

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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REMINISCENCES

For those of us who have passed our prime, if not for the later born who are in the mid-current of their strenuous years, the phrase "Once Upon a Time," has a touch of the romantic, heard or read. It is reminiscent of tales told in the twilight by a fond parent or sister to soothe when some childish ailment set us apart; or when, with drawn curtains, guests drew round the fire, intent upon shutting out the winter's dreariness, while a story was rehearsed to eager listeners. So common a remembered experience as this appeals to wise and simple. The mind naturally turns back upon itself, striving to recreate the buried past. When we come to think of it, how large a part of the world's enduring literature consists of reminiscence! Ancient memorials in stone and metal served to perpetuate great events, until stylus and parchment made rude history possible; with printed characters the saved treasures of the human mind and heart became the property of all who longed to possess them. No miser ever gloated over his gold more sedulously than the scholar pored over disintegrated manuscripts during the revival of letters in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; yet his fascination was but the type of that to which all healthy natures give way when the appeal of the past is powerfully made. Recollections of childhood never lose their interest for us. To the end of the longest life our hold upon the earliest acquisitions of the awakening soul retain their charm.

It is a sound instinct that leads us to retain these links that bind us to our bygone youth; for when, amid the fret and worry of the after-time, half-crushed beneath the weight of the world's so-called gains and pleasures, are we so near to the heart of things as in life's early prime? Then, unless fatally disabled by social injustice or parental neglect, Nature is close and dear to her foster-child; day is golden and night solemn; plants and live things and forest depths, with the girdling sea and the glittering constellations, mean more than perhaps they ever will again. So it was in the world's childhood; shall we ever again regain the springtime gladness and abounding vitality of Homer and his tribe, or restore the tarnished glories of Israel's long-cherished dream—the earthly Paradise, transfigured and perfected? The sages and seers of that golden prime spoke as they felt, and our later singers echo them when they become as little children too. Wordsworth chimes in with Plato, "Heaven lies about us," in the early days; and when the dull world drags us down we sigh amid the gathering glooms as we recall the dewy freshness of the time when the heart sang—as Pippa sings in Browning's poem—

"The year's at the spring, and day's at the morn;
God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

That dear old grey juvenile, Charles Lamb, in his Reverie, notes that "Children love to listen to stories about their elders when they were children." He recalls one such about their great-grandmother Field, and with inimitable pathos relates to his circle of "dream-children" the story of that tender figure, the spirit wife who never filled a lower place than that of guardian angel—Alice W—n; doubtless the progenitor of the later Alice, into whose Wonderland countless children of all ages have wandered, returning to reality with a bewildered sense of the identity of things seen and unseen.

We now know that the fairy-tales of the world's childhood are all related, for they sprang from the seeds which lay in the virgin soil of our common nature. The nursery fables—Puss in Boots, Jack the Giant-Killer, Cinderella, and the rest—are found in all latitudes and literatures. The great classic myths which were so dear to the children of larger growth in Greece, in Scandinavia, in medieval Europe, and indeed wherever man saw himself imaged,

in Nature's mirror blended fact and fiction; they all helped men and women to escape from the limitations of their material circumstances. In poetry and music the trained imagination took its most daring flights; are not psalmists and sweet singers our noblest leaders in thought today? Even science and sociology blossom out into idealism; for the human spirit rebels against finality—it flames upward and cannot spend its energies wholly on perishable objects. Hence art in all its forms becomes figurative; the visible and tangible world resolves itself into a vast gallery of symbols, a divine school for the education of mankind.

It is good to fall into reverie now and then, to allow the spirit of childhood to cast its spell over us as of yore. Sitting in the gloom of evening and gazing into the freelight's glow, memory recalls our early excursions into fairy land. What trooping figures are these that flit and pass in such motley garb, and saluting us in more tongues than Babel or Pentecost knew? Little Samuel was there, as Sir Joshua drew him; and near him Little Henry, who with his "bearer" became known to us so long ago. Sandford and Merton glided along arm-in-arm, and were followed by some of Hans Andersen's small folk, who gave place in turn to Shakespeare's young princes and other immortal waifs of humanity, sad and solemn of aspect. Dickens's Little Nell was there too, and that child of destiny Maggie Tulliver, followed closely by Young Fountleroy and Tom of the Water Babies. Truly, a miscellaneous procession, but fascinating withal! These dream-children should not wear us from our duties to the generation that presses on ours; rather should they impart a new consecration to childhood, a holy sense of each day's vanishing opportunity. Also our own peace hangs on this golden cord. "Happy they who live in the dream of their own existence," writes Hazlitt, "and see all things in the light of their own minds; who walk by faith and hope; to whom the guiding star of their youth still shines from afar. . . . The world has no hold on them. They are in it, not of it, and a glory is ever around them." And another has said, "Between the innocent repose of childhood in Nature's arms and the calm rest of the old man in the same enfolding strength there stretches the long sleepless day of question, search, and suffering; at the end the wisest returns to the goal from which he set out." Yes, for the things seen are temporal. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

