne-Marne, at Belleau Woods; Somme, at Bony St. Mihiel, at Thiaucourt; Oise-Aisne, at Serings-et-Nesles and the cemeteries of Waerenghem in Belgium and Brookwood in England.

According to available records there were 77,158 American soldiers dead overseas at the close of the War. Of these A. E. F. dead, 45,931 have been returned to the United States and the bodies of 295 men were sent to relatives in foreign countries. The bodies of 30,393 men will remain permanently in Europe.

The names of all Catholic soldiers who died overseas as well as their state, rank, regiment, division, date of death and grave location will be supplied to Father Frigon. This information, according to present plans, will be incised upon the headstone of each soldier's resting place by the Graves' Registration Bureau of the U. S. War Department.

It is a singular fact that the United States now has only two thousand bodies of battlefield victims unidentified, a very small percentage compared to the unidentified battle dead of France and Great Britain which runs to between forty and fifty per cent. of the total of those who fell in the field.

The Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York and bishop ordinary of Catholic chaplains in the United States Army and Navy, has approved Father Frigon's appointment to bless the graves of Catholics buried overseas.

## IRISH MISSIONARIES ORDAINED FOR CHINA

Dublin, June 26.—Seventeen students were raised to the Priesthood at All Hallows College, Dublin, this month. They are all destined for missionary work abroad, chiefly in America and Australia. At the conclusion of the ordinations Rev. A. McArdle gave an account of the China Mission field. He had spent nine years in China and had been stationed about 200 miles from Shanghai.

They were making many thousands of converts in China during the past few years, he said, and there were now in that country 55 bishops and 2,000 priests of whom about 900 were Chinese priests. There were between 4,000 and 5,000 nuns in China and it was computed that the Catholic population was well over 2,000,000 persons.

Bishop O'Doherty referred to Father McArdle as the pioneer of the Irish Mission to China. There were, the Bishop said, no finer missionaries on the earth than the Irish. The support given to the Chinese Mission by the Irish Bishops had been amply justified.

## POPE PIUS XI. PRESENTS RARE ARABIAN CODES TO THE VATICAN LIBRARY

Pope Pius XI. has presented to the Vatican Library three hundred and thirty rare Arabian codes which were given to His Holiness by Senator Luca Beltrami of Milan and other friends when he was Prefect of the Ambrosian Library of Milan. The Holy Father visited the Vatican Library in person to make the gift. He was received by Cardinal Gasquet, Monsignor Mercati, prefect, and others.

Cardinal Gasquet, Protector, received the codes, at the same time recalling the appeal of His Holiness when prefect of the Ambrosian Library inviting the creation of a fund for the purchase of the magnificent collection of Arabian codes gathered together by the traveler Caprotti. Senator Beltrami, collaborating with the Holy Father (then Monsignor Ratti) negotiated and concluded the purchase.

Following Cardinal Ratti's elevation to the Chair of Peter, Senator Beltrami and other friends, wishing to make a gift of the manuscripts to the new Sovereign Pontiff, found a smaller Caprotti collection and bought and presented it also. The Holy Father was much gratified and returned his warmest thanks to the donors.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

A new script has been devised for the Chinese language, with the object of replacing the ideographs by words and letters in the written language. It is expected to revolutionize the education of the country, where only a small proportion of the people can read anything but the language of everyday life.

The Spanish Government is issuing a set of postage stamps to commemorate the ter-centenary of the canonization of St. Teresa. The series includes portraits of the Saint, of the Popes under whom she lived, of the Kings associated with her life, death, and patronage of Spain, and some designs of leading events in her life.

Cardinal Gasquet, in his new book published in London, declares that the so-called papal bull "Laudabiliter" of Pope Adrian IV., urging the English King, Henry II., to invade Ireland is a colossal forgery. Cardinal Gasquet is the archivist of the Library of the Holy Roman Church, and speaks with great authority.

A volume of the famous German description of America, published in 1598 by Dietrich de Bry and entitled "Brasilis," has been presented to the library of the Catholic University. The volume contains sixteen exquisitely finished copper plates in a perfect state of preservation. There are two other works to the set, one entitled "Virginia" and the other "Florida." The three volumes are so rare that it is said that for the last set the sum of \$15,000 was asked.

St. John's, Newfoundland.—The Alumni Association of St. Bonaventure's College in this city held the annual celebration of the festival of its Patron Saint on July 14th. The ceremonies began with the offering of the Holy Sacrifice in the College oratory by Right Rev. Mgr. Donnelly, the Mass-servers being Right Hon. Lord Morris and Mr. Charles Ryan. All three are distinguished ex-students of the College.

The Society of Men of Letters, a group composed of all the writers of France, has just elected as president, M. Charles Le Goffic, to succeed the poet Edmond Haraucourt, whose term expired. M. Le Goffic is a Catholic writer, and has been for a long time a member of the Corporation of Christian Publicists. He is a poet, novelist, critic, historian of the War, and vice-president of the Society of French Poets. Above all, he is the bard of Brittany, of its traditions, its legends and its faith.

Rome, July 15.—Before Bishop Schrems of Cleveland left Rome with Father James Ryan of the National Catholic Welfare Council to attend the Passion Play at Oberammergau, he was received in special audience by His Holiness the Pope. The Pope said: "Tell the Bishops, one and all, that the Holy Father loves them and blesses them and their work and that further he blesses their annual meetings and the National Catholic Welfare Council."

Two remarkable conversions were lately recorded in West Australia. The Rev. Mr. Moore had a son who was called to the front in the late War. Before his return his mother died. While still abroad the son was received into the Catholic Church, and wrote his father he had news to give which he feared would pain him. He declared he had tried various religious bodies, but had found only the Catholic satisfied his aspirations after truth. The son was surprised to learn from his father that he also had entered the Church, had studied for the Priesthood and entered the Redemptorist Order.

Marshal Petain and the generals who were successively in command of the army of Verdun, Generals Nivelle, Mangin and Guillaumat, attended a solemn "Te Deum" sung in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, of Paris. Cardinal Dubois, accompanied by the bishops of Arras, Chalons and Verdun, presided. The president of the Republic was represented. The choir was decorated with flags of societies of ex-service men. The famous "Te Deum" of Berlioz, which is seldom sung on account of the size of the choir and orchestra which it demands, was rendered by 550 musicians.

Pittsburgh, July 1.—A "little city beautiful" is being planned for the seventeen-acre tract of land which the Vincentian Sisters of Charity will use as a Home for Incurables of the Pittsburgh diocese. A group of model cottages, all different in design and placed with due regard to harmony in the general architectural plans, will be erected. Ground for the first of these, which will be built under the auspices of Court Braddock, Catholic Daughters of America, has already been broken and men and boys from the congregation of St. William's parish, several miles away, have been walking in groups to the site of the new home and donating their services to excavate for the cottages.



HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER II

HER MOTHER'S PEOPLE

The Blakes lived in a large old-fashioned house in Rathmines, and on this bright September morning they are gathered round the breakfast table discussing a letter from Clare Castlemaine, the contents of which their father had just made known to them.

"So she will be here in two days. It is well we have a spare room ready. If Molly Dixon had come for her holidays she would have been rather cramped."

This was from Mary Blake, the eldest girl of the family; she was now twenty-seven and since her mother's death, thirteen years ago, had been her father's right hand—the stay and support of the motherless household. Indeed she was so completely unselfish that she was apt to be put on one side as a matter of course by the younger members of the family; they all loved her of course,—it was to Mary they had gone with their childish griefs and tales of woe, and it was to Mary they still went in any doubt or trouble, but the thought that Mary herself would ever need a bit of cheering up or amusement never entered her head; and this was mostly her own fault, for she had a habit of effacing herself at times, and also the management of her father's large household on their rather limited means absorbed most of her time and attention. But two members of the family valued Mary at her true worth, and those were her father and her brother Tom.

"Of course she will have to be given the best bedroom and the best of everything, but I expect she will not think much of this establishment after her lovely London house. I suppose she will have lovely frocks,—what a pity she is in mourning!"

And Nora Blake sighed; she was a pretty piquant little thing of nineteen, the butterfly of the family. She was employed as typist in the office of a large city firm and did her work well, but during her off time and holidays Miss Nora enjoyed life in her own way, and indeed altogether she generally managed to have what she called "a good time."

"That's like you, Nora! always thinking of what you will put on!" remarked her brother Pat, a medical student of twenty-three, studying hard for his final these days and not too sweet-tempered in consequence.

"Of course she will be thoroughly English in every respect," said Shamus, a tall young fellow of twenty-five, with a very handsome face and splendid grey eyes. "I don't suppose we will ever make anything of her from an Irish standpoint!" Shamus was a keen Gaelic Leaguer, and cared for little else.

"For Heaven's sake don't start cramming Irish down her throat the minute she arrives!" said his sister Bride.

"And don't you drag her round the slums, and parade her down the Coombe highways and byways!" was the brotherly retort.

Bride was secretary to an influential philanthropic society, and a great social worker. She lived for her work amongst the poor and existed in a whirl of district visiting, free breakfasts, social clubs and committee meetings.

There were three other members of the family present although they had taken part in the conversation. First, Mr. Blake himself, a thin, grey-haired man of sixty, a scintilla in a fair practice. He was devoted to his children, but the cares and expense of such a family, and the loss of his beloved wife while they were yet so young had lined his face and whitened his hair. Only for his daughter Mary, James Blake often wondered how he could have managed at all. His eldest son, Tom, was seated near him, quiet and intellectual, twenty-nine years of age, the eldest of the family and doing well now as an architect, helping also towards the support of the household—upright, sincere, and good-living, a son any father might be proud to own. Tom was the greatest help to Mary, too, for his words carried authority with the younger ones.

His sister Ursula was seated beside him; she was a very pretty girl of twenty-one, with soft dark hair and grey eyes, very quiet and serious on the surface, but with a fund of hidden fun and gay nonsense that sometimes surprised those of her acquaintance who, previously had only known the serious side to her character. She was to enter the Poor Clare Order as a novice in a few months' time, and at present she was a teacher in a girls' school. Breakfast was drawing to a close. It was nearly nine o'clock and most of the family had to be at their various occupations before ten o'clock.

Mary, but as she read it once more a smile broke over her face. "It's a nice letter!" she said softly, "and she seems lonely, poor soul! I hope she will be happy with us—we must try to make her feel at home."

The breakfast room was in the basement at the back of the house—a long, low-ceilinged room with two windows to the side and glass door opening on to some stone steps which led up to the garden. A fair-sized garden too for a suburban house and well cared for—Shamus Blake saw to that for he was devoted to gardening, and spent a good deal of his spare time, when he was not engaged in work for the Gaelic League, in planting and transplanting, hoeing and digging. Through the day he was hard at work in his father's office for he was destined to succeed to the solicitor's practice, and strange to say, although he was a bit of a poet and an idealist in many ways, still he gave every promise of becoming a clever lawyer.

The kitchen was on the other side of the passage to the breakfast room, a little further down the corridor, and thither Mary Blake now betook herself.

Sarah, the old servant who had been with them for many years now—since Mrs. Blake's death—looked round as her young mistress entered and her face brightened. She was devoted to all the family, but especially to Miss Mary. The Blakes kept one other servant, a strong young girl who did most of the upstairs work, answered the door and could wait at table when necessary. Mary had trained Maggie, for she had come to them when very young and ignorant, but was now quite capable; still Mary helped a good deal herself; she was fond of house-work, and also had a special gift for fancy cookery, making the most delightful cakes and puddings easily and with little outlay.

"Sarah," she said, advancing into the large old-fashioned kitchen, "Miss Castlemaine will be here on Thursday, so I will want Maggie to help me this morning to clean out the spare room—I want it to be extra nice because English, and no doubt, very particular, for she has been used to a beautiful home in London."

Sarah stood in her favorite attitude with arms akimbo. "Do ye tell me that now?" she replied with the out-spoken freedom of that Irish retainer. "Well! Miss Mary dear, if the house that's good enough for *our* English lady, no matter had she the wealth of the Ingies themselves—well 'twould be a queer thing!"

Sarah had not taken kindly to Clare's advent, but Mary knew the old woman so thoroughly that she could nearly always coax her into a reasonable mood.

"Yes, that may be so Sarah, but we want to show this English young lady that we poor Irish can have nice homes and dainty rooms too—so I am going to take Maggie this morning and have a real turn out upstairs. But if you are very busy Sarah and want help, get Mrs. Murphy in for the day."

"Ah! not at all Miss Mary dear! I'm not that cold and stiff yet, thank God. There's as much work in me old bones as there is in many a young whippersnapper going the rounds these times!"

"All right, Sarah, I'm just going to see Miss Angel—you can send Maggie to me later."

Leaving the kitchen Mary went up the short flight of stairs to the large hall above, on the right of which was the drawing-room and the dining-room to the left, both large airy rooms. The furniture in each was old-fashioned and a bit shabby, but good still and kept in perfect order by Mary's capable hands. Wide shallow stairs led to the first landing where was her father's bedroom, the rooms of two of the boys, her own spare room, and the "schoolroom"—now used as a kind of general untidy place where the family gathered at odd times and where they could be as noisy and as easy as they liked. The landing above contained the girls' bedrooms, and above that again were smaller rooms where the servants slept and also two attics—one used as a boxroom and the other for storing rubbish of every description. Mary opened one of the doors on the second landing, and entered a medium sized room furnished as half bed and half sitting-room. There were two chairs with soft cushions, an old sofa, a well-stocked book-case, plants on the wide window-ledge and a canary singing his little heart out in a cage above. A small bed in the corner could be hid from view when necessary, a large and very handsome Japanese screen standing at its foot. The floor had no carpet but was a few rugs were scattered here and there on its bright surface. The bed was occupied now—a small wasted form, a mass of fair hair, and two bright, very intelligent eyes were all that could be seen from the door. But as Mary came forward there was a quick glad cry of "Oh! Mary, it's that you! How late you are this morning, aren't you?"

Mary went over to the bed and tenderly kissed the wistful little face held up to her. The eldest girl was a true "mother" to all her brothers and sisters, but this

the youngest, the little cripple, was her dearest—her baby. "Yes, dear, I think I am a little late today. Have you had your breakfast? and did you sleep last night? I hadn't time to come to you sooner, but I know Ursula was with you this morning."

"Yes, Ursula brought me a cup of tea before she went to Mass—about half-past six—because she knew I had a headache last night, and I have had my breakfast since, so you see I am not neglected. And now, Mary darling! sit down if you can spare a minute at all and tell me all about Clare—a little bird told me she was coming on Thursday," and the cripple girl's face was all alight with eager sympathy as Mary sat down in a low chair beside her bed and after reading Clare's letter aloud fell to discussing her approaching visit with this the youngest of her flock.

She had been baptized as Angela, but no one ever called her anything but Angel—and if ever the name suited anyone in this poor world, it suited Angela Blake. Seventeen years of age, she had been delicate from her birth and now suffered from a bad spinal curvature and also shortening of one leg. She could get about with a crutch fairly well at times, and had her wheel chair also, but there were times when she could only manage to get to the sofa in her own room. But a grumble or a complaint was never heard from Angel's lips; she was always bright, always cheerful, and full of interest in the doings of all the others, the comings and goings of these strong healthy ones who were able to go in and out as they pleased and could run and dance and play tennis! Angel often wondered wistfully what it must be like to be strong and straight—but there was no place for envy in her unselfish soul.

She listened now, full of delighted interest as Mary spoke of their new cousin, wondering what she was like—was she pretty? and would she be good-tempered, or would she be proud and hard to please?

"I like her letter, Angel," said Mary, "she has gone through such a hard time lately—first the death of her father and then to lose her fortune, and she was brought up to consider herself so wealthy. We must try to be good to her for she will feel strange amongst us all at first. Angel, you will help me to make her feel at home, I know—won't you denie? And now I must leave you to dress for I have a lot to do."

The day passed all too quickly for Mary, and she was fairly tired that night when she found herself at last sitting down for a quiet chat with her father and Tom. They three were alone. Shamus was at a Gaelic meeting. Bride attending one of her numerous committees, and Pat and Nora went off on pleasure bent, while Ursula was upstairs with Angel.

