

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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THE WAYSIDE SHRINE

AN INCIDENT IN FLANDERS, 1917

One sunny day,
Far from the battle's roar, some children strayed
In the deep meadow grass, and
Laughed and played
As little children may.

But suddenly
A blue-eyed maiden saw a wayside shrine
The cross, the form of Him, and with
A sign
She murmured plaintively:

"Our Father," while
The tiny hands pressed tightly to her breast
As if to still the heart in its unrest;
Then with a wistful smile—

"Forgive us—our
Trespasses"—the tears fell fast—"As
we"
The little breast heaved like the Summer sea—
"As we"—in vain the power

To speak again
Just then a noble form knelt at the shrine,
A tender voice spoke low: "Father
divine,
Our loss shall be our gain.

"Forgive them, Lord,
That trespass against us," and the
little child
Knelt by the King, who took her
hand and smiled,
God's sunlight on them poured.

HARRIET KENDALL.

ABBE FLYNN

DEEPLY IMPRESSED WITH THE
LOYALTY OF AMERICANS

A French Army Chaplain who was called to the colors as a soldier for clerical duty at the outbreak of the war but who asked to be sent to the front as a Chaplain because, as he says, "I wanted to get into the real war and give some personal help to my compatriots," has just finished a six months' tour of the United States and is preparing to rejoin his division "somewhere in France" next month. He is the Abbe Patrice Flynn, an Irish name, he remarked jokingly, "but I am a true Frenchman, as I was born in Paris, and for several years before the war was pastor of a parish at Suresnes, a few miles from Paris."

The Abbe Flynn has the rank of Captain in the French Army, and for nearly two years he was in the thick of the battle front, where, besides witnessing some of the fiercest fighting, he ministered to the dying, receiving from them thousands of messages to be forwarded to the dear ones at home.

"I am still in war service," explained the Abbe, who speaks English without a trace of foreign accent. "I am here on orders from the War Department of my nation to tell the Americans something of what the Frenchmen are doing in this war and what they intend to do until the struggle is settled so that the nations of the world may live in peace. I left the army quarters at the front just before the United States went into the war. There was a feeling in the air among the French soldiers that America was soon coming in, and I recall an interesting experience about that time when a German officer was brought within the lines as a prisoner. One of our officers said to him, 'It won't be long before America will be in the war, and then you will have to look out.' The German smiled contemptuously and replied, 'Nonsense, nonsense; that will never happen.' A few days later, when I got to Paris, we heard of President Wilson's war proclamation."

The Abbe Flynn has traveled several thousand miles, visiting all of the principal cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, west as far as San Francisco and south to New Orleans.

"It has been a wonderful trip, and I have enjoyed it immensely," he said. "It has given me an idea of the greatness of America, of which I never dreamed before. I shall carry back vivid impressions of its splendid unity and of its earnest determination to be of real help in this war and to restore peace and justice to the world. These impressions I will tell to my countrymen."

"Wherever I have gone I have been deeply impressed with the loyalty of the people. And I want to say here that, so far as I have seen it, the Irish people in the United States are intensely loyal to the cause for which the United States are fighting. I have spoken before many audiences in which the Irish were a large proportion of the total, and I can say that America has no cause to fear which side the Irish-Americans are supporting. With the exception of a small rabid minority, there is no trouble about the Irish in America."

"I might extend my impressions on this point by saying that the entire Catholic population of the country is loyal to the cause of the Allies. The Catholic population is about 16,000,000 I believe, in a total population of

about 100,000,000. Some statistics which were given to me indicated that 85 per cent. of the men in the army are Catholics and 40 per cent. of the men in the navy are of that faith.

"I have nothing but praise for the American soldiers, and I have seen many of them in all parts of the country. They are a splendid lot of men, physically, morally and mentally, and when they are trained for the rigors of war they will surely be of valuable aid. I served my time in the French Army long before the war. For two years I was with the French soldiers at the front, and at Verdun I saw them drive back the Germans after their initial successes. So I know what a soldier is. America is turning out real soldiers. I was in Chicago when several regiments of drafted men who had been in camp three months took part in a parade. It was a grand sight, and I heard scores of citizens say that they could scarcely recognize the men as the same who went away three months before."

"Another thing that has impressed me is the way in which America is getting into the war. I have heard it said that America has been slow. I do not think so. Those who say so do not stop to realize what it means to prepare for war, and you have been a nation that has thought little of the possibilities of being involved in a great world struggle. To train and equip a million men is an enormous task, but it is being accomplished. It exemplifies, in short, the spirit of America in the war. All parts of the country are thoroughly in earnest in the matter. Petty differences and geographical lines are practically being eliminated, and America will emerge from the war a more harmonious and united nation than ever in her history."

When asked about the fighting spirit in the French Army, and whether there was not a yearning for peace, the Abbe Flynn, who is intensely earnest in all that he says, answered, with a deeper tone of feeling: "The morale of the French Army and of the French nation is superb. France is not bled white. I resent that view of my country. True, we have made enormous sacrifices, but we are ready to make more. Here is the spirit of France in a nutshell, as expressed to me in the trenches by a peasant of France fighting for his country. 'We must fight to the end,' he said, 'for I do not want my young sons to go through the things that would have been forced on us. Peace now would mean another war with Germany in a few years, and that is too horrible to think of. We must fight it out to the end.'"

"That is the attitude of the peasant soldiers, and it is wonderfully expressive of the ideals of the French nation. You know that France has always fought for ideals, in the main, but the ideals to be achieved by the War are of more worth than anything which has gone before. This War has revealed an unknown France, or I might express it better by saying that it has brought out a latent France. It has revealed to us and to the world the best of our nation. There was some truth in the early German assertion that France would not hold together long because we were so divided by petty differences—Monarchist, Socialist, Liberal, Republican, etc. Fortunately, those extreme party lines have been wiped out, and it is grand to witness the unity prevailing in France today."

"We have learned to fight. It is no untruth to say that the Germans have taught us to fight, but the conviction is growing stronger every month that we shall surely win in the end. We could defeat the German at the Marne when they were at their strongest and we at our weakest, is the argument of the French soldier, surely we can be victorious now that we are strong, with the Germans no stronger than they were at the Marne, if, indeed, they are quite as strong. The percentage of our losses is growing less every year, and the French army has 1,000,000 more soldiers in the field today than at the start of the War."

"It is true that we have at the front some of the older men, of my age, for instance, for I am forty-three. The men of thirty-five to forty years are doing splendid work and, in many respects they are really better than the young fellows, for they have a power of endurance and ability to ward off sickness that is not always possible for the boys of twenty years and under when first subjected to the hardships of the trenches."

"Another thing that the War is doing for France," the Abbe Flynn continued, "is a vital deepening of the religious spirit among all classes of people and a broadening of the truth that, although our religions beliefs may be different, we are all the children of the same God. Most of the French soldiers are Catholics and the majority of chaplains are of that faith, but there are many Protestant chaplains, and every army corps has one Jewish rabbi. And I am glad to say that there is a delightful fellow feeling among these three faiths. Regardless of personal belief, the chaplains all help one another in emergencies."

"Let me tell you an interesting story that occurred on one of the battlefields. A Catholic priest was giving the last rites to a dying soldier when a shell burst overhead and killed the priest. A Jewish rabbi saw it. Running up, he took the cross from the dead chaplain and pressed it tenderly to the lips of the soldier. Instead of wearing a cross as their insignia, the Jewish chaplains wear a representation of the Books of the Law. We are all trying to do our bit as we know it for the cause of humanity. Let me give you one more story. At Verdun a Catholic and a Protestant chaplain were forced to seek shelter one night in an abandoned hut. A shell came through, made a great hole in the floor, and exploded in the cellar. Neither man was hurt, but the yawning hole was between them. The Protestant chaplain reached out his hand across the hole to the Catholic priest and said with a smile: 'Well, brother, isn't it a good thing that we were separated by some little differences at this time?'"

"France and America will know each other better after the War, and the deep cementing of a friendly spirit that has existed between the two countries for so many years will be one more of the national blessings which we will realize more truly when peace and the recognition of personal rights come to the fighting countries."—N. Y. Times.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

IN SERIES OF THREE ARTICLES
DEALS WITH IRELAND

[We have the second and third articles in full, but have only the following extracts to show the nature of the first. It can hardly be necessary to assure any very susceptible Irish readers that we as well as they may find interest and instruction in this brilliant and erratic Irishman's treatment of the question without necessarily subscribing to the accuracy of all of his observations or conclusions.—E. C. R.]

In the first of a series of articles on "How to Settle the Irish Problem," George Bernard Shaw says he will begin by demonstrating to the satisfaction of Ulster that the Sinn Feiners are idiots and in the second article will show to the satisfaction of Sinn Fein that the Ulster impossibilities are idiots. In the third he will offer the solution. Here are some sparks from the Shaw anvil:

"Sinn Fein means 'We Ourselves'; a disgraceful and obsolete sentiment, horribly anti-Catholic and acutely ridiculous in the presence of a crisis which has shown that even the richest and most powerful countries, twenty times as populous as Ireland and more than a hundred times as spacious, have been unable to stand by themselves, and have had to accept the support even of their traditional enemies."

"The Sinn Feiners have been so irresolutely handled that they have not the least idea of what they are up against, and see nothing extravagant in the notion that less than a million adult Irish males, without artillery, ships or planes, could bring the British Empire to its knees in a conflict of blood and iron. This is the dangerous (to themselves) side of Sinn Fein."

"Now for the ridiculous side. They propose that the Irish question should be settled by 'The Peace Conference.' By this they mean that when the quarrel between the Central and Ottoman Empires on one side and the United States of America, the British Empire, the French Republic, Italy, Japan, etc., etc., etc., on the other comes to be settled, the plenipotentiaries of these powers, at the magic words, 'Gentlemen! Ireland!' will immediately rise reverently, sing 'God Save Ireland,' and postpone all their business until they have redressed the wrongs of the dark Boscawen. A wise Irishman might well pray that his country may have the happiness to be forgotten when the lions divide their prey—one hardly wants the unfortunate island to be dung like a bone to a half-satisfied dog as Cyprus was at the Berlin Conference. But Sinn Fein really does think that the world consists of Ireland and a few subordinate continents."

"If the English had a pennyworth of political sagacity instead of being, as they are, incorrigible Sinn Feiners almost to the last man, they would long ago have brought the Irish Separatists to their sense by threatening them with independence. Yet here are these two sets of fools, one repudiating an invaluable alliance in the name of freedom, and the other insisting on conferring the boon by force in the guise of slavery. How Irish on the part of the English! How English on the part of the Irish!"

"When people ask me what Sinn Fein mean I reply that it is Irish for John Bull. Well may Ulster ask: Are these Sinn Feiners to be allowed to rule us? Deeply may Ulster feel that in me, the Protestant Shaw, she has found an inspired spokesman. But wait a bit. In my

next article I shall put Ulster's brains on my dissecting table. And then my twenty-four hour's popularity in Belfast will wane."

CARDINAL GIBBONS' MESSAGE

FOR THE YEAR OF 1918

OBEDIENCE AND DEVOTION TO OUR
COUNTRY NECESSARY TO ACHIEVE
IDEALS OF RIGHT AND HUMANITY
(From New York Independent)

After the Bible, the study of mankind is the most important and instructive pursuit for any one. The first step toward the accomplishment of this noble aim is to obtain a thorough knowledge of man, his springs of action, his yearnings and desires, his passions and emotions, his vices and temptations, and the arguments and motives, as well as the means that are best calculated to promote his spiritual progress. From this study of mankind we can derive the advantage of the habit of moderation in our judgment of human beings.

This study is equally necessary to statesmen and lawyers as well to ministers of the Gospel, to say nothing of other callings. The secret of O'Connell's influence over the people of Ireland was that he had sprung from the peasantry, had lived among them, knew their grievances and aspirations. Napoleon, though a poor shot, was the greatest general of his age. He said with truth of himself: "I know man." President Wilson, who now directs the destinies of our beloved country, is a man of strong faith, virility of soul, genuine charity, magnanimity of character. But no man is exempt from some of the imperfections incident to humanity. The public man who has never committed an error of judgment, or who was never betrayed by a friend, is a myth. Many people who were by no means old when I was a boy had seen General Washington, and when I was ten years old men who were as old then as I am now were fourteen years of age at the time of the Declaration of Independence. Slavery was in existence in the Southern States, and was to remain in existence until I was a grown man and a priest. Machinery was just coming into use, but nobody dreamed of the extent to which it would be employed later on. Electricity in all its uses was almost undreamed of. Men knew from the experiments of Benjamin Franklin that it might possibly be used, but the telegraph, telephone and electric light had still to come. Railroads were a new invention. The Catholic Church, both in England and in this country, was a small and very depressed body. I was eleven years old when Newman became a Catholic. Those two great movements which were to spread Catholicism so marvelously throughout the English speaking world—mean the exodus of the Irish people after the famine, and the entrance of a large body of Anglicans into the Catholic Church—were still to come. In short, I may say that when I was a young man we were still living on the legacy of the eighteenth century.

The inventions of the age have been beneficial by opening up new lands and by making transit easy and rapid, thus recalling some of the conditions which conducted to the original spread of the religion of Jesus.

CHURCH AND NATION IN SYMPATHY

Being a genuine and world-wide religion, Catholicism could not but come into contact with the powers in which rests the social authority. The Catholic Church, by her own constitution is deeply sympathetic with our national life and all that it stands for. She has thrived in the atmosphere of liberty, that equal justice which is dealt out to all. She is the oldest historical and continuous government on the earth, and it is no small index of the value of our institutions and their durability that they make provision for the life and the work of so vast and so aged a society. It would also seem to show that through a long course of centuries, Catholicism held as its own genuine political teachings only such as were finally compatible with the most perfect and universal citizenship known to history.

At the present time, during these days of the gravest problems that have ever weighed upon upon our American Government, to achieve those ideals of justice and humanity which complicate our entrance into the War, guided, as we are, by the sublime teachings of Christianity, we have no other course open to us but that of obedience and devotion to our country. One may easily see the folly and grave disobedience of

unjust and ill-tempered criticism of national policies. We must bend our efforts to point out to our fellow men that they in all probability see the present situation from only one angle, whereas the Government sees it from every viewpoint, and is therefore alone in the position to judge of the expediency of national affairs.

I say this because the Church is a bulwark of American democracy. It stands for law and order, for liberty, for social justice, for purity of works for the loyal observance of the Constitution and obedience to the Government. It seeks to make better citizens, to destroy civic corruption, to spread the doctrines of right living and right thinking.

The time has come for all to think, to act, to work together. This means especially with reference to Capital and Labor. Reports come from time to time of dissatisfaction between employees and employers.

ALL MUST WORK TOGETHER

Inspired by sincere affection for the hardy sons of toil, and with an earnest desire for their welfare, I address to them a few words.

Your country needs you now, more than ever. If Capital be in the wrong, please remember that wartime laws are an operation which amply protect the workman from obvious injustice. Advise the worker to cultivate a spirit of industry and rely upon the sympathy of the President, whose part is always with him. It would be a vast stride in the interests of peace and of the labor classes if the policy of arbitration were more fully availed of for the adjustment of disputes between employers and employees. Many blessings would result from the adoption of this method; for while strikes, in the name implies, are aggressive and destructive (and at the present time might affect the success to our arms and struggle), arbitration is conciliatory and constructive. The result in the former case is determined by the weight of the purse, in the latter by the weight of the argument.

The Catholic Church has always been the staunch, unwavering friend of the working classes. Ever since the Reformation, the relations between capital and labor became more and more contrary to the principles of the Gospel, so that eventually labor unions were recognized as lawful by the Holy See. The Saviour of mankind never conferred a greater temporal blessing upon mankind than by ennobling and sanctifying manual labor, and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation which had been branded upon it.

Do not let us forget that the Church has ever been the protector of free industries, and as she has changed the absolute monarchies of the old Roman Empire and indeed the later monarchies of the Middle Ages, as she changed the Roman Empire generally with its hordes of slaves into the medieval town, so now would she enfranchise the working classes.

Obedience is not an act of servility we pay to man, but an act of homage we pay to God.

DEATH OF BISHOP FOLEY OF DETROIT

DIES AT AGE OF EIGHTY FOUR AFTER
HAVING SERVED FOR ALMOST
THIRTY YEARS

The Right Rev. John S. Foley, Bishop of Detroit for many years, died at the episcopal residence on Washington Boulevard on January 5, aged eighty-four. Several months ago he had a stroke of apoplexy. Bishop Foley was born in Baltimore on November 5, 1833. He was educated at St. Mary's College and St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and subsequently studied at Rome, where he was the first American student at the Apollinaris. He was ordained to the priesthood on November 20, 1859, by Cardinal Patrizi. Shortly after his ordination he returned to America. For many years he was active in the diocese of Baltimore. He was consecrated Bishop of Detroit on November 4, 1888. A brother, Right Rev. Thos. Foley was Coadjutor Bishop of Chicago after the retirement of Right Rev. James Dugan, D. D., in 1870.—Buffalo Echo.

LIVES OF 400 WOUNDED SAVED BY BRAVE NUNS

A special cable from the London Times to the Washington Post says: "Galatz is frequently bombarded. Since the occupation of the Dobruja by the Central Powers this open town has received not less than 3,000 shells. Last week the bombardment was stronger than usual, especially against hospitals. Last Friday an aeroplane flew over the building of the Catholic nuns hospital of Notre Dame de Sion, which sheltered 400 wounded, marking it as a target. Soon after the bombardment started thirty shells of heavy caliber fell on the building. The hospital nuns were able to move in time all the wounded to the cellar. Thanks to the celerity of their work, there were no casualties except two nuns

wounded while in the chapel. The building was hit by ten incendiary shells but none burst. The whole first floor was wrecked, and it was almost a miracle that the building did not catch fire."

REFORMERS RUNNING AMUCK

Writing a Montreal paper, an ardent Reformer, with the scent of blood in his nostrils, suggests that tobacco follow the liquor into the realm of obscurity. In other words, that by process of law tobacco cease to be grown, imported and used in Canada. But does he stop there? On, no! this kill joy would add to the hilarity of nations by prohibiting the use of Christmas cards, and other forms of greeting, in order that paper and incidentally postage, may be saved. Could a dyspeptic worm go further? Reformers see red these days. Their's is the joy of killing. Yes, killing anything with any real joy left in it. Unfortunately, this man's suggestions come as the natural sequence of events. Let him at this rest of his life but have their heads, and a German internment camp will look like the Garden of Eden as compared with our own fair country.—Saturday Night.

POPE CONDEMNS AIR RAIDS AS VIOLATING RIGHTS OF MAN

Rome, Jan. 5.—In thanking the Roman aristocracy today for its Christmas and New Year's greetings, Pope Benedict expressed his approval that the nobility had indorsed "our words with which we recently invited the peoples of the earth to return to God with the view of hastening the end of the frightful misfortune which has afflicted the world for more than three years."

COLOGNE BELL NO MORE

Special Cable to The New York Times
The Hague, Jan. 6.—The great "Kaiser's Bell," whose mighty, sonorous voice many Americans may have heard above the roars of Cologne, has now been removed from its cage in the southern tower of the Grand Cathedral. Deeply moved, the Cologne citizens listened to the Maria Giolorosa, as the bell was named, ring out a funeral chant on New Year's night. Since then the bell has been taken down and will be sacrificed for the Fatherland's defense. It was impossible to remove the bell intact—it weighed 56,000 pounds—without injuring the beautiful masonry of the steeple, so the bell was sawed in pieces and thus safely brought to the ground.