FAVORS LEAGUE OF NATIONS

FROM LENTEN PASTORAL OF CARDINAL BOURNE OF WESTMINSTER

Few, perhaps, can bring themselves to believe that all wars are forever ended, that every possibility of future strife between nations has been removed. Yet there is a hope and a very strong desire, that conflicts may be made less imminent, and that the danger of them may become remote by wise deliberations, and deliberate postponements, and mutual adjustments; which, by their delays, will calm the excitement of the moment, and enable people and leaders to settle their differences without recourse to arms. This hope and this strong desire find their embodiment in the League of Nations, which sets before the world an aim and purpose often commended by the Apostle Paul, and encouraged in a very special way, both in word and act, by the present Sovereign Pontiff.

Lastly, and most important of all, there has, in every nation, been a turning to God, a recognition of the supernatural, an acceptance of Divine Providence, a realization of principles transcending this world, a consciousness of a Power that eternally guides the destinies of men, which were not discoverable to the same extent in the days before the War.

Millions of hearts have been stirred, and they have been moved to a remembrance of the Divine Ruler, Whom they have so long forgotten. And other millions have without doubt returned to a fuller acceptance and practice of such knowledge of God as they had once received. It is not right to forget these things. We should recall them before God's Altar, and give thanks to Him Who never forgets the least of the creatures whom He has made.

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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THE NEW BELFAST COUNCIL

Grave conditions reign at meetings of the Belfast City Council—ever since the recent election when for the first time in Belfast's history ordinary riff-raff—mean Papists and dirty workmen—were elected to sit where once gentlemen sat before. At a recent meeting the Unionist gentlemen who still remain there were terribly shocked, and the presiding officer, Rt. Hon. Sir James Johnston was put to the point of collapse when an Orange Labor member, Councillor Baird, turned up in his overalls, and with his cap thrust in a side pocket. The only consolation was there was still worse to come. For the gentlemen had hardly recovered their self-control when a Sinn Fein member got up and addressed the august Council in—Gaelic! Just think of it, the gibberish of the mountain savages to be sounded in Belfast ears. Next morning the Belfast daily papers almost appeared in mourning borders. Between the remarks of the Unionist gentlemen at the Board (after they had recovered their speeches) and the remarks of the Belfast daily papers, readers gathered that the end of the world was nigh at hand.

IRISH LINEN INDUSTRY

Although Irish linen is first and most famed in the world, it has been for too long resting upon its laurels, so that other lines of less note were pushing out of the market the Irish linen. Now the Irish Linen Society recently started a big campaign of advertising, through leading dry goods trade papers—with the marvellous result that within a few years the output of Irish linen has increased from four and a quarter million yards to forty-three million yards. One thousand per cent. increase will be admitted to be a pretty good success. It is hoped that the Society will continue its worthy work until the Irish linen takes its rightful place in the world's market.

There are now fifteen million pounds worth of Irish bleaching line—the best in the world for a shirt, collar, and cuffs—put out annually. No less than nine and a half million pounds worth of this line is for export alone. In this connection it is worth noting that while flax too has risen from 19 shillings to 68 shillings a bundle, the farmer, held down by the Government Flax Control Board, is only getting the same price for his flax that he always did—a fact that is bringing many of the loyal Ulster farmers to the verge of riot.

EXORBITANT RAILWAY RATES

The manner in which Irish industries are handicapped by exorbitant rates charged by Irish railways is well illustrated by a letter appearing in the Irish papers from a cured mackerel exporter who discloses that it takes almost as much to ship mackerel from Bantry and Baltimore in the County of Cork to the port of Cork, as it does to ship them from there to New York. For the 62 miles from Baltimore to Cork the railroad charges 25 shillings per ton, and from Bantry to Cork, 30 shillings per ton; both figures nearly equaling the cost of the three thousand mile journey from Cork to New York. All commodities that have to be shipped from any point in Ireland to any Irish port for export, are handicapped in the same way. Until the Irish railways are brought to reason no Irish industry can thrive. The latest arrival of the Moore McCormack direct line from New York at Cork had her cargo almost entirely of Ford material for the Ford factory at Cork.