Mr. Blake lay back in his arm-chair, enjoying the luxury of old slippers and an old pipe; Tom was deep in various plans and drawings scattered over the table, and Mary was engaged in what was a very usual task for her—darning the family's socks.

"Father," she said presently, "tell me about Clare's mother. She was your youngest sister I think? And how did she come to marry a man so different in character and religion to all that she had been used to? It seems so strange in every way!"

Her father was silent for a moment, then he withdrew his pipe slowly from his mouth and sat up in his chair, bracing himself as it seemed to Mary, as if he was going to speak on an unpleasant subject.

"My sister Ursula," he said at last—"you know Ursula is called after her—went on a visit to some school friends in London, and she met George Castlemaine there. It seems they were mutually attracted almost at once; the man was honest, and good-living, according to his lights, and of course, a moneyed man. Your aunt wrote and told me all about him."

He paused for a few minutes and went back to his pipe. His dead sister of long ago had been very dear to James Blake and he seemed to see once more before his eyes the sweet girlish face framed in the soft, dusky hair—sometimes his daughter Ursula reminded him of her, but the living Ursula would never have the beauty and fascination of the other.

Tom had lifted his head from his drawings and was listening quietly. "I was not surprised when she wrote again," continued Mr. Blake, "telling me he wanted to marry her, and by the same post came a letter from Castlemaine himself—quite straightforward and honorable, and offering very handsome settlements. There was absolutely nothing against the man except his religion—or, rather, want of religion."

He paused a moment and smiled as he remarked, "It's as well Shamus is not here or he would be thinking I should have objected to the man's nationality also. As a matter of fact I did not object to it, but still it was a minor consideration in comparison with the religious aspect. Well I consulted your Uncle Pat, and the upshot of it was that I wrote both to Ursula and George Castlemaine saying that we would agree to the marriage on the condition that any children that might be born to them—either boys or girls—were to be baptized in the Catholic Church and brought

up in that faith. We had previously ascertained that the man himself would not entertain for a moment the thought of becoming a Catholic—he was a most pronounced Agnostic."

He paused again and was silent so long that Mary said softly, "Well! Father?"

"Well, he refused—refused absolutely; said any children of his would not be baptized and would be instructed in no religious dogmas, but that when they were of age they could judge for themselves on religious matters. Of course your Uncle Pat and myself thought that would end the affair once and for all and we wrote to Ursula to come home at once. The next letter told us that she had married George Castlemaine."

Mary gave a little exclamation, and Tom moved slightly, leaning forward on the table.

"Yes," went on Mr. Blake, "they were married at the Registry office and afterwards at a Catholic Church—for, which," he added reverently, "I thank God, Ursula was just of age, we had no legal control over her religion and quite completely infatuated with this man. She wrote asking my forgiveness which I could not deny, although I was shocked and hurt beyond words. After her marriage we did not correspond very frequently—she had her own life to live now and it was a different one from ours. I think at first she was quite liberal about her religion and allowed her full freedom in the exercise of her religious duties. It was all right till the child came, but after that I don't think my poor sister knew what happiness was. She wrote to me about that time and her letter was heart-breaking—you can imagine the feelings of a Catholic mother when she looked at her child and knew that it must grow up without the help and comfort of our holy Faith—when she realized that she might never teach her little daughter her first prayers or train the little soul for Heaven. She gave the child private baptism herself—so she told me in one of her letters, and I think she would have managed to have a priest perform the ceremony later, only that she died as you know rather suddenly—within a short time of Clare's birth."

"Then Clare is baptized, father?"

"Yes; at least as I told you—by private baptism. But she knows absolutely nothing of the Catholic religion—she has received no religious instruction at all."

"How strange, father! I can hardly imagine such a queer state of things. Oh! I wonder what she will be like?"

"A queer mixture, I should say," said Tom, speaking for the first time.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Blake, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Yes, Tom, a queer mixture as you say. Still I will be glad to see the girl for her mother's sake, and I know I needn't ask you all to be as kind as possible to her—she has gone through her own share of trouble lately! And now I think I'll be off to bed for I am tired and sleepy."

There was a short silence when he had left the room and then Mary looked across the table at her brother.

"Tom," she said, "I feel quite nervous to think of this girl coming amongst us—a sort of pagan evidently in her ideas! And then she is so used to such a different social existence in every way—a large house—perfectly trained servants—an expensive table, and so on. How will we ever get on with her?"

Tom smiled and leaning forward patted the capable hands of the "housemother."

"Don't worry, Sis," he said quietly, "she knows our circumstances—that we are not overburdened with this world's goods and also that socially we lead a very different life toward that to which she has been accustomed. Surely she will be sensible enough to take us as she finds us."

Mary sighed, and still looked doubtful.

"There are such a lot of us," she said with a rueful smile, "and I only hope we won't frighten her!" Tom laughed cheerfully. "No fear of that," he said, "you may be sure she will be able for the lot of us! I only hope she doesn't prove too much for us to stand!"

THE STORY OF A HERO

By Myrtle Conner in St. Anthony Messenger

They were the guests of His Lordship, the bishop—Father Darcy, and a young visiting priest, Father Norris, by name.

"I heard a story the other day," Father Darcy was saying, "about the heroic conduct of a young missionary priest in the midst of a western mining camp mob, which proves that the spirit of the early Christian martyrs is not yet dead, but lives even today, often springing up in the most unexpected places."

The bishop nodded with a smile. "Go on," he said. Father Darcy's stories were always interesting. "I'm sure that Father Norris would like to hear it, too, having, himself, had some experience in the missionary west."

"Then," said Father Darcy, turning toward the younger priest, "you will appreciate what the western like to term the 'local color' of the story, or what, I understand, the film folks like to refer to as the 'location,' for this is a regular wild western story."

"I'm sure I shall enjoy hearing it," said the younger priest. "Stories of the west are always interesting to me."

Well, the camp was like all the other mining camps, and had the customary "bad-character" man in it, a notorious all-round villain sort of a fellow, exactly according to type. They called him "Gil," which appears to have been a diminutive of Gilbert, though no one seemed to know whether that was his first name or his last. However, there was no doubt about his character role of "bad man."

Foreign element, probably, suggested it, the bishop, "a trifle reminiscently, it may be."

"I didn't learn his nationality," returned Father Darcy, "though he may have been of foreign element, as you say. Irish, perhaps—since this is a story of the Faith," he added, directing a smile toward the younger priest. The bishop was notably of Irish extraction.

"Or French, maybe," rejoined the bishop, observing the smile. "Like the D'Arcos line of old—before their progenitors anglicized it into plain Darcy."

"Did they do that, Your Lordship?" inquired Father Darcy, innocently. "However," he went on, "I think that before the story is finished, you will decide that Gil was Irish. But, whatever his nationality, he didn't seem to have much trouble living up to the record set for his type. His bad deeds, it appears, had won him fame for miles around. He had acquired the credit of being the hardest, toughest, soberest, drinker west of the Mississippi, and he had made haste to add to his credit after they had told him about the famous Eighteenth. It was said, too, that he had the large-sized vocabulary of oaths, there-into including all the standardized kind together with the extensive, hybrid, and especially picturesque variety of his own coinage. And fight! Being rather large of stature, his fighting had all the advantages of the primitive, combined with a finished technique which he had managed to acquire in the course of a long and varied practice. Some of the brawls in which he had managed to engage had become matters of local history in that part of the country. You know," he added, turning again toward Father Norris, "I warned you that this was to be a typical western story."

"I am finding it very interesting," returned the younger priest.

"And," continued Father Darcy, "there was a woman in it, too."

"There nearly always is a woman in it," commented the bishop, somewhat sagely, perhaps.

"Yes," agreed Father Darcy. "She was in love with Gil, of course. Kept his shack for him; did his cooking, and looked after his comforts generally. She was a comely creature, according to reports; rather above the camp standards, and still young. Half the men round-about were more or less in love with her; and, it was said, that some of them had, at different times, offered her honorable marriage. But she would have none of them. She was quite openly in love with Gil, and quite avowedly faithful to him, even though he didn't want to marry her. She apparently he did not, for she, like all women of her kind, cherished in her heart a desire for the respectability and security of the matrimonial state, and had, on several occasions, gently broached the subject to him. But Gil had steadfastly refused to consider the matter from her point of view. He seemed to be quite satisfied with affairs as they were."

"Such things are not uncommon," remarked the bishop. "Affairs like that are among the greatest difficulties which confront the missionary in his pioneer work. You have probably met with such instances in your experience, Father Norris?"

"Why, yes; Your Lordship," returned the younger priest, "though, of course, my experience as a missionary is rather limited, as yet."

"You will find that solving matrimonial difficulties will always be among your most trying problems. But about Gil?" he added, addressing Father Darcy.

"Gil would have been counted among the trying kind, all right," returned Father Darcy. "It is said that the only time he ever struck

the lady—Lally, as she was called—was when she had ventured to suggest that, as there was a Methodist minister conducting a missionary drive in those parts, might it not, therefore, be an acceptable time to have the sanction of religion placed on their union. Gil's response—though he was known to be very gentle with her usually,—had been to shut off her pleading abruptly by striking her full across her mouth."

"No?" exclaimed Father Norris. "It seems to have been true," returned Father Darcy. "And while she, after the habits of her sex, had, no doubt, shed copious tears over the matter, it didn't apparently, diminish her love for the reprobate. She continued in her unfeeling devotion to him in spite of his stinging indifference to her wishes."

"Women are like that, sometimes," commented the bishop; and, had he been less than a bishop, he might have added, "and only the Lord can understand them."

"Gil had a lot of friends though," continued Father Darcy. "You see, out there, standards of human glory differ from ours; and Gil's record for general wickedness and total disregard for man and the law, alike, had really only served to win him a great deal of prestige in those parts. He was looked upon as a kind of leader among men; and he had quite a following,—a great many, no doubt, because they feared him, but more, it seemed, because they admired him."

"Are they really like that, out west?" inquired the bishop of Father Norris.

"I fear some of them have been given a bad reputation," returned the younger priest. "So much modern fiction, and western film stuff, as Father Darcy says."

"This doesn't seem to have been greatly exaggerated, though, as I get the story," said Father Darcy. "You see it was one of those places which might have been classed as being of the 'utmost parts of the earth,' the Faith having reacted it, as then, only in promise,—the poor bishop never having been able to visit it himself, and never having had any priest to send there, until this one I am going to tell you about."

"To be sure," smiled the bishop. "You did promise us a story about a priest."

"Yes, I know," smiled back Father Darcy, "but you see I had to tell you about Gil first. He's the background of the story, so to speak. Enter now, the hero,—the young missionary priest."

"I was finding Gil very interesting," interposed Father Norris.

"I'm returning to him presently," said Father Darcy. "As soon as I give you the picture of the priest, as he found himself so unexpectedly in the midst of that western mining camp mob. This priest,—I didn't learn his name,—was rather a frail and timid-looking little fellow, it seems, but lately ordained and sent out all alone, on his first missionary venture. He wasn't really timid, though. On the contrary, he was remarkably brave, as I told you in the beginning, and full of the spirit of the early Christian martyrs, as events were soon to prove."

"The Lord arms them for their work," remarked the bishop, gently.

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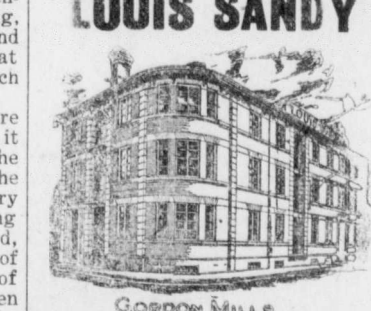
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events, he appeared at once to have recognized the danger which threatened him, and evidently realized, at the same time, how utterly useless would have been any attempt on his part to try to explain the friendly nature of his visit to their camp. What are words to an excited mob? So, they said, he just stood there, regarding them with a calm unflinching gaze, and waiting, motionless, for whatever might happen next, very much, perhaps, as the early martyrs waited in the arena or at the stake.

"Just at that moment, it seems, Gil had come strolling into the camp, and, on making inquiries, was told that the trouble was that some seditious stranger had come, trying to stir up trouble in their peaceful midst. Not, perhaps, that they may have expressed it in just those terms, but that, at least, was the import. The news of Gil's arrival naturally spread rapidly among them, and the fight was soon on in earnest. The rabble, as if by common consent, began to give way before their leader. One of them, in an attempt to make room for Gil, gave the man in front of him a shove so violent that it landed him against the young priest with a force that, had he not been so hemmed in by the crowd, he surely must have been knocked to the ground. Some one from the rear had seized the priest's hat, and amid the endorsement of loud cries, and a fusillade of epithets from the others, was brandishing it aloft on the end of his rifle.

"What?" exclaimed Father Norris.

"Barbarous," said the bishop.

"Yes; agreed Father Darcy. Then Gil, with both arms thrust out before him, his heart aflame with his innate love of fight had, by that time, made his way through the crowd, and having reached the priest's side, had seized that amazed little man by the arm, wrestling him from the grasp of one of the mob, and turning him halfway round with the sudden violence of his action.

"Then, in a voice full of righteous indignation, he cried out, 'Ye will—will ye?' as, tightening his grasp upon the priest's arm, he glared down into that helpless little man's face. 'Ye will—will ye?' he repeated thunderingly, as one who would have it known that he was there to defend that peace-loving little man from any invasion of every enemy.

"About that time, some one from farther off being, it seemed, inspired with the memory of a familiar classic slogan,—whether gained from earlier instructions, or from the more recent Methodistical visit,—had apparently decided to contribute it as something eminently befitting the occasion, for, lifting up his voice above the noise of the rabble, he cried out, 'Down with Rome! Down with Rome and Popery!'

"The cry was immediately taken up, as always happens in such instances, and was echoed and re-echoed with the variety of rhetorical embellishments added here and there; and some one, standing near by,—presumably the one from whose grasp Gil had wrested the priest, and who, having been foiled in his first work of defender of the camp, and evidently determined to seize the first opportunity to make good in his line, raised his strong right fist, and aimed a blow at the young priest's nose.

"The priest, in an instinctive endeavor to evade the blow, had thrown back his head, exposing as he did so, the full white line of his Roman collar, while, at the same time, the assailant's fist missing its aim, landed heavily against the priest's throat.

"It all had been but the happening of a moment—Gil's first rough seizing of the priest's arm, his 'Ye will—will ye?' the cry of 'Down with Rome and Popery!' and the ruffian's blow, all had followed in such swift succession. In fact, the cry of 'Down with Rome and Popery!' had hardly penetrated Gil's ear and reached his understanding when his gaze had fallen upon the exposed Roman collar.

"Then it was that Gil's voice rose in one of the loud oaths for which he had made himself so famous; and following it with another terrible resounding, 'Ye will—will ye?' he suddenly released the priest's arm to seize that of the assailant, throwing that astonished mortal violently backward into the arms of the nearest bystander. 'Ye will—will ye?' he thundered again, glaring down not upon the priest, this time, but upon his assailant. 'Strike a priest—will ye?' he demanded with awful menace in his tones. 'I'll show ye how to strike a priest!' and his last words trailed off into a kind of roar as if he might be searching for a more adequate phrase than was yet in his vocabulary. Then, with one swift motion, he placed an arm protectively around the little priest's shoulder and smiled—yes, he did,—they say he actually smiled down upon the little man who by that time must have been stricken wholly dumb with amazement. It was as if he might have been praying for a miracle to happen, and it had happened.

"Then Gil, drawing a little nearer to the priest, turned and faced the speechless gasping crowd. I don't know just what happened next, nor just how the crowd regarded such a queer twisting of their promise of a Roman holiday, but, at any rate, no one appeared to

question Gil's ultimatum, however, disappointed they may have been in the outcome. Questioning any decision of their leader had never been a part of their camp philosophy. In a few minutes, it seemed that Gil, having demanded the restoration of the priest's hat, was steering him safely through their midst straight to the hospitality of his own shack, and to the sympathetic ministrations of the reliable and competent Lally. She knew how to bathe and to bind up wounds.