French guns captured in 1870 and 1871 were the material from which the bell was made, and it was first sounded on March 21, 1877, the birthday of William I., who gave it to the cathedral. At that time it took twenty-seven bell ringers to operate it. Since then it had been worked by an electric apparatus.

VANDALS IN ENGLAND

The following is an excerpt from a special letter (C. A. P.) from London, England:

While on the one hand Catholics are multiplying on our highways wayside crosses restored by the dead hands of our soldiers who have fallen on the field of honor, a sinister movement is being propagated against these Christian memorials to the brave dead. It may be remembered that in the summer a very fine Calvary, which had been erected by the Monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, from subscriptions in which many Protestants had joined, was destroyed during the night by some anti-Catholic miscreant. Only a week or two ago the Calvary was removed and a large assemblage welcomed the new and beautiful crucifix which occupied a commanding position. Within the last few days the cross has again been attacked, the figure tore off and smashed into fragments, while a letter was left by the Huns who perpetrated this act, stating that they were the anti-War Shrine Committee and would not permit such memorials. Indignation at Ramsgate is very great. The Lord Abbot described the act as a heinous one and published the Catholic intention to once more renew the memorial directly a fresh cross can be obtained, when watch will be kept to save any fresh outrage. In London during the week two new Calvaries have been unveiled, both on Protestant churches, and one bears the inscription "Jesus mercy, Mary help!"

CATHOLIC NOTES

Sir Edward Morris, former Premier of Newfoundland, who has been made a Baron in recognition of his services to the Empire, is a Catholic and a former student of the University of Ottawa.

The Rev. John B. Dimax of Newport, R. I., until a year ago headmaster of St. George's School, and now on duty with the naval force of the Second Naval District, has become a convert to the Catholic religion and joined St. Joseph's Church, the pastor of which, the Rev. Edward A. Higney, officiated at his confirmation recently. The Rev. Mr. Dimax is a graduate of Harvard and Brown universities.

Upon the list of identified dead in the horrible Louisville and Nashville railway wreck which cost the lives of nearly fifty people near Shepherdsville, O., appears the name of Rev. Eugene Bertello, pastor of the Church of the Holy Redeemer at Chapeze, Ky. Father Bertello was a true missionary, caring not only for the people of his parish at Chapeze, but also looking after seven missions in two different countries.

William Marconi, the great Catholic Italian scientist and inventor of wireless telegraphy, has been appointed by his Government high commissioner to the United States. Mr. Marconi was a member of the Italian mission which came here last Spring. On returning to Italy he became a member of the staff of the commander-in-chief of the Army, General Diaz, and has given special attention to wireless telegraph operations at the front.

Right Rev. Mgr. Charles Dean O'Sullivan, V. G., has been appointed Bishop of the Diocese of Kerry, Ire., in succession to the late Rt. Rev. John Mangon. Bishop O'Sullivan is in his fifty sixth year and is a son of the late John Ulick O'Sullivan of Ballyfinane, Fries. He studied in the diocesan seminary, Killarney, and Maynooth College, where he was a contemporary of Bishop Fogarty, of Killaloe, and Bishop McKory of Down and Connor. For twenty years he was administrator and parish priest in Millstreet and built the church on the hill of Cullen. In 1907 he was appointed dean of Kerry and the parish of Tralee.

Three brothers all Roman Catholic priests, officiated in the celebration of the Feast of the Epiphany at the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows at Corona. They were the Rev. William K. Dwyer, rector of the church, the celebrant of the 11 o'clock Mass; the Rev. Robert V. Dwyer of St. Luke's Church, the Bronx, deacon, and the Rev. Daniel A. Dwyer of Corona, sub-deacon. The High Mass was one of thanksgiving in honor of the seventieth birthday of Mrs. Mary Dwyer, mother of the three priests, who lives in Fall River, Mass.

Charges of contempt against Sister M. Clare, mother superior of St. Vincent's convent at Savannah, Ga., because of her refusal to permit a grand jury committee to inspect the institution under authority of the Veazy act, a State law, were dismissed on December 26th by Judge Meldrim, in the superior court. The court held that the law provided for inspection of places where inmates are held in confinement. The evidence, the court said, did not show that the Sisters of Mercy in the convent were kept in confinement, but remained there voluntarily, and because of that fact the Veazy law did not apply to the institution.

Catholic charities benefit to something like \$425,000 by the will of the late Mr. J. Shaw of Kilkenny, England. He leaves the sum of \$50,000 to Cardinal Bourne to be divided between his cathedral and the Catholic works in his archdiocese. Sums of \$10,000 each are left to Nazareth House and the Little Sisters of the Poor, while \$5,000 each goes to the Crusade of Rescue, the Good Shepherd Nuns, the two Catholic hospitals of St. Andrew and St. Elizabeth, St. Joseph's Hospice for the Dying, St. Vincent's Cripples' Home, the Catholic Institute for Deaf and Dumb at Boston Spa, and the aged and infirm poor of London. The Bishop of Middleborough receives a legacy of \$2,000, and St. Cathbert's College, Durham, and the Yorkshire Infirmary Secular Clergy Fund receive \$2,500 each.

Guatemala City, capital of the South American Republic of that name, is in ruins as the result of a series of earthquakes beginning on Christmas Eve and terminating on the 29th ult. The loss of life is not known. About 125,000 people are homeless. The buildings destroyed include all the churches, the American Legation and the office of the consulate. Guatemala has been the scene of many disasters, the results of earthquakes. Since the settlement of the country in 1522 there have been more than 50 volcanic eruptions and in excess of 800 earthquakes. The original Guatemala City was destroyed in 1541 and 8,000 of the inhabitants were killed by a deluge of water from a nearby volcano, which was rent by an earthquake. The second capital was destroyed by an earthquake in 1773.

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SHADOW OF CAPTAIN KIDD

As before mentioned in this narrative, Lord Bellomont, acting on instructions from the King and several powerful noblemen, and, as the disaffected whispered, with a view to replenish a depleted treasury, had inaugurated a new system of privateering. Its object—real or ostensible, according to the view taken of the transaction—was to protect commerce upon the high seas from the evergrowing boldness of pirates, and also to put an end, as far as possible, to smuggling, which had caused New York to be regarded as the chief centre of illicit traffic in the Colonies. The voice of rumor, which had long been secretly busy with the matter, was now unloosed, and told the wildest tales of "notorious and inhuman pirates" who infested the seas, some even claiming to have commissions from the late Governor of New York. Under the very noses of the authorities, these pirates had brought costly wares and the products of the most distant lands into the city. This was often done, it was alleged, with the connivance of prominent citizens and in defiance of restrictive ordinances, which were held to be tyrannical and oppressive. Thus, when one of the leading women of society appeared one evening at an assembly with a superlatively fine jewel, it was whispered about that it had been given as hush money to her husband by a pirate, who had obtained it by the murder of an Eastern princess. A well known merchant was rumored to have under his bed a large box of gold dinars, which had been obtained by similar violent methods.

Hence it was that, since the navy was much weakened by the late wars, my Lord Bellomont had suggested to the King the employment of private men-of-war, and wealthy New Yorkers, notably Robert Livingston, either impelled by patriotic motives or for their own profit, expressed their willingness to co-operate in the inauguration of the new system, and to contribute towards the expenses of the same. But, besides the recommendation of a thoroughly reputable citizen, he had some warranty for his choice of a Commander. For in 1691, four years before Lord Bellomont's appointment, two members of the Council, Messrs. Monville and Willett, were deputed to attend the House of Representatives and accompany them with the good service rendered to the Colony by the late Captain Kidd in attending with his vessels the arrival of the Governor, and to urge that it would be acceptable to His Excellency and to this Board that some suitable reward be made him. And the reward was actually given, the Receiver General being instructed to pay to Captain William Kidd the sum of 150 pounds currency (a large sum of money at that time) for his "good services done to the Province." Now it is very possible that this reward and the honorable mention of the celebrated commander were greeted with shouts of derisive laughter by such men as Captain Greatbatch and those others who were in the habit of taking a convivial glass at the tavern of *Der Halle* as elsewhere. But the honors and emoluments then conferred at least gave Lord Bellomont justification for that selection which turned out so ill.

The robbers of the sea and those dealers in illicit wares who assembled for their smoke and glass at the tavern, were at one in mocking at the appointment of the redoubtable Kidd to patrol the seas. Whether their amusement arose from actual knowledge or from the general probabilities of the case, it is impossible to say. That he might fill his new office with credit where other nefarious traffickers were concerned, they did not doubt; but that he would refrain for one moment from laying hands on whatever booty came his way was in their estimation beyond all credence. So like a thunderbolt came down upon the town the tidings concerning the "Quidder or Quedah" Merchant, a vessel which was laden with a particularly costly cargo. The merchandise on board, consisting of Oriental gems and gold, the finest wines and the richest stuffs, was said to reach what seemed in those days a fabulous value. The mystery pertaining to her capture set afloat a crop of rumors, which at first could not be verified. Dark and terrible were the hints thrown out at the taverns amongst usually well-informed seafaring men and river-side characters, as well as at the assemblies, the supper parties, the dances and the card parties, in which Dutch New York delighted. The capture of the most valuable cargo that had crossed the seas in many months shook public confidence once and forever in the new system of privateering, and also showed to the minds of many upon what an unstable foundation it had rested. So distorted were some of the rumors that they actually called into ques-

tion the highest authorities, who were accused of complicity in the disaster.

One evening, when the public excitement was at its highest, and the parlor of *Der Halle* was fuller than usual, Mynheer de Vries conversed in mysterious whispers with half a dozen of his cronies. That public room of the tavern was a cheerful spot, its broad-beamed low ceiling catching the cheerful flames that leaped up from the hearth and played over the tables, on the pewter mugs, and on the anxious or cynically smiling faces of those present. In almost every group might be heard the name of Captain Kidd, whom rumors, as yet unsubstantiated, connected with the disaster. During a pause in the conversation, all eyes turned suddenly towards the door. It admitted, when opened, a terrific blast of wind, like the ominous breath of coming disaster, sent a shiver through the room. There was a stamping of feet and everyone looked expectant. But it was only Captain Greatbatch, who had just returned from a perfectly honest and legitimate voyage; or so it appeared, for the Captain was cautious, and now realized that Lord Bellomont was of a temper very different from that of the late Governor, who was charged with having given commissions to pirates, having associated with smugglers, and permitted them to make rendezvous of the mansion in the Fort. Greatbatch's vessel had just returned from the Cape of Curacao. The cargo he had brought was duly retimed and paid for at the Customs, and all questions answered. Still there were some who whispered that other wares had reached the port, and had passed from the Captain's cabin to persons unknown on shore. But that again might have been merely arguing from the possibilities.

The Captain cried out that it was a wild night, a sentiment with which the company could unanimously agree. It was evident, however, that all were waiting for news which this rude sea-dog might tell, if he would; or at least for opinions which he would be likely to express with his customary brutal frankness. Greatbatch was, at first, in a surly and uncommunicative mood. He sat down with his order of two fingers of rum and some eatables at a table removed from the others. They were all too cautious to approach him until the second portion of rum, which he presently ordered, took its effect. Then the smuggler began to address remarks to Mynheer de Vries and other prominent men who sat at the same table, and each of them winced at his coarse familiarity and what it implied, glancing furtively at his neighbor to mark the effect. The room in general had been waiting for this moment when the Barbadoes rum would unloose Greatbatch's tongue.

Mynheer de Vries and gentlemen all," he exclaimed in his deep, rough voice. "I give you a toast which the men of the seas here present will drink with pride."

There was a movement of interest and yet of uneasiness, intensified by the entrance of two figures in heavy overcoats. With a thrill of dismay—for what might not Greatbatch divulge?—it was noted that these were Captain Egbert Ferrers and the captain of the *Proser Williams*, the two best-known members of all the Governor's household, and those who had most identified themselves with the social life of the colony. Nothing to those of their acquaintances whom they perceived, they sat down at a table, ordering two glasses of hot negus, for the night was bitterly cold and they had had a long tramp. After a momentary survey of the two new-comers, whom he did not recognize or to whose presence he was indifferent, Captain Greatbatch once more called upon the assembly to drink his toast. There was a gleam of triumphant malice in his eyes, and his face broadened into a grin of malignant drollery, as he cried out:

"I give you a toast, gentlemen, to one who nearly a decade since received a hundred and fifty pounds current money of these colonies for services rendered, being also publicly thanked for those services, though no mention was made of other irons that he had in the fire. It is the same one who has been placed over us all, young and old men, by His Excellency's worship, with what motive God knoweth. I give you gentlemen and seamen here present, the health, the prosperity, the good fortune of the greatest sea rover that ever left this port or any other, Cap'n William Kidd."

So far there was nothing that anyone could object to, were it not the innuendo contained in that allusion to His Excellency, which, in fact, would have been well enough received but for the presence of two of his gentlemen. There was a confused murmur from one table or another, and each one hesitated to raise his glass to his lips.

"What?" cried Greatbatch, exploding with riotous mirth, in which Captain Ferrers felt a strong inclination to join. "Is there no one to drink to the health of the mighty Captain, who has been placed over all that about us which his friends and admirers repudiated with scorn, turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of his whilom commander, and, after correspondence with the Home Government, had him sent in chains to England. Summary justice was there dealt to him, and he was executed. But even that stern measure did not silence the tongue of the malicious, who declared that the pirate was, but a scapegoat, who had ventured too much in capturing the

ever, save that of Greatbatch, who, having risen to his feet, held his liquor polished in mid air, while he looked maliciously around.

"Why, what ails you, gentlemen?" he cried, addressing himself more particularly to that table at which sat Mynheer de Vries and his friends. "Won't you drain a glass to Cap'n Kidd, the favored puppet of Lord Bellomont?"

But here there was an unexpected interruption. Leaning back in his chair and looking the speaker full in the face, Captain Ferrers said quietly, though there was sternness mingled with his jesting tone:

"My friend, propose what toasts may seem good to you, but I would advise that you leave out of them the name of His Excellency."

The words were greeted with applause by those who sat around Mynheer de Vries, and at two or three other tables where gentlemen or respectable tradesmen had gathered. Those of the seafaring class, who held together in one corner, watched and waited.

And who are you?" roared Greatbatch, impatiently. "Is this a house of public entertainment and attempts to interfere with liberty of speech?"

"Who I am matters not," said Captain Ferrers, crossing one leg over the other and regarding Greatbatch with smiling composure. "But you will show your wisdom by taking my advice."

"I give you a toast," persisted Greatbatch, with a malignant scowl at the young officer, "to Cap'n Kidd, made Admiral of the Sea."

Then addressing himself directly to those in the corner of the room, from whom he was sure at least of a measure of sympathy, he added:

"Three times three, my hearties, for Cap'n Kidd, who with his private man of war is free from this day on to rob whom he will. Drain your glasses to the Governor's pet, who will make him, I doubt not, a fine gift of the 'Quidder Merchant.'"

In an instant the room was in a tumult, Captain Ferrers with one bound was at the ruffian's side, and, seizing him by the collar, forced him into his seat, adding a stinging blow to the fellow's ear. Prosser Williams, though inwardly execrating the inconvenient loyalty of his companion, sprang forward to assist his assistant, drawing his sword and putting himself on guard. To their side sprang also Pieter Schuyler, who had looked in for a moment on his way from a card party at Vrow Van Brugh's, whence he had escorted his cousin Polly and her friend home to Madam Van Cortlandt's, where Evelyn was spending the night. His mind was still full of the girl and of the words that she had spoken, and of her aspect, as, hooded and cloaked, she had smiled at him from the open door of the house, and had bade him a pleasant good-night. To be thus brought from her presence into a brawl, the outcome of which seemed doubtful for a moment, was a decided shock, but there was an excitement in it too. The half score of gentlemen present felt that they would have to support Captain Ferrers for appearance's sake, although some of them had reasons which made an open quarrel with Captain Greatbatch exceedingly unpalatable. They were, however, easily outnumbered by the group of seafaring men in the farther corner, some of whom were familiar associates of Greatbatch, and had been involved in many of his desperate enterprises. Others were honest sailors who had no particular connection with him, but the whole twosome or more were prepared to stand by their fellow-tar, so that the affair seemed likely to assume an ugly aspect. Rising to his feet, Captain Greatbatch rushed like a bull in the direction of his late assistant, but the latter, cool and unperturbed, though exceedingly angry at the insinuation which had been made, stood his ground and waited, refusing even to draw his sword in such an unworthy quarrel. Hastily summoned from the kitchen, the innkeeper, a fat Dutchman, peaceable and good-humored to the last degree, threw up his hands and begged his patrons to keep the peace. While so doing he sustained in his substantial person the onrush of Captain Greatbatch, whose unsteady legs made his progress uncertain. Clapping his hands to his stomach and exclaiming that the wind had been knocked out of him, the would-be peace-maker only added to the confusion. The low-browed men drew near, some of them with dirks drawn, others with brawny fists upraised, and with curses on their lips, prepared to vindicate the right of mariners to talk as they pleased. Loud voices, growls of anger, and the howling voice of Greatbatch made a pandemonium unspensable; and a riot of a very serious character seemed imminent when the cool, even tones of Mynheer de Vries, who had mounted upon a stool, was heard above the tumult.

"Worthy men all, I implore you to keep the peace. Here are you menaced with a very grave matter. For we have in the company two of the Gentlemen of His Excellency's Household."

There was a startled pause, during which the tumult of voices momentarily ceased, and even the fiercest of brawlers stood uncertainly. Greatbatch himself, held back by a gigantic tradesman in leather apron, who whispered in his ear and strove to calm him, cast a sullen but doubtful apprehensive glance in the direction of Captain Ferrers. That officer had not moved an inch, but was waiting for his would-be assailant at carelessly. But the smooth voice continued:

"One of these gentlemen has most properly resented a jesting remark of the worthy Captain Greatbatch, who, with others of his profession, has felt somewhat sore concerning the appointment of Captain Kidd to a post of authority."

Greatbatch, scowling and sullen but somewhat subdued since the quality of the adversary was made known to him, turned his blood-shot eyes from his opponent to the speaker, whose remarks he was inclined to resent.

"Now I doubt not," went on Mynheer, "that Captain Greatbatch will cheerfully explain that he was ignorant of these gentlemen's presence, and could have meant no offence to them, and that his misplaced pleasantry was but an idle jest, without intention to reflect upon His Excellency's person or authority."

Greatbatch, though he was not too tipsy to realize the awkward position in which he had placed himself, continued at first to growl that he'd be hanged if he'd offer an apology to yonder sprigling:

"He gave me the lie," he muttered fiercely, and a clout in the ear to him, and gentlemen of a gentlemanly man, it may be a blow for blow."

"I pray you, gentlemen and good people," said Captain Ferrers, laying aside his coat and his sword with it, "to let him come on, if so minded, and settle this matter forthwith. For it is a lesson this surly brute doth well deserve, who has dared to speak thus in my presence of the representative of the King's Majesty."

"God bless him!" cried several officious gentlemen. "Aye and Lord Bellomont, too!"

But Greatbatch, whether deterred by the determined aspect of Captain Ferrers or merely abashed by his dignity and fearing to get himself seriously involved with the highest authorities, suddenly changed his tone and came forward instead to tender his humble apology for the words that he had said, hoping that the gentleman would not hold it against him, nor report unfavorably of him to "His Excellency's worship."