"SCENES OF VIOLENCE AND OUTRAGE"

The chaos in Ireland is daily growing worse. Accounts compiled from the reports of the daily press show that in the month of January the English armed forces in Ireland forcibly entered and raided 1,250 houses, arrested 220 Irish men and women for political activities, killed one man, made twelve armed assaults upon masses of citizens, twelve suppressions of newspapers, and blessed the land with innumerable other activities of like nature. From an editorial in the *Unionist Irish Times* giving a striking picture of conditions there, the following is an extract: "The law-abiding citizens of Dublin, Cork and Limerick . . . are becoming familiar with scenes of violence and outrage, and the noise of a pistol-shot is nearly as frequent in their streets as the noise of a bursting tire. They, too, are spectators of a drama, but alas! a drama that is neither unreal nor bloodless. They are daily witnesses of the conflict between the forces of order and the forces of Revolution. How will it end, and of what further woes is Ireland doomed to be the victim before she becomes an independent Republic?"

FRENCH VIEW OF SINN FEIN

In conjunction with this picture of conditions in Ireland given by the

Unionist Dublin paper, it is interesting to read in the *Paris Le Journal* an article on Sinn Fein and its doings from their special commissioner in Ireland, M. Marillac. He says, "Sinn Fein is a vast political movement guided by a body of intellectuals, who almost merit the reproach of being too refined, and not devoting sufficient attention to practical exigencies. Sinn Fein is recruited everywhere and in all classes of society amongst the thirty millions of the Irish race distributed throughout the world. The waiter in my hotel belongs to the organization, likewise a noble lord who is a multi-millionaire, a Catholic Archbishop, and a learned Protestant dignitary. The organization is proclaimed illegal—a curious policy, no doubt, which consists of treating as conspirators something like two millions of men. Sinn Fein is not a secret society whose strength is based on terrorism, but the most powerful, and certainly the most homogeneous, political party in all the British Dominions. The rapidity with which the movement has developed is almost incredible. The reasons that have attracted all classes, whose interests must necessarily be as different as varied. The principal one, however, is race unity. 'Ireland a Nation' is the war-cry which no Irishman, be he from the South or the North, from Cork or Tipperary, will hesitate to apply. The doctrine of the movement in itself contains nothing alarming. It seems to be solidly constructive and equitable."

ULSTER DELEGATION DISOWNED

While the Protestant Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Crooke, is one of the "Ootic" delegates to America for the purpose of injecting a religious bigotry into the Irish question, it is enlightening to note that the Irish Guild of the Protestant Episcopalian Church disowned the delegation, and going still further, censured as reactionary such elements in the Protestant Church as sided with these people against the Nationalists. The resolution regrets that "so many of the Bishops and clergy of the Protestant Church in Ireland should constantly identify themselves with the reactionary forces in the country. It is illogical and disastrous," it proceeds, "that the National Church should be so completely out of sympathy with the ideal of the great majority of the nation which she professes to serve. And it is regrettable that the Church refrains from expressing abhorrence and condemnation of the tyrannical action of those in power, which are opposed to the Christian principles of right and justice in this nation." This Irish Church Guild, whose president is Rev. Canon Willis, Protestant rector in the County Wicklow, and whose vice-president is the Rev. Mr. Smith O'Brien, the 4th leader in the list of the most intellectual people in the Protestant Church in Ireland.

BOYCOTT OF BELFAST

The movement started in the West of Ireland for the boycotting of Belfast firms and banks is still progressing there. The Peer Law Guardians of the important town of Castlereagh unanimously have adopted a resolution calling upon all the merchants in the Union to cease transacting business with Belfast firms. Almost all the Guardians are trading traders of a very large tract of country in Mayo and in Roscommon. The chairman of the Guardians emphasized the fact that they were not going to be content with passing a resolution—but were going to see to it that all the traders in the district should act upon the resolution. The Sinn Fein executive has been asked to officially adopt the Belfast boycott policy—but so far it has declined to do so. There is a division of opinion amongst the moving spirits in Sinn Fein as to whether it is right or wrong from the national point of view to boycott any portion of the country even though it be anti-Irish.

VILE FACTORY CONDITIONS IN BELFAST

The great city of Belfast leads the van in more things than Sir Edward Carson or his representatives here in the United States will claim for it. We have been for a long time hearing the unfortunate news that Ireland suffered more from tuberculosis than almost any other country. It was cast up in Ireland's face at being a part of the usual Irish perversion. Now an eminent Belfast doctor, Dr. Andrew Trimble, has given an address to the Belfast Rotary Club in which he startled them, and startled the self-sufficient ones in Belfast. He showed that tuberculosis in Belfast was far and away the worst plague fought in Ireland. He still further startled them by the appalling information that post-mortem operations showed that ninety per cent. of the Belfast population suffering from at least some lesion or spot of tuberculosis—even though ten per cent. of the deaths were due to this cause. The Belfast factories, owned and run by Sir Edward's stout henchmen, seemed to be among the worst in the world. Dr. Trimble blamed the terrible condition of the people upon the vile factory condi-

tions. And after the vile factories, the vile picture-houses were next to blame.