"I proved, however, that the priest had been practically unharmed, save for the soil on his garments where some of the stones had struck, a slight dent in his Roman collar, with a burning red spot on his throat from the assailant's blow; and, of course, slightly shaken nerves from the experience. After due lavations outside the shack, he was soon himself again, so that Lally's ministrations consisted only in serving the very appetizing and abundant supper which she had already prepared for Gil.

"Then, naturally, explanations followed and understandings took place, the priest explaining why the bishop had sent him to the camp; and Gil telling, with more astonishment to himself, it may be, than to the priest, that, with the cry of 'Down with Rome and Popery!' together with the first sight of that Roman collar, there had returned to his memory with a kind of vivid rush, some far-off, almost wholly vanished picture of another Roman collar worn by another priest, back in the nearly forgotten days of Gil's early childhood. That other priest had been Gil's pastor, so Gil had explained, and Gil, himself, it proved, had been a Catholic. He had even made his first Communion, though, soon after it, he had drifted into the churchless west and had subsequently forgotten all about his religion, and had soon begun upon his wild western career.

"Yes," said the bishop, as Father Darcy paused.

"Well, there really isn't much more to tell," said Father Darcy. "Of course, you know that the story is going to end in quite the satisfactory manner, with Gil coming back to his Faith and every body beginning to live happily ever after, in quite the approved fashion. The young missionary remained in their midst full more than his allotted time; and with Gil for his champion and most fervent convert, his apostolic work was really a great success. Besides, it appears that they had taken a great fancy to the little priest. His show of brave spirit, and his undaunted attitude of fearlessness and Christian heroism in the face of that mob, had won for him their everlasting admiration and respect.

"And, oh yes; I mustn't forget another important part of the story, which is that, one day, Gil caused Lally's heart almost to stop beating by announcing to her that she was to get herself ready to be baptized that evening and to be married next morning—to him?—why yes, to him, of course—who else, he would have her tell him—because the Father was going away next day, as soon as the wedding was over. You see the little priest had done his work well. He was as zealous as he was brave; and he left those parts in the character of a great and admired hero.

"It is, indeed, quite a splendid little story," commented the bishop. "An example, as you say, of the spirit of the early martyrs."

"Why I," interposed Father Norris, hesitatingly. "I wouldn't consider the priest the hero. To my mind, Gil was the brave one, the real hero of the story."

"Why no?" returned Father Darcy, a little surprised. "On the contrary, Gil could hardly have been accounted brave, since he had nothing to fear, you know. It was not his life that was endangered by the mob. It was the priest's."

"And yet," said Father Norris. "It might have been real courage after all, on the part of the priest. He might have been—well, you see he was most likely sort of paralyzed, as it were—paralyzed with fear, I mean. He was,—that is, he might have been so frightened that he couldn't have moved nor spoken even had he wanted to. There are instances of fear like that, I have heard, a fear which induces a kind of temporary paralysis of motion and speech, and of the will, too, so that the victim is rendered practically unable to speak, and incapable of any motion whatever. Such a condition might easily have been mistaken for courage, you know."

"I assure you that those who told me the story remarked repeatedly on the brave demeanor of the priest," said Father Darcy, defensively. "They told me that there were some about the camp who held that it was the show of courage on his part, rather than the sight of the Roman collar which had moved Gil to turn so suddenly to the priest's defense. Gil, you see, had the ruffian's usual unbounded admiration for physical courage in the presence of danger, whatever motive might inspire that courage."

"I quite agree with Father Darcy," interposed the bishop. "You must admit that the priest showed an admirable degree of genuine Christian fortitude in the face of the fact that his life was in danger, and that he was wholly defenseless in the hands of that excited mob."

"No," said Father Norris, shaking his head. "No; Your Lordship;



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I give you my word, Your Lordship, that up to the time Gil suddenly turned to the rescue, I was really never more frightened in my life!

**"LET ME NEVER BE SEVERED FROM THEE"**

In two of the most solemn portions of the Mass, namely at the *Hanc igitur*, when the sacrificing priest suppliantly spreads his hands over the oblation, and again during the second prayer he repeats shortly before Holy Communion, it is worthy of note that he uses words which seem at first sight to be hardly in keeping with the thoughts the priest should be dwelling on at just that time. For as he makes an offering of the bread and wine so soon to be changed into the Body and Blood of Our Divine Saviour, the priest humbly prays: "Do Thou establish our days in Thy peace, and deliver us from everlasting damnation," and later in the Mass, when about to receive the Holy Eucharist, the priest entreats his Lord and Master, present there before him on the altar, to "Make me cleave to Thy commandments and suffer not that at any time I be separated from Thee."

But in putting the foregoing prayers in the mouth of her priests at the time she does, the Church is of course guided, as always, by her heaven born wisdom and prudence. Moreover from her age-old study of human nature she well knows how weak and frail in the hour of temptation are all of Adam's children, so she reminds even her anointed priests, and that too at the moment of consecrating and of receiving, that without the effectual aid from on high with which the Holy Eucharist and the Sacrifice of the Mass so abundantly supply all devout believers, no one can secure a stronger assurance that he will be delivered at his last hour from the peril of eternal death, and will never be separated by grievous sin from the friendship of Christ. It is because the Faithful, too, realize so thoroughly the value and importance of Mass and Communion as the best safeguards against temptation, and the surest "pledge of future glory" that the Catholics of our day, with a fervor unequalled perhaps since the Church's early ages, assist at Holy Mass and through the Sacred Table, "Deliver me from everlasting damnation," and "Let me never be severed from Thee," therefore, are two prayers from the Missal that should always be in the heart and often on the lips of all true lovers of the Blessed Sacrament.—America.

**THE POPULAR MIND**

Does the popular mind really crave the morbid the unwholesome, the trashy novel because, forsooth, it enjoys prodigious patronage when it is issued from the press? Do people actually prefer unwholesome and dangerous literature to that which is safe and profitable? Or is the fact simply this,—that because harmful books are written, published and disseminated broadcast,—they are therefore read?

The recent assertion of one who has wide experience in catering to the taste of readers, inclines to the opinion that trashy and unwholesome books do not represent the actual taste of those who read, but rather the inclination of human nature to fall for temptation whenever it presents itself.

In these days there is much talk of censorship. But this censorship apparently does not include books. Almost anything may be printed, whether it be fit for perusal or not. Consequently almost everything falls into the hands of the reading public. And people will read for curiosity, to keep afloat of the times, in order to be able to say that they have read such and such a book.

There are few nowadays who are willing to admit that they know nothing of the merits or rather the demerits of the so-called 'best seller.' Although the sane judgment of such persons tells them that they have no right to read dangerous or unwholesome works of fiction, they are unwilling to forego the anticipated satisfaction of finding out just what is wrong with a certain book. They legislate for their own consciences, although they know that there is One Whose eye searches out the secrets of hearts, analyzes human motives and requires a strict account of every thought and act.

During the past year the increasing stream of trashy and salacious novels has been unceasing. The mere fact of a book having been

condemned as unfit to read is sufficient reason for its accession to a place of prominence.

What is to be done when those who should know better confess to the deplorable inability to let such books alone? They must forsooth see what they are like. Such an admission in itself extends the influence of bad books throughout the world. The more people who can be induced to read such books, the greater the demand for them, the larger the sale, and the greater, in the mind of the author and publisher, their success.

The Church, viewing with sadness this wholesale pandering to what is basest in human nature, and ever mindful of the beauty and dignity of a soul, condemns this evil with vigorous voice. Dangerous and bad books, if they do not blight, besmirch the soul, dimming the radiant whiteness which makes it so perfect a work of the Omnipotent. No greater contrast exists between the blackness of the printed word and the stainless page, than the contrast between the innocent mind and heart and that which is soiled and besmirched by dwelling on the ignoble sentiments of bad books.

What is to be done? Since there is scant hope of establishing a rigorous censorship over the press, how shall this popular scourge be appeased?

A great French writer of the past generation spent the final hours of his life trying to repair the evil which in earlier times he had wrought with his facile but unwholesome pen. In order to reconstruct the ruins, at least in part, painfully and laboriously he set about re-writing all his books, omitting here, revising there, purifying this stagnant stream of poison, trying to set himself right with the world. Too late he realized the evil which his noxious writings had done.

The stimulation of a keen interest in worthwhile books is an essential need of the times. Librarians and those who sell books can and should exert their influence in the cause of good literature. By so doing they will have a considerable part in a grand apostolate which is sorely needed by the world today.—The Pilot.

The more we love Mary, the more we shall love God.—Fr. Vassall Phillips, C. S. S. R.

of the religious and conscientious. Only let us beware in all this lest we act from pride and self conceit.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1932

**UNITY AND ANTAGONISM**

The chief spokesman of Metho-  
dists in Canada gave us to under-  
stand recently in a published state-  
ment that the motive behind the  
movement to unite Canadian Pres-  
byterian and Methodist in one  
body is political as well as religious  
control as against Catholic influence.  
This is not the object of larger-  
minded Protestants in working for  
Christian unity, nor the spirit which  
animates them. In a course of  
lectures delivered on the subject of  
Unity by the present Episcopal  
Bishop of New York, he said:

"It should go without saying, in  
this day, that no countenance should  
be given to the old bitterness  
against Rome, and that no right  
minded Christian can desire any-  
thing but what is best for this great  
Communion, and for her work  
among men. We must all recognize  
the spiritual excellencies of the  
Roman Catholic Church; her fear-  
less witness to the supernatural and  
sacramental truth of the Christian  
Religion; her power to produce  
saints and spiritual heroes; her  
appeal to the poetic, and the  
aesthetic, in the human soul; the  
devotion with which she reaches and  
ministers to all classes of men, the  
unlettered as well as the learned.  
We see, and we rejoice to see, the  
zeal and loyalty which she arouses  
in her people; their living faith and  
readiness to make sacrifices for  
their religion; their recognition of  
the binding duty of worship; the  
sacredness in which they hold the  
marriage bond. All this, and more,  
we see and we thank God for it."

In Canada, on the other hand  
Catholic immigrants from the con-  
tinent of Europe are regarded and  
treated by the Protestant denomina-  
tions as people who still need to be  
Christianized, civilized, and, if they  
resist steadfastly, then ostracized,  
on the plea that all this is a neces-  
sary part of the process of Cana-  
dianizing them.

**HON. WILLIAM COOTE**

In the issue of the Toronto Globe,  
Tuesday, July 18th, the Hon.  
William Coote, member of the  
British House of Commons and the  
New Ulster Parliament, during the  
course of an address on "Ulster's  
position in the present Irish Crisis,"  
is quoted as follows:

"I realize that I am making a  
serious charge when I say that right  
here in Ontario the Church of Rome  
is resorting to the vilest sort of  
propaganda in an effort to prejudice  
the cause of Ulster. In London,  
Ontario, you have a Bishop named  
Fallon. I charge him with spread-  
ing the most pernicious propaganda  
in The Catholic Record that I have  
yet had drawn to my attention."

The Honorable Gentleman then  
gives the true facts, as he alleges,  
of a particular case from which he  
deduces such a sweeping charge  
against His Lordship, Right Rev. M.  
F. Fallon, Bishop of London. Here are  
the details as given by the Hon.  
Mr. Coote together with the alleged  
account as given in The CATHOLIC  
RECORD:

It concerns the following case.  
There lived in a district of South  
of Ireland, which was inhabited  
largely by Roman Catholics and a  
few Protestants, an Episcopalian  
minister, named Dean Finlay. He  
was old and inoffensive and highly  
esteemed. His aged wife lived with  
him. One night about 100 marauders  
of the Irish Free Republic  
army went to the dean's house.  
Mrs. Finlay beseeched them not to  
disturb her aged husband. They  
ordered her back to bed. Then they  
dragged the old minister from his

room to the road in front of his  
house. There they battered him  
over the head and shot him twice.  
Those soldiers of the Irish Free  
Republic then drove the poor wife  
out into the night and set fire to the  
house. These are the facts concern-  
ing the death of Dean Finlay, who  
was a Protestant."

"Now in an issue of The CATHOLIC  
RECORD, which, I am informed, is  
printed or edited by Bishop Fallon  
of London, there appears another  
account of the death of Dean Finlay.  
But in this article it is made  
appear that the Dean was not a  
Protestant, but a Catholic priest,  
for he is referred to as Father Finlay.  
No mention is made that he  
had a wife. The paper goes on  
to allege that this beloved priest  
was dragged from his bed at the  
dead of night by 200 soldiers of  
Belfast, who were all Orangemen,  
and murdered in cold blood. Such  
a charge is diametrically opposed to  
the true facts. Orangemen did not  
murder Father Finlay, a mythical  
Catholic priest; but Sinn Feiners  
did murder, in cold blood, Dean  
Finlay, an Episcopalian minister."

"I am an Orangeman, and not  
ashamed of it. But let me say that  
if any Orangemen anywhere had  
committed such a crime as Bishop  
Fallon charges them with, I should  
disown them. I cite this as an  
instance of the subtle propaganda  
that the church of Rome is spread-  
ing in this crisis."

Others who spoke were Rev. Dr.  
Banks Nelson, W. H. Wardrope,  
K. C.; T. J. Stewart, M. P., and  
Rev. George Tebb. Walter Mc-  
Cutcheon sang the "Recessional"  
and "Rule Britannia."

The following is the extract,  
taken from the CATHOLIC RECORD,  
June 25th, 1921, from which the  
Hon. Member of the Ulster Parlia-  
ment quotes:

"An eighty-seven year old  
retired priest, Father Finlay, was  
taken out of his house last week  
by the Belfast Orangemen, riddled  
with bullets and his head beaten to  
a pulp. But Orangemen realize  
that it will be necessary for them  
to beat in the heads of the decent  
clergymen of their own faith before  
they can have things as they wish  
them to be in Caronia. Irish news-  
papers to hand report that an Orange  
campaign has begun against all Pro-  
testant clergymen who dare object to  
bigotry and intolerance. At Beragh  
in Tyrone, a night attack was made  
by Orangemen upon residences of  
two Protestant clergymen who had  
signed a memorial praying for the  
reprieve of two young Nationalist  
men in their district, who had been  
condemned to be hanged."

**SEUMAS MACMANUS,  
Of Donegal.**

Mark well that the extract from  
which the Hon. Member of the  
British House of Commons and the  
new Ulster Parliament quoted is  
over a year old and is signed by  
Seumas MacManus of Donegal, and  
not by His Lordship, Bishop Fallon  
of London.

From the tenor of the extract it  
can be easily seen that there was no  
intention to claim that Dean Finlay  
was a Catholic priest. However  
the error of our correspondent was  
called to the attention of the Editor  
of the CATHOLIC RECORD and the  
following editorial appeared in our  
issue of July 23rd, 1921.

"The compiler of our Weekly Irish  
Review was in error on June 25th  
in referring to the murdered Dean  
Finlay as a Catholic priest. He was  
a Protestant clergyman."

"A Twelfth of July orator  
instanced this as a sample of 'pro-  
paganda' by the CATHOLIC RECORD.  
It was a mistake and one which  
should have been corrected as Mr.  
MacManus in our issue of July 2th  
had apparently recognized his error  
when he wrote: 'There are now about  
half a score Irish priests in jail  
and in internment camps. The  
number of murdered priests is  
three, Canon Magner of Dunman-  
way, Father Griffin of Galway and  
Father O'Callaghan of Cork City.'"

"We regret that the mistake  
occurred and are glad to make the  
correction."

"But if this slip of our contributor  
is the one thing that could be con-  
sidered of all that has appeared in  
the RECORD relative to Ireland  
the reverend orator is welcome to  
his laurels in the premises."

After all it is too bad that the  
Hon. Gentleman from across the  
sea should be deprived of the  
laurels that belong to the dis-  
coverer of a danger, so artfully  
concealed as this insidious propa-  
ganda, carried on by The CATHOLIC  
RECORD, against the downtrodden  
Orangemen of Ulster. But, un-  
fortunately, more than a year  
before this secret and unknown  
danger had been exposed and  
brought to light. Alas and alack,  
such is fame. But let not the Hon.  
Member of two parliaments be dis-  
couraged. He may repeat the same

charge next year and it will be  
received in the same way as his  
portentous announcement was re-  
ceived this year. Furthermore  
when he returns to his native  
Belfast, he can repeat it there  
without much fear of contradic-  
tion. Again let not the Hon.  
Member of two parliaments be  
discouraged.