Captain Ferrers thereupon consented to consider the incident closed, and, resuming his coat and sword, took his leave of Mynheer and the other gentlemen, making his acknowledgments to Pieter Schuyler, who had shown himself ready if necessary to take up the quarrel. On the homeward way with his fellow-soldier, who said but little and for more reasons than one was displeased with the occurrence, Captain Ferrers said thoughtfully:

"I fear me that yonder ruffian expressed the popular opinion." At which Prosser Williams, narrowing his eyes, looked at him without reply.

Since this narrative cannot deal in detail with the oft-told story of Captain Kidd and the troubles which his misconduct entailed for Richard, Earl of Bellomont, it may suffice to say that that celebrated sea rover had indeed, as very soon came to be known, turned his attention from the business of privateering, which he found unprofitable and even futile. Since both pirates and smugglers kept out of his way, he determined upon a bold stroke which should establish his fortunes and, if successful, pave the way for other adventures. There is no doubt that he took advantage of the plenary power which had been given him, and seemed to rely upon the countenance and support of His Excellency.

He it was who had seized upon the "Quidder (or Quedah) Merchant," an East India merchantman heavily laden with rich goods, in which many merchants of Boston and New York were interested. He burned his own ship, *Adventure*, which he took advantage of, on boarding the prize, sailed for the pirate mart of Malagascar. There he disposed of the rich cargo for what would be over a million dollars of present currency. On hearing that his piracy was known in England, and that he himself was excepted by name from all clemency shown to other sea robbers, he put his gold, jewels and other ill-gotten goods on board a sloop, and returning to native waters, ran ashore on Gardiner's Island. There, his true character was not known at first, and he was given food and drink, with the hospitality usual at that epoch. Then he began to display his true character. He imposed silence on the proprietors of the place by the most awful threats while on the other hand he bestowed a handsome present of rich stuff on those who assisted in concealing his identity. For there were only too many who were willing to profit by Kidd's exploits, as long as they could do so with secrecy and success. A certain clerk was given to all the wild rumors which Kidd having buried his treasures, Gardiner's Island had the audacity to run into Boston Harbor, and on his arrest, which evidently he did not expect, he represented himself as the victim of a mutiny and addressed a forceful appeal to Lord Bellomont, as one friend might appeal to another.

The Governor, who was greatly disturbed by the reports which had gone about as to which his friends and admirers repudiated with scorn, turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of his whilom commander, and, after correspondence with the Home Government, had him sent in chains to England. Summary justice was there dealt to him, and he was executed. But even that stern measure did not silence the tongue of the malicious, who declared that the pirate was, but a scapegoat, who had ventured too much in capturing the

"Quidder Merchant," and had suffered the penalty for other men's schemes, no less than for his own.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE STORY OF AN OBSTINATE MAN

By George Barton, in Extension Magazine

They say I'm an obstinate man. Maybe I am. It all depends upon the definition of the word. I know that what little success I have had has come about mainly through dogged determination. I have always had the faculty of being able to make a decision quickly, and once it was made, to stick to it unyieldingly and unflinchingly. So while I have been persistent, fixed and inflexible, I cannot be accused of being stubborn, mulish and unreasonably resolved in the assertion of my own opinions.

There—I think I've made clear the difference between pigheaded obstinacy with which I have pursued my purposes. If you can't see it well, that's not my fault. I'm going straight ahead on the line I've marked out. That, as I've said is the chief reason for any little bits of fortune that have come my way.

I didn't have any advantage at the outset. The proverbial silver spoon was not in my mouth at my birth; in fact, there wasn't any spoon at all. The early death of my father made me the principal breadwinner of a large family, with only a grammar school education. But I'm not going into that. Thousands of American boys have had the same experience—and made good.

The first way my money was made was not in my mouth at my birth; in fact, there wasn't any spoon at all. The early death of my father made me the principal breadwinner of a large family, with only a grammar school education. But I'm not going into that. Thousands of American boys have had the same experience—and made good.

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in it without a whimper. But we were both having our eyes opened. When I was single, I didn't think twice hundred dollars a year was any too much for one person. Now I had to divide my four hundred with four, which meant about three hundred and fifty dollars per year apiece.—Fortunately two of the four were not very exacting infants, and that helped some.

One Sunday afternoon Clara came home looking flushed and unhappy. She was reluctant to tell me the reason, but she finally said she had met Watkins, that he was driving a handsome limousine, and when he saw her he drew up to the curb long enough to let her know that he had become connected with a firm of corporation lawyers, and was doing exceptionally well. He inquired about me and sent his best regards. That was all right as far as it went, but that was not all. By dint of much persuasion I induced Clara to tell me all he had said. It was not flattering to me.

"Frank's a good fellow," said Watkins to Clara, "but he'll never be more than a subordinate. He may finally reach sixteen or eighteen hundred dollars, but that will be the limit. He's in a rut and he'll stay there. I know those Government jobs and I think I know your husband."

Honestly, for a while my brain seemed to be going around like a top. I couldn't blame Clara for telling me this, because I had literally forced it from her reluctant lips. And I couldn't blame Watkins much, for there was a whole lot of truth in what he had told the poor girl. But it did seem caddish in him, and my first desire was to hunt him up and give him a thrashing. I didn't. Instead I slept over it and when I awoke the next day I felt that I owed my late rival a vote of thanks. I'm not impulsive. I think I mentioned that before. So I took two days to think it over and to make inquiries. On the morning of the third day I said to Clara at the breakfast table:

"Clara, I'm going to study law."

She looked at me in surprise, and then said hesitatingly:

"Why, what do you know about law?"

"Not a blessed thing," I replied promptly, "but I'm going to know something about it pretty soon. I do know that men who are no more gifted than I am have studied law and made a success of it—Watkins, for instance."

The dear girl's face flushed and she looked at me appealingly.

"Frank," she said, "you've never heard me complain. I'm satisfied to share your lot whatever it may be."

"I'm satisfied to have you share my lot," I flung back, "but I'm not satisfied with the lot as it stands now. All I ask, my dear, is that you will be patient with me for four or five years. If I don't make good in that time, I'll not have another word to say."

She came over and kissed me, and that kiss was all the stimulus I needed. I knew she'd stick by me through thick and thin—and she did. But with all of the little woman's loyalty to me, I knew that she had looked forward to better things. She was really cut out to be the wife of a rich man—and she married me. I took her for better or worse—but I determined that day there would be no "worse" as far as I was concerned. So, at the age of thirty, with a wife and two children dependent on me, I started in on the hazardous business of studying for the law.

I had to do a great deal of mental brushing up before I got a start. First, I obtained a list of the requirements for the preliminary law examination from the secretary of the State Board of Law Examiners. For weeks I struggled with my studies alone, and then to my joy discovered that one of the small colleges in the city was giving, in its night school, a special course which covered the needs of those who were preparing for the preliminary law examination. I enrolled and got along famously.

I found the English requirements of the law board in prospectus. For instance, the applicant must have read the following works, and be able to pass a satisfactory examination upon the subject matter, the style and the structure thereof, and to answer simple questions on the lives of the authors:

Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and "Merchant of Venice."
The Sicilian de Coverley Papers in the "Spectator."
Scott's "Heart of Midlothian."
Thackeray's "Henry Esmond."
First three books of Milton's "Paradise Lost."
Longfellow's "Evangeline."
Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America.

Burke's Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol.
Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.
Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans."
Webster's "Reply to Hayne."
Hawthorne's "Marble Faun."

A course in American and general history was also requested. In Latin I was expected to know the first four books of Caesar's Commentaries, the first six books of Virgil's Aeneid, and the first four orations of Cicero against Catiline. The mathematics included ordinary arithmetic, algebra and geometry. The algebra included quadratics, and the geometry the whole of the subject included in Wentworth's Geometry.

I put in six months on these studies, six of the most strenuous months in my life. It must be remembered that I had the foundations for most of these subjects except Latin and the higher mathematics. I took the examination of the law

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board with my head in a whirl. It seemed to me that I did very well, but I awaited the announcement of the result with my heart in my mouth. After I got the news my heart dropped into my boots.

I had failed!

No one can ever know what the word "failed" meant to me. I write it easily enough now, but at the time I felt as if the universe were in my chest and that I was about to lie there on my back forever. I had the usual number of Job's comforters. Nearly all of my friends assured me that I was foolish to have tried. One dear soul told me that now I had learned my lesson I should settle down to my job and forget all of this legal nonsense.

Clara said nothing.

But the look in her blue eyes and the pressure of her hand were all the encouragement I needed. She didn't propose to advise me. She knew that I would have to fight this particular battle on my own. If I had followed the advice of my friends, the law and I would have parted company then and there forever.

But at this critical stage of my career my obstinacy came to the surface again.

When I was a boy I read a biography of General Grant that impressed me greatly. There was one incident in it that fastened itself upon my memory and has remained there ever since. It told how Grant, as a youth, once went to the circus. It was the old fashioned, one-ring kind of circus, and among the attractions was a trick mule. The ring-master offered a dollar to anyone that could stay on that mule's back for one minute. Various persons tried it and all were promptly sent tumbling into the sawdust. Then the future President of the United States endeavored to earn that dollar.

He watched the other contestants closely and he studied the antics of the mule. Most of them had been upset before they got on the mule's back. He wasn't fooled by that sort of thing. He stood in a certain position as the animal came near him he grabbed it by the mane and lightly vaulted on its back. There was a burst of applause, but the next moment young Grant was hurled against the side of the ring. He was covered with dirt and sweat from head to foot, and his nose was bleeding. But did he quit? Not on your precious life! He tried it a second time, and once again he failed. Six times he failed, and the seventh time he won the dollar.

Grant won by keeping overbalancing. That was the secret of his success, that was how he became the one general with sufficient stamina to win the Civil War. Secretly I took Grant as my model. Twenty-four hours after my failure to pass the preliminary law examination, I buckled down to my studies again. I knew I would have to concentrate upon certain subjects, and I concentrated. A lot of good-natured ridicule was heaped upon me, but I paid no attention to it. I worked harder than ever and took the examination again. When the figures were announced, I got a severe jolt.

I had failed a second time!

This time I experienced a sense of extreme depression. I was so confident I would pass that the announcement of my failure came like a sledge hammer. I had a real case of the "blues," and for twenty-four hours I didn't care whether school kept or not. But at the end of that time I rallied, and before the morning of the second day I was more determined to succeed than ever. I thought of Grant and the mule, and my old sense of obstinacy began to revive. Almost unconsciously I adopted some of the words of the great soldier. I had mapped out my plan of campaign. I would not quit nor change my ambitions.

I determined to fight it out on that line if it took all summer!

So once more I plunged into my studies. Latin had been my weak spot, and I was fortunate enough to get into touch with a young fellow who was making a battle somewhat similar to my own. He had failed twice, too, and his great difficulty was with his mathematics. Now that was a branch in which I was particularly strong, so we agreed to meet three times a week and tutor one another in the other branches. As will be easily understood we complimented one another. I was amazed at his knowledge of Latin, and he could never cease admiring the ease with which I mastered the most difficult mathematical problems. I did not spend many nights at home, but Clara accepted it all with a patience which is beyond praise. She was my inspiration at every stage of the conflict. When I failed, she treated me as a mother might treat a child. She never complained, but on the other hand, she never spoiled me with senseless sympathy. That is the one thing that I cannot tell in mere words the sense of exaltation I felt. It was not merely the fact of passing the examination. It was the knowledge that I had triumphed over what had appeared to be insurmountable difficulties. Clara felt this, too, and there were tears in her eyes when she kissed me and congratulated me on my success.

That was the first stage of the business. After that I was duly registered as a student-at-law in the office of a well-known attorney, and settled down to the study of Blackstone and all of the other legal classics. I am not going into details

of these four fruitful years. But I will say that I worked all day in the postoffice and studied at home at night. Many a night I went to bed with burning eyes and aching head. It was hard, but I knew it was the price that had to be paid for success. Eventually the day came when I took the final examination. I passed without difficulty and that fact is the best proof I can offer regarding my industry during those four years. A few weeks later I was duly admitted to practice at the bar of my native city.

That sounds like the end, but in reality it was only the beginning. The question now was when I should start the practice of the law. My position in the postal service did not pay a princely salary, but it was a certainty. To hang out my shingle as a lawyer was a hazardous undertaking. I talked it over with Clara and she was for my resigning my postal job at once. By selling my shares in a building and loan association, I came into possession of four hundred and fifty dollars. I gave Clara four hundred dollars of this and with the remainder I rented a modest office and prepared to meet clients.

I had made the great plunge. It was like a man learning to swim. I was in the water. Would I sink or swim?

In the beginning I resolved to be very particular about my clients, but I soon discovered that clients are not very particular about themselves. Yet, in my case, they kept away from me as though I had the plague. One, two and then three weeks went by without one of the pestiferous tribe crossing the threshold of my den. It may be true that the profession of the law is crowded, but I know that my office was not. I kept up a bold front. Each morning I went to my office carrying my green bag and pretending to be terribly busy. But, in reality, I was in desperate straits. Another month's rent would soon be due, and I could not, in conscience, touch on the money I had given Clara for household expenses.

Just before the close of the month I managed to make a connection with a building association, and some small legal work I performed brought me in my first fee of twenty-five dollars. The rent was thirty-five dollars, so I was still ten dollars shy of the needed amount. At that crisis I went to my office carrying my green bag and an angel entered in the person of a colored client. This gentleman said he had been unjustly accused of stealing a gold watch and a pair of trousers, and he wanted me to defend him.

I did not want to show any undue anxiety, and yet at the same time I was fearful that he might slip through my hands. My impulses was to shut and lock the door to prevent him from escaping. My fears were groundless. He wanted me more than I wanted him—and that is saying a great deal. He laid two grand five dollar bills on my desk.

"Dat's all I've got boss," he said, "but I'll give it gladly if you'll only defend my honor."

I picked up the money and carefully placed it in my wallet—and agreed to defend his honor. The case came on an hour later in a magistrate's office. The time and the place gave me a great opportunity. I was not handicapped by court rules of any kind. I let all of my pent-up eloquence loose on that poor magistrate. I pictured the mother of the prisoner. "Don't," I pleaded, "don't send this old gray-haired mammy to an early grave! Don't break the heart of his poor wife by branding him as a thief! Don't have his children jeered at by their companions!" It must have been an effective plea, for it brought the tears to the eyes of my client.

He was discharged—no blot was placed on his escutcheon.

As we left the magistrate's office he told me it was the best speech he had ever heard, even if his mother was dead and he had no wife and children.

"But, boss," he said, "you sure did have me shakin' in when you pointed me out to the judge if he thought I looked like a man what would steal a pair of pants."

"Why?" I asked.

"Cause," he ejaculated, hurrying away, "I was wearin' dem pants."

I had bridged the difficulty of the rent only to face many more loan weeks. I picked up a little work with the building association, but it was mighty insignificant when compared with my needs. I felt sorry—not for myself, but for Clara. I could not help thinking of Watkins with his limousine. She had forgone that—for me. I ventured to hint at this on one day and the wonder if my client bear with the privations to which she had been reduced. Her reply was characteristic.

"Frank, keep your shoes shined, your trousers pressed, and your chin up in the air, and you'll win out."

Her cheerfulness was a ray of sunshine to me. At the end of the third month a woman came with a damage suit against the city. She had stumbled in a hole in the street and injured her hip. I thought it was a good case and expended my best energies on its preparation. I asked \$2,000 damages. Four weeks dragged by and the case was not even in sight of court. One morning I received a letter from my client saying that she was sick of the whole business and wished to formally abandon the suit. Nay, more, she positively directed me to discontinue the suit.

That was cheering news for a poor lawyer who thought he had a chance to make a few honest dollars. I sat

there staring at that letter and wondering what I should do when the assistant district attorney was announced.

"Come to see you about the damage suit," he began, without any ceremony. "I've gone over it carefully, and I'm not anxious to go before a jury. If you're willing to settle it out of court, the city will pay you a thousand dollars."

I don't know how I kept from shouting with joy, but I sat there as silent as a javan imago. He mistook my attitude.

"You'd better take it," he pleaded. "If you go before a jury you may not get a cent—you know the uncertainty of juries."

I moistened my lips with the tip of my tongue and said thickly:

"I'll take it."

He shook hands with me and hurried out, saying as he reached the door:

"I think you're reasonable and that you've done the best thing possible for your client's interests."

"Reasonable! If he could only have known how hard I was trying to keep from giving three cheers! I had the pleasant task of persuading a good woman to accept money she never expected to get."

She accepted.

My fee was three hundred dollars which I think was reasonable under the circumstances. After that life took on a more sunny hue.

At the end of the first year I found I had made just nine hundred and twenty dollars. This was four hundred and eighty dollars less than my salary would have been at the post-office, but I felt I was on the road to success. And I was, for the second year my income was one thousand five hundred dollars, and the third two thousand five hundred dollars.

Clara's eyes grew brighter and her cheeks rosier. The nightmare of Watkins and his automobile passed from my mind.

My final struggle, if anything in this life of daily battle may be called final, came when I undertook to fight a big corporation, a gas-making concern in one of the smaller towns. I had heard a great deal about lawyers who had grown rich by acting as the conscience of corporations. I resolved to see if I could not win success by fighting the corporations. I would become the conscience of the people.

This concern had arbitrarily increased the price of gas to the consumer from one dollar to a dollar and a half per thousand feet. It was a gouge game, pure and simple. They were making a profit at the lower rate. The people seemed perfectly helpless. The concern had a monopoly and what they claimed to be an air-tight franchise. I volunteered to take up the people's case without any fee. I sat up night after night studying the statutes regarding corporations. I studied the franchise of this concern, line by line, comma by comma, and finally I found a flaw in it. I went to the attorney on the other side and told him that if his company did not immediately reduce the price of gas to a dollar a thousand, and bind itself never to raise it without the consent of the people, I would start a movement that would throw the whole concern in the legal junk heap. He came to me in twenty-four hours with an offer to compromise in some way.

"What are your terms?" he asked.

I thought of Grant and the mule. I recalled one of the famous sayings of the great soldier, and instantly replied:

"Unconditional surrender!"

He surrendered, and a month later I was nominated for district attorney. But why prolong this narrative? My obstinacy had won. Driving through the park one day with Clara in our new limousine, I noticed a shabbily dressed man on one of the benches.

"He has a familiar look," I said to Clara.

"It's Watkins," she answered simply.

"But," I stammered, "I thought

"Yes," she replied to my unfinished sentence. "He went up like a rocket and came down like a stick. It was superficial success. Yours will last because you were obstinate and have had to fight for it inch by inch."

I looked at her with swimming eyes, for I knew that my real success came to me on the day I won her for my wife.

THE GREAT CENTER OF GRAVITY

The great center of gravity for all the history of the world is Jesus Christ. Around Him all time revolves. The centuries before Him looked forward, the centuries after Him looked backward—for inspiration. The coming of Christ brought new life and a new freedom for His people. This freedom, however, was not to come suddenly; the old order of things was not to be swept away by an over-night cyclone; the new things were to come gradually. To make it a little clearer—our Lord did not come as a revolutionary hero, to overthrow an existing order; He came as a great doctor, with infallible remedies to heal the festering sores and deep-rooted cancers of a poor, sick and almost hopeless humanity. Neither did He force His divine prescriptions upon the world; everybody was free to accept or to refuse them, and the results were accordingly.

Among other things, Christ clearly defined woman's position in relation to God. All men, as well as women,

were created according to God's image and likeness; both are called to enjoy eternal happiness; both are called to serve God, and both have the same means of reaching their destiny; in this respect, then, men and women are equal. This may seem as clear as daylight to us, but there were nations, and there are some even today, who hold that women are inferior to men, even in a religious sense. There is a sect in Japan to day that forbids women to pray! Hundreds of millions of Hindoo women are not allowed to read their sacred books!