SEUMAS MACMANUS
OF DONEGAL.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

FORCEFULLY PRESENTS IRELAND'S CAUSE

The spacious hall and corridors of the Fenway Auditorium, Boston, were thronged last Sunday afternoon, February 29, with the assembly gathered under the auspices of the Notre Dame Alumnae of Lowell to hear Justice Cohalan of the New York Supreme Court state the case for Irish Freedom and listen to the statesman's appeal of His Eminence, the Cardinal.

A wave of delighted pride swept over the audience when the speaker recalled the epochal Irish meeting at Madison Square, New York, in 1918 when His Eminence initiated the irresistible public opinion today animating thoughtful people everywhere and was further accentuated when His Eminence arose in eulogy of Judge Cohalan's masterly address. His Eminence spoke as follows:

CARDINAL'S ADDRESS

I came here this afternoon with the determination of availing myself of the privilege of taking my place with plain people on the floor of this assembly. Whatever I have to say will be said from the place where I stand.

It would be impossible for me to add anything to Judge Cohalan's admirable address. Nevertheless, there is this to be remarked about that pronouncement and it is that, no matter how emotional to people of Irish blood any consideration of the Irish Question is apt to become, no one could say that the speaker or his auditors were moved primarily either by emotion or sentiment, though the speaker and the matter under discussion were sufficient to arouse the emotions of any gathering.

This is a new development in the treatment of the Irish Question. Time was and that not so long ago, when it would have been impossible to have such an assembly as we have here today and an enunciation of such soul-stirring sentiments as we have listened to without the white-hot fire of nationalism manifesting itself. Now, I am very glad to say while we thank God for the stirring Irish sentiment that animates every one of us, the consideration of, from matter has reached a more practical and far-sighted plane. We are no longer asking favors or pleading for privileges; we are demanding justice for the race from which we sprang.

UNASSAILABLE FACT

Today the Irish people everywhere take their stand and present their case on a platform of hard common sense, economic justice and international law. We base our case not on emotion, but on unassailable fact. The English, or as they like to style themselves "Anglo-Saxons," are fond of resting their judgments purely on reason, of weighing matters of statecraft utterly without sentiment, as they phrase it. It is on this very ground that Justice Cohalan today presented an argument and adduced statements that no one living man can confute or disprove.

Our case, therefore, stands on rock-like foundations. The statements made are indisputable. They are made by men of the highest moral character, men who have nothing to gain personally by making them, whose lives and records are household words with our fellow-citizens. Their case has no flaw in it. The contentions demand an honest, straightforward answer. This answer has not yet been made.

There is an abundance of evasion. Various statements, as the Judge has told us, employ tergiversation, talk about non-existent issues and attempt to cloud the question. But they give us no direct answer.

OPPOSITIONS IN DILEMMA

Our opponents are in a dilemma and they must impale themselves on one horn or the other. Either they must say: "We never intend to do what is manifestly just; we intend to hold by might against right the possession of this island, this nation, to which we have no equitable claim," or they must come out in the open and admit, as Judge Cohalan has stated, that the Irish Question is not merely a question of the people living today in Ireland alone or in England alone, but a question of plain justice and as such an international but peculiarly American question. In it all Americans worthy of the name must be deeply interested.

It is needless to repeat the arguments. These have been set forth so clearly, so limpidly, so irrefutably that there is in honor only one answer to them. Either American and Americans are to play the hypocritical game which the British Government has continued for unnumbered years, or else American and Americans must come out plainly as they did in 1776 and in later years and say: "We went to War for right and justice, and in the carrying

out of that program and in accordance with plain logic, we insist as a matter of conscience on the liberty, the independence of the Irish nation." This is the way the case stands. There is no honorable escape from it.

MUST BE RIGHTLY SOLVED

Nor is there need of elaborating the question. As the Judge has told us, it is perfectly evident that, logically speaking and in the final analysis, the safety of the United States depends upon the rightful solution of the Irish Question. The safety of this country depends upon that solution because the question is inextricably bound up with the freedom of the seas.

From the very beginning, I have taken the stand that as an American citizen, I must in truth and honor demand the liberation, the freedom, the independence of the Irish nation and every American who knows what the Declaration of Independence means must stand with me in this matter. There can be no shuffling.

We are not so ingenious as to think that a question that has been agitated for seven hundred years, that has become more intensified on both sides and every year more clouded with international matters, is going to be settled at my bidding or Judge Cohalan's. We both realize that the power which has held Ireland in its grip all those centuries as a matter of imperialistic, political and economic advantage, is not going to change its attitude at our bidding.