When the Hon. Member from  
Belfast says, "I realize that I am  
making a serious charge when I say  
that right here in Ontario the  
Church of Rome is resorting to the  
vilest sort of propaganda in an  
effort to prejudice the cause of  
Ulster," it reminds one of Artemus  
and Ward. Artemus, as the story goes,  
when four years of age had aspira-  
tions to become an artist. To show  
his budding genius he made a  
drawing and placed it in a con-  
spicuous place. When, after a con-  
siderable interval, no one seemed  
to recognize the picture, he printed  
beneath it the following inscription.  
"This is a horse. I can conceal the  
fact no longer."

The Hon. Member has proved  
himself too credulous. He informs  
the world that the Right Rev. M.  
F. Fallon, Bishop of London, is the  
printer or publisher of The CATHOLIC  
RECORD and as such is the chief  
conspirator in the base intrigue to  
discredit Ulster in the eyes of  
Canadians. Everyone knows that  
this is absolutely false. The CATHOLIC  
RECORD is owned and controlled  
by the estate of the late Senator  
Coffey. Its editor is Rev. J. T.  
Foley, D. D. The only interest  
which the Bishop of London takes  
in The CATHOLIC RECORD is that  
which every Bishop is bound by his  
office to take in any Catholic paper  
when published in his diocese.

If the Hon. Gentleman from Bel-  
fast would have taken the trouble,  
before making his absurd statements,  
to look on page four of The CATHOLIC  
RECORD, he would have received  
all the information which would  
have been sufficient to prevent him  
from making them. This little  
oversight on the part of the Hon.  
Gentleman is apt to lead one to  
suspect any further statements of  
his. Surely we cannot put credence  
in the statements of a man who  
shows himself so utterly ignorant  
of a fact which could be so easily  
ascertained. If the Hon. Member's  
recital of the facts of Dean Finlay's  
murder, have no more foundation  
of truth than his charge against  
Bishop Fallon—and why should we  
believe the Hon. Gentleman, he was  
not an eye-witness of the crime,  
but was informed—a more  
reliable witness must be forth-  
coming before we give it our cred-  
ence. If the Hon. William Coote  
is a fair specimen of the members  
of the Ulster Parliament, our sym-  
pathy, irrespective of any other  
reason, goes out to Ulster. The  
Hon. William Coote, member of the  
British House of Commons and the  
New Ulster Parliament is very  
ignorant and has bad manners, and  
besides is impudent. Bad manners  
and impudence, not always but very  
often is a consequence of ignorance  
and in the case of the Hon. Gentle-  
man from Belfast, it is quite evi-  
dent that it is.

The Hon. Gentleman says, with  
all the fervour of the early Chris-  
tians kneeling before the howling  
mob of Pagan Romans "I am an  
Orangeman, and not ashamed of it."  
He does not say "I am proud  
of it." He preserves the negative  
to the positive assertion. It will  
be a matter of wonder what the  
Orangemen think of Hon. William  
Coote. Will they say "He is an  
Orangeman, and notwithstanding  
his display of cowardly ignorance  
and malicious bigotry, we are not  
ashamed of him." I think not.  
The rank and file, even of the  
Orangemen will see through the  
utter falsity of the Hon. Member of  
Ulster. They must resent his inter-  
ference in their own particular  
stock in trade. They must resent  
in particular the slur cast upon  
their leaders and especially upon  
their champion, the Hon. Mr.  
Hocken when he inferred that they  
had been remiss in their duty in not  
discovering and publicly exposing  
the vile propaganda aimed against  
the loyal and long-suffering New  
State of Ulster. In justice to the  
leaders of the Orangemen in Ontario,  
they had discovered it, together  
with many other things which  
"ain't so."

The Hon. Member of two Parli-  
aments may return to his beloved  
Ulster with the assurance that no  
matter what happens Ulster will be  
protected. England may fail,  
Canada may fail, the whole British

Empire may fail, but Ulster the  
stronghold of disloyalty, the home  
of rapine and murder and intoler-  
ance, must never fail. The hands  
of the Orangemen of Ontario are  
stretched across the sea to grasp  
the hands of fellow Orangemen in  
Ulster. You, Hon. William Coote  
should be there. There is no room  
for your kind in Canada. Go home  
and stay there.

**COMMUNISM IMPOSSIBLE**

By THE OBSERVER

Mr. Vanderveelde, of Belgium, a  
prominent Socialist of that country,  
has recently been in Russia, and  
The Manchester Guardian, of Man-  
chester, England, reports his views  
of what is going on there. It seems  
that the Communist theorists who  
are trying to run the country, are  
getting a set-back at the hands  
of the very people they thought  
would be their main support, that  
is, the Russian peasants. The  
peasants, in large numbers, have  
become possessed of land; but they  
differ with the authorities as to the  
nature of their interest or owner-  
ship of the land.

The Communist idea is, that no  
individual, as an individual, is to  
own anything; and the peasants  
do not look at the matter in that  
way. They refuse to agree to  
"nationalize" the land; in other  
words, they want to own some land  
individually without admitting that  
the land they occupy is owned  
equally by a great number of others  
or by all others.

It is the old story over again; an  
experiment which has turned out  
as all other similar experiments  
have turned out; and as all similar  
experiments must turn out, because  
they run counter to a natural desire  
which is not only innocent but just;  
a desire which has all the force of  
human nature behind it, and which  
no moral principle obliges men to  
restrain. That is, the desire to  
own individually some part of the  
Earth's surface.

All Communist schemes of the  
past have split on this rock; and  
on it will come to shipwreck all  
such schemes in the future.

The most interesting case I know  
of in the past was the case of the  
Lane colony. Its history is to be  
found in the prosaic records of the  
British Government; but the truth  
is stranger than any fiction; and  
would form a foundation for a most  
interesting novel; furnish the  
materials for a masterpiece, to a  
Stevenson or a Scott.

Rev. Mr. Lane was a minister in  
Australia. He conceived the idea  
of gathering around him a large  
body of men and women and trans-  
porting them to a new country,  
away from all the customs, laws,  
and traditions of long-settled com-  
munities, and there founding a  
Socialist community on the basis  
of community of lands and goods.  
He got about him a large body of  
people; chartered a ship; and  
started for Paraguay, South  
America. That State set aside for  
them 300,000 acres of splendid land;  
well timbered, well watered, fertile;  
in a climate of the best, amid  
surroundings the most attractive.

Before the ship arrived there, Mr.  
Lane had trouble. At sea, he found  
it difficult to have discipline  
observed on the ship. He was given  
to understand, as early as that, that  
as they were all equal, shipboard  
rules must be agreed to by all, or  
else they were not enforceable.

They got to Paraguay. Nature  
and the State did all that could be  
hoped for. It was an earthly para-  
dise; but the serpent was there;  
indeed a number of serpents.  
Jealousy, disobedience, anger, vice,  
all showed up; and all took on more  
than ordinary significance because  
of the principle of individual free-  
dom and equality and the right of  
private judgment in all things  
which was understood to be the  
basis of the whole scheme.

Naturally enough, Mr. Lane  
found it necessary to establish him-  
self as a dictator. It was necessary  
to apportion the work of the new  
community; and naturally enough  
there was a great desire to avoid  
the harder and more unpleasant  
jobs. Naturally enough, also, Mr.  
Lane's authority was resisted; as  
why should it not be, if he had no  
more right to be boss than anyone  
else.

I forget how long the community  
went on; I think a couple of years;  
but it began to disintegrate from  
the first. It melted away by deser-  
tions.

Readers might note that in this  
case, all the factors were present  
which were necessary to success,

and which it is possible to have:  
Separate and independent munic-  
ipal existence; no taxes; no con-  
trol or interference by anyone; free  
land; a wonderful climate; fertile  
soil, wood, water, game; and suffi-  
cient distance from other commu-  
nities to get rid of the influence of  
environment and contact.

But that was not enough to  
ensure success; for human nature  
was there. Socialists and Commu-  
nists commonly explain all our ills  
by our environment, our system of  
government, our laws, our constitu-  
tion, our social customs, our busi-  
ness system.

The Lane colony got away from  
all that. But they could not get  
away from human nature; and  
human nature brought all their  
plans to nothing. Communism is  
based on the theory that it is pos-  
sible to bring individuality into  
indefinite subjection to a state com-  
posed of individuals; and that is  
impossible.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

BISHOP AMIGO, preaching in St.  
George's Cathedral, Southwark, re-  
cently, spoke of the Conference at  
Genoa, which, he said, had not been  
a success, because God had been left  
out of it. He laid special emphasis  
on the need for prayer if the world  
is to be rescued from the chaos in  
which the War has left it. States-  
men and diplomats failing to realize  
this truth may be said to be but  
"beating the air."

IN SYRACUSE, N. Y., the heads of  
the various religious bodies have  
been getting together in an effort to  
restore some sort of religious teach-  
ing in the Public schools. Having  
devoted every effort to denuncia-  
tion of the Catholic determination  
to retain definite religious teaching  
in the schools, the same people now  
feel compelled to recognize that the  
Catholic ideal is the correct one.

Dr. Henry Guppy, Chief Librarian  
of the John Rylands Library of  
Manchester, one of the greatest in  
England, has been signally honored  
by Louvain for his work in bringing  
about the restoration of the Univer-  
sity Library, ruthlessly destroyed  
by the Germans in the first year of  
the War.

IT WAS owing to Dr. Guppy's  
exertions that 40,000 volumes were  
assembled in England, and pre-  
sented to the University as a con-  
tribution to the great work. Dr.  
Guppy himself, like the true scholar  
that he is, kept modestly in the  
background, but the authorities of  
Louvain, recognizing his merits and  
his work, have in special convoca-  
tion conferred upon him the degree  
of Doctor of Letters, and after the  
ceremony escorted him in triumph  
to the residence of Cardinal Mercier,  
whose guest he was for the occasion.  
It will now be in order for certain  
people in Canada to discourse on  
Catholic narrow-mindedness and intolerance.

THE PHILADELPHIA Public Ledger  
recently published an account of  
the De Beers diamond syndicate in  
South Africa, and of the measures  
taken to prevent "theft." Theft,  
in this case has a very wide applica-  
tion, and as interpreted by the  
mine owners, leaves the reader  
wondering if humanity outside of  
the little clique of millionaires has  
even the right to breathe. And  
some ingenious scribe has been  
comparing the laws fashioned by  
the syndicate with the O. T. A.

LOYD GEORGE is credited with  
saying to his constituents in Wales  
that John Wesley "was undoubtedly  
the greatest religious leader the  
Anglo-Saxon race had ever pro-  
duced," which deliverance goes to  
show how largely emotional imagina-  
tion may enter into the mental  
outlook of a great man.

NOT EVEN the most hyper-critical  
will deny to Wesley the character  
of a deeply religious and well-  
meaning man who, repelled by the  
arid spiritual atmosphere of the  
Establishment of his day, sought to  
infuse into it something of his own  
religious fervor. That, failing in  
his, however, he should have  
resorted to the usual Protestant  
expedient in such contingencies, and  
started a little sect of his own, can  
scarcely on that count alone entitle  
him to Lloyd George's extravagant  
estimate.

Nor is it justified by the subse-  
quent expansion of the sect which

John Wesley founded and which for  
long was identified with his name.  
Methodism has in our day in  
English-speaking countries, devel-  
oped into a powerful religious  
organization it is true, but it is no  
more like the Methodism of Wesley's  
vision than chalk like cheese.  
Simplicity and unostentation were  
the ideals of its founder, which  
qualities cannot be said to charac-  
terize the Methodism of to-day.  
And what is of much more conse-  
quence, it has ceased to be the  
home of definite religious teaching,  
its exponents being found in the  
forefront of the modernistic school.  
If, then, a tree is known by its fruit,  
the founder of Methodism can  
scarcely be ranked as a "great  
religious teacher," far less the  
"greatest," as the British Premier  
would have the world believe.

**BOY LIFE**

Third installment of "Talks to Boys"  
By the Rev. J. P. Connor, S. J.

**ON IMITATING TOWSER**

You recollect the fable of the dog  
and the piece of meat. Towser,  
carrying a fine, fresh piece of meat  
in his mouth, was crossing a plank  
over a stream, and he looked down.  
There in the dimpling water he sees  
another piece of meat, which looks  
much fresher, redder, juicier, than  
the old worn-out thing he is carry-  
ing. And he makes a quick bite at  
piece number two. Result—a pen-  
sive Towser.

"Well," we say, "That's just  
like a dog—naturally foolish. Being  
a dog, he has no sense and he  
never will have any."

Then why the fable? If Towser  
never will have sense, what's the  
use of talking about his blunder?

Because the man who wrote that  
fable did not really mean it for  
Towser at all. He was shrewdly  
pointing out a class of people, and  
some boys among them, who give  
remarkably clever imitations of  
Towser's little act for a whole life-  
time and never seem to think there  
is anything in the least wrong with  
it.

What kind of boy is it, you ask,  
who imitates Towser?

It is the boy who always wants  
something he hasn't got. He is  
always living in the future; and,  
when that comes, he is still dissatis-  
fied, keeps looking ahead, thinking  
ahead, living ahead of himself all  
the time. At first he lives ahead  
of himself only an hour or two.  
With practice he stretches it to  
twenty-four hours, then to weeks,  
months, years, until his mind is re-  
duced to a mere thread, which he  
uses to cast for impossible fish that  
he thinks he sees.

And among boys there are some  
familiar types of this living ahead  
of oneself. First we may mention  
the Anxious Child. Take this boy  
on a school day, for example, and  
at nine o'clock he is thinking of  
recess, or worrying whether he is  
going to be asked next to recite or  
whether he will be asked at all.  
Recess comes, he thinks of the noon  
hour. And during the afternoon  
recitations he is always on his  
mark, ready for a dash for the  
exits. He looks at his watch fever-  
ishly every two minutes. How time  
drags! If he could only get behind  
time, as it were, and push it ahead  
to the coming ball game, or tennis  
tournament, or skating party! Meantime  
his mind is adrift from the  
real work going on right before  
him. He has only a hazy notion of  
a voice in a fog. Everything two  
hours ahead is perfectly clear in  
his mind, but everything here and  
now is one boresome blur.

And after the horrible two hours  
are killed, when the game comes  
what do we find? The same rest-  
lessness in the boy. He wants a  
new game; or else the game isn't  
going the way it should. This way  
isn't right. Some thing just ahead  
is the right thing. And what is the  
outcome of it all? A peevish,  
fretful, nervous, unhappy boy. The  
Anxious Child.

The Athlete Child, is a higher  
development along the same lines.  
For The Athlete Child there is  
generally only one day in the week,  
the day of the football game. All  
his time is condensed into that great  
day. All roads lead to that Rome  
of his thoughts and they never lead  
away from it. At school all day,  
at home making motions over his  
books, he is thinking only of the  
day of the next game—what kind  
of weather it will be; how heavy  
the other fellows will average;  
whether the field will be dry; how  
Billy Hotstuff's ankle will hold out;  
how He, Himself, will star and  
"show up" his opponent.

And as he stares at his books,  
supposedly getting up his work for  
next day, he doesn't see a line of  
the text, because the football line  
gets in between him and the book—  
and that is the line he studies.  
He sees himself going around the  
end for a long run, "straight  
arming" the enemy one by one,  
dashing through the goal to the  
accompaniment of nine frenzied  
rahs for Tommie Gray. All this  
a week hence! Suddenly he hears  
a voice, his father's:

"Time to go to bed, Tom. Have  
you got your lessons?"

"Sure, Pop." There is only one  
lesson for Tommie. And, after  
dreaming all day, he actually has  
the nerve to go to bed and sleep  
all night.