As Christians we are co-heirs of Heaven with Christ, and as such all social, national and sex distinctions are done away with. For as many of you have heard the saying, "Naples, Rome-Florence-Lucerne-Paris," so dear to the heart of American and Australian travelers, cannot give the foreigner a whiff of medieval air which he gets on entering the small towns of the peninsula.

It is in the older and less frequented centers one to day gets a glimpse of Italy. The beaten route, "Naples-Rome-Florence-Lucerne-Paris," so dear to the heart of American and Australian travelers, cannot give the foreigner a whiff of medieval air which he gets on entering the small towns of the peninsula.

IN SIENA, BRIDE OF SOLITUDE

Here truly we live in the Middle Ages, the ages which some people call "dark," precisely because—though they would never admit it—they are themselves very much in the dark about them. As you reach Siena from Florence you find on the old city's gates a greeting which the stranger seldom sees in this cold-hearted world of ours:

"Cor magis tibi Sena pandit."

"More than her gates Siena opens her heart to you."

Experience proves the greeting is as sincere as it is cordial. As a summer residence Siena is noted among the people of Rome and Florence; the heat is not great; mosquitos cause little trouble; you get a good, airy bedroom and good meals with excellent wine—all for the lordly sum of a dollar a day. The people are pleasant, courtly and generous-minded; one notices the absence of that grasping spirit which the tourist traffic has engendered in every city in Europe which depends to any extent upon it.

What more can a visitor ask even in old Siena?

In every part of the quaint old town with its arches, its cobbled narrow streets, grey palaces, rich churches, its portraits of Sienese Popes and Cardinals, one finds the spirit of St. Bernardine of Siena and St. Catherine of Siena present. Over all the public buildings and city gates one sees engraved the monogram, I. H. S.—Jesus Salvator Hominum—Jesus, Saviour of Men.

The origin of this is given in Jameson's Monastic Orders.

When preaching St. Bernardino was accustomed to hold in his hand a tablet on which was carved, within a circle of golden rays, the name of Jesus. A certain man who had gained his living by the manufacture of cards and dice, went to him and requested to him that, in consequence of the reformation of manners, gambling was gone out of fashion, and he was reduced to beggary. The saint desired him to exercise his ingenuity in carving tablets of the same kind as that which he held in his hand and to sell them to the people. A peculiar sanctity was soon attached to these memorials; the desire to possess them became general and the man who, by the manufacture of gaming-tools could scarcely keep himself above want, by the fabrication of these tablets realized a fortune.

Hence in the figures of St. Bernardino, he is usually holding one of these tablets, the I. H. S. encircled with rays in his hand.

S. CATHERINE OF SIENA

Going down a steep street we come to a house having inscribed in letters of gold over its doorway:

"Spouse Christ Catherine, domus."

"The House of Catherine, Spouse of Christ."

Here are shown the room occupied by this marvelous woman, the stone that served her for a pillow, her veil, staff, lantern and almsbag, the sackcloth she used to wear beneath her ordinary clothing. Five hundred years have rolled away since Catherine prayed in this room and, as Symonds recalls, the Sienese still say:

"This was the wall on which she leant when Christ appeared; this was the corner where she clothed Him, asked and chivvied like a beggar-boy; here He sustained her with angel's food."

The chapel of St. Dominic is that which is most connected with St. Catherine's life. In it she made the promises of the Third Order of St. Dominic, and in it many of her ecstatic and visions took place, for she never entered a community as a professed nun, but resided in her father's home. How many there are to-day like her, saints unknown to the world.

Here is the fresco depicting the success of Catherine in inducing Taldo, the fierce criminal who had refused to think of repentance in his despair, to die a good death. Let Symonds tell its story:

"Catherine went and waited for him by the scaffold, meditating on the Madonna and Catherine the saint of Alexandria. She laid her arm neck on the block and tried to picture to herself the pains and ecstasies of martyrdom. In her deep thought, time and place became annihilated; she forgot the eager crowd and only prayed for Taldo's soul and for herself. At length he came walking like a gentle lamb, and Catherine received him with the salutation of a brother. She placed his neck upon the block and laid her hands upon him and told him of the Lamb of God. The last words he uttered

were the names of Jesus and Catherine. Then the axe fell and Catherine beheld his soul born by angels into the regions of eternal love."

A FINE LIBRARY

People who plume themselves upon their up-to-dateness and affect to look down upon the Middle Ages will feel surprised at learning that the small town of Siena has its public library containing 50,000 printed works and 5,000 manuscripts which the wealth of Pierpont Morgan could not purchase. She has a picture gallery filled with works so costly that modern cities having fifty times her population possess nothing so fine. And Siena boasts of fourteen churches, more than one of which many an archbishop would consider beautiful enough to serve as his Cathedral.

All these treasures came down from the Middle Ages. Modern Siena contributes but little to them. And so I think myself justified in repeating what I said above about the Middle Ages and those non-Catholics who speak about them as "Dark Ages," viz., if there is anything "dark" in these ages, it is the darkness in which certain would-be enlightened people are groping when they begin to criticize them.—Rome Letter.

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A "DARK AGE CITY" WITH A WONDERFUL HISTORY

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Decline in respect for women was one of the greatest evils resulting from the "Reformation," which had struck at the foundations of the home by lowering the status of women, whom the Catholic Church had rescued from degradation and slavery.

Where respect for the Mother of God was retained, there the sanctity of the marriage tie was respected and woman occupied the position to which the Church had raised her. In contrast to the decline of devotion to Mary in England was the example of Ireland where a passionate devotion to her is a marked characteristic of family life.

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The War will kill bigotry. Not the individual sentiment, but the movement. That personal dislike or disbelieve which one may have for this or that religion, that spirit of adverse though sincere criticism which is the salt of intellectual life, will abide so long as personal preferences and individual initiative remain characteristics of free men. But the jealousies, enmities, bitterness and hate, wholesale inventions of scandal, studied falsehoods, agitated feelings of anxiety, fear and suspicion born of dark thoughts and evil rumors, all played against each other with diabolical cunning,—these the war will quiet; and the social ferment arising from their systematic exploitation will stagnate and die.

To have ideas and to be silent is wisdom. Not to have ideas and to be silent is prudent.

PAIN AND DESPAIR AND HEARTACHE

How numerous, how wonderful, how splendid are the arguments by which human reason should most lucidly be convinced that the religion of Christ is divine, and that every principle of our dogmas has taken its root from the Lord of the heavens on high, said Pope Pius IX.

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BIGOTRY SCOTCHED, NOT KILLED

In the final report of the Commission on Religious Prejudices, established several years ago by the Knights of Columbus, appears a paragraph the reading of which will probably suggest to some persons the old saying, "The wish is father to the thought;" while, on the other hand, not a few will consider the prediction as to after-war conditions thoroughly warranted. The Ave Maria quotes the following paragraph from the K. of C. report:

The War will kill bigotry. Not the individual sentiment, but the movement. That personal dislike or disbelieve which one may have for this or that religion, that spirit of adverse though sincere criticism which is the salt of intellectual life, will abide so long as personal preferences and individual initiative remain characteristics of free men. But the jealousies, enmities, bitterness and hate, wholesale inventions of scandal, studied falsehoods, agitated feelings of anxiety, fear and suspicion born of dark thoughts and evil rumors, all played against each other with diabolical cunning,—these the war will quiet; and the social ferment arising from their systematic exploitation will stagnate and die.

To have ideas and to be silent is wisdom. Not to have ideas and to be silent is prudent.

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London, Saturday, Jan. 19, 1918

CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION

When more than five years ago, even then drawing near to that milestone of life which bears the half-century mark, we severed the manifold ties which unite pastor and people as well as breaking off of many other intimate connections, to take up a new work in a new environment, the keenest realization of the radical change lay in the sense of aloofness between the priest-editor and his people. The feeling that his readers were far off, out of touch, beyond all intimate relationship, was one difficult for a time to overcome.

It is with the fullest realization of that great and growing confidence on the part of its readers in its judgment that THE CATHOLIC RECORD desires to commend to their consideration the far seeing and intelligent work of Catholic charity conducted by the Catholic Church Extension Society. Our readers may or may not have noticed the fact that we have hitherto had little to say about this society. Be that as it may we now commend this work, absolutely without reserve, as the greatest and worthiest Catholic activity in Canada.

The Archbishop of Westminster, now Cardinal Bourne, some years ago made an extended trip through Canada. We had the honor of meeting him on his return from the West. During the course of the conversation the future Cardinal frequently spoke of "Canada" with almost exclusive reference to the Western Provinces. Noticing this we remarked: "Your Grace is referring to conditions in the West?" "Yes the West; the West is Canada." And in this remark His Grace gave expression to a profound truth. To the churchman as well as to the statesman with an outlook into the future, to the man of vision the West is Canada. Another foreigner after a visit to the Canadian West exclaimed with enthusiastic conviction: "Why it is an empire you are building up out there." To the Catholic these are solemn considerations imposing in conscience solemn obligations. Every chapel, every mission station in this new territory which is being so rapidly settled, where a priest may gather together the scattered Catholics at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, where he may dispense to them the mysteries of God and keep the faith a living influence in their lives, every such

chapel or station may become the nucleus of a thriving parish some time in the future and in the not distant future bearing in mind the changed conditions of colonization and development of today as compared with a generation ago. To sustain these and like Catholic activities is the aim, the object and the reason for existence of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada. In the measure that it succeeds will the Catholic Church take root in the future Empire of the West and grow with its growth; in the measure that it fails—and its failure is our failure—the Catholic Church will have lost ground that in a century may not be regained.

Our duty to the West is plain and imperative. It is neither manly nor Catholic for laymen to put this duty on the shoulders of priests; for priests to place it on bishops; and for bishops to pass it on to other bishops. We are all concerned; the opportunities, the privileges, as well as the duties belong to each one of us. If the Catholics of today measure up to their responsibilities and opportunities the future of the Catholic Church in Canada is assured; if they fall then the history of defections and losses on this continent where the Church did not keep pace with the settlement of new territory will repeat itself in the Canadian West.

Such funds as the Catholic Church Extension Society gathers and distributes are provided by our Protestant friends under the title of Home Missions. Sometimes the vast sums thus raised by our Protestant friends are held up, and properly so, for the emboldened Catholics. Permit us to suggest a more personal form of comparison. There is probably not a single reader of THE RECORD who is not on terms of friendly if not intimate intercourse with some Protestant friend or neighbor. Our suggestion is this: find out from your Protestant friend or neighbor how much he contributes to Home Missions; how much is contributed by the church which he attends. We resist the temptation to insert here some personal information of our own. That would spoil the effect. We want each one to obtain for himself or herself this easily ascertainable information; each for himself or herself to draw their own conclusions and inferences, to form their own resolutions.

The Catholic Church Extension Society will have a permanent department in THE CATHOLIC RECORD. There week after week the President of the Society with intimate knowledge and enlightened zeal will gather around him, so to speak, an ever widening circle of readers whose interest will develop into active participation in the good work he has at heart. We invite you most cordially and urgently to read what he has to say; read it, if you will at first as a matter of duty; it will soon become one of the most interesting and inspirational of your good habits.

A QUOTATION FROM GLADSTONE

In our Catholic exchanges we have frequently seen quoted from a speech of Gladstone an eloquent tribute to the predominant, almost exclusive, influence of the Catholic Church in all that pertains to Christian civilization. Curiously enough we have never seen the passage given its proper setting. In the paper now before us it is attributed to Gladstone's writings.

A Jew or an atheist may be Lord Chancellor of England; there is no legal bar to a Mohammedan's rising to that high office. But a relic and reminder of the Penal Laws still debars Catholics from aspiring to this highest goal of ambition in the legal profession. In the interval between his going down to defeat on the Home Rule issue in 1886 and his triumphant return on the same issue in 1892 Gladstone sought to have removed some of the few remaining disabilities under which Catholics still labor. It was well known that his immediate object was to clear the way for the appointment of his friend Sir Charles Russell, then easily the ablest and most outstanding figure at the English Bar, to the Lord Chancellorship of England. The motion, however, to alter the law which excluded Catholics from that office was voted down in Parliament by a substantial majority. In May, 1894, Sir Charles Russell succeeded Lord Bowen as Lord of Appeal, and was raised to the life peerage as Lord Russell of Killowen. A short time afterwards Lord Coleridge died, and Russell

became Lord Chief Justice of England, the first Catholic to reach that office since the Reformation.

Early in 1895 Mr. Gladstone wrote to Lord Chief Justice Russell:

"I have never got over my wrath at the failure of our effort to repeal the unjust and now ridiculous law which kept the highest office in your profession out of your reach. It is, however, some consolation to reflect that you are on a throne only a little less elevated, and very far more secure. From that seat I hope you will for a long time continue to dispense justice in health, prosperity, and renown."

It was in the course of the speech in which he supported the "effort to repeal the unjust and now ridiculous law" that the Grand Old Man fearlessly paid this truthful tribute to the Catholic Church:

"She has marched for fifteen hundred years (since the days of Constantine) at the head of civilization, and has harnessed to her chariot as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world; her art, the art of the world; her genius, the genius of the world; her greatness, glory, grandeur, and majesty, have been almost, though not absolutely all, that in these respects the world has had to boast of. Her children are more numerous than all the children of the sects combined; she is every day enlarging the boundaries of her vast empire, her altars are raised in every clime and her missionaries are to be found wherever there are men to be taught the evangel of immortality, and souls to be saved."

And this wondrous Church, which is as old as Christianity and as universal as mankind, is today, after its twenty centuries of age, as fresh and as vigorous and as fruitful as on the day when the Pentecostal fires were showered upon the earth."

STRUGGLE FOR RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT

Acting upon the report of Lord Durham, referred to in our last issue, the imperial parliament in the year 1841 passed the Act of Union making Upper and Lower Canada one province, thus forming the nucleus of future confederation. The first federal parliament met in the city of Kingston in June of that same year. The Family Compact was opposed to the union fearing lest its privileges might thereby be taken away. Lafontaine, the recognized leader in Quebec, was likewise opposed to it for reasons which he thus sets forth: "It is an act of injustice in as much as it is forced upon us without our consent; in that it robs Lower Canada of the legitimate number of its representatives; and in that it deprives us of the use of our language in the proceedings of the legislature against the faith of treaties and the word of the governor general." Once, however, it became an established fact both concurred in it, the former because their refusal to do so might seem a denial of their protestations of loyalty, the latter because he saw in it the only hope of securing responsible government.

We need not dwell upon the squabbles that took place in the old limestone city during the two years that it was the seat of government. There was, however, one significant incident that is worth noting. Sir Charles Bagot, who succeeded Lord Sydenham as governor, received an enthusiastic welcome from the Loyalists because it was thought by them that he would favor their policy; but when he showed an inclination to select his advisers from those who represented the majority of the people, he was called an imbecile and a slave by the Toronto Patriot. It is sad to reflect that the crude brutality of his critics brought to an early grave the man of whom the historian of that day thus speaks: "When the list of those is written who have upheld the fabric of British colonial government, the name of Bagot shall find an honored place among their number."

Then came that jolly Englishman, Sir Charles Metcalfe, fresh from his successes in Jamaica and India. He set about to put those colonialists in their proper place. "Fancy such a state of things in India," he wrote to a friend, "with a Mohammedan council and a Mohammedan assembly, and you will have some notion of my position." He made no secret of his preference for the Tory party, which naturally was profuse in their manifestations of loyalty to him. "By sheer force of iteration," says the historian, "the Conservatives convinced themselves that they were the one and only section of the people truly loyal to the Crown." On the ground that the contest in which the Draper ministry came into power was a conflict between loyalty and treason the governor openly took part against Baldwin and Lafontaine. We find

these interesting references to that election of three quarters of a century ago: "The Tories stuck at nothing to carry the elections in Upper Canada. To their affronted loyalty the end justified the means. British loyalty, the old flag and imperial connection were put to their customary illogical use and did duty for better arguments against responsible government. Even the Mohawk Indians of the Bay of Quinte were pressed into political service." The victory though was of short duration. Metcalfe feeling that his policy had failed resigned and was rewarded for his perhaps well-meant but misguided efforts by being made a peer of the realm.

With so many breakers ahead there was need at the helm of a man of more than ordinary prudence and ability. Happily one was found in the person of Lord Elgin. This pen picture of him by the late Sir John Bourinot will be of interest: "He possessed in a remarkable degree those qualities of mind and heart which enabled him to cope most successfully with the racial and political difficulties which met him at the outset of his administration, during a very critical period in Canadian history. Animated by the loftiest motives, imbued with a deep sense of the responsibilities of his office, never yielding to dictates of passion but always determined to be patient and calm at moments of violent public excitement, conscious of the advantages of compromise and conciliation in a country peopled like Canada, entering fully into the aspirations of a young people for self-government, ready to concede to French Canadians their full share in the public councils, anxious to build up a Canadian nation without reference to creed or race—this distinguished nobleman must be always placed by a Canadian historian in the very front rank of the great administrators happily chosen from time to time by the imperial state for the government of her dominions beyond the sea."

The test of strength came about through the introduction by the Baldwin-Lafontaine ministry of the Rebellion Losses Bill, providing for compensation to those in Lower Canada who had suffered loss of property in the uprising of '37. The Draper ministry had some time before passed a bill indemnifying those who had suffered loss in Upper Canada. It was a simple matter of justice to treat both provinces alike; but the opposition, led by Sir Allan McNab, objected on the ground that "aliens and rebels" should not be rewarded. "The issue," says Bourinot, "was not one of public principle or of devotion to the Crown; it was simply a question of obtaining a party victory per fas aut nefas." The bill passed and was presented to Lord Elgin for his signature. A weaker man would have hesitated to give his royal consent in the face of such bitter opposition, but he followed the line of duty heedless of consequences. What followed we need not dwell upon. The once popular governor was hooted, jeered at, and even pelted with unsavory missiles by the multitude. The parliament buildings were burned to the ground. A petition was signed, headed by the Molsons and Redpaths of Montreal, looking to annexation with the United States. But the storm soon spent itself. At the first session held in the following year, 1850, in Toronto, Lord Elgin was again welcomed with public acclaim. Notwithstanding that the Globe, hitherto a supporter of the government, began its anti-Catholic crusade and that Papeau leading a bunch of extremists, the Parti Rouge, in Quebec voted with the opposition; yet the ministry had the record of not having the royal consent refused to a single one of the bills that were passed. By the way, one of these bills granted to the Catholics of Upper Canada their separate schools. The work of Baldwin and Lafontaine was accomplished. Representative government became an acknowledged fact in Canada.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WE HAVE NOT seen in the Canadian papers any reference to a rather startling discovery made in Rome a short time ago which is held to give grounds for believing that the Kaiser has had higher ambitions in the way of world power than even he has been given credit for. Some years ago the German Government obtained by purchase the freehold of the Palazzo Ciferelli which was occupied by the German Ambassador as an Embassy. This palace adjoins the Capitol, and

occupies one of the most commanding positions on the famous hill. Since the entry of Italy into the War and the consequent departure of the German Ambassador from Rome, the Palazzo Ciferelli has remained closed. Recent investigations have, however, resulted in the discovery referred to.

IT SEEMS that not only did the Ambassador leave behind him in care of trusted custodians a considerable body of secret archives, but also a remarkable piece of furniture in the shape of an imperial throne, magnificently carved in wood. This has given rise to the not unreasonable supposition that it was the Kaiser's intention after completing the conquest of the World to enter Rome and be crowned a new Imperial Caesar on the Capitoline Hill, in which event he would no doubt also have aspired to receive the diadem from the hands of the Pope himself. Why, indeed, he probably reasoned with himself, should he, as world ruler, accept honors inferior to those assumed by a mere conqueror of Europe even though he were the mighty Napoleon?