TREMENDOUS SITUATION

Why then are we talking? Are we wasting time or passing a pleasant hour by reviewing this tremendous situation that involves the honor, the decency, the liberty of a whole race? Certainly not. We have today the best of reasons for believing that the goal is in sight, that the question is not merely academic but intensely practical.

There is at work a tremendous force, a pressure that will bear down all opposition, an influence that will bring the Irish Question before the judgment-seat of justice and truth, and finally solve this great problem rightly. This force and pressure must be exerted now and here more than ever.

First of all, it must come from the Irish race itself, not only from the Irish people living in Ireland, but from the Irish race all over the world. And it is coming. You can hear the word from Ireland itself, from America, from Australia, from Canada, from New Zealand, from wherever the sons and daughters of Erin are massed. They are united in a mighty demand for Irish independence. All the anti-Irish propaganda in the world cannot hold it back, cannot keep it out of the papers, keep it off the cables, keep it out of the hearts and brains of the children of the Gael. The noble presentation that Justice Cohalan has made before us today is only an exemplification of what is going forward everywhere.

GLORIOUS TRIUMPH OF RIGHT

Divine Providence has seen fit to delay this great issue and its fulfillment, but only to make the triumph of right the more glorious. Compromise after compromise has been tried and has failed. Now the time has come when the Irish race has made up its mind that there will be no more compromise, but full and fitting justice.

This is not a question of compromise. It is one of justice. There is no compromising a matter of justice. There is just one issue in this whole matter and that issue is Irish independence. The scales are falling from blinded eyes, the seals are dropping off fainting and weary hearts. The action and reaction, the hearts and minds and souls of freemen and the mighty uplifting force of the American idea are behind this movement and it cannot fail. Hypocrisy, misunderstanding and special pleading have had their day and their force is spent. The whole decent world knows that Ireland is being held captive by unrighteous force to the prejudice of liberty everywhere and the world is getting ready to act.

THE TRUE SITUATION

The true situation has been revealed to the American people, and in God's good time our long-deferred hopes will be realized and Ireland will stand forth where she belongs, a free and independent nation.—The Pilot.

A TRUE LABORER

I know nothing that is more undignified than for a man to think there is nobody of higher stature, morally or intellectually, than himself. The smallest man on earth is the man who thinks there is nobody greater than himself. A man who is able to lift up his eyes to excellence wherever he finds it, and who has an honest and earnest admiration for it, without a spark of jealousy and without a particle of envy—I think that man is worthy of the name of a true laborer.—Cardinal Manning.

CATHOLIC NOTES

One of the signs that the War is over is seen in the reopening of the various colleges in Rome for the seminarians of various countries.

At Barcelona, Spain the seven-hundred year-old national shrine of Our Lady of Mercy has been given the rank of a basilica.

A broad-gauge railway from Cairo to Jerusalem has just been opened. The Holy Land is being rapidly modernized.

One of the final phases of the work of the National Catholic War Council, which on March 31, 1920, yields place to the National Catholic Welfare Council, will be the compilation of complete and accurate records of American activity during the Great War. This work is being done under the direction of a committee on historical records.

The first Chinese pilgrimage of Lourdes recently arrived there. Fourteen Catholics from the north of China, attached to the British Army near Calais, before returning home, expressed the wish to visit the historic Basleia. Their regimental chaplain arranged the matter. It is said that the little pilgrimage, besides being the most striking, was also one of the most edifying that has been seen.

An example of rarely paralleled sacrifice in the interests of the Faith is being given at Keenesburg, Colo., where a congregation of only about five families is erecting a church, so that their children will be saved to Catholicity. The Catholic Church Extension Society of Chicago has given \$500 towards the building, but the bulk of the burden must fall on the few members of the congregation.

Brussels, Feb. 23.—Cardinal Mercier, in his Lenten pastoral letter, blames society women for setting a bad example for working women in what he terms their extravagant and audacious dress, sensual desires and luxury. He decries Bolshevik tendencies and calls attention to the necessity for reconstruction work. He also preaches moderation in political controversy.

Ravenna, Italy, Feb. 4.—While workmen were repairing St. Francis' Church here today they discovered a portrait of Dante, the great poet of the Middle Ages, the existence of which hitherto was unknown. The valuable painting was found in an obscure corner of the frescoed wall, covered by centuries' accumulation of dust. It is probably the work of some fourteenth century artist.

According to the Catholic Directory of Great Britain, which has just been published, there were 9,402 conversions to the Catholic Church in England and Wales during the past year. The number of priests was increased by twenty-five, and the churches and chapels by twenty-four; the figures are now 3,929 and 1,928 respectively. These statistics do not include Scotland.