**NEW PROBLEMS FACE  
AUSTRIA'S PRIEST-  
PREMIER**

By Dr. Frederick Fauder

Vienna, June 28.—Austria's prob-  
lems, numerous and critical, and  
each of them a matter almost of  
life and death, have become much  
more complicated for the new  
Chancellor, Monsignor Ignatz  
Seipel, leader of the Christian  
Social party. The distress which  
Austria has faced, sometimes with  
hope, often with despair, continues  
even now, with the prospect of  
mitigation still dim and distant.  
The French refusal to reduce  
German reparations, with the con-  
sequent decline of the mark and a  
concomitant fall of the Austrian  
crown, have magnified the difficul-  
ties which existed when Dr. Seipel  
took the helm.

One after another parties and  
coalitions have undertaken to  
rehabilitate Austria since her dis-  
memberment and degradation by the  
Treaty of Versailles. All have  
failed and fallen. But it has been  
rather hard for the Catholic  
deputies to permit their leader to  
head the Government. They fear  
that the Church, by some hostile  
interpretation of events, may be  
held responsible for the possible  
failure of Dr. Seipel's administra-  
tion. But the pressure of condition-  
has compelled him to accept and  
them to concur. All his friends  
and followers hope that the Allied  
Powers will grant the assistance  
which Austria needs for her recon-  
struction; that they will recognize  
the sincerity of her endeavors to  
gain and deserve their confidence.  
The best intentions of the part of  
the Austrian people and their  
statesmen will be futile unless this  
outside help is forthcoming.

**ONE OPTIMISTIC NOTE**

That is the situation with which  
Dr. Seipel undertakes to grapple.  
The only note of optimism is found  
in the general trust which the  
people—including some of Dr.  
Seipel's political opponents—have  
reposed in him. On the occasion of  
the latest crisis in the Austrian  
Government, when Chancellor  
Schober resigned his office, the  
Socialist press was the first to  
urge that Monsignor Seipel, leader  
of Austrian Catholics, "take charge  
of the country's affairs. More  
marvelous still, the Jewish papers,  
which are ordinarily most virulent  
in their persecution of Catholic  
priests, respectfully approved Dr.  
Seipel's appointment to the post of  
Chancellor.

Born in Vienna 46 years ago, Dr.  
Seipel is a perfect Catholic priest,  
simple in his mode of life, a splendid,  
objective and moderate speaker,  
practical and powerful as an  
organizer, and recognized even by  
his adversaries as a sincere patriot.  
Having completed his theological  
studies in Vienna University, Dr.  
Seipel for a few years did pastoral  
work and then became a professor  
of moral theology in the Salzburg  
faculty of divinity. In 1916 he  
received a call to the Vienna Uni-  
versity as successor to the famo-  
us theologian, Monsignor Franz  
Schindler.

Dr. Seipel is the author of several  
books on the economic and ethical  
doctrines of the patristic writers,  
on the reform of the constitution of  
the old Austrian state, on the social  
work of women in public life, and  
on the necessity of fuller inter-  
national understanding. During  
the world War he zealously espoused  
the cause of world peace, taking a  
warm interest in the first program  
of President Wilson and supporting  
Professor Lammasch, the well  
known Austrian member of the  
International Court of Arbitration  
at The Hague, in the effort to  
terminate the European conflict.

**SERVED IN LAMMASCH CABINET**

By clear and clever thinking on  
the intricate political problems and  
by his luminous essays on important  
questions of general concern he  
attracted public attention and favor.  
Emperor Charles gave Dr. Seipel  
full confidence and accepted his  
advice in return. When conditions  
within the monarchy foreshadowed  
disaster and the Lammasch Cabinet  
was formed with his chief task that  
of averting imminent ruin, Dr.  
Seipel was appointed Minister for  
Social Welfare. Following the  
breakdown of the old monarchy, Dr.  
Seipel was one of the few men  
belonging to the former regime  
who retained office. He was elected  
a member of the new Austrian  
National Assembly and in 1920 was  
chosen by the Catholic deputies the



head of their parliamentary union. Dr. Seipel had already received from the Pope the dignity of papal protonotary.

AGRICULTURALISTS OF CANADA

PAY VISIT TO TRAPPIST FARM AT OKA

Montreal, July 17.—How the religious spirit of the old world is being coupled with modern scientific methods in the development of agriculture was impressed upon members of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists who were guests of the Trappist Fathers of the Abbey of Cîteaux at their monastery farm in Oka during their recent convention here.

The Agricultural Institute is part of the Abbey of Notre Dame du Lac at Oka and there more than one hundred students are studying the latest devices for farming and cattle raising.

The visitors were met by Father Leopold, O. C. R., the director of the Institute and were taken on a complete tour of inspection, including in their survey the barns, the truck farm, the poultry house. As these are all within the monastery precincts ladies were politely waved back and only the male members of the society were able to view the work being carried on.

Animal husbandry experts in the party were warm in their commendation of the excellent results obtained by the monks in breeding dairy cattle suitable for the climate, commenting especially on the uniformity of size.

The celebrated Oka melon, a ten-pound fruit with a salmon-colored pulp which is considered one of the most delicious products of the farm was the principal object of interest in the truck farm and the manner in which this prize was developed by selection extending over a period of many years was described to the visitors. Experiments to produce a breed of Canadian Chantrelle, extending over a period of fifteen years, were described when the experts visited the poultry yard.

Father Leopold mystified some of the visitors when he produced a number of skins which he described as those of the silver fox, but which proved to be those of a special breed of rabbits being raised on the farm. Many of these skins had been carefully dressed and dried and resembled those of the expensive variety.

Following the tour the guests were invited to luncheon "a la Oka," everything on the table being provided by the farm, including the famous Oka cheese and the pleasant wine of the Oka vineyards. Dr. P. C. Harrison, principal of Macdonald College, the agricultural offspring of McGill University paid high tribute to the work being done by the monks. It reminded him, he said, of some of the old monastic institutions of England and France, joining as it did the past with the future in a way that was unique. Surely such a spirit, he said, must be exalted, and must have its effect upon the students who labored under the care of the Trappist Fathers.

SERBS INFLAMED AGAINST CHURCH

BY RUSSIAN GROUP

Belgrade, June 22.—The Serbian Orthodox Church is under the immediate influence of the most reactionary element of the Russian Orthodox Church and her attitude towards the Catholic Church becomes daily more hostile. The chief of the Russian clergy in Yugoslavia is Antoni, the Metropolitan of Kiev. His residence is the town of Karlowitz, which has become the seat of the so-called Supreme Ecclesiastical Council of Russian Orthodoxy. Since most of the Serbian clergy are devoid of theological culture, and among the Russian clergy there are several learned professors of the ancient theological academies of Russia, the Russian clergy are assuming the moral and spiritual leadership of the Orthodox Serbians.

A proof of their influence is a curious protest of the Serbian Orthodox clergy against the Vatican on the occasion of the alleged concordat between the Holy See and the Russian Bolsheviks. The protest, addressed to Dimitri, Patriarch of Yugoslavia, was inserted in the "S-moupravna," the official organ of the Serbian Democrats and the Serbian Government. The signers to the document complain of the attempts of the Papacy and the Jesuits to spread the Catholic faith in Russian territory, as an endeavor to raise the prestige of the Holy See. The Patriarch is urged officially to resist the Catholic propaganda. The help of the other Orthodox churches, above all the great church of Constantinople, is necessary, it is declared, "to thwart all the intrigues of the Vatican."

"The corrupt Western countries have no right to interfere with Eastern Orthodoxy," it is announced. "Our Christ of the East will always rise against the corrupted West. The Russian people do not want to be sacrificed to the interests of the Vatican."

CATHOLIC PRESS REPLIES

The Catholic press has not hesitated in answering vigorously this outburst of religious intolerance. The "Naradna Politika," of

Zagreb, rightly observes that the protest of the Serbian Clergy deserves to be described as the protest of Russian Tzarism. First of all, it is not true that there was a concordat signed between the Holy See and the Soviet representatives. Secondly, instead of accusing the Vatican of encroaching on the "immaculate" Eastern Countries, it is a fact that the Serbian Orthodox clergy invade or try to invade the "corrupted" West.

It is only necessary to recall that the Serbian Bishop Dositei, with a fund of 100,000 dinars, given to him by the Serbian department of foreign affairs, went to Prague and helped the leaders of the clergy who had apostatized from the Catholic Church. It was in Belgrade that the first bishop of the National Schismatic church of Czechoslovakia was ordained with the assistance of Metropolitan Antoni and his Russian clergy. There are Serbian priests who, in the exceedingly Catholic town of Lubiana, exploiting especially the facilities of Orthodox canonical legislation on divorce, have converted 200 Slovenes of the intellectual class to Orthodoxy. It is again Dositei who has sent among the Ruthenians of Hungary emissaries to urge them from obedience to Rome. Hence it follows that far from reproaching the Catholic Church with invading the Orthodox "vineyard" the Serbian clergy ought to confess the warfare they are levying on the Catholic Church.

"And if they are allowed to encroach on the 'corrupted' West," writes the "Naradna Politika," "why are the Catholic clergy to be accused of intolerance for carrying on their charitable mission in Russia? There are Catholics among the Russian population, and the Vatican is in the right in caring for their spiritual needs, even to the extent of entering into unofficial contact with the Bolshevik authorities, if necessary."

RUSSIAN AUTOCRATS LEAD The protest of the Russian clergy was dictated by the Russian priests in Yugoslavia, who are also the pioneers of the movement in favor of the restoration of Russian autocracy. They have brought to Yugoslavia the methods and principle of Pobiedonoszew, with whom Metropolitan Antoni was extremely friendly. Since most of the professors of the Orthodox theological faculties of Yugoslavia are from the entourage of Metropolitan Antoni, undoubtedly the young Serbian clergy will be educated in a spirit of hostility towards the Catholic Church, and, unfortunately, the same symptoms that the Serbian Government will surpass the extreme record of Russia in persecuting its Catholic subjects.

PRaises ACTING OF OBERAMMERGAU PLAY

Boston, July 17.—A touching description of the faith and devotion of the actors who participate in the great Passion Play at Oberammergau has been sent to this city by Harold P. Page of Roxbury, the son of a Protestant minister and business secretary of the International Y. M. C. A. Mr. Page tells of the deep religious spirit in which the actors approach their work and gives tribute to the outstanding Catholicity of the cast.

"One Monday morning," wrote Mr. Page, "we went along with the entire populace, or at least so it seemed, to six o'clock Mass in the parish church in the community is almost wholly Roman Catholic where prayers were sent up to God for His blessing on the town, and the nation, on the play and on those who had come from the outside world to see the play. It was most impressive.

"Then after breakfast we went at eight o'clock to the huge Passion Theatre, seating 4,500 people, where we found every seat taken and hundreds standing. The play began promptly and continued for four hours. The last scene before the morning session closed was that of the Last Supper. It was set just as Leonardo da Vinci painted it and so well was it done that it was all but impossible to believe that one was looking at a living picture and not at the original.

"Perhaps the most dramatic moment was when Christ dipped the bread in His cup and gave it to Judas, thereby branding him as the one who was about to betray Him. The washing of the disciples' feet was very tenderly and reverently done, and after the last farewells had been said, and Judas had slunk away, the curtain went down.

"The afternoon performance opened with Christ in the garden of Gethsemane. This was in many ways the most touching scene in the whole play. Lang, as Christ, was a tragic figure, and the man who could see him portray the lonely, all but forsaken Christ and not be the better for it, must indeed be made of stone. The other high-lights were when Christ was carrying His cross to Calvary and of course, the crucifixion.

"During all the years when the Passion Play was to be a remote and never-to-be-attained reality, I had always felt that no human being could possibly hope to reproduce the Christ on the cross faithfully and reverently. But Antoni Lang did it, and left me agast but everlastingly grateful for having been permitted to

visualize that awful moment in the world's history. It was beyond words."

ZIONIST PAPERS IN ENGLAND BITTER AGAINST CHURCH

By H. C. Watts

London, June 30.—Apparently to bring pressure on the League of Nations during the consideration of the British Mandate in Palestine, next month, the Jewish press in England is appealing for the support of extreme Protestantism to put a check "upon the Vatican's assumption of international power." These Jewish papers are trying to give the impression that the religious liberties of others than Jews are threatened by what they picture as the Holy See's attempt at aggrandizement.

Following the vote in the House of Lords against the Government's interpretation of the "Balfour Declaration," and the Vatican's firm stand for the recognition of the religious and civil rights of the Palestinian peoples, the organs of Zionism seem to feel the need of a more vigorous effort to erect a Jewish State in the Holy Land. They are evidently seeking to influence to their own advantage the decision of the League of Nations when it begins the discussion of the British Mandate on July 15.

The assertion of the Jewish World that the Vatican is assuming "international power, is not merely an unguarded statement made by one particular Jewish journal. The Jewish Chronicle has also signalled itself in recent weeks by uttering threats against both the British authorities and the Vatican, and by declaring that the Jewish people will, in the last resort, impose their own interpretation of the phrase "National Home." The Jewish Chronicle has manifestly received the same inspiration as that which prompted the utterance of the Jewish World, "since it continues the same policy of hostility to the Catholic Church."

Jews AS BODY NOT ATTACKED So far as the British Catholic press is concerned, and the case is the same with the Catholic press of North America, the Jews have not been the objects of attack, though the political ambitions of the Zionists in Palestine have been courageously yet firmly resisted. Nevertheless, the fact that the Apostolic See has made certain observations to the League of Nations on the Palestine Mandate, has aroused in certain Zionist organs a temper that is by no means admirable.

"Rome is becoming politically too strong," says the Jewish World; continuing the argument with the statement that: "It is a question not merely for Jews but for the world at large, how humanity can be spared from a recrudescence of Vatican influence in the region of politics, such as is now threatened, and which, in pre-Reformation days, was so ghastly a blight upon all the world."

Now there is a curious similarity between this sort of thing and the sentiments which the Jewish Chronicle chooses to thrust upon the attention of its readers. "It is unlikely," says this latter journal, "that the ideas of the Roman hierarchy will evolve an enlightened and broadminded policy in the affairs of the world. In this matter of the Mandate, the protest is all on the side of narrow-mindedness and intolerance. The Jew must be repressed, if he cannot be oppressed, and every effort that he makes to release himself from his age-long moral bondage and take his rightful place as a nation among the nations of the world must be remorselessly crushed."

A GRUFF DISTORTION This is a willful and gross distortion of the very mild and perfectly reasonable observations that were made by the Holy See; so that it is not surprising to hear the same journal making this unrestrained outburst:

"But there is also a 'religious' purpose underlying this protest—the unending bitterness and the cruel enmity which the Papacy exercises as a very tradition against our people. Jews must be kept still the wandering and despised of humanity, the rejected of men, a people torn into segments and prevented from becoming a national entity, so that the doctrine of the Catholic Church shall be proved in the everlasting curse to be marked in the Jew for his alleged doing to death of Jesus and the actual rejection by Jews of His doctrines. It is a remorseless mentality, which thus condemns a whole nation two thousand years after the events of which some of its people are wrongfully supposed to have been guilty occurred! But it is a mentality that is peculiarly typical of the Roman Catholic Church."

It is not surprising, then, that such an unguarded utterance as this should be followed by a wild recrimination. "The protest, therefore, forms," so the Jewish Chronicle goes on, "a menace far beyond the confines of Jewry and affecting far wider interests than the Jewish National cause. If it is successful, then the Roman Catholic Church will have gained encouragement to pursue the same course with others. It is the Jew today, but it will be the Christian who refuses to accept Rome tomorrow, and who is now, we notice, in this very protest referred to despitely as 'Schismatic.'"

And so this tirade ends up by appealing to Catholics, or at least certain Catholics, who, so the Hebrew organ hopes, "will resent, as energetically as we do ourselves, this latest manifestation of the folly and ill-will of the Vatican."

APPEAL FALLS FLAT

Now this appeal to religious antagonisms among the Greek Schismatics and the non-Catholic Anglicans are strongly opposed to the Jewish political ambitions in Palestine, and only a small section of not very discerning Protestant extremists has been found to lend a show of support to the Jewish claims, and that not because of any particular affection for Zionism, but simply because they regard the return of the Jews to Palestine as the fulfilment of a scriptural prophecy.