THIS DISCOVERY has, we are told by Roman correspondents, given rise to a movement to regain the freehold of the Palace for Italy by applying the "Zona Monumentale" Law, passed in 1887 ostensibly for the preservation of what remains of the ancient city, but too often used by an infidel government for the destruction of beautiful old churches and convents which proclaimed so eloquently the glories of Christian Rome. By this Law the Palazzo Ciferelli and all its contents could be seized and razed to the ground or otherwise dealt with. The Palazzo Venezia, an old Papal property, and latterly the seat of the Austrian Embassy, was seized by the Italian Government at the outbreak of the War. Why, Romans have been asking themselves, should the German Embassy be differently dealt with?

SO GREAT has been the demand on the part of the soldiers of France for the little badges of the Sacred Heart with which Catholics everywhere are familiar, that, it is announced, it has been found very difficult to keep them supplied. These badges are being worn during the War on a background of the national colors. Testimony to the multiplied help and protection, and to the faith and zeal which the wearing of this insignia has incited abroad in letters from the soldiers themselves and from those of authorized press correspondents. And the wearing in itself is a very effective testimony to the revival of faith amongst the rank and file of the French people of which this great crisis has been the occasion.

THIS OUTWARD evidence of religious rejuvenation has been instrumental also in drawing together groups of officers and soldiers devoted to the Sacred Heart who have pledged themselves:

1. Never to use irreverently the name of God, or of His Son, Jesus Christ.
 2. To recite the Act of Contrition daily.
 3. To always wear the badge of the Sacred Heart.
 4. To foster devotion to the Sacred Heart.
 5. To receive Holy Communion on the first Friday of each month.
- It is indeed, the League in active operation, and as France is the birthplace of the devotion in modern times, and her sons and daughters most active in its propagation, it is fitting that the French armies should lead the way in wearing the badge as the symbol of fidelity at once to God and to Country.

To a Catholic soldier Brigadier-General Carton de Wiart, it has fallen to make what is perhaps a record in the matter of wounds. A few weeks ago his name appeared in the "Roll of Honor" as being again wounded. This is the ninth time this eventuality has befallen him—six times in the present War, twice in South Africa, and once in Somaliland. In the latter, where he won the D. S. O., he lost an eye. At Ypres he lost his left hand. In September, 1916, he won the Victoria Cross. This gallant soldier though fighting under the Union Jack, is a Belgian, being a near relative of the Belgian Minister, and of Mgr. Carton de Wiart, a prominent priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster. Those who try to persuade themselves that Catholics are necessarily half-hearted

in the War had better apply to the Brigadier.

AN INCIDENT worth noting by those possessed of crude ideas as to Catholics and the War is that Cardinal Mercier has lodged with the Papal authorities a solemn protest against a contravention of ecclesiastical laws by certain of the German Bishops. It seems that Cardinal von Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, and other prelates who have visited Belgium, have officiated in its churches without the formality of asking the permission of the diocesan, and altogether ignoring the Cardinal Primate. The Cardinal has given the dates and places of these infringements of ecclesiastical laws. The incident but accentuates anew the Pope's office as *Securus judicis orbis terrarum*. And it should be sufficient testimony to the world at large that the imputation of pro-Germanism against the Church is nothing more than the veriest calumny.

A PARAGRAPH that recently went the rounds of the Catholic papers is very significant. It was to the effect that in the "Carnegie Library" of a Western city, there are twice as many books as there are people in the city, but that in the library catalogue there are less than twenty books classified under the head "Religion." Two of these, it is stated, are on Mormonism—one for and one against, "several others" are works of Swedenborg, and among the remainder are all the works of Mrs. Eddy. If this is correct, there must be something seriously wrong with the Catholic community of the city in question. Charity perhaps dates that its name should be withheld from the public. It should, however, be communicated to the Catholic Truth Society or the Knights of Columbus.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

COMING YEAR HARDEST OF THE WAR

London, Jan. 11.—Winston Spencer Churchill, British minister of munitions, in addressing the American Luncheon Club to-day said: "We must put away from our minds all clouds of illusion. The task still is unfinished and victory is not won. It may well be that the fiercest shock has yet to be sustained and world conclusions of Armageddon have yet to be endured."

It is a grim fact which had better be plainly realized, for we are not afraid of facts and must face the truth unflinchingly, because by that means alone shall we succeed, that there is between the most moderate and disinterested statements of sober-minded opinion in Great Britain and America, on the one hand, and the present hopes and ambitions of the Prussian military authority and the ruling classes in Prussia, on the other hand, a veritable abyss, which no bridge can span at the present time. The military party in Berlin still is in complete control of the whole resources not only of Germany, but of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey. They have not yet abandoned hope of a decisive military victory.

It is their hope and intention to vindicate by force of arms, or to use their characteristic expression, 'by blood and iron,' the action which Germany has taken during the war and before the war, and which they believe themselves capable of making good in the teeth of hated England, the scarcely less hated America. If their violation of Belgium was a regrettable military necessity then the sufferings of her people are a well deserved chastisement for their contumacy, they salute the pronouncement of the allied peace terms by the sinking of a hospital ship in defiance of the clearest conventions.

England must melt all her resources, he continued into war work. Women must draw nearer to the firing lines and do more manual labor to relieve workmen or the ranks of the army. Rations, he said, must be cut down. "The only way to shorten the sufferings and torment," the minister asserted, "is to increase the pace." Although he had no doubt of victory Mr. Churchill declared the coming year would be the hardest of the war.

15,000 SOLDIER CONVERTS

WAR HAS CAUSED MANY ENGLISH PEOPLE TO ENTER CHURCH

According to the official records for last year 10,000 people in England who had been reared in other religions, turned to the Catholic Church, says The Catholic Convert of New York. This was an increase of some two thousand over the average of other years, yet it told only part of the story. The figures were for those who went down in the baptismal records of English churches and convents.

They took no account of that prolific source of conversions just now—the western battle front. Contrary to what has been supposed over here, careful statistics are kept of the sol-

ders received into the Church. Chaplains are required to send in the data and from their reports it appears that 15,000 converts have been made in the trenches since the beginning of the war.

The stimulus given to conversions to Catholicism is a natural part of the general religious revival in England, resulting from the war. In returning to the practise of religion, the great majority of English Protestants have been satisfied to remain with their own churches.

But a substantial minority—enough to swell the normal total considerably—have not stopped until they came into the Catholic Church. Soldier boys, shot in battle, have made their submission in the hour of death, and many instances are recorded where their act has influenced their entire families at home to become Catholics.

A CHAPLAIN'S EXHORTATION

"Now, lads, throw a kiss to the girl at home and we will open the ball. God bless you."

With these words ringing in their ears the Irish Guards went into a memorable action recently.

The words closed a stirring exhortation from their Chaplain, Father Brown, who was injured a few days later, and was decorated with the military cross for his devotion to duty. "Remember, boys," said the chaplain, "you are going over today ground won by Irishmen last Friday. That ground is saturated and sanctified with the blood of your fellow-countrymen."

"Those poor lads who lie out there heard one, as well as you, the whistling wind over an Irish bog, the song of the lark over an Irish meadow, the wild song of the sea breaking on the Irish coast, and the happy laugh of an Irish colleen at the moonlit cross-roads dance."

For thus thank God, it has ever been, From Cork to Galway's shore, The lads that loved old Erin's dance Loved Erin's honor more.

As they lie out there they hear those sounds again. In a few minutes they will hear a sound that will ring from this battlefield to the court of the God of Battle.

"In less than ten minutes most of you boys will have joined them in heaven. You will stand before the Man of Sorrows, the Captain of us all."

Say to him, boys, 'Captain, we are not worthy, but through blood we come to You,' and have no fear. 'Mary's Son won't be too hard on a man that dies for men.' Then the chaplain closed with the Benediction and the boys "went over" to gain renown in the "ball of battle."

FAMILY OF FIFTEEN

RECORD GIVES THE LIE TO DEGENERATE ADVOCATES OF RACE SUICIDE

While thousands of his fellow-countrymen are winning war medals, another Frenchman has won a distinction of another kind, one that is well-nigh unique. He is Francois Gannax of Salanches, in Savoy, and he has just received one-half of a prize awarded by the Institute of France because he is the father of a family of fifteen children, every one of whom is living and the oldest of whom is still under eighteen, having been born in March, 1899. The other half of the prize was awarded to Firmin Verjat of Buffieres, in the Department of Haut-Savoie, France, who has a family of sixteen children, all alive. This, at first sight, would seem to be more remarkable than the record of Gannax, but the latter's fellow-villagers, who are inordinately proud of him, point out that the sixteen children of his rival range in age from thirty-four to eight, whereas Gannax's oldest is a few months over seventeen, and his youngest only fifteen months old. Not only do they consider this aspect of the case more wonderful than the record of the chief of the Verjat family, but they call attention to the fact that it is quite likely that, within the next few years, there will be more little Gannaxes than there are Verjats.

Henri Bordeaux, the well-known French novelist, now an officer in the French Army, was on furlough a few months back when he heard of Gannax and his remarkable brood, and decided to pay the Savoyard a visit in his little village, which is not far from snow-covered Mont Blanc. He describes his experiences in an article entitled "The House of a Fifteen Children," published in a recent issue of L'Illustration of Paris.

Gannax lined up his wife and their fifteen children before his house, which looks just like a Swiss chalet, and eyed them with paternal pride while the novelist inspected the troop. He also showed pride when he brought out the documents from the Institute telling him that he had been awarded one-half of the Etienne Lamy Prize. This prize, by the way, is no empty honor. In addition to the distinction involved, it bears with it a cash donation of 10,000 francs (\$2,000)—no insignificant item for the father of a family of fifteen, all of whom, as Mme. Gannax feelingly informed Henri Bordeaux, had excellent appetites.

"Why we have to get three thousand kilograms of bread alone in a year," she said. "It is quite a baker's bill, I assure you!" Gannax and his wife were married on April 12, 1898. Both of them

were twenty-five years old at that time. It was not long before he found that his three-story chalet was too small for his growing family. So he set about putting on a fourth story. In addition to providing space for the numerous brood it also accommodates boarders for Gannaz soon found that he must raise money for the upbringing of his big family.

Here are the names of the fifteen children of Gannaz and his wife—together with their dates of birth:
Pierre Alexandre—March 5, 1899.
Clovis Alfred—June 9, 1900.
Alcide Leonard—Oct. 4, 1901.
Lucien Hubert—Nov. 1, 1902.
Fernand Auguste—Jan. 19, 1904.
Louis Zacharie—Feb. 12, 1905.
Lucie Caroline—June 8, 1906.
Léonie Olympe—June 28, 1907.
Marie Josephine—June 30, 1908.
Alice Dorothée—Aug. 6, 1909.
Francois Marcel—Nov. 3, 1910.
Marie Louise—Dec. 8, 1911.
Jean Xavier—Feb. 16, 1913.
Gabriel André—Nov. 5, 1914.
Jean Baptiste—Aug. 10, 1916.

Every one of them, M. Bordeaux learned, had been born healthy, and had continued to enjoy the enjoyment of good health. The parents are doing their best to keep the whole family together as long as possible. Gannaz proudly informed M. Bordeaux that he provided all the children with a good home, despite the sacrifices which this made necessary.

None of them has to go wandering about away from home," he declared. In spite of the worries incident to raising such a sizable family on the meagre resources of a humble agriculturist Gannaz is robust and happy, and never loses a wink of sleep. But his wife is not quite so philosophical about it.

"I sometimes wake up along about 2 o'clock in the morning," she confided to M. Bordeaux, "and I am so worried, I get thinking of the number of plates that are needed for the children at school, of the number of pairs of wooden shoes. And with the prices of everything going up, too! But I console myself by remembering that every one of the children is in good health."

Before M. Bordeaux left the Gannaz household the father told him that the family had added to its evening prayer an extra paternoster—the Gannazes are Catholics—for "Monsieur Lamy of Paris," donor of the prize, including the welcome sum of 10,000 francs, which went to Gannaz.

BARBUSSE UNDER FIRE

THE FRENCH AUTHOR'S VIEW OF THE WAR IS REJECTED TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES:

The criticism in to-day's Times of Barbusse's "Le Feu" (Under Fire) seems to me to be very just. The book is a dangerous amalgam of literary power and insidious propaganda. I doubt if literature has yet produced a more vivid picture of the hellishness of modern warfare; the descriptions of the flooded battlefield after the shelling of the fatigue party of the charge across No Man's Land, of the field hospital, of the mud and filth and death in a thousand ghastly forms cause the reader to turn irresistibly to the descriptions of hell in Dante and Milton. It was the author's evident aim to strip of war's rappings and reveal the skull and bones beneath, and this he has done powerfully.

Nevertheless I cannot but believe that his effort is largely wasted. Does he think because a few wretches are turning blood into money and a few pinheaded society women refer to the awful charge over the top as beautiful that the world does not know that the war is worse than hell? How much of gold and glittering trappings still remain? How much do we see now even of the shining Ulaans who figured so prominently in Germany's first terrific rush across Belgium? Barbusse has not enlightened us as to the grimness of war; bleeding France and England know it, and the glory of American preparation is that, knowing it too, we still push on.

The most dangerous of the lies concealed beneath Barbusse's wonderful descriptions is the insidious perpetuation of the false idea that in a democracy the army is but a mass of slaves dying horribly that the name of some nobleman may be greater or the coffers of some rich man fuller. His allusions to the misery of the common soldier suggest that the army of democracy is composed of the poor and downtrodden, the masses sacrificed to the money and fame lust of the classes, who, at most, only pretend to serve and sacrifice in the safety of some sinecure behind the lines. But in the army of democracy there is no such thing as the "common soldier." In the great War, as perhaps in no other, the "common soldier" has been conspicuously uncommon; it is only an autocracy that sends forth slaves to die for its ambitious schemes. Has there been no mourning in the houses of the rich and noble in England and France, and do service flags hang only in the windows of the poor in America? As applied to America—and Barbusse had written of all armies—his exploded proposition that the army is made up only of the poor, who are dying to enrich the rich, is false and insulting, for by the inevitable operation of the exemption clauses of the draft law, which will send to France those who leave no dependents and

who are not needed in war industries, it is probable that the percentage of the sons of the rich in our national army will be higher than that of the sons of the poor. And these rich men's sons will go over the top, often enough under the leadership of those whom they gave employment to in times of peace. Barbusse does not see, apparently, that the army is a great democratizer.

The distinction between a democracy fighting for equality and peace and an autocracy floating its wicked ambitions on a sea of innocent blood does not appear to M. Barbusse. It might, however, have been brought sharply to his attention had he attempted to publish "Le Feu" on the other side of the Rhine. He should reflect that the Government which permits the free enjoyment of big profits made in literary profiteering differs radically from one which would have unscrupulously suppressed his book and imprisoned its author, as it did, in fact, the author of a hypothetical description of the horrors of war, written in times of peace, ("Das Menschenschlachthaus.")

It is really unfortunate that M. Barbusse did not elect to employ his genuine literary power for art's sake and not as a disguise for a pacifism which, in the times of insurrection to the heroic fighters against war and comforting to the skulking supporters of a false peace. Had he done so, his book would have been less of a goodly apple rotten at the core." H. A. WATT, New York University, Dec. 28, 1917.

THE MEDDLESOME UPLIFTER

From the fearful fuss the "uplifters" are making over the fact that England persists, in spite of their protests, in brewing and drinking beer, some people may be led to believe that a great proportion of our grain exports to the Mother Country were designed for the malsters and not the bakers. There is even an implied threat in some of the uplift journals that grain should be withheld from Britain until Lloyd George complies with their request and cuts off the manufacture of beer. Now beer, as it so happens, is not made from wheat, as might be gathered from the utterances of these editorial writers but from barley, which in this country is quite an immaterial product so far as export goes, as "blue book" statistics go to prove. The total export of barley from Canada for the year 1915 amounted to 5,500,000 bushels of a value of \$3,260,000, whereas the average for a five-year period was even less than that amount. As for the hops, the other chief ingredient of beer, we exported in 1915 just \$35,000 worth. Presuming that the entire export of Canadian barley and hops went to Britain, which is not by any means the case, its effect on Britain's beer supply would be negligible. It would seem to be a case of much cry but little wool, as the devil said when he sheared the hogs.

There is a meddlesome presumption in the attitude of these "uplifters" that is deeply resented by the average citizen. Who knows best how to run England's affairs, these "uplifters" or David Lloyd George? Do they imagine for a moment that the British Premier and his advisors have not deeply considered this beer question? Do they or Lloyd George know best how to get the most work out of the British laboring man? The British workman will not, in the first place, be led around by the nose by every crank with a fad, and, moreover, he considers beer as much a part of his meal as he does his bread and cheese, as have his fathers before him for hundreds of years. Do these people, who see red every time beer is mentioned, realize that the British workman has made it plainly evident on many occasions that interference with his national drink would merely precipitate a general strike, and thus tie up war industries to a point that might be fatal to the country and the cause.

Of course you deeply sympathize with those who would take from the shelves in the North Sea and the men in the front line trenches their rum rations and their cigarettes as well as the beer from the British workmen, but it would perhaps be just as well to keep on running the war from London in place of from some newspaper offices in Hamilton and Toronto.—Saturday Night.

FRANCE HONORS CARDINAL MERCIER

The Institut de France has awarded Cardinal Mercier its most coveted recompense, the prize founded by M. Audiffred for devotion to one's fellow-creatures. In announcing it at the public sitting of the Academy of Moral and Political Science, M. Felix Rocquain declared: "We honor one of the most admirable characters our time has produced. We also pay homage in his person to a nation that suffered much, and is continuing to suffer." And the President of the Academy, in his speech, said, among other things, alluding to the Primate of Belgium: "Amongst the heroes not fighting with arms in their hands, the first who commands our respect is Cardinal Mercier. That prelate, who had already in his ecclesiastical career given proof of signal independence and courage, and had won the name of 'Great Abbe' before being the 'Great Bishop,' has been the courage-

ous voice and solemn protestation of martyred Belgium against insulting barbarism."

BEAUTIFUL PADUA CHURCH IS DAMAGED BY AIRPLANE BOMB

Padua, Italy, Dec. 30.—The ancient monumental Carmine Church of Padua, containing frescoes by Titian and Campagnola, was the center of a vast conflagration last night which lighted up the skies for miles around. The fire started from incendiary bombs dropped by enemy airplanes in another raid which scattered widespread destruction and death.

The dome of the massive church burned throughout the night making a majestic spectacle, but the solidity of the ancient walls, dating from 1250 and the copper roof saved the main structure and paintings from destruction. The bomb hit the outer edge of the dome, which was soon a fiery furnace rising 160 feet in the center of the city.

One building was pierced from top to bottom and torn to pieces by a bomb which buried four persons, three of whom were children. The Church of San Valentino and the ancient palace were hit and partly wrecked. Other buildings also were struck.

While destruction of property was great, reports indicate the loss of life was not as severe as on Friday night.

The correspondent to-day visited the Carmine church, where Mass was proceeding in the baptistry. The famous frescoes were intact. The altar was covered with wreckage, but the walls and roof had not been damaged greatly. A number of hangings and tapestries were burned by red hot metal from the roof. The tall campanile was saved and the bells were ringing to-day. A monument to Petrarch in an adjoining square was scorched and surrounded by debris from collapsed houses.