Rev. Francis Fothergill Burra, B. A., University and Kelso colleges, Oxford, and Ely Theological college, made his submission to the Church at the hands of Father F. C. G. Brown, of the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, London, on All Saints' Day. Mr. Burra was formerly curate of St. Albans' Fulham, and later of St. Thomas, Regent Street, London.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the International Gregorian Congress, which is to be held at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, June 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Eminent ecclesiastical musicians from all parts of the world will be in attendance, among them the Rev. Dom Mocquereau, O. S. B., of Quarr Abbey, England, formerly of Solmes, and Joseph Bonnet, the distinguished organist of St. Eustace, Paris. Delegates representing the various dioceses of the United States will also attend.

London, February 13.—The Schout Missionaries of Belgium, to whom has been confided the task of raising a National Belgian Church in London, have established themselves at Regents Park, where they have now secured a fine old house in grounds, which, until such time as they are able to commence building a church, will serve as a centre for Belgians still remaining in London, and as a successor of the famous and so successful Belgian Volkshuis, of Fulham, which did such splendid work during the years of War.

Jerusalem, Feb. 23.—During a recent storm the famous tree named "El Butini" in the Garden of Gethsemane was blown down. According to tradition this tree would fall when the Turkish Empire fell. Twice it was bound with iron braces to prevent it from falling. In the Garden of Gethsemane have stood for many years eight olive trees, tradition dating them back to the time of Christ. Their age-split trunks for a number of years have been bound with bands of iron and shored up with stones. High prices have been obtained for the olives and olive oil obtained from these trees and gaily prizes realized from the sale of wares made from the olive stones. It is doubted one of these trees to which the Jerusalem despatch refers,

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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED

The picture was of a youth apparently about twenty, glowing in the first flush of manly beauty, and with an expression that won the heart at once. Miss Greenwood took the locket in her own hand and murmured, "Yes, dear, lovely, beautiful beyond comparison; and taken so young, so suddenly, and so—" her voice died away in a sob. She walked away from her friend, her eyes cast down, her step rapid. Rosine remained where she had left her, wondering in her own mind if this could be the first born of whom Ned had once spoken—then came the wonder, why this intimacy between the two families, which must have been very strong, had never been known to her. She tried to recall any allusion to them, but could only remember hearing Aleck once wish Harry Greenwood were at home, and the Colonel had spoken sometimes quite severely of the Commodore and of Miss Greenwood and the lost brother, she had never heard till she had herself made her acquaintance.

Rosine was awakened from her reverie by the return of her friend, all traces of the late deep emotion effaced, and her countenance wearing the calm, placid, somewhat pensive look, that usually rested there. She informed her young companion that she had met the Colonel on the beach looking for her. Rosine made haste to meet him, he coming towards her holding a letter high above his head, exclaiming, "From the west! Immediately, as she saw her father's handwriting, her heart sunk within her. "I know there is bad news," she said, out of breath with her run, and looking pitifully into his face. "Shall I read it for you?" he inquired affectionately, and placing the camp stool for her and bidding her lean against him, he read aloud, not without some hesitancy and choking on his part, the sad story of little Jeannie's release and Marion's wanderings and consequent illness. It was written in the terse, laconic style of a man of business; but in the end he said, "I thank God, my child, that you are exempt from the hard discipline we are enduring in this to us foreign land, and are sheltered in the home and heart of one worthy of the love of such a daughter."

"But I ought to be with my mother," she said, looking up at Colonel Hartland; "she needs me now more than ever." "But, my darling child," replied he, "in your present delicate state, lately recovered from a nervous fever, you could be but little assistance." "I could comfort her," she said sadly. "O, here is something from your mother," he exclaimed, as he turned the last page. "Do not be impatient or unreasoned, my beloved Rose. The dear Lord will watch between me and these when we are absent one from another, and bring us together again. I miss you hourly, my sweet comforter, now more than ever; but I would not have you pine for me; you have with me, the sweet company of the saints, and they will bring you comfort with their prayers; we have now a new advocate in Heaven, and dear Jeannie will never forget to pray for us. The little picture of St. Rose is near me, and I never look at it without a petition for my sweet Rosine."

The intelligence contained in this letter weighed on Rosine's health and spirits; she solaced herself somewhat by a full outpouring of heart to her mother, which she could now do without oversight; confessing to an ever-present yearning for her dear embrace. She did not pine or complain, but assured her parents that she had learned to love Colonel Hartland's family very sincerely, she would be always happy but for the great distance from those best loved. Dr. Hartland exclaimed on his next visit to the seaside, upon Rosine's ill looks. "She had gone back," he said, "to where she was before she left town, and if this was the effect of the sea air, he should order her at once into the interior."