SEVEN CHALICES MADE FROM GIFTS OF GOLD TO SHRINE

Washington, July 17.—Seven chalices already have been fashioned from gifts of gold by devout clients of Mary to the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at the Catholic University. Rev. Bernard A. McKenna announced.

Father McKenna expressed the belief that by the time the crypt of the Shrine is completed sufficient gifts of gold will have been received to furnish sixteen chalices, one for each of the altars. The plans for the crypt include fifteen side altars, which will be set in groups of five, shamrock-like, along the walls of the Mary Memorial chapel.

The gifts from which the seven chalices have been fashioned varied from tiny baby rings to gold-rimmed spectacles. Two of the chalices, including one made from that given by the Pittsburgh delegation to the annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women, have diamond crosses. The chalices already fashioned represent gifts covering a period of four years. In addition 1,383 pennyweights of gold and more than 100 ounces of silver have been melted down from gifts given during the past six months.

ATTITUDE OF HOLY SEE TOWARD PALESTINE

OUTLINED BY CARDINAL

London, July 10.—Cardinal Bourne has rendered a great patriotic and religious service, both to his Church and to his nation, by explaining the real attitude of the Holy See towards the Palestine Mandate and the Power to whom that Mandate is about to be committed.

The situation was quite difficult enough in the first instance; but it has been made more complicated by the imprudent conduct in Palestine of the Zionists, and more recently by their very thinly veiled threats against not only the British authorities but also the Apostolic See itself. Cardinal Bourne has, then, performed a very great service by facing the whole situation boldly.

There is a misunderstanding of the attitude of the Vatican, the Cardinal said at a great public meeting in the Lancashire city of Bolton. Asserting, quite properly, that he knew quite as well, and perhaps better than anyone in the country what is the attitude of the Holy See in the matter, Cardinal Bourne said that the Holy See has no objection to the Mandate for Palestine being given to the British Government. On the contrary, the Holy See welcomes the Mandate because it recognizes the fairness and justice of Britain in dealing with such questions.

But—the Cardinal went on—the Holy See objects to the proposals in the draft Mandate which would give to the Zionists, that is, to the newly imported Jewish population of the Holy Land, a privileged position over those who belong to other races and other religious beliefs.

The need for plain speaking on this matter was never so urgent as at present. Wraiths and organs of the advanced Zionists have worked themselves into a passion, declaring that the action of the Holy See is only part of a plan in which the Vatican seeks to advance its political power at the expense of the Jews, and when that is accomplished, at the expense of the religious bodies having no connection with the Apostolic See.

Cardinal Bourne swept all this humbug and one-sided propaganda aside, by stating the simple fact that the Holy See is not, and never has been, opposed to the Jews as such. The Holy See has protected the Jews over and over again. And, speaking for himself, Cardinal Bourne said that he had stood upon public platforms and had written to defend the Jews against the terribly unjust persecutions to which they had been subjected. The protest of the Holy See, which Cardinal Bourne himself reiterated, has nothing to do with any dislike of the Jewish people; and the Cardinal made the assurance that if the Holy See felt called upon to make its protest it was simply and solely in the interests of the peace of the world.

The position is not made any the easier by the actions of some of the Continental nations who, ostensibly in the interests of religion, are

seeking to promote their own political interests in Palestine and Syria. The British authorities stick to their contention that what was promised was a National Home for the Jewish people in Palestine, and nothing more. The elaborate and wide-spread interpretation of what that National Home is supposed to imply is something that has sprung from the fertile and inventive imagination of the Zionists themselves.

Meanwhile, all the Holy See has asked for is some modification in the terms of the Mandate, and as the Mandate has not been finally passed and approved by the League of Nations there are grounds for hope.

PRIESTS MAY SIT IN COMMONS IF NEW BILL PASSES

London, July 5.—Two prominent Catholic clerics attended a meeting held recently in the House of Commons, when clergy of all denominations gathered to discuss with members of that body the revision of the existing law whereby Catholic priests, as well as clergymen of the Church of England and ordained ministers of the Free Churches, are disqualified from membership in the lower branch of Parliament.

The Catholic representatives, Monsignors Brown and Grosch, assured the meeting that the proposed measure has the sympathy and support of their ecclesiastical authorities.

As a result of the meeting the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, who sits in the House of Lords as a spiritual peer, has promised to introduce the proposed measure in the Upper House at the earliest opportunity.

The political disqualification of clerics does not extend to local politics or government, since a priest, or a minister or a clerk in holy orders (the official denomination of an Anglican clergyman) can be elected to the Guardians of the Poor, or as a municipal councillor or alderman, or even as a Mayor or Lord Mayor.

But none of these categories of clerics can become a member of Parliament. There is an exception, which applies to Anglican clergy, and possibly to priests and ministers, though in the case of a priest it amounts to apostasy. An Anglican clergyman can go through a legal process whereby he renounces his orders; this legally he becomes a layman and can then be elected to Parliament.

For some time there has been a strong feeling that this disqualification, which excludes clergy from the House of Commons, but which does not exclude Anglican Bishops and Archbishops from the House of Lords, should be done away with. Up to the present the movement seems to have been in the hands of the Anglicans, but the action of the two Catholic representatives indicates that the Catholic clergy are not unwilling that the disqualification be removed.

FIGURES OF SAINTS ADORN PROTESTANT CATHEDRAL PARAPET

New York, July 17.—Outstanding characters of nineteen centuries of the Christian era who are deemed to have contributed most to the world's spiritual advance are represented in a parapet recently dedicated in the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, the most noted Episcopal edifice in America. Most of them are familiar figures in Catholic Church history, many of them being canonized.

In their order the nineteen characters are: St. Paul, St. Justin Martyr, St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, St. Benedict, Nursia, St. Gregory the Great, Charles Martel, Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, Godfrey de Bouillon, St. Bernard, St. Francis of Assisi, John Wycliffe, Christopher Columbus, Archbishop Cranmer, William Shakespeare, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

The comment has been made that the Catholic Church could well be proud of its sons thus honored among the outstanding figures of Christianity in a Protestant house of worship.

THIRTEEN NATIONS SEND DELEGATES TO "WHITE" UNION CONVENTION

Paris, July 5.—Thirteen nations were represented at the second congress of the Christian Labor Unions' International held at Innsbruck last month and which attracted more than four hundred and fifty delegates.

Emphasis was laid on the necessity of following the teachings of Christ as the only safe rule for the reestablishment of proper relations among the peoples of the world. Plans were made for the greater extension of "white" labor unions and a resolution was passed favoring the inviolability of the eight-hour day.

Among the recommendations were the participation by employees in the profits of business concerns and in the ownership of such concerns, the annulling of all war debts with the reduction of reparations, the restoration of economic relations with Russia as soon as it recognizes its foreign debts and the equal treatment of immigrants from various countries.

Besides the general meetings of the International Congress, there were various sectional meetings, including those of women's organizations, federations of industries, the textile workers' international and the railway workers' international.

M. Schener of Switzerland opened the Congress, which was attended by notable Catholic labor leaders from many countries.

BURSES

FOR EDUCATION OF PRIESTS FOR CHINESE MISSIONS

These burses will be complete at \$5,000 each, and will provide a perpetual scholarship for boys wishing to study for the missionary priesthood and go evangelize China. Donors to these burses will be remembered by these future priests during their whole sacerdotal ministry.

Rev. J. M. Fraser, M. A., China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario.

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$2,359 55 John Hall, Chatham, N. B. 1 00 W. D. Walsh, Chicago, Ill. 1 00 Mrs. Pat Cunningham, Eureka, Montana 2 16

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$1,370 00

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$2,642 48

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$392 50

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$2,485 48 Friend, South Nelson, N. B. 2 00

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$354 05

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$314 80

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$249 00

HOLY SOULS BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$1,438 94

LITTLE FLOWER BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$850 04

THANKSGIVING BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$2,445 25

SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$2,445 25

BARNJUM PRIZES

AWARDED FOR ESSAYS ON PRACTICAL FORESTRY

Prizes have been awarded in the \$1,000 Prize Essay contest on Practical Forestry offered by F. J. D. Barnjum as follows: First Prizes: \$500 to P. Swanson, Timmins, Ontario. Second Prize: \$250 to M. Currie, Grand Mira South, Cape Breton. Third Prize: \$150 to Donald C. Oxley, Annandale, Queens Co., N. B. Fourth Prize: \$100 to R. M. Brown, Pincher Creek, Alta.

G. H. Prince, Chief Forester of the Province of New Brunswick.

The thanks of all Canadians are also due to the press of Canada for the splendid publicity they have given to the cause of Forestry and all good Canadians should support Canadian newspapers and Canadian magazines. A prosperous press means a prosperous country.

KLAN ORGAN EDITOR SEEKS TO FORM WORLD PROTESTANT ALLIANCE

New York, July 17.—Efforts to bring about a world alliance of Protestant organizations which have purposes similar to those of the Ku Klux Klan will be made by Jesse O. Wood, member of the Atlanta City Commission and editor of the Searchlight, the semi-official Klan organ, who recently sailed for Europe, according to advices received here.

The first step in Wood's program will be the arranging of a conference with leaders of the Second Hundred Thousand, an English organization which is said to have aims and objects similar to those of the Klan.

Wood is making the trip, it is said, as business representative of the Southern Publicity Association, of which he is an officer. This organization, which is headed by Edward Young Clarke, carried out the work of publicity and propaganda for the Klan in the United States.

POPE INNOCENT'S FOREST TO BE MADE PLEASURE RESORT

Rome July 5.—The site of the Etruscan city of Fregene, which flourished twenty centuries ago on the shores of the Mediterranean and near which a virgin forest of Roman pine was planted in 1078 by Pope Innocent XI. is to be made an immense pleasure resort for French, English and American visitors, according to an announcement made here on behalf of American, English and Italian capitalists.

"Fregene," according to one of the promoters, will be a combination of Atlantic City and Monte Carlo, with bathing establishments, a race track and other amusements.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Pope Innocent was one of the most determined enemies of gambling in his time and suppressed all the gambling houses in Rome. He also took drastic action against other evils that are subjects of discussion today, passing strict ordinances, among others, concerning modesty of dress among Roman women.

By a decree of February 12, 1689, he encouraged frequent and even daily Communion.

FATHER MCENTYRE NAMED AS PRESIDENT OF DUNWOODIE SEMINARY

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

New York, July 10.—The Most Rev. Patrick Hayes, Archbishop of New York, has announced the appointment of the Rev. James T. McEntyre, for twenty-four years pastor of St. Teresa's Church in Rutgers Street, as successor to the Right Rev. Monsignor John P. Shidwick as president of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie.

Father McEntyre will assume his new duties when the seminary reopens in the fall. Monsignor Shidwick, who was president of the seminary for thirteen years, recently was appointed to succeed the late Right Rev. Monsignor Henry A. Brann as pastor of St. Agnes' Church in Lexington Avenue.

It has been announced that thirty-five young men who graduated from Cathedral College a few weeks ago will enter the seminary this fall.

RECORD ENROLLMENT FOR SISTERS' COLLEGE

Washington, D. C., July 17.—A record number of students is enrolled at the annual summer school of the Catholic Sisters' College at the Catholic University of America, the total registration being 423, with thirty States, Canada and the Philippine Islands represented. Last year's enrollment, the largest of previous years, was 415.

The Sisters of Mercy have the largest number of students taking courses, numbering 105. The Sisters of St. Joseph have 54 students enrolled, and the Franciscans 45. Other religious denominations with ten or more sisters registered include the Ursulines 26, Benedictines 24, Dominicans 22, Holy Cross 18, Our Lady of Mercy 16, Sisters of Charity 16, and the Felicians 12. There are in all 24 religious congregations registered.

Thirty-two different subjects are included in the curriculum this year, courses in accounting and commercial geography being given for the first time.

The States represented at the summer school include Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, North Carolina, North Dakota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin and the District of Columbia.



**FIVE MINUTE SERMON**

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

**CHRISTIAN EQUALITY**

"And He said also to His disciples: There was a certain rich man who had a steward, and the same was accused unto him, that he had wasted his goods." (LUKE XVI, 1)

It is an evident truth that man must be governed by man to a certain extent. We loudly proclaim our liberty and say that all men are created equal. It is true, as far as the essential constituents of men are concerned, that they are all created equal; but as regards talent, genius, and power, what a great inequality exists among them! Our Lord tells us of a species of this inequality, in the famous parable of the men of different talent. But we need not even go to the teaching of the Bible on this point; experience shows us that men differ greatly.

Now, it is certain that, since men are thus constituted by nature unequal in various points, they will occupy different positions in life. This, of course, refers to temporal and not to spiritual things, for the ignorant and the weak are often much more pleasing in the sight of God than the learned and the strong. Circumstances also often cause these different positions. Some, for instance, are born of the rich and influential and remain during their lives, as it were, on a pedestal with others, less fortunate in this respect, practically depending upon them for the means of subsistence.

In fact, day after day people admit their inferior positions with regard to others, though almost unconsciously. For instance, all men are not doctors. A doctor is superior, in a sense, to those who are not versed in medicine or allowed to practise it. Whether they admit it or not, it is certain that people show their inferiority to these great benefactors of the human race, when they are forced to call a doctor to treat them and relieve them of pain. How many should bless God that there are men who, though superior to them, use this superiority in their favor! To recover their health, they must do what the doctor enjoins upon them; and while thus acting they are showing how they must bow to just superiority. The lawyer is another to whom people submit when they lay their cases in his hands, by that very fact admitting at the same time their inferiority to this man in regard to the work of his professions. So could numerous other examples be cited, which would show that among men there is a good deal of what is practically servitude, though necessarily and beneficially so.

Today's Gospel gives us another illustration of this servitude. One is rich, but the other characters in the parable are evidently poor and give their service to the rich man, even though it be for compensation. If circumstances had made one rich, they had also brought it about in this case that those who were poorer lived on what their service to the rich man brought them. This, too, is necessary today. The great machinery of earning livelihood could not exist if it were not for the vast electrical and mechanical plants of the world there are large wheels that revolve and do a great work; there are wheels also that effect much, though they themselves may be small. So it is, to a great degree, with men. Positions never can be equal, all never can do the same amount of work.

There are stewards in abundance in the world today. They are, it is true, of a very different type from the one mentioned by Our Lord; but they are nevertheless subject to others, and dependent upon them for the means of sustenance for themselves and their families. Should they be dissatisfied with their position! Certainly not. How many of them, for instance, successfully could conduct the business of their employers! Not many, we may safely affirm, some would not have the ability to do so, others would not have the honesty. We do not intend to discuss the merits of either. It always should be remembered, however, that when circumstances have placed men in subordinate positions—assuming, of course, that no injustice is being done—they should not strive by unjust means to usurp the places of their superiors, nor should they consider themselves abused. Where real abuses exist, efforts, always conformable to law and order, should be made to eliminate them. The presence of an abuse, however, does not constitute an infallible argument in favor of the destruction or total upheaval of the system in which the abuse exists. There are abuses everywhere and in everything and, though they may be inexcusable, still we must be prepared to encounter them as long as man remains as he is.

Christians of high and of low places, be honest. The work you do here in whatever position you occupy should be such as gradually to fit you for heaven. If your lot be not as fortunate as your neighbor's let the real truth (though it may be hard to accept) that you can, as easily as he, gain your eternal home, effectively penetrate your mind. If you occupy a low position and you have not been placed in it through your own misbehavior, it is not fate or bad luck that has placed you there; it

is God in His providence. Serve Him in that state during the short years of your earthly existence. If you are in a high position, serve Him as carefully. God has better things in store for you if you are careful of your stewardship.

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE**

Serious and well-read men of today deem a knowledge of the mighty progress made in the fields of science and art quite essential. Events continually transpiring have changed the current of world thought. In our very country the past century has chronicled notable changes, some for better, some for worse. Material development has had the unfortunate effect of drawing the minds and hearts of multitudes from God to the deification of human idols. This very tendency is largely responsible for the subversive doctrines that come to us under the name of "Modern Thought."