The frescoes saved were the meeting of Joachim and Anna by Titian, and the Birth of Christ and the Adoration of the Magi by Campagnola. "The Carmine church was erected to commemorate the end of the brutal tyranny of one of the Hohenstaufen chiefs who raided northern Italy 700 years ago.

THEY OBEY GOD'S LAW REV. ROBT. KEGAN SAYS SCALE OF HAPPINESS RUNS TOWARD END WHICH BOASTS LARGER SUPPER TABLE

The following article from a New York paper illustrates a perennial truth: "The man who is happy is the man who obeys God's law." Presuming that the entire export of Canadian barley and hops went to Britain, which is not by any means the case, its effect on Britain's beer supply would be negligible. It would seem to be a case of much cry but little wool, as the devil said when he sheared the hogs.

There is a meddlesome presumption in the attitude of these "uplifters" that is deeply resented by the average citizen. Who knows best how to run England's affairs, these "uplifters" or David Lloyd George? Do they imagine for a moment that the British Premier and his advisors have not deeply considered this beer question? Do they or Lloyd George know best how to get the most work out of the British laboring man? The British workman will not, in the first place, be led around by the nose by every crank with a fad, and, moreover, he considers beer as much a part of his meal as he does his bread and cheese, as have his fathers before him for hundreds of years. Do these people, who see red every time beer is mentioned, realize that the British workman has made it plainly evident on many occasions that interference with his national drink would merely precipitate a general strike, and thus tie up war industries to a point that might be fatal to the country and the cause.

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CARING FOR THEIR WANTS

"We have over 7,000 communicants in the parish," says Father Keegan proudly. "Most of the families are large and many are poor in the world's goods. On our west side, of course, it is not so crowded, but I have observed that if you were to strike a sliding scale of happiness it would run toward that end which boasts the larger supper table.

By the same token, of course, the priest went on, "the larger supper table in many cases has the least on it. But what matters that? They live and are happy. They thrive, too. Nobody starves in St. Stephen's. We all get along. "Why," he said, smiling, "we can't begin to even half supply the demand made upon us by graduates from our parish school. There's more jobs than boys and girls, plentiful as they are. Most of them, anyway, don't want jobs when they get their diploma here. They want more education. They want to go still higher. That is the way of the poor, God bless them. They yearn to get some place up there. Climbing, climbing, climbing. Ever upward and on.

"And it is the very climbing of it, the struggle, which makes them worth while and capable when they get there. If we make their hearts and their souls as fit as their bodies and their minds our duty is well done. There will then be no race suicide for our lads and lassies when they reach the higher levels.

FOLLOW T. E.'S ADVICE

"That is the hope and purpose of the Church. We baptize the little ones, we teach them in school, we marry them, and when they die we sing the last requiem for their souls. If they heed the Church all will be well. There will be no danger that Col. Roosevelt's fear of a decadent America will be realized. Go forth and multiply the earth. That is a foundation stone of the faith. Here at St. Stephen's we try to keep this foundation firm and secure. We obey."

Father Keegan outlined the various agencies of the parish which care for the interest of the people outside of the strictly spiritual services of the Church.

There are two settlement houses, with two visitors at each. St. Stephen's Athletic Club, the Boys' Club, two troops of Boy Scouts, the fire and drum corps, the dramatic club, the Day Nurse with a daily population of 125, St. Stephen's Inn for working girls, where board and room costs only \$3, are among other of the instrumentalities created by the Church to protect and aid its own.

MUST NOT COMPROMISE

"As the Church believes in children," said Father Keegan, "so also she believes in caring for them when they do come. They are not born to neglect so far as the Church is concerned. Her wing encompasses and shields them all through life, from the cradle to the grave.

Father Keegan has little patience with the pernicious doctrine that the size of the family should be regulated by the earning power of the heads of it.

"Any compromise with the laws of God is a sin," he said. "It is the business and duty of parents to take what God gives to them and to trust Him for the rest. The Church is God's agency to see that all will be well."

The St. Vincent de Paul's Society of the parish last year expended \$5,100 in caring for the needy of the parish. "Let them come," said Father Keegan, the light of faith shining in his eyes, "God will take care of them. You can say," he added, "that St. Stephen's is the happy family, composed of hundreds of smaller happy families, and the more we have in all the families and in the big church family the happier we all are, for Bishop Hayes down to the tiniest tot that is just toddling out into the world.

"Col. Roosevelt is doing a great work. It is a work that the Church is always doing. More power to him."

THE JESUITS

The Rev. Eugene Rodman Shippen, pastor of the First Unitarian Church, Detroit, Mich., recently said:

"The common attitude of Protestants towards Jesuits is scandalous. It represents bitterness, bigotry and ignorance. Professor Rockwell, of Union Theological Seminary, admits that no really good history of the Society of Jesus has been written by an English speaking Protestant, the controversial spirit triumphing over the judicial or scholarly temper. "It is not true that Jesuits teach that the end justifies the means. It is not true that the society is a vast political machine. Jesuitism represents simply the conservative missionary propaganda, the ruling principle of which is the faith delivered to the fathers and carried on by devotees trained in obedience to the authority of superiors."

OUR NEW ARMY AND BELGIUM

The young Canadians now being drafted into the Canadian army are apparently entering upon the new career in high spirits. They will be further heartened for their new work if they consider the great cause for which they are to fight. Let them remember that they are going out in defence of democracy and civilization. They are going to fight for the oppressed men, women and children of Belgium, Northern France, Serbia, Rumania and Poland. They are going out to free the world from militarism in order that it may be safe for women and children—a place in which all peoples may dwell together in unity.

Inspiration is to be got from reading two letters written for The London Times by an escaped Belgium civilian. According to this witness, three years of moral and physical torture have brought a whole people to a condition of mind in which they hate and loathe the enemy. The brutal foe is no respecter of persons. Patriots are shot every day as a result of work done by the Kaiser's spies. Men, women and children are constantly being put to death. The number of sentences inflicted in a single year has mounted to 100,000. The victims belong to all classes, from senators and burgomasters downwards. In spite of the brutal oppressor, thousands of Belgian men and a great number of Belgian women are always engaged in secret efforts on behalf of the Allied cause. For every man or woman who is

arrested or shot two take his or her place. The Belgians have lost nothing of their splendid confidence in ultimate victory. The final triumph of the Allies is not even questioned. On this point The Times' correspondent says:

"It seems at first incredible that the morale should be more satisfactory among oppressed people who have everything to gain by submitting themselves to their masters than among free people who have everything to lose by directly or indirectly encouraging the common enemy. It took me some time to understand that the proximity of the oppressor and the danger of thwarting his efforts, instead of fostering doubts and provoking disloyalty, were the best cure for war-weariness. It may seem paradoxical, but human nature is never so strong as when one would expect it to collapse under the strain."

The Belgians resent the exploitation of their troubles as an argument for an early and premature peace. Owing partly to the sinking of relief ships by enemy submarines, they suffer greatly from hunger. They endure terrible hardships because of the cold, coal costing \$50 a ton, boots \$20 and \$30 a pair, and clothing accordingly. They are losing weight at a fearful rate. Their mortality has trebled during the past twelve months. It looks as if a whole race was rapidly perishing before one's eyes. These people are building on the hope "that the Allies will come in time." They do not give up. They do not counsel surrender. They resent all suggestions of submission to their German masters. The heroism of this little country is superb. It should prove a powerful tonic to the young Canadians now putting on their uniforms for overseas service.—The Toronto Daily News, Jan. 7.

THE BRITISH IN JERUSALEM

The taking of Jerusalem by the British marks a new epoch in the history of the holiest shrine of two great religions. It is also a dramatic illustration of the continuity of history. The task that baffled Richard Coeur de Lion in the twelfth century has been accomplished by Gen. Allenby in the twentieth.

The march of the British regiments in the streets of Jerusalem awakens echoes of more than a score of other armies that have fought, bled, conquered or been defeated and have vanished in the shadows of centuries long past. Here the host of Israel, under the poet-king, David, fought the Jebusites for possession of the city. Here Solomon gave expression and permanency to a great religious philosophy by building a splendid temple to the worship of Jahweh, the One God. That was night upon a thousand years before the Christian era.

Here Nebuchadnezzar wielded dominion over Israel for a space by the power of sword and scourge. Here Persian, Greek and Syrian in succession held sway over Zion. Here was enacted, more than a century and a half before the great fact of Bethlehem, the epic of the Jewish race, when Judas Maccabeus brought an end to the Abolitionist's abomination of desolation, and restored the worship of the One God.

Here, at last, when the dominating event of our civilization was on the eve of its fulfillment, the tramp of Roman legions brought peace—a Roman peace, based upon Roman laws and Roman traditions. Here, after the Roman State had crumbled and the Persian Khosru had had his brief day, a new religion ousted both the Christian and the Jewish and established its own holy place in the mosque of Omar.

The Mohammedan tenure plunged the world into the feverish turmoil of the Crusades. Here Godfrey de Bouillon, with an army from France, fought and conquered. The cross rose over the Seljuk crescent on the dom of Omar. Constantine's Church of the Holy Sepulchre became the heart and the passion of Christendom—and the Jews suffered bitterly under the Christian scourge, as they had suffered under the scourge of the Seljuk Turks.

Here, after varying fortunes in the struggle between the cross and the crescent, after the Baudouins of France and de Lusignan and Saladin, and the Emperor Frederick II, came the long night of Turkish rule, which has been dispelled by the fires of British guns.

England now holds the holy place of three religions—for the Mohammedans still regard Jerusalem, the city of Solomon (Solomon) and of Issa ben Monna (Jesus, son of Moses, as one of the great shrines of their faith.

By the taking of Jerusalem the British make powerful appeal to the believers of the three great religions of the world. They make appeal to more than 200,000,000 of Mohammedans under British sway. They raise the hopes of the entire Jewish race, small in numbers but mighty in power. And they kindle the imagination of the Christian world—Roman Catholics and Protestants, eastern Orthodox and Gregorians, Uniates and Copts and Anglicans, alike.

For Jerusalem is the holy city of the civilized world, and the march of British regiments in its storied streets resounds around the world.—N. Y. Evening Mail.

The truest honor is the manly confession of wrong; the best courage is to avoid temptation.

PAPAL NUNCIO VISITS PRISONERS OF WAR

BRINGS EVERY SOLDIER A PRESENT FROM HOLY FATHER WITH HIS BLESSING (C. P. A. Service)

London, December 13.—The Papal Nuncio at Munich, Monsignor Pacelli, has just paid a most interesting and welcome visit to the camps of the prisoners of war at Puchheim and Ingolstadt. The former camp contains nearly six hundred French prisoners and a thousand Russians, all privates or non-commissioned officers.

Monsignor Pacelli brought every prisoner a parcel sent by the Pope, with his blessing. These parcels, which were wrapped in papers bearing the Papal arms, and were presented to each man by the Nuncio in person, contained chocolate, biscuits, cigarettes, soap, tea and sugar, and each one had an inscription: "The Holy Father offers you this blessing."

The Nuncio, who is an excellent linguist, addressed the prisoners collectively, first, in their own language, telling them how glad he was to be amongst them and to assure them of the affectionate solicitude and sympathy of the Holy Father in all their trials. He then conversed with the men individually, and received many touching messages from the French prisoners for the Holy Father. The camp of Ingolstadt, which was visited a few days afterwards, is the largest camp for officers in Germany, and amongst its inmates are nearly a thousand Russian and French officers, to say nothing of English, Belgian and Rumanian, while an annex contains 1,500 privates drawn from all the Allies.

The visit took two whole days. Beginning with the camp of the privates, the Nuncio also visited the hospital, the fortress and every other part of the camp. He was able to address the English, French and Italian in their own language, but he had to have recourse to an interpreter for the Russians, many of the officers, however, understanding French. The distribution of parcels was repeated with a very slight variation as regards contents, coffee being substituted for tea.

The Holy Father had also sent a large number of medals, which the Nuncio gave into the hands of the Catholic chaplains to be given to all those who desired one, as he did not wish to force any religious emblem upon non-Catholics. On his visit to the chapel in the prison fortress he was greeted by a fine choir of soldier priests, and before he left he held a special reception for the priest soldiers and chaplains. Many of the wounded were so touched by the gift of Benedict XV. that they kissed the Nuncio's hand with effusion.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE RUTHENIAN CONFLICT

ANOTHER PHASE

In his Memorandum to the Bishops of Canada, Archbishop Szeptycky says: "It is one of the successes of the Protestants, the most painful for our cause, that they have managed to characterize as enemies of the Ruthenian nation the chief representatives of Catholicism and the Catholic Hierarchy (in Canada). It is painful to have to admit it, but the fact is there. Founded on the old prejudice of these people against the clergy and the episcopate of a rite which is not theirs, and of a nation which seemed hostile to them (and often was so), the Protestants have managed to make this idea one of the principal points of Ruthenian public opinion and patriotism in Canada. And it has become almost a mentality—a fixed idea, one might say."

To understand this paragraph we have to dip into history. Before Poland was divided, the Ruthenians of Galicia were subject to the Polish Kingdom. Like so many other powers in similar conditions, the Polish Government thought very much more about assimilating the Ruthenians as citizens than about caring for them as Catholics. To make them Poles was the objective aimed at, and one means adopted was to bring pressure to bear upon the Ruthenians to induce them to change their rite from Greek to Latin. In that part of the world a "Roman Catholic" means a Catholic of the Latin rite, and a "Greek Catholic" means a Catholic of the Greek rite. In the October number of the Dublin Review (1917) the Rev. A. Fortescue has an article on this subject, in which he says: "They never allowed to the Ruthenian Bishops that place in the Senate which had been promised:

they still treated the Ruthenians as an inferior race; they persuaded a great many Ruthenians to turn Latin, and so Polish. The Uniate Church came to be looked upon as a religion for peasants. The Polish Jesuits tried to make the Ruthenian boys in their schools become Latins, for which they incurred sharp reproaches from the Holy See."

There was, and there still is, race antagonism between the Poles and Ruthenians. Hence, when the latter came to Canada, they were disposed to listen to the Protestant suggestion that in this country the French Canadians should be suspected as well as the Poles in Galicia. The French, they were told, have the same Latin rite as the Poles; and the same desire to turn them into Latins. Once this false suggestion took root, the more the French Missionaries did for the Ruthenians the more they were suspected of ulterior designs. Such is the power of habit. The Ruthenians had the habit of reacting against another race of the Latin rite, and that habit made them victims of the Protestant suggestion in Canada.

The French made great efforts to solve the Ruthenian problem in Canada. In 1898 Bishop Pascal and Father Lelouché went to Galicia to get priests. Short afterwards the aged Father Lacombe also went to Europe in the religious interest of the Ruthenians. In 1902 Bishop Legal sent an Oblate Father to Galicia to conduct Ruthenian Priests and Sisters to Canada. Some of the French priests learned the Ruthenian language and adopted the Ruthenian rite for the same purpose. These and other measures of the French clergy would have succeeded if the old race antagonism had not been turned against them. This was one of the reasons advanced by Archbishop Szeptycky to prove the need of appointing a Ruthenian Bishop, and a sufficiently obvious reason why the enemies of the Faith try to make Bishop Budka's life intolerable.

Let us rally round His Lordship in this fight for souls. He needs the prayers of all, and he needs the generous charity of the faithful.

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

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FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 28, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been truly gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as I pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses. Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER

Previously acknowledged... \$12,241 66 E. McL... 1 00 James Robert Hurdman's Bridge..... 50 Mrs. A. F. Melenius, Grants Pass..... 1 00 M. J. O'Neil, Bay de Verde Edw. Moore, Bay de Verde Thos. Moore, Bay de Verde Mrs. Wm. Kelly, Burrists Rapids..... 2 00 Mrs. J. H. Herd, Glen Sandfield..... 2 00 James Blute, Nanawee..... 2 00 J. A. O'Halloran, Bloomfield Stn..... 2 00 John Murphy, Melrose..... 3 00 For the Souls in Purgatory..... 5 00 F. B. MacDonald, Powassan (per J. S. Sec'y, D. A.) Mrs. W. H. Doran, Mercer Mrs. W. F. O'Boyle, Ottawa 5 00

The campaigning for 10,000 new members in the Red Cross Society in the United States has been an overwhelming success. Late returns give the number who are expected to have joined as more than 18,000,000. In addition nearly all the 5,000,000 old members will, it is expected, renew their annual subscription.

Merchants Bank of Canada ESTABLISHED 1864 Paid Up Capital, \$7,000,000 Reserve Funds, 7,421,292 Total Deposits, \$ 92,102,072 Total Assets, 121,130,558 GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS 236 Branches and Agencies in Canada Savings Department at All Branches Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at Best Current Rates Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKRY, O. S. B.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

AIDS TO A GOOD LIFE: THE HOLY NAME

"I will protect him, because he hath known my Name." (Ps. xc. 14.)

A blessed legacy our Lord has left us, my dear brethren, in His most sweet and mighty Name—Jesus the Saviour. It is a Name of power, for it is a sacramental, the very invoking of which brings help to our soul by the ordinance of Christ Himself.

To see its power and the veneration in which it was held look back to the olden days of faith. From the day on which St. Peter said "In the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise and walk" (Acts iii. 6.) the Church regarded it as a means of holiness and a protection from the enemy.

And Whose name is it? It is the Name of One crucified on Calvary, abandoned, forsaken—ay but not forgotten. So the miracle of its ineffable power, the veneration in which it is held, its being the one supreme Name for all these centuries proves the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

Thus He stands revealed by means of His sacred Name before all the vast multitude of souls that He is intent upon saving. So well we know Him, His words, His actions, His mercies, sufferings and death, that His Name flashes back their memory upon our soul.

He has left us that Name as a means of holiness. By that Name we pray. It is His own ordinance that we ask in His Name. Seven times He bids us remember that. In the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of St. John's Gospel you will find the text. They are similar to this: "Amen, amen, I say to you, if you ask the Father anything in My Name, He will give it you." (John xvi. 23.)

In the Church we use that Name, the prayers in our book are full of it, but most of all it is the prayer of those who try to remember God's holy presence through the day. At work, pleasure, gossip, the breath of evil passing through sorrow, in invocation, just the one sweet, blessed Name of Jesus is the prayer from the heart. The sacred Name is attuned to every want and feeling of our souls. If an organ can pour forth its notes so varied, that at one time it peals out joy and thanks, and at another its plaintive wailing reminds us of sin and sorrow and death, how infinitely more perfectly does the sacred Name of Jesus strike the note of joy or sorrow, entreaty or loyal protestation, in the depths of the human soul? Sweet Name of the Saviour, may you be on our lips constantly in life, imbuing us with a pure intention, exciting us to devotion, protecting us from evil!

It is the Name again in which we preach. How can we say, "My dear brethren," except through Jesus Christ? He said, "Go tell My brethren." (Matt. xxviii. 10.) So you take the message from the priest: the good tidings of the Gospel lessons, his exhortations—yea, to his rebukes you humbly submit, for he speaks in the Name of Jesus.

It is the Name in which poor sinners hope for mercy. Where must the burden of their sins be laid, but at the feet of the Cross of Jesus? "He came to save His people from their sins." (Matt. i. 21.) As long as His Name is Jesus, He cannot forget or refuse to be the Saviour.

It is the Name of Him, Who gives the Sacraments their power: they are administered in that Name. Grace is given us by that Name, for what does the prayer in the Mass say on this festival? "That Thy grace, being infused into us, under the glorious Name of Jesus, by the title of eternal predestination, we may rejoice that our names are written in heaven." (From the post-communion.)