"How is Laura?" was her first question. "Very bad," replied he. "I saw her physician yesterday. He says the disease is gone, and the delirium, but her mind seems to be in a state of collapse." He would not say more of Laura, but turned with interest to the collection of mosses, shells, and other sea treasures she had gathered during her sojourn by the beach, and which Miss Greenwood had promised to come the next day and arrange for her in their rightful places, before they were carried to the city. The next day passed without the appearance of Miss Greenwood either at the house or on the beach; but the Doctor only shrugged his shoulders when Rosine wondered at this non-fulfillment of her promise. The day after his departure Miss Greenwood made her first appearance at the farm house. She found her young friend quite alone, the Colonel having gone to town on business preparatory to their going away, which was to take place the next week.

With busy pliant fingers she soon made order in the confused mass of marine curiosities which Rosine had collected, telling her as she laid each one in its place, how much she should miss her cheerful face in her

daily walks, and how she had come to love her very dearly. She blushed deeply when Rosine ventured to hope they might meet in the city. "My dear child," she said at length, "this little green spot in my life will never be forgotten. I live very quietly, but perhaps you will sometimes come to the Navy Yard to see me. Mind, I shall mark that day with a white stone that brings you; but you will have younger and gayer companions."

"I haven't any gay companions now," replied Rosine, smiling sadly. "I don't think I want any." "That is hardly a natural wish for one so young and hopeful as yourself, and with so many looking to you for comfort."

"Looking to me for comfort!" repeated Rosine, opening her eyes in astonishment. "Yes; all looking to you for comfort," repeated her friend. "From the gleams I have gathered from your own happy hours, and from my own heart being so drawn to you, I know that many hearts are trusting to you for comfort. Your own dear mother first, whom you have made me love; your sister, your brothers, but more particularly just now, Colonel Hartland's family. The Colonel's heart is evidently set upon his newly found daughter. Good, noble man! He only wants one thing to make him nearly perfect; but that is the greatest want. You know what I mean—a religious spirit. To you, dear Rose, this blessing has been given in large measure. O, if you could impart it to others! Then, there is the absent Lieutenant, his letters manifest his dependence, his deference for you. Then Laura, poor foolish child, some time you may be able to do something for her!" she paused a moment.

"Have you forgotten Ned?" said Rose, smiling, willing to change the subject from Laura. "That is hardly possible in a review of the family. If you can persuade Edward Hartland to care for his son,—" she paused,—"unbaptized even!" she exclaimed, with something like a groan. "O, Rose, it is dreadful to see our friends living in the neglect of this first duty, wish-out which—"

"The Doctor is a great deal older and wiser than I," said Rosine, timidly, "and influences me, but I don't think I can influence him." "Influence is mutual necessarily. Dr. Hartland has nearly lost his faith in woman, and faith in God is very apt to follow. A sister, a younger sister, trusting, confiding, actuated by firm religious faith and right principles, must help him mightily; but I am foolish to allow myself to talk thus," she added, rising to go. Her voice was agitated, and dear sympathetic Rosine, as she embraced her, whispered, "Dear Miss Greenwood."

"O, shall Miss Greenwood, my sweet one; call me Dora or Miss Dora, if you like it better. I wish you were my sister," she said, returning her affectionate caress. In a few days Colonel Hartland and Rosine were on their way to the city, and the following week Dr. Hartland fulfilled his promise, and she found herself quietly settled at Hawthornden, the home of her grandfather; enjoying the fresh breezes from the hillside, drinking in life and health, both for soul and body.

CHAPTER XIV. CONVALESCENCE

Physically, Laura Marten was slowly recovering, but her mind appeared to be still overshadowed with a heavy cloud. From the first dawn of returning intellect she had missed from her finger the ring of her betrothal; the loss was like a continual fire eating into her heart, for she had instinctively divined into whose possession it had fallen. She spoke of the loss to no one; within, the thought dwelt continually, and her friends sought, without success, to cheer her spirits; she did not rally, she showed no interest in anything, but seemed constantly searching for something which she could not find. The first thing that aroused her in the least, was the letter from Lieutenant Hartland, which the Doctor had forwarded as soon as Rosine had given it to him. It was held back by her father at first, lest it might excite her too much, but when day after day went by and there was no change, it was resolved to try what effect the letter would have in arousing her from her apathy. Accordingly, one September morning, as she was seated in the invalid's chair, drawn toward the eastern window that she might have the influence of the early sunlight, and the prospect of the lovely scene that nature spread before her, Captain Marten entered with the Lieutenant's letter in his hand. She did not turn her head to greet her father, but continued to gaze down the long avenue of pines, that brought such fearful memories. An intense melancholy pervaded every feature; twice her name was called ere she gave a look of recognition. The rough old sailor was softened by trouble, and his voice wavered as he said in a tone meant to be jolly, "Laura, ducky, are you ready for a line from the Commodore that is to be, I mean Aleck Hartland?" There was no change in the story expression of her face, and not a spoken word as she held out her hand for the letter. The Captain was at a loss to know if he should leave her alone with her treasure,