Normal changes will come with the years. We must see to it that they are healthy and beneficial. Any radical departure must be received with suspicion. When such a movement occurs in the field of religion, it is time to take deep thought. Accepted Christianity is eternal. Ephemeral doctrines partake of faddism, which soon passes, leaving its adherents devoid of true moral sense.

Faddists have appeared in the world of science, art, literature, fashion; in fact, in nearly every sphere of human activity. Unfortunately they have invaded the field of religion. They are ready to champion "new" ideas, and question traditional standards. Their misdirected zeal carries them far afield. Some flimsy materialistic doctrine whose very vagueness mystifies, attracts sympathetic souls and strangely the more mystifying so much the more are they convinced that they have arrived at something entirely new and important to the well-being and advancement of mankind.

Many faddists have risen among us, while others have come to us. Sir Conan Doyle finds it more lucrative to talk of Spiritism than to write, so he comes to America, where he will have a greater audience, and people actually flock to hear his so-called spirit messages. This is considered new thought, and certain elements are given to the extravagant view that enlightenment requires frequent mental and religious maneuvering. Perhaps the foremost among these "new-thought" religions is the "Christian Science" movement, which has been in vogue for the past thirty years.

We are greatly indebted to Fr. A. M. Bellwald of the Marist College, Washington, D. C., for his recent work treating of this movement. The book is entitled "Christian Science and the Catholic Faith." It is a fascinating study wherein the author has outlined this new thought and modern healing movement. In fifteen chapters we are given a clear insight into Christian Science, the principles it advances, its origin and growth. The author has thoroughly mastered his subject, through deep study of its fundamental tenets, and refers frequently to writings of the founder, as well as to friends and foes of the movement, to bring out forcefully the inconsistencies and the materialism of the cult.

Beginning at the origin of the movement, we read that there is no claim as to its being original or new, for Mary Baker Eddy, the foundress, goes back to Egypt, Persia, Greece and other pagan countries for her ideas of religion. In ancient times vast populations believed that diseases and pain were sent by some god, and they sought protection and relief by religious and mental means. Health was the paramount consideration. Their lives were spent in taking care of their bodies. Mesmerism and mental-culture were their religion. The ways and means employed, if not identical, were quite similar to those taught by Christian Science.

Mrs. Eddy borrowed some of the methods of mental curing sponsored by her immediate predecessor, Quimby. She stretched to extremes and embellished various adventitious doctrines. Incoherence and obscurity strut through her volumes. There is a noticeable lack of that clearness of diction that one rightfully expects from religion. In theory, one thing is stated, in practice we find quite another. Christian Science conforms neither with the true doctrines of Christianity nor does it coincide with any laws of science. The author of "Christian Science and the Catholic Faith" shows it to rest on mesmerism and superstition. The influence of mind over matter is the keynote.

Mary Baker Eddy goes so far as to place her "precious volume," "Science and Health," above the Bible. "Even the Scriptures," she declares, "gave no direct interpretation of the scientific basis for demonstrating the spiritual principle of healing, until our Heavenly Father saw fit, through the Key to the Scriptures in Science and Health, to unlock the mystery of godliness." This is typical of views expressed on all subjects. It is of more than passing importance to note that her volumes abound in platitudes and generalities, and that even these are so obscure and devoid of meaning that one lays aside the works without gaining the faintest idea of the ground work of this mystifying cult.

Fr. Bellwald brings this out in the statement, speaking of the ethics of the modern movement when he says: "When these new religions aim principally at banishing worry of every kind from man's life, trusting thereby to secure excellent health, their aim being a low one, no high spirituality can result; for the end in view determines the degree of perfection of any act, disposition or doctrinal system. A pure intention makes all the difference in the world in matters ethical."

In this book, we have a valuable addition to the Catholic book shelf. Its splendid expose of the modern "new thought" should give it a real welcome into the libraries of every serious person. It is brim full of data on this movement and at the same time succinctly puts forth the Catholic viewpoint and by opposing doctrine to doctrine brings out the inconsistencies of Christian Science and the forcefully logical position of the Church.

There have always been new systems foisted upon the credulous public. But rarely has any organization outside the Church arisen to champion civilization's ideals and show where such systems, if generally accepted, would lead us. It is true that "whether in laurels or in chains, liberty knows nothing but victory," but why impede the progress of liberty by undermining through "new thought" the ideals which have made America the proudest Republic in the world and Americans heirs to unprecedented opportunity and peerless leadership?—The Pilot.

**SOME ADVICE ON MARRIAGE**

Judge Joseph Sabath worked for two years in a Chicago court. During that period he listened to 6,500 divorce cases. At its conclusion he broke down, attributing his illness to his extreme concern to provide proper custody for the children of the divorced and to his untiring efforts to reconcile estranged couples. Judge Sabath seems to have taken his duties seriously, but all that he has heard of marital infidelity has not made him a cynic. On his recent retirement, he dictated a statement which deserves to be quoted in its homely entirety:

"Tell the young people not to be afraid. Tell them to marry young. I have seen enough unhappiness in marriage to make any man a cynic, but I am its greatest 'booster.' If a young fellow has a job that is steady and the right girl, let him forget about orange-blossoms, and automobiles, and help his girl to forget too. They should get busy fighting for a home—fighting the world, and not each other.

"I married when I was eighteen, and didn't have a dime, and I know that was a happy marriage. Too many couples insist on having bank accounts, furnished homes and automobiles all ready before they marry. In waiting for these things they learn to be selfish. They want things their own way. When things go wrong, they rush to the divorce court. Neither will give in. The future of their children does not concern them. They are selfish to the core."

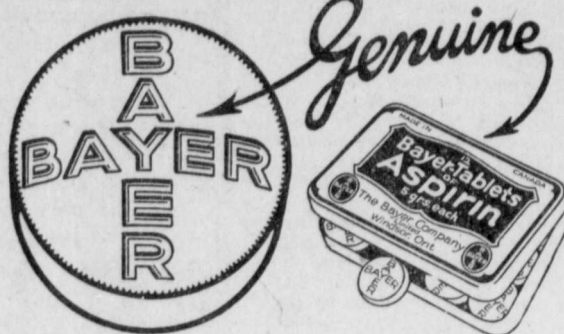
In this last sentence is found what is probably the real reason of all domestic discord and unhappiness, devotion to self. The little girl's definition of marriage as a state in which we pay for the temporal punishment of sins forgiven, is true to the extent that marriage requires the spirit of sacrifice. Love does not demand rights, but gladly accords them. Love is patient, is kind, is long-suffering, because it thinketh not of self. It does not mean keeping but relinquishing, not receiving but giving. When, therefore, in domestic society, attention is centered upon worldly prosperity to the neglect of the finer things of the spirit, discord is an almost necessary consequence.

The temper of the age is not sacrificial. That is the precise reason why Catholic fathers and mothers should strive to develop a spirit of self-forgetfulness, thrift and content in their children, and practise it in their own domestic relations. Young men complain today that they cannot marry because young women expect to begin their married life, if not in a palace, at least surrounded with all conveniences and with not a few of the trappings of luxury. While, as a rule, "late" marriages are bad both for the individual and for society, marriages from which the spirit of sacrifice is notably absent are disastrous. If the young people cannot reconcile themselves to a starvation-period immediately following the honeymoon, they will be well advised to defer their union, devoting the interval to the cultivation of the spirit of sacrifice.—America.

Don't brood over the past, or dream of the future, but use the instant and get your lesson from the hour.

**ASPIRIN**

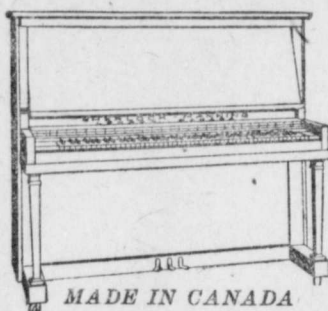
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOD BLESS YOU

God bless you! Words are empty things— We speak and think not of our saying—

This trinity of blessed words Holds all my wishes, oldest, newest, The fairest deeds that can be wrought;

God bless you! Why it means so much, I almost whisper as I say it; I dream that unseen fingers touch

THE "JUST GOING TO" MAN

He was just going to help a neighbor when he died. He was just going to pay a note when it went to protest.

He meant to insure his house, but it burned before he got around to it.

He was just going to reduce his debt when his creditors "shut down" on him.

He was just going to stop drinking and dissipating when his health became wrecked.

He was just going to introduce a better system into his business when it went to smash.

He was just going to quit work while and take a vacation when nervous prostration came.

He was going to provide proper protection of his wife and family when his fortune was swept away.

FRIENDSHIP

You will like the following definitions of friendship. "Friendship is to be valued for what there is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it."

"Friendship is to be valued for what there is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it. When two people appreciate each other because each has found the other convenient to have around, they are not friends; they are simply acquaintances with a business understanding."

"Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends."

"True friends visit us in prosperity when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation."

"Our friends see the best in us and by that very fact call forth the best in us."

"It is best not to try to get the best of your best friends."

BLIND BOY BECAME A GREAT PHYSICIAN Several leading physicians of Chicago were holding a consultation one day as to the exact nature of the complaint of a certain patient.

Presently one of the physicians said: "A young man whom I taught at medical college has made a superb study of this sort of thing. Suppose we see what he thinks of the case."

This happened about thirty years ago, when the young physician referred to, Doctor Babcock, was in the second year of his practice, and much better supplied with hope than with paying patients.

At his former teacher's suggestion, he was called in on the case with the four distinguished physicians. He made a thorough examination, a precise diagnosis, and predicted that the patient had only a short time to live.

The patient did die a few days later; and a post-mortem examination proved that Doctor Babcock had been correct in every detail of his exact diagnosis.

The diagnosis in itself, was remarkable; but there was another fact in connection with it that was even more remarkable: The young physician was totally blind.

All of us, at times, fail to live up to what other people have a right to expect of us. But we are usually ready with excuses; no one, we seem to think, could have overcome the obstacles and the handicaps we had to contend with.

He lost his sight at the age of thirteen. But in spite of it he went through various preparatory schools, colleges, and universities; he studied medicine, perhaps the most difficult of all the professions; he has practiced it for years, and is recognized in the profession as a leading heart specialist. He travels widely, often by himself. He plays

cards, using a deck marked by prickings which are not visible from the back, and he is an expert at whist. He typewrites his own letters. In short, he does anything that anybody else can do, except that he does not see.

"You ask how I managed it," Doctor Babcock said in reply to a question. "To me it seems scarcely worth talking about. Of course, I have been discouraged at times, just as everybody is. But I had a wonderful mother; and later I had a wonderful wife. They would not let me stay discouraged."

It is hard to make a person with his sight believe that blindness is not an almost insurmountable handicap. But all of us have faculties which we do not train as fully as we might.

When a person loses his sight, he has the incentive to develop other faculties. Through them, a blind person becomes aware of things in the world around him almost as well as—sometimes even better than—a person who sees.

"The real handicap I had to overcome was not blindness. It was the danger of thinking that blindness was insuperable."

In that respect, I believe, loss of sight is just like poverty, ill-health, a skimpy education, the apparent lack of opportunities, or any other obstacle. The obstacle can always be overcome in one way or another, if a man has the will and the wit to do it.—The American Magazine.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VERONICA TO THE MOB

"A woman sprang from the crowd and wiped His face with a cloth, and lo! thereon He left the bloody imprint of His countenance."

Yea, even as ye, I followed on the road— I saw Him bear His load, The cruel weight of that o'erpowering Cross;

I saw the sickly sweat, the pitiful loss Of ruby-colored Blood that oozed from Him

At every step; I marked His eyes grew dim, And when He fell beneath your rain of blows,

And like Hell's clamor, pandemonium rose, 'Twas then I caught His eye, half-closed with mire,

And there ran through my veins, like streams of fire, A very flood of pent-up tenderness. And I resolved, against all strife and stress

That I would leave my place, And during all, wipe clean His bloody face.

Look ye! this is the keychief that I bore With trembling hands, and placed upon His brow—

Mark ye! now! Ah me!—down to the grave the look He wore Goes night and day before me evermore.

When He gave back this white cloth unto me, His face shone like the moon on Jazer's Sea,

And there were sunset colors 'round His hair: And scents from hidden gardens filled the air,

And then—O hark ye! ye who jeered Him down, And pressed upon His head your mocking crown—

He smiled a wondrous smile; Yea, all your heaped-up torments mile on mile,

As then I glimpsed Him for a moment's while, Had marred not ev'n the hem of His poor gown.

I looked again, and all was as I saw Him stumble on in travail sore,

And I held in my hands, clutched tight and fast, This cloth that shows Him facing Death at last.

Yea, I, Veronica, am glad that I Wiped clean His woeful face as He passed by. — J. CONSON MILLER

GOOD MANNERS

Good manners are a habit. They rest on self-respect and respect for the personality of others. They are a steadfast method of conduct based on principle. Good manners are much closer to good morals than is ordinary understood. Indeed, the ancient Romans had but one word for both.

The truly educated man will reveal education in his attitude to those about him; in other words, through his manners.—True Voice.

FAITH BACK OF HOPE

Hope is one of the secrets of successful work. If once a man gets into his head the idea that what he does is not going to amount to anything, no matter how doggedly he sticks to his task, his effort will meet with failure. Unless we take a hopeful view, our powers will not be at their best. We must have the stimulus of cheery confidence to do justice to ourselves.

And since God is at the head of this world, and right and truth are bound to conquer, there is no reason why we should find it hard to be both confident and joyful. Hope is back of successful effort, but back of hope is faith in God.

DO NOT WHINE

Do not whine because there is no one to help you get the thing you are after. It does not matter particularly, as far as the principle

goes, whether you want a concert ticket or an education. The point is, that if you want it enough you can get it, whether you have anyone to boost you or not. Young people who sit about complaining that they do not have friends to help them, forget that in a resolute will and unswerving determination, they have helpers that can do for them more than all the world outside can accomplish together.

A GOOD LISTENER A girl may not be at all musical or well read or clever in any way, but she may become popular simply by being trustworthy, by listening sympathetically to people's confidences and keeping them sacredly locked in her own keeping. Most people, especially young men, like to have some sympathizing friend they can come to when they feel discouraged or elated to unburden their trials or their plans. All the girl has to do is to listen, perhaps to say some words of help or encouragement, but above all she must never repeat what has been told. A girl may be plain in feature, and ungifted with talent, but if she becomes known as perfectly trustworthy and discreet she will generally be preferred to her more entertaining, pretty, but less reliable sister.—Catholic Universe.

DECEIT AND VANITY No matter where you live, whether in town or city, village or country, you are sure to know Miss Pretense. Always, she is a much-dressed-up, vain little doll. Which would be well enough if she could afford it. The pity of it is that she knows, down in her heart, she cannot afford such a display of finery. So she makes herself miserable by acting an untruth—able to pretend to be something that she is not.

Though she may not know it, she is really not fooling anybody. For her friends and acquaintances know she is not at all the rich young woman she pretends to be. Strangers quickly realize this, too, because nobody, not even astute Miss Pretense, can assume an impossible role.

We have more pity than censure for this deluded little woman. And we wish, sincerely, we could make her understand the value of truth and honesty and frankness. How much happier would she be—how much richer, indeed—if she would just be herself, her real true self. Then she could count her riches in friends that love her and admire her.

It is a genuine misfortune for one to be thought rich and really be poor. But a much greater misfortune to appear to be rich, or to pretend to be rich, and actually be poor. There is no disgrace in honest poverty. One may have very little wealth and still have the noble characteristics of honesty, ambition, sincerity, capability and determination. Poverty cannot rob any of us of our pride, of our lofty purposes and ideals, of our sympathy, kindness and understanding.

The girl in the plain frock, and who belongs to a humble home will be pointed out for her beauty when the richly-gowned girl may be passed by. For the beauty of the one is the genuine beauty of character and soul, of sincerity and of purpose. The beauty of the other is but a tinsel that fails to cover the vanity, selfishness and insincerity of the one who wears it.—The Echo.