It is the Name with which we hope to breathe out our souls to Him Who bore it. But, oh, my brethren, how much does that depend upon our lips, then we may humbly hope that our unity will be rewarded, and the good habit and practice blessed to the very end. And this is what the Church wishes. To gain the last blessing at the hour of death, the invocation of the Holy Name Jesus is prescribed as a necessary condition. Invoked, if the dying person is conscious; if it cannot be spoken, if he is in his mind implore that Blessed Name, which another invokes aloud on his behalf.

How happy we shall be at that last hour if we can say, "Thy Name and Thy remembrance are the desire of my soul" (Isa. xxvi. 8.) May the last word we murmur, the last name

we hear, be "Jesus." At that sound the devil will recoil from us, hushed by that Name of power, and the angels come forth to meet us. Our Blessed Lord, hearing that cry of mercy, will be ready to forgive the past, and will say, "I will protect him, because he hath known My Name."

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY

SERMON BY REV. J. J. HARRINGTON

That the Catholic Church is a great democracy, according to the testimony of President Wilson and Pope Leo XIII., was the keynote of the scholarly and eloquent sermon delivered by Rev. John J. Harrington at St. Mary's cathedral, San Francisco. He explained the meaning of the phrase, "Making the world safe for democracy," and showed how the Church and Catholics stand for the highest and best type of Christian democracy. The text of the sermon follows:

"To make the world safe for democracy"—this, according to the declaration of the President of the United States, is the larger aim and the ultimate purpose animating the American Republic in its determination to carry on the present War to a successful and victorious conclusion. Behind this purpose and determination is the expressed and assured hope that with the advent and the existence of a political condition of world democracy such a frightful War as is at present devastating the world and humanity would be for the future a practical impossibility. In turn this hope is based upon the very positive conviction that when the masses of the people in every nation have some part and a voice in framing national legislation, and in determining the national policy and attitude towards other countries and other powers, then the relations between the different governments and nations of the world will be regulated by the moral tests of justice and freedom and right rather than by the desire and the ambition of a nation or a group of nations to attain to world power by political domination or territorial conquest.

CONCERT OF FREE PEOPLES

It is believed and hoped that with the reign of democracy throughout the world a concert of free nations and free peoples can be established which by patient and tolerant discussion and arbitration of difficulties and misunderstandings arising between them, can in practically most cases eliminate the necessity of having recourse to arms. It is pointed out that this concert of nations mutually recognizing the inviolable moral rights of every nation and of every people, no matter how small, to national existence, to self government and to reasonable freedom of action in promoting the welfare and the happiness of its people; and also mutually recognizing the wisdom of patient discussion of misunderstandings, and of arbitration before resorting to war,—it is pointed out that this world concert of nations is only possible under the conditions of a world democracy and would be entirely impossible under the forms of absolute and autocratic government.

There is no denying the large fundament of truth that lies in these hopes and statements. After all, when we consider that in the case of it is the people who have to make sacrifice of blood and treasure; when we reflect that it is upon them that the larger share of the horrors and sufferings and burdens of war fall,—it is but reasonable to suppose and expect that there is far less danger of wars for conquest and ambition when rulers and governments are curbed by constitutional restraints, when they are responsible and answerable to the people, than when they represent the autocratic and absolute authority of one man or one family. History has too often shown how personal pride or ambition or desire for military glory and conquest on the part of a royal house has forced whole nations into meaningless and unnecessary wars, and in this respect history seems to be on a fair way to-day in the act of repeating itself.

STATE HAS GOD FOR AUTHOR

ABSOLUTISM VS. DEMOCRACY

These, then, are the hopes that are bound up with the future of a world democracy. This is what is meant by the statement that we are fighting not merely to right present wrongs, and to safeguard our national honor and existence, but over and beyond these immediate aims, we are fighting to make the future safe and secure. This War is in ultimate analysis a struggle to determine which shall rule the world—the spirit of absolutism and autocracy, or the spirit of freedom and democracy.

No topic, then, could be of more pressing and timely interest than this question of democracy. It is a word that like the terms "liberty" and "free speech," is on every man's lips, and like these terms the meaning of the word democracy varies according to the mental and moral outlook of the man who uses it. The word liberty as used by men who recognize no laws of restraint, moral or otherwise, means absolute freedom of action to do as one pleases. In this sense liberty is synonymous with license and anarchy. The same word on the lips of a Christian man who recognizes the moral law, means that freedom of individual action that is consonant with his duty to God and the rights of his fellow man. The Christian view and concept of

life, as well as the moral principles of God's eternal law, restrict the notion of liberty, and by this very restriction makes liberty a rational prerogative, and makes liberty in its true sense possible among men. Liberty without law or restraint would not be liberty but anarchy.

These same conditions are true of the term "free speech" and true of the word "democracy." There is a vast difference in the meaning of the term democracy as it is used by a radical Socialist or a social malcontent and demagogue, and the same term when used by a man who recognizes the moral laws of God, and who has a Christian viewpoint of life. The main purpose of to-day's discourse is to obtain a clear, definite notion of the meaning of democracy as it is viewed from the standpoint of right reason and Christian morality. To do this it is necessary to go back to the ultimate notions that underlie all forms of government, and to study the Christian, I might say the Catholic, teaching on the origin, nature and purpose of civil society. In fact the only sound rational view of democracy is that which is in harmony with the teachings of Catholic sociology.

In the scheme of Catholic sociology there are four distinct social entities, viz., the individual, the family, the Church and the State. Prior to all institutions comes the individual with the destiny that God gave him, and with the inherent natural right to all those things which are necessary and essential to accomplishment of his destiny.

In the order of time and history, the oldest institution among men is the family. It comes before either the State or the Church, and it owes its existence not only to the domestic instinct placed in man's nature, but also to positive institution by Almighty God, Who created for man a helpmate and imposed on them both the command to increase and multiply and fill the earth. The ideal of the family as established by God was the union of one man and one woman. Thus it was in the beginning and thus by the ordinance of God it was to remain as the type and the model of domestic life.

CATHOLIC SOCIOLOGY

From the family came the State, not spontaneously or suddenly, not in full organization and development but gradually and slowly and through successive steps and stages of growth and development. We can trace its rise and history through the first union of a few families, merging later into the clan, then into the tribe, followed later by the village, community, and finally the union of a greater or less number of these village communities into the larger social organization, the State. The several successive steps in this process of social growth and development, extended over long centuries, but through them all there is the conscious effort on the part of men to come together and to meet the ever growing and the ever increasing necessities of the community by united effort and co-operation.

What was it that directed men to form themselves into a State? It was a law of nature—the elemental social instinct placed in human nature by God Himself. Man felt and recognized that he was not to occupy the earth alone; the very law of his nature made him crave for the intercourse and companionship of his fellow men. His intelligence led him to recognize the immense benefits that would accrue to him by uniting his activities with those of his fellowman and by giving and receiving mutual help and protection. So in response to this law of his social nature and under the guidance of their intelligence men came together first in families, then in clans, tribes and communities, until finally out of all this growth and process emerged the modern State.

Now in whom the authority first resided, and how those who have exercised it in the history of the State came to possess it are entirely different questions. Francisco Suarez considered the greatest theologian of the Catholic Church after St. Thomas teaches the following doctrine: "Wherever lawful authority is found in any one man or prince, it has proceeded from the people and the commonwealth either proximately or remotely, or to phrase the same statement in the words of our Declaration of Independence, that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; if it be also true as the great Pontiff Leo XIII. teaches in his encyclical letters, that civil power must not be subservient to the advantage of any one individual or of some few persons, but for the common good of all, then it would appear that the preservation of these principles of human freedom as well as the welfare of the masses of the people and the future peace of the world would lie with democracy.

FORMS OF GOVERNMENT

In certain periods of the world's history when social life was unsettled and disorganized, among a primitive and unlettered people, or even in moments of great crisis when the very existence of the State is trembl-

AUTOINTOXICATION OR SELF-POISONING

The Dangerous Condition Which Produces Many Well Known Diseases.

HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THIS TROUBLE

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" — The Wonderful Fruit Medicine — will Protect You

Auto-intoxication means self-poisoning, caused by continuous or partial constipation, or insufficient action of the bowels.

Instead of the refuse matter passing daily from the body, it is absorbed by the blood. As a result, the Kidneys and Skin are overworked, in their efforts to rid the blood of this poisoning. Poisoning of the blood in this way often causes Indigestion, Loss of Appetite and Disturbed Stomach. It may produce Headaches and Sleeplessness. It may irritate the Kidneys and bring on Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, and Rheumatic Pains. It is the chief cause of Eczema—and keeps the whole system unhealthy by the constant absorption into the blood of this refuse matter. "Fruit-a-tives" will always cure Auto-intoxication or self-poisoning—as "Fruit-a-tives" acts gently on bowels, kidneys and skin, strengthens the bowels and tones up the nervous system. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Generally speaking all the forms of government, both ancient and modern, may, for the sake of simplicity, be divided into two main classes: monarchies and republics.

A monarchy is a form of government in which the supreme ruling authority of the land has been made hereditary in one family and its lineal descendants. A monarchy may be either absolute or limited, autocratic or constitutional. An absolute monarchy is that form of government in which the will of the sovereign is practically the supreme law of the land. He is not checked or restrained either by popular constitution or by parliamentary control. He is in no way answerable or responsible to the people whom he rules, either directly or indirectly, for any act, decision or covenant that he may make. This form of government is called an absolutism or an autocracy.

A constitutional or limited monarchy is one in which the sovereign or supreme ruler is practically only an executive. The legislative or law-making power of the nation is not in his hands but in the hands of the people through freely chosen representatives. In this form of government the power of the sovereign is limited and controlled, first by the constitution of the land and especially by a parliamentary body of popular representatives.

A republic goes a step further beyond a constitutional monarchy. In a republic there is no hereditary ruler, but he himself is not a hereditary occupant. He is chosen and selected for a definite period of time either directly or indirectly by the free suffrages of the people.

SUPERIORITY OF DEMOCRACY

Democracy, strictly speaking, is rather a condition of government than a form of government, since both a constitutional monarchy and a republic are democracies. Democracy simply means that the people through their freely chosen representatives have a voice in the affairs of government; that the supreme ruler of the land is not absolute, and that the legislative power of the land is in the hands of representatives chosen by the people; that the ruler, be he king, emperor, or president, has no unlimited power but is held in check and restraint by the constitution of the land, and that either he or his representative to the people whom he rules for the right and just exercise of his authority.

Now if it be true, as Suarez teaches, that all lawful authority has proceeded from the people or the commonwealth either proximately or remotely, or to phrase the same statement in the words of our Declaration of Independence, that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; if it be also true as the great Pontiff Leo XIII. teaches in his encyclical letters, that civil power must not be subservient to the advantage of any one individual or of some few persons, but for the common good of all, then it would appear that the preservation of these principles of human freedom as well as the welfare of the masses of the people and the future peace of the world would lie with democracy.

CHURCH AS FRIEND OF DEMOCRACY

The first is the great Pontiff Leo XIII. His words can therefore be taken as an authoritative statement of Catholic teaching. In his encyc-

cal addressed to the bishops and faithful of France on allegiance to the Republic he writes: "Various political governments have succeeded one another in France during the last century each having its own distinctive form—the Empire, the Monarchy, and the Republic. In all truth it may be affirmed that each of them is good provided it lead straight to its end, i. e., the common good for which social authority is constituted; and finally it may be added that such a form of government may be preferable because of being better adapted to the character and conditions of such and such a nation. Catholics like all other citizens are free to prefer one form of government to another, precisely because no one of these forms is in itself opposed to the principles of sound reason or to the maxims of Christian doctrine."

MEASURE OF AUTOCRACY

Autocracy is not only out of place in the conditions of modern life but its very existence is a constant menace to the peace and freedom of the world. From the days of the ancient empires of the East, down to the reign of Napoleon, history has proved again and again that the desire for power, if it be unchecked and unrestrained by the sense of responsibility, is one of the most implacable and uncontrollable passions in human nature. No sooner was Napoleon master of France, than he strove to be master of Europe; no sooner had he mastered Europe than he dreamed of mastering the world. This lust for dominion and world power lies in the very nature of an autocratic government. It is part and parcel of the system of absolutism, and it has always broken out sooner or later in every autocrat from Alexander, who wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, down to William II, who has shaken his mailed fist in the face of the world.

Nor is it only the lust for world power that makes autocracy a danger to a world that wishes freedom and peace, but it is essential and necessary for absolutism to be aggressive and warlike. To preserve itself it must always be sharpening its weapons, and from time to time it is compelled to use them. Militarism, with its two-fold doctrine of the glorification of war and a super-human absolute State unfeared by law or morality, is the foundation upon which autocracy and State despotism must rest.

What we plead for, then, is a rational Christian democracy. The day when the happiness and the welfare, the peace and the contentment of millions of people are in the keeping of any one man without check or restraint is or should be a thing of the past. We are living in the high noon light of the twentieth century. The nations of the world are no longer isolated from one another as they were in the ages past. Human progress and the marvelous accomplishments of science have broken down the natural barriers that have heretofore separated nation from nation. A thousand different bonds and mutual interests have brought them closely and intimately together. More than ever in the annals of human history, the peoples of the earth form one great human family. The interests and the welfare of one have become the interests and welfare of all. No one nation or no group of nations can stand or stagger; their very life depends on the welfare of the world, the welfare and the opinions of others without upsetting the balance and the peace of the world.

The people of all modern nations are in the main an intelligent and a thinking people, and no matter what form of government they are living under, be it monarchy, republic or empire, they should and they will have a voice in the government of their nation. If civil authority has proceeded from the people, then their rulers should be in some manner responsible and answerable to them for the exercise of that authority. This then is the meaning of democracy in its most rational and obvious sense.

MORAL FOUNDATION OF DEMOCRACY

Needless to say, its stability and security depend on a sound sense of public morality, and for the masses of the people there is no morality without religion. No one recognized this truth with a clearer vision than the Father and founder of American democracy. The very soul of all democracy is that the will of the majority of the people is the law of the land and, therefore, as the people are religiously and morally, so will be the character of their legislation, and the spirit of their government.

Democracy then in a Christian sense means that democracy which recognizes that all authority and power are ultimately from God, and that Almighty God is the paramount ruler of the world; that democracy which recognizes that the laws of Christian morality are the only just and secure basis for national and international conduct; that democracy which neither impulse, public clamor nor waves of popular frenzy or fanaticism can ever lead into paths which are contrary to the principles of God's law or injurious to the rights of individual, family or Church.

As a final consideration on this subject of democracy permit me to allude very briefly to the oft-repeated charge that the Catholic Church has always been the foe and enemy of popular government. This slander is being revived today with renewed intensity, and the libel is being spread abroad that the sympathies of the Church in this present struggle are against the triumph of democracy and in favor of autocracy and absolutism. It is for this reason that I allude to it at all, and my answer will be to quote the words of two men, perhaps in outlook and views as widely divergent as any two men could possibly be, and yet both giving practically identical testimony to the same truth.

THE MONITOR

ANGLICANS SAY ANGELUS

Not only Benediction services, but a large number of other observances copied from the Catholic Church, are now fairly common in the Protestant Church of England. Certain Anglicans are at present engaged in propagating the pious practice of saying the Angelus, which, according to some authors, can be traced to Pope Urban II. A correspondent of "The Church Times," Mr. K. Stannett, tells how earnestly the work is carried on. "For some years now," he says, "we have been sending our literature to all parts of the world: Angelus cards, leaflets, meditations on the Angelus, small posters for church porches, begging the clergy to use their own church bells, not merely for the purpose of playing tunes and sounding pleasant chimes at wed-

ding but for the far higher purpose of bringing before people the daily memorial of the Incarnation, reminding them of God's presence in daily life, setting them praying in the field and in the market."

Again in his encyclical on "The Christian Constitution of the State," he declares: "The right to rule is not necessarily bound up with any form of government. It may take this or that form provided only that it be of a nature to insure the general welfare."

PRESIDENT WILSON SAYS CHURCH IS A GREAT DEMOCRACY

The other authority whom I will quote is none less than the great exponent of democracy, the President of the United States. In his book "The New Freedom," President Wilson writes: "The only reason why government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic system which then prevailed, was that so many of the men who were efficient instruments of government were drawn from the Church; from that great religious body which was then the only Church, that body which is now distinguished from other religious bodies as the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church was then as it is now a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, no priest so obscure that he might not become the Pope of Christendom, and every chancellor in Europe, every court in the priesthood of that great and dominant body. What kept government alive during the Middle Ages was this constant rise of sap from the bottom, from the rank and file of the great body of the people through the open channels of the priesthood."

NOVITIAE CARMELITAE

What snowy sprays Shall one to symbolize your life entwine? The lily and the starry laurestine,— O Flower-days!

What song imparts The fragrance that your hearts to earth do lend, In whose unfolding all May's odours blend.— O Flower-hearts!

Heaven extols Your spirits' sweetness incensing our own, White balm-bloom's breath through Moab's desert lone,— O Flower-souls!

THE NIGGARDLY CRITIC

Some betray positive genius in bringing excuses for neglecting the works of benevolence, says the Catholic Transcript. Sometimes it is the purpose for which the appeal is made that offends them, sometimes it is the manner of making the appeal. But find an excuse somewhere they must and they do. They not only see reasons why they themselves should do nothing, but they vindicate their title to public spirit by setting out to demonstrate why others should do nothing also.

The man who will withhold his dollar from a public cause because there is a possibility that only ninety-nine cents of it will be spent judiciously and as his unerring wisdom dictates needs not look far for an excuse. He will find in his own heart sufficient reason for clinging to his money. His niggardliness though feign hid is full confessed. The pity is that he finds willing auditors and ready imitators.

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WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE



Be Clean—and Safe. Think of the germ-laden things your skin and clothes must come into contact with every day. Then remember that there is a splendid antiseptic soap

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Use Lifebuoy for the hands, the bath, the clothes, and the home. Its rich, abundant lather means safety. The mild, antiseptic odor vanishes quickly after use.



things but for the far higher purpose of bringing before people the daily memorial of the Incarnation, reminding them of God's presence in daily life, setting them praying in the field and in the market."

NOVITIAE CARMELITAE

Flower-like, in sooth, Maidens, your beings' beauteous blossoming, In dewy perfumes of eternal spring,— O Flower-ye!

What snowy sprays Shall one to symbolize your life entwine? The lily and the starry laurestine,— O Flower-days!

What song imparts The fragrance that your hearts to earth do lend, In whose unfolding all May's odours blend.— O Flower-hearts!

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WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE WAY I FOUGHT

I am not bound to win life's game, I am not charged to reach a goal; It is not told that victory alone shall consecrate the soul.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

JANUARY 14.—ST. HILARY OF POITIERS

St. Hilary was a native of Poitiers in Aquitaine. Born and educated a pagan, it was not till near middle age that he embraced Christianity.

SINS AND "MISTAKES"

As the year draws slowly into the terminus, many of us, no doubt, are busily reviewing the ground over which we have traveled.

JANUARY 15.—ST. PAUL THE FIRST HERMIT

St. Paul was born in Upper Egypt, about the year 290, and became an ascetic at the age of fifteen.

CONSCIENCE IN WORK

The habit of doing what we have to do as well, as thoroughly, and as speedily as possible, without immediate reference to its probable or possible effects upon ourselves, is one which would of itself secure at once the best success for ourselves and the greatest good of the community.

JANUARY 16.—ST. HONORATUS, ARCHBISHOP

St. Honoratus was of a consular Roman family settled in Gaul. In his youth he renounced the worship of idols, and gained his elder brother, Vanantius, to Christ.

the conduct of our holy abbot. He was, by compulsion, consecrated Archbishop of Arles in 426, and died, exhausted with austerities and apostolical labors, in 429.

JANUARY 17.—ST. ANTONY, PATRIARCH OF MONKS

St. Antony was born in the year 251, in Upper Egypt. Hearing at Mass the words, "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor," he gave away all his vast possessions.

JANUARY 18.—ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME

St. Peter having triumphed over the devil in the East, the latter pursued him to Rome in the person of Simon Magus. He who had formerly trembled at the voice of a poor maid now feared not the very throne of idolatry and superstition.

JANUARY 19.—ST. CANUTUS, KING, MARTYR

St. Canutus, King of Denmark, was endowed with excellent qualities of both mind and body. It is hard to say whether he excelled more in courage or in conduct and skill in war; but his singular piety eclipsed all his other endowments.

ence in building and adorning churches, and gave the crown which he wore, of exceeding great value, to a church in his capital and place of residence, where the kings of Denmark are yet buried.

JANUARY 20.—ST. SEBASTIAN, MARTYR

St. Sebastian was an officer in the Roman army, esteemed even by the heathen as a good soldier, and honored by the Church ever since as a champion of Jesus Christ.

DEVOTION TO THE CHILD JESUS

Rev. Berthold Müllendy, O. A. C., makes a timely appeal in the American Ecclesiastical Review for increased devotion to the Divine Child. Such a devotion is especially adapted to the needs of the present age and will render powerful aid in remedying evils of modern society.

DEMOCRACY AND DISCIPLINE

In an answer to the question: "Why Catholic Schools Exist," the Catholic and prints the words of Archbishop Glennon which should serve for meditation, seriously to be pondered, by some who have erroneous notions about the panacea—charity.

"When we think of the regions of the blessed, the abode of the Powers and Principalities, the Kingdom of God, all human greatness pales into insignificance. What is all our strength of virtue compared with the power and perfection of God?"

Even if our good qualities could stand comparison with what is true and lasting greatness, we should still be compelled to admit our littleness. For these are not our substance, they are not our own.

Jesus, the source of all greatness, is humble. He assumed our poor human nature. He allowed Himself to be known as the Son of a poor carpenter, though He was the only begotten Son of God.

He was obedient to Mary and Joseph, though He had created them. Outwardly, He was without almost the necessities of life, yet He was the possessor of the riches of the Godhead.

Nor was this all. He concealed the greatness of His sacred humanity, appearing to the world as a helpless little Child, subject to the corporal infirmities of childhood.

The unworliness of Jesus is as striking as His humility. He who could have surrounded Himself with courtiers and servants, in a palace worthy of the Son of a King, was content with Bethlehem and Nazareth.

In the earlier days of the Church among the saints some had a special devotion to the Child Jesus. Many are the beautiful legends and customs that owe their origin to this devotion.

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faith in God and in ourselves, discipline of mind and life, service of heart and hand and sacrifice of self."

"So greedily has the race of man grabbed at the advantages that are said to follow in the train of democracy that many have failed to weigh the onus which its acceptance imports. It is the tendency of our nationally optimistic minds to hide from inspection what may be adduced as a deterrent of a course we have chosen to pursue.

The unworliness of Jesus is as striking as His humility. He who could have surrounded Himself with courtiers and servants, in a palace worthy of the Son of a King, was content with Bethlehem and Nazareth.

MARY SHEPHERDESS

When the heron's in the high wood and the last long furrow's sown, With the herded cloud before her and her sea-sweet raiment blown, Comes Mary, Mary Shepherdess, a-seeking for her own.

Saint James he calls the righteous folk, Saint John he calls the kind, Saint Peter calls the valiant men all to loose or bind, But Mary seeks the little souls that are so hard to find.

All the little sighing souls born of dust's despair, They who fed on bitter bread when the world was bare— Frighted of the glory gates and the starry stair.

All about the windy down, housing in the ling, Underneath the alder-bough, linnets light they cling, Frighted of the shining house where the martyrs sing.

Crying in the ivy bloom, fingering at the pane, Grieving in the hollow dark, lone along the rain— Mary, Mary Shepherdess, gathers them again.

Add Oh, the wandering women know, in work-house and in shed, They dream on Mary Shepherdess with doves about her head, And pleasant posies in her hand, and sorrow comforted.

Sighing: There's my little lass, faring fine and free, There's the little lad I laid by the holly-tree, Dreaming: There's my namesake bairn laughing at her knee.

When the bracken harvest's gathered and the frost is in the loam, When the dream goes out in silence and the ebb runs out in foam, Mary, Mary Shepherdess, she bids the lost lambs home.

If I had a little maid to turn my tears away, If I had a little lad to lead me when I'm gray, All to Mary Shepherdess they'd fold their hands and pray.

WON'T BE MISSED

How foolish it is for one to get the notion into his head that the world will miss him when he passes out. No matter what one's position in life, no matter what may have been done to build up, there is always someone to fill the vacant chair and the old world keeps on revolving.—Buffalo Union and Times.

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THE POPE AND ITALIAN COLLAPSE

CARDINAL BOURNE FOR SAKE OF TRUTH REFUTES POST'S ATROCIOUS CALUMNY

In connection with its recent article on the Vatican and the Allies, the Morning Post printed the following interview according to one of its representatives by Cardinal Bourne who transmitted from the Cardinal Secretary of State a denial of the charges made in the article. Cardinal Bourne said:

"In the absence of evidence such as can be examined the Holy See would be justified in ignoring the charges made against it; but the Cardinal Secretary of State is determined that the English people should not be misled. It is being suggested that the truth of the accusations is well known but that proofs cannot be furnished owing to the nature of the case. A fair story would be that, if this be so, the charges ought never to have been made; but Cardinal Gasparri comes frankly forward with the clearest possible disclaimer. He does not merely tell us, as he might properly do, that the accusations are negligible; but he declares without ad that they are falsehoods. I will quote the exact words: 'I have written them in English which Cardinal Gasparri has addressed to me. They are these: 'It is nothing, short of an atrocious calumny to assert, as has lately been done in the columns of the Morning Post, that the Vatican is implicated in the disruptive propaganda which recent Italian reverses have been attributed.'"

Cardinal Bourne added: "In the same spirit Cardinal Gasparri, although the prosecution has failed to bring forward its witnesses, is quite willing to let the Allies hear his defence. In some notes which he has sent me His Eminence points out that from the outbreak of the war the hierarchy and clergy of Italy have given the most open and generous help in their country's cause, to such an extent that their attitude has not with unreserved praise from the Italian Parliament and Government. The Holy See has never offered the slightest opposition. Holding that patriotism is a Christian virtue, the Holy See could not disapprove of the patriotic action of the clergy in Italy or in any other belligerent country. In Italy this patriotic activity of the clergy has included a zealous care for the morale of the Army. A long time before the publication of the Pappal Note, which is said to have been a principal cause of the Army's lowered morale the clergy in general and the Army chaplains in particular, were labouring against a disruptive propaganda which had set in, and it is beyond controversy the Army chaplains more than once reported the growing unrest to the Chaplain General, who duly informed the supreme civil authorities. As regards the effect of the Note upon the troops, it was after its publication that one of the greatest successes of the Italian Army—the Bainsizza victory—was achieved. And as regards the Note itself, which is said to have been designed to unsettle the soldiers and weaken their war spirit, Cardinal Gasparri repeats his declaration that the Note was not addressed to the people, but to the Governments, of the belligerent nations, and that it was not intended for publication. The proof of this is that the Osservatore Romano did not publish the Note until it had become public property and was being discussed everywhere."

Turning from the Note to other allegations of clerical interference, Cardinal Bourne proceeded to read the following words from Cardinal Gasparri: "And if there did happen to be a single incident to deplore, namely, the case of a Catholic newspaper which published an article containing imprudent observations, the Holy See at once ordered the suppression of that paper, though the writer was subsequently acquitted by the military tribunals with a verdict of not guilty. These facts and considerations," said Cardinal Bourne, "dispose of the deplorable accusation that the Vatican has been, as was stated by the Morning Post, 'implicated in' and 'partly responsible for' machinations by which the Italian armies were involved in disaster, and that it is a centre of disaffection in secret league with Italy's mortal enemy."

Cardinal Bourne continued: "Although the Cardinal Secretary of State, in issuing a denial and in supporting it by proofs, has done more than he was bound to do, and has thereby shown the goodwill of the Holy See to the English people, one grave fact cannot be glossed over. These charges have caused not only pain and indignation in the Vatican, where they are regarded as insulting both in form and in matter, but also surprise and disappointment. To impute dishonorable and treacherous practices without being able to substantiate the charge is not according to those English traditions of fairness which the Holy See has praised on several occasions in the past. The authorities of such charges are not, however, exhibiting for the first time their lack of justice. Again and again they have levelled rebukes against the Sovereign Pontiff for not having pronounced judgment in cases which have never been submitted to him. The Morning Post's article was largely devoted to a reiteration of such re-

bukes. In the administration of English justice it is claimed that the prisoner, however infamous his character and however overwhelming the presumption of his guilt must not be condemned save on evidence which he and the Court can challenge and test. This has been necessarily the procedure at the Vatican, long before the present war; but what is desired to be the share of the Holy See. In short, the Morning Post is angry with the Sovereign Pontiff because His Holiness does not imitate the writer of its article in pronouncing sentence before establishing guilt.

"The Morning Post," His Eminence added, "asserts that the Vatican 'has furtively, but actively, espoused the Austrian cause,' and that the plea of neutrality no longer holds. In flat contradiction to such accusations, Cardinal Gasparri affirms once more the full and correct neutrality of the Holy See. From Central Europe complaints have more than once been heard that the Vatican is giving excessively towards the West, and that the Papal policy has been alternately controlled by a desire to regain the former position in France and by hopes of wider influence in England and North America. Cardinal Gasparri, in his communication to me declares that 'if some nations seemed to be more favored than others by the Note, these certainly were not Germany and Austria, but those of the Entente, particularly France and Belgium; that the Note 'was not due to the influence of any Power or party' and that 'the peace it aimed at was not a German peace. It would appear that the Morning Post's complaint against His Holiness is, in reality, not that he has abandoned neutrality, which is a fancy, but that he is maintaining it, which is a fact. The writer of the article practically claims that the Holy See should have broken with the Central Powers, seeing that 'mere abstention was itself a taking of sides.' Such a claim reveals, as do many other passages in the article in question, a regrettable ignorance of the primary functions of the Holy See. If there are a hundred million Catholics in the countries of the Entente, there are also scores of millions of Catholics in Germany and Austria. Their common Father has been urged from each side to break with the Governments of the other, thus throwing into confusion the religious life, now more precious than ever before, of millions of families and punishing people for the mistakes or misdeeds of their rulers. The Supreme Pontiff does not depend for instruction upon those who, long before the outbreak of the war, worked to diminish the authority which they are now invoking; nor does the Holy See ignore the actions of the rulers, in this patriotic activity of the clergy has included a zealous care for the morale of the Army. A long time before the publication of the Pappal Note, which is said to have been a principal cause of the Army's lowered morale the clergy in general and the Army chaplains in particular, were labouring against a disruptive propaganda which had set in, and it is beyond controversy the Army chaplains more than once reported the growing unrest to the Chaplain General, who duly informed the supreme civil authorities. As regards the effect of the Note upon the troops, it was after its publication that one of the greatest successes of the Italian Army—the Bainsizza victory—was achieved. And as regards the Note itself, which is said to have been designed to unsettle the soldiers and weaken their war spirit, Cardinal Gasparri repeats his declaration that the Note was not addressed to the people, but to the Governments, of the belligerent nations, and that it was not intended for publication. The proof of this is that the Osservatore Romano did not publish the Note until it had become public property and was being discussed everywhere."

As a reward for valor and for services in "the world war, Newfoundland, England's oldest colony, recently received the title "Dominion of Newfoundland" from the British Government. According to British officials and army officers in New York City, the change in name will not mean a change in Newfoundland's already very liberal government. It shows that Britain's oldest colony, often referred to as British writers as the "Cinderella of England's provinces," is by her own efforts and the bravery of her soldiers and sailors coming into her own. A native of Newfoundland, who is one of the most recent arrivals in New York City from that colony, said that out of her 250,707 population Newfoundland had given to the British infantry alone a battalion of 1,100 men. He also said that Newfoundland's Forestry Brigade had at present 500 men, and that there were 2,500 men in Newfoundland's National Militia. This man spoke of the part the Newfoundlanders played in the Somme fighting, in which 900 of her men took part. Of these, he said, only 95 survived. Word had reached St. John's of the more recent activities of the Newfoundland troops in the Cambrai drive, in which he said there were heavy casualties among the troops of his colony. When asked regarding the part Newfoundland had played the part which has won for her a distinction awarded to no other colony by the British Government during the war—Geoffrey Butler, head of the British Official War Exhibits, with headquarters at 511 Fifth Avenue, said that the number of men Newfoundland had given to keep up her battalion of infantry at the front was close to 5,000. Besides this, he quoted from an official report of the "Contributions of Dominions and Colonies to the Common Cause," an official bulletin of June, 1916, that as early as that date "Newfoundland had contributed 1,500 naval reservists to the British Navy."

NEWFOUNDLAND'S VALOR REWARDED

The foremost advance on the St. John's Bay front Donnelly's Post on Cariboo Ridge, was by Newfoundlanders. It is called Donnelly's Post because it was here that Lieutenant Donnelly (a Newfoundland) won his military cross. The hitherto nameless ridge from which the Turkish machine guns poured their concentrated death into our trenches stands as a monument to the initiative of the Newfoundlanders. It is now called Cariboo Ridge, as an acknowledgment to the men who wear the deer's head badge, (Newfoundlanders).

The part played by the Newfoundlanders in the 'Great Push' of July 1 is quite equal to anything performed by any of the troops that took part in that great forward movement. The Newfoundlanders were brigaded with the Eighth Army Corps, commanded by Lieut. Gen. Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weaton, K. C. B., D. S. O. In July a letter was addressed by the General to all the men who took part in the 'Great Push,' and it is one of the proudest possessions of the Newfoundland troops who survived. Colonel Hunter-Weaton also sent a letter to the Premier of Newfoundland in which he recounted in detail the gallantry of the men of England's oldest colony.

Except for almost incessant wrangles between the British settlers and the French fishermen, Newfoundland had a peaceful history. The peace of Utrecht in 1713, which subsequent was ratified by the treaty of Paris, gave sole sovereignty of Newfoundland to England, with certain rights granted to the French fishermen. France possesses two small islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon. The latter rights were definitely settled as late as 1904. This removed obstructions to local development. The Government of Newfoundland is similar to that of Canada, but the province is in no way connected with the Government of the Dominion of Canada.—N. Y. Times.

JERUSALEM WAS NOT DESPOILED

REPORTS UNFOUNDED THAT TURKS LOOTED SACRED TREASURES OF HOLY CITY

According to a report from the Vatican, the Turkish Government has officially denied the recent report that the treasures and sacred relics were removed from Jerusalem by the Turkish forces before they evacuated the city. The report accusing the Turks of carrying off famous treasures of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre emanated from France and was sent to Washington in an official dispatch from the French Government. It was stated at the time that many of the sacred relics and treasures had been sent to Berlin. The report also stated that the Turks brutally mistreated Christian priests before surrendering the city. Magr. Camassei, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, was said to have been deposed from his office, and Father Picardo, an Italian priest, to have died from the effects of Turkish brutality. The entire report apparently was false, as it was published only with avidity in the American press. Unfortunately, many Catholic newspapers were also deceived by the story.

SHRINE OF THE AVIATORS

Out of the drab background of mud and blood which seems, from press reports, to make up the picture of the great war, there stands, like a memory of old romance, the aviation corps, with its breathless achievements, its knightly adventure, and the high thrill of daring in man's new field of action, the air, says the Queen's Work. And just as every human peril has its response and solace in some devotion to the Blessed Mother, the aviators have found a shrine in their own Notre Dame du Platin, near La Rochelle, in France.

OBITUARY

LACHLAN C. MCINTYRE At his residence, on the 18th Concession of West Williams, on the morning of December 24th, the long and honorable career of Lachlan C. McIntyre came to a close by a peaceful and happy death. Fortified by the last rites of the Church, every preparation made, with a prayer on his lips, he breathed his last. By his death was removed one of the last of the grand old pioneers who transformed the wilds of "Canada West" into our now fair Ontario.

of old, a leader and guide. Being a magistrate and well versed in law, both of Church and State, his advice was sought almost daily by his neighbors. Few of his humble station in life were so widely known and so highly respected as he was, or won the personal friendship and esteem of so many distinguished men. His ready wit and good address always commanded an attentive hearing so that in his day he was one of the popular speakers. He took an active part in all public affairs as a duty. He also spared neither his time nor his means in promoting the cause of religion. His home was that of bishop, clergy and distinguished laymen in pioneer days. He was of a poetic turn of mind and composed many songs in Gaelic. At the time of the Fenian Raid he took an active part in the enrollment of men in the Militia and was made 1st Lieutenant.

On Wednesday, December 26th, his remains were laid to rest in St. Columba Cemetery with those whom he so loved in life. Rev. Father O'Neil, sang High Mass and conducted the funeral services. He spoke feelingly of the holy life, great service and at the end the happy death of the deceased whose bones, like the patriarchs of old, were now "being gathered to the ashes of his fathers."

He leaves to mourn his loss one son, Columbus of Silver City, New Mexico and one daughter, Teresa, a religious of the order of The Good Shepherd in Detroit, a brother Capt. Allan McIntyre and a sister, Mrs. John McDonald, survive him.—Park Hill Gazette.

MRS. JOHN BOYLAN The many friends of Mrs. John Boylan will be sorry to learn of her death, on New Year's morning, at her home 431 Annette St., W. Toronto, fortified by all the rights of the Church, and surrounded by her family.

The deceased lady was born at Burnhamthorpe in 1845, the grand daughter of John Cormac, one of the oldest pioneers of that district and an uncle of the late Archbishop Lahey of Thurles, Ireland.

Her husband survives, and of a family of eleven children, there remain two sons and six daughters, as well as sixteen grandchildren.

The funeral on Friday morning from St. Cecilia's Church was largely attended by relatives and friends of the deceased. The solemn High Mass was celebrated by her son, Rev. Thos. K. Boylan, of St. Paul's, Toronto, assisted by Father Doherty of Mimico, as deacon, and Father France of St. Cecilia's as sub-deacon. A large number of clergy and neighboring priests filled the sanctuary. The Confraternity of Christian Mothers received the body at the church. The interment was in the family plot at Mount Hope Cemetery. While the late Mrs. Boylan was of a quiet and retiring disposition and was rarely seen outside the home circle, she had endeavored herself to all as a faithful and devoted wife, a sincere and trusted friend, and the dearest and best of mothers.

DIED

CLARKE—At Dickinson's Landing, Ont., Oct. 14, 1917, Miss Maria Clarke, aged seventy-three years. May her soul rest in peace.

MCCARTHY—At his late residence, 179 Waller St., Ottawa, Ont., on December 17, 1917, Mr. Dennis F. McCarthy, late of the P. O. Dept., in his seventy-second year. May his soul rest in peace.

MARTIN—The Alphonse Joseph Martin, of Veteran, Alta. No 22893, P. C. S. I., who was wounded at Passchendaele, on or about Oct. 30, died in England, Nov. 18 last. May his soul rest in peace.

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