"AVE MARIA"

A TRUE TALE OF THE WAR

All of us have heard of atrocious deeds committed during the Great War and wondered how man can be so cruel and so heartless! But side by side with these instances of barbarity which horrify we have, thank God, heard also of acts of Christian and fraternal charity which console.

It had been a day of severe fighting at X—, "somewhere in France." The night had come, throwing its dark cloak on the dead and the wounded between the enemy trenches. . . Now and then a pitiful moan, a cry for help, would pierce the air; but the death-dealing sky-rockets which illumined the tragic scene, rendered the rescuing of the wounded a most dangerous and difficult task.

Amongst the latter, lying quite helplessly, were two young soldiers still in their teens, a son of Catholic Brittany and the other of Catholic Bavaria. A few yards only separated them. Mortally wounded, and feeling that for him the hour of death was not far off, the poor little Breton began to say the Rosary aloud, in the Latin tongue as he used to say it at the parish church in beloved Brittany.

"Ave Maria gratia plena" . . . thus he went on for a time, and Ave Maria succeeding another without evoking any answer in the stillness of the night. . . At last, aroused from semi-unconsciousness by this plaintive prayer, the young Bavarian grew attentive. But, surely, said he to himself as this mind became clearer and clearer, surely I have heard those words before; the sound is familiar to me. . . Oh! yes, I remember now, they are the words of the Angelic Salutation in Latin. "Et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus!" . . . "Sancta Maria, Mater dei, ora pro nobis."

It was now the voice of the young Bavarian. A little startled at this sudden intervention, and the foreign

Advertisement for SALADA tea. Includes an illustration of a glass of tea and the text: "The True Delight In a drink of 'ICED' SALADA Tea is fully appreciated on a hot summer day. The young fresh leaves impart a delicious flavor and such cool refreshment that 'ICED' SALADA has become a tremendously popular summer beverage. Enjoy the flavor—Just try it."

accent the Breton boy asked: "You German, you Catholic?"

"Ja, ich kamaarad, ich Katolik." It was enough. Under the magic influence of that word "Catholic" they forgot that they were enemies a few hours ago; that perhaps they had wounded one another. Through a supreme effort they succeeded in getting nearer to each other, until they were able to shake hands.

Both had done their duties towards their country, both had fallen bravely for it. In their hearts there was no more room for hatred at that solemn hour. They would only remember that they were both Catholics, brethren in the Faith, children of the same holy Mother the Church. After a brief silence, being ignorant of one another's language they resumed the prayer that had brought them together.

"Ave Maria gratia plena," began again the Breton, to which came the response, "Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostra. Amen."

How long did this beautiful scene last? God and Mary only know. When at last towards the early hours of the morning the stretcher-bearers were able to get near them, they found the Breton dead and the Bavarian unconscious, though still alive and partly covered by the blue horizon "capote" of the French soldier. Before dying the dear Breton had thought of his former enemy and tried to guard him against the cold of the night. Both were carried behind the lines, the one buried, and the other taken to the nearest hospital. Thanks to careful attention recovered, and it was there, when convalescent, that he told to an interpreter the substance of the above beautiful story.

At last the War came to an end, and the prisoners returned to their native land. Today there is in Bavaria a Catholic man, who, as he recites the family Rosary often thinks with emotion of the terrible night he laid on the battlefields of France, when the Breton and he said from their hearts: "Ave Maria gratia plena. . . Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostra. Amen."—P. M. in Southern Cross.

CHURCH FACES RUIN

New Orleans, July 10.—The "Little Red Church" at Destrehan, where the French prince later known as Louis Philippe, is said to have knelt at prayer while visiting Louisiana, is in danger of destruction unless Catholics of this vicinity rally to save a landmark for more than one hundred years and around which tradition has left many a story of faith and piety.

The church was built in 1806, of frame construction, the interstices filled with mortar and brick. It is plastered inside and from time beyond memory the outside has been painted red. The timbers, all hand-hewn and the wooden pegs, used instead of nails, tell another day and generation that labored to build this simple edifice wherein God might be worshipped. The boards are all hand-sawed.

The parish records in the "Little Red Church," which is dedicated to St. Charles and of which the Rev. J. F. Basty is now pastor, date back to 1759. They are complete from that year to 1875, but many of the later records have been lost. Many distinguished families of New Orleans have their names in the records, for it was at Destrehan that the Chevalier d'Arensburg established his colony of pioneers. Within the cemetery lie many men and women whose names have made history in Louisiana.

For years only a small congregation attended Mass at the "Little Red Church," but recently due to the installation of an oil plant at Destrehan, a new church, finer and larger, has been built, and now it is proposed to save the old edifice from ruin and preserve it as a Catholic landmark of Louisiana.

The greatest of faults, I say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

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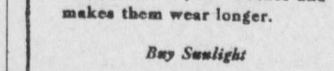
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When we call for the purification of the stage, we do not mean to ask that the theatre, become a faint shadow of the Church—a "preachy" play is as intolerable and boring as a "stagey" sermon—but what we do expect, if minds are not to be debauched and hearts poisoned, is a stage where the healthy, normal life about us is portrayed truthfully and artistically by men and women whose private lives testify to their belief that good living and clean thinking are as necessary to the artists as to the fathers and mothers to whom are entrusted the moulding of the characters of the coming generation of Americans.

CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE

The subdivision of the Catholic Women's League, at Charlottetown, P. E. I., is making various preparations for the summer. They will take charge of The Little Flower Camp for girls, under the capable management of Mrs. W. J. McIntyre.

THE WESTERN FAIR LONDON, ONT.

The interior of the Horticultural Building at Queen's Park will be re-arranged this year with a view to making it better for both exhibitors and visitors. The tables will be placed in crossways of the building, leaving an aisle on each side of every table.

Prize List in this Department were shown to all prospective exhibitors through the London Horticultural Society. The dates are Sept. 9th to 16th. All information will be promptly given on application to the Secretary, General Offices, London, Ont.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Leo Waddick of St. Thomas, drowned at Port Stanley, July 27, 1921. Just when his days were brightest Just when his hopes were best God called him home to Heaven To sweet eternal rest.

DIED

COLLINS. — At Sugar Island, Hungerford Township, on July 4th, 1922, Mrs. Barbara Diver Collins, aged eighty-seven years. May her soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 4 Admaston (Shamrock); Normal trained, 2nd class. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Apply stating salary, etc., to James O'Gorman, Sec., R. R. No. 4, Henslow, Ont. 2283-3

TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 1 Nichol Township, Wellington County, one holding second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 5. Apply stating experience and salary expected to J. P. Keady, Sec., R. R. 3, Guelph, Ont. 2283-2

WANTED primary teacher for St. Augustine's Separate school, Dundas, Ont. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Salary \$830. State qualifications and experience to V. Lavoie, Sec., Dundas, Ont. 2283-3

QUALIFIED teacher wanted for Brantford Separate school, holding second class certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply with references. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply to Frank Waller, Sec., 375 Park Ave., Hamilton, Ont. 2283-2

TEACHER wanted for C. S. S. No. 2 Nipissing, Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Salary \$600. Apply to Louis Straus, Sec., Toronto, Ont. 2283-4

TEACHER wanted holding second class professional certificate for Erinville Separate school. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. State age, experience and references. Apply to J. E. Murphy, Sec. Treas., Erinville, Ont. 2283-3

TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 3 Pustich Township, Wellington County, one holding second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 5. State salary, qualifications and experience. Apply to M. J. L. Kennedy, Sec., R. R. 6, Guelph, Ont. Phone 680 1-2. 2283-2

TEACHER wanted for P. S. Markstay, second class certificate, experience preferred. School, Chertsey, in Village of main line C. P. R. Apply stating salary required to J. Brown, Markstay, Ont. 2283-4

CATHOLIC teacher wanted for S. S. No. 7 Glouchester, Grey County, one holding second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 5th. Apply stating qualifications, experience and salary to Donald McMillan, Sec. Treas., R. R. 2, Preville, Ont. 2283-3

WANTED Normal trained teacher holding 2nd class certificate for S. S. No. 6 Huntley, Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply stating salary expected and experience to Pat Carter, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 1, Corkery, Ont. Phone Altoona 411 R. L. 2283-4

WANTED two teachers qualified to teach French and English in Catholic Separate school at Massoy, Ont. Duties to begin in September. Apply to Rev. J. P. McManamin, P. P. Sec., S. S. Board, P. O. Box 12, Massoy, Ont. 2283-4

AN experienced teacher wanted for U. S. P. School No. 1 McKillop and Logan. One holding a first class and agriculture certificates preferred. Salary \$1,200. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1922. Apply to Edward Horan, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 5, Seaford, Ont. 2283-4

WANTED fully qualified teacher for Separate School No. 4 Huntley. Salary \$850 per annum. Housing, telephone and church convenient. Apply stating experience, church organist music preferred. Apply to Rev. A. Stanton, P. P. Sec. Treas., Corkery P. O., Ont. 2283-3

WANTED second class professional lady teacher. State experience, age and salary expected. Duties to commence September 1st. Apply to R. E. Chenier, Sec. Treas., 263 Park Street, Port Arthur, Ont. 2283-2

EXPERIENCED teacher wanted holding second class professional certificate for Catholic Separate school, No. 2, Bromley. Salary \$1,000 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1922. Apply to M. J. Brown, Secretary, Keaville, Ont. R. R. 3. 2283-4

WANTED teacher wanted for S. S. No. 7 Huntley, Carleton County. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply stating salary to M. L. Kennedy, Sec. Treas., Corkery, R. R. 1, Ont. 2283-3

TEACHER wanted for C. S. S. No. 1 Cornwall, holding a second class professional certificate, one with an agricultural certificate preferred. Apply stating qualifications and salary to Angus H. Chisholm, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 2, Northfield Sta., Ont. 2283-4

WANTED Catholic Normal trained 2nd class teacher. Capable of teaching French and English. Experience preferred. To teach S. S. No. 4 La Poudre. Apply stating salary and experience to Healy, Sec. Treas., S. S. No. 4, La Poudre, Ont. 2283-3

TEACHERS wanted, holding second class Ontario certificates for Catholic Separate schools. Fort William, Ont. Salary \$800 per annum. Duties to commence September, 1922. Apply to G. P. Smith, Secretary, Room H, Murray Block, Fort William, Ont. 2283-4

WANTED a teacher holding 2nd class professional certificate for Separate School Section No. 7 Sydenham, Grey Co. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1922. Apply stating experience and salary to Michael J. Duggan, Annap, Ont. 2283-4

WANTED for S. S. S. No. 2 Hallett, 2nd class Normal teacher. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. State salary and experience: small school: fifteen on roll. Apply to George Corbett, Sec., R. R. 4, Clinton P. O. 2283-3

TEACHER wanted for Catholic Separate School No. 17, Tp. of Cornwall, holding second class professional certificate. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Apply stating salary expected and experience to Alex. J. McLehlan, Harrisburg Corners, Ont. 2283-4

WANTED for S. S. S. No. 6 Bromley, an experienced teacher holding second class professional certificate. School beside church and boarding house. Salary \$1,000. Apply to Rev. Wm. H. Dooner, P. P. Sec., Cobden, Ont. 2283-3

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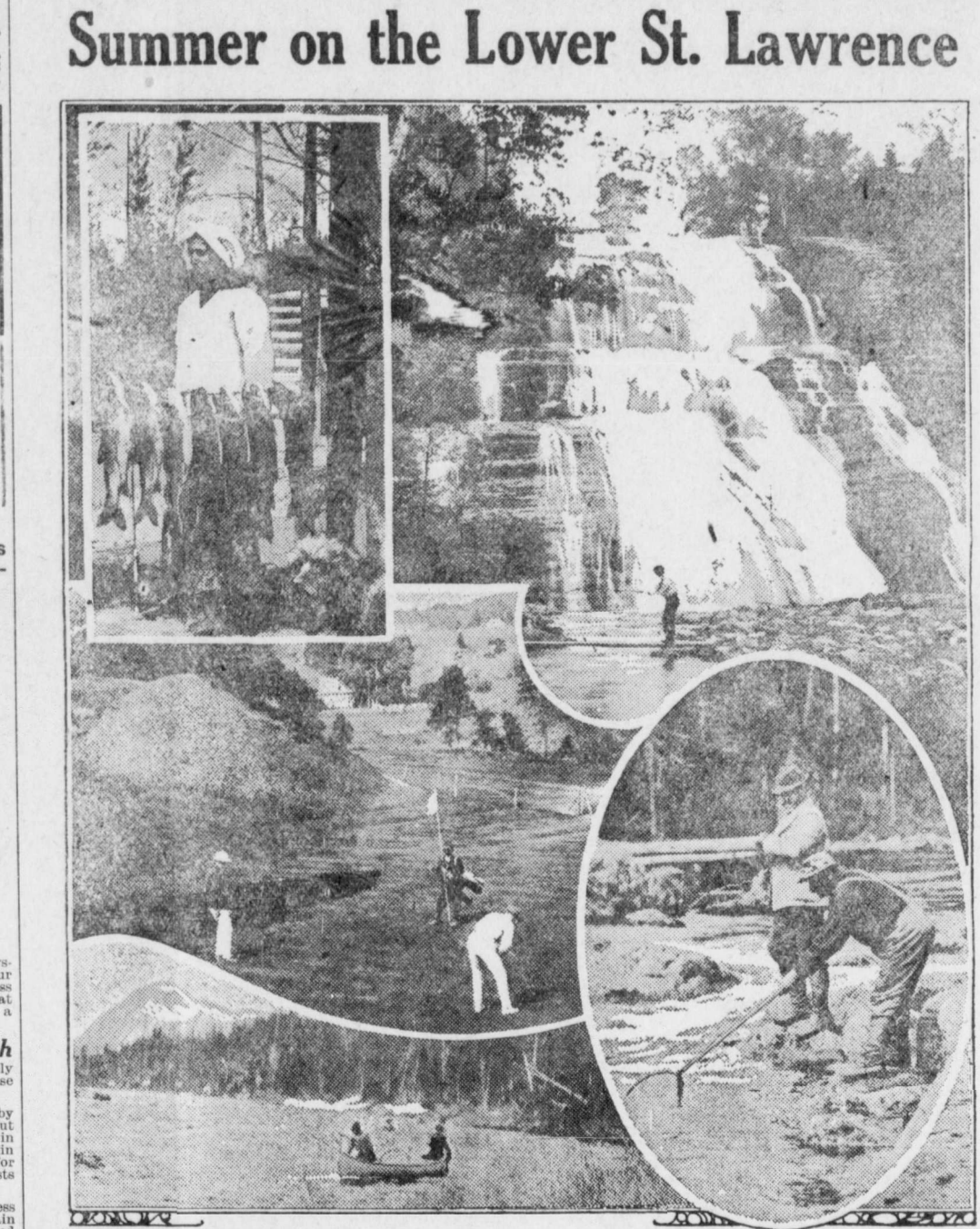
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Along the rugged north shore, with its purple headlands behind which rise the darker purple Laurentian hills, are to be found Murray Bay, Cap à l'Aigle, St. Irene and Baie St. Paul. Here the French customs and language together with the charm and hospitality of the habitants, have a peculiar fascination for the Anglo-Saxon.

The scenery is magnificent, the river is so wide that the opposite shore appears like a hazy blue line on the horizon; there is the tang of the sea in the air, the hills are studded with lakes abounding in trout; hotel accommodation is good and whether the tourist chooses Murray Bay, the rendezvous of wealth or fashion, or one of the quieter little French villages, he is bound to have a worth-while holiday.

The south shore, while less rugged, is equally enticing with its long white sandy beaches. Rivière du Loup, Cacouna, Bic and Metis Beach are among the most popular, all offering the best of boating, bathing and fishing amid rare natural scenery. There are excellent golf courses on both the north and south shores.

Those, however, who would escape from all traces of civilization, will find sanctuary in the great forest-clad back country of the Province of Quebec, which abounds in lakes and rivers. Lake St. Joseph, Lake Edward and Lake St. John regions and Laurentides National Park abound in fish and game.

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