but she settled that matter by a wave of the hand that indicated her wish. As soon as the door closed she kissed the precious missive over and over again, pressed it to her heart, laid it in her lap and wept over it, till after many minutes with trembling fingers she ventured to break the seal and read—

"On board the X—, off Cadiz, July—, "My Precious One: "A letter from Ned last night exasperated me, and I was so like a madman that I only escaped reprimand from the Captain by pleading illness. Your letter came after it, like healing balm to my spirit. I could not doubt your love; in spite of Ned's malicious hints, I have perfect confidence in you. It would be dastardly in me to wish to deprive you of gentlemen's society during my absence; I leave my honor in your hands with unwavering trust."

At these words Laura uttered a shrill, piercing cry, that soon brought her father, her aunt, and most of the servants to her room; she struggled for composure, but a fearful paroxysm of hysteria was not to be avoided. She grasped the letter convulsively, and it could not be taken from her without tearing it into fragments. Hours passed before the physician could calm her agitation and weeks before she could again sit at the window and gaze down the pine walk. Who can doubt that He that maketh the sparrow's fall, guided the steps of his dear ones? Sister Agnes was called at this time on an errand of mercy to a charity child in the very house where Laura was ill. It was a balmy sunny day, such as the closing hours of September often bring to charm us with a remembrance of the past, when Laura heard the gentle tones of Sister Agnes' voice, as she interrogated Mrs. Norris with regard to the orphan.

"Bring her here," said Laura to the servant in attendance; "I must see her, I cannot wait, she will help me, bring her here now—I can't wait."

Her manner was hasty and impetuous. After a short consultation, however, the good sister was conducted to the room of the invalid, followed by Captain Marten and Mrs. Norris. "All of you go," said Laura; "I wish to see Sister Agnes alone, and I don't wish to be interrupted."

"They obeyed reluctantly, her father whispering to the sister as he went out, "The poor thing is not quite like herself."

"Please lock the door, and sit beside her own. Sister Agnes did as she was requested, and took Laura's hand affectionately. "I'm sure you don't know how wicked I am, or you would not have come near me," whispered the sick girl.

"Our dear Lord did not spurn the chief of sinners, and He will not turn away from us," replied she, pressing the hand that she held.

"I've been thinking of that," continued Laura, her eyes brightening a little. "He let that poor woman wash His feet, that's what I'd like to do."

"My child, if that is your wish, He welcomes you to His arms."

"But I can never repair what I have done," she said, relapsing into the dull, care worn look. "I can never restore lost confidence."

"begin at the beginning. You will never have peace while you carry this secret about with you. Colonel Hartland and Captain Marten at least have a right to know your position, and they can make it public if they choose. Lieutenant Hartland's honor demands that you make a fair statement of everything to him. I cannot counsel you further now," she added.

"But you will not leave me alone," cried Laura, seizing both hands convulsively, and rising only to sink back exhausted; "all alone!" she continued, covering her face with her hands, "nobody cares for anything but the disgrace."

"Be quiet, my dear," replied the sister, "don't excite yourself; wait till you are a little stronger. I will not forget you, and maybe your father will let you come to me for a little while when you are able, and I will do all I can for you. The dear Lord help you," she added, stooping over her and kissing her brow.

Laura meditated on the counsel she had received; it returned to her day by day as she grew stronger; but with her slowly recovered strength came added reluctance to follow Sister Agnes' advice. There was but one thought living in her soul, one feeling that overcame and cramped out every other emotion—how she should take the next step. The lonely hours brought her no peace, and her aunt's conversation became odious to her. At length, with a desperate struggle, she took the first step in the right direction; she wrote a long letter to Lieutenant Hartland, confessing everything but the last interview with Le Compte, and the loss of the betrothal ring. With all her struggles she could not bring herself to tell of this, it was such a mortifying incident. She was sincere and truthful as far as she went, but she kept back that which was doomed to bring her severest punishment, and which, truly confessed, would have been forgiven with the rest.

The effort she made, although it was not a thorough one, benefited her mentally and physically; but a dreadful fear of Le Compte, which had come upon her so forcibly in her illness, continued in all her days. His presence seemed to haunt her, and not without reason, for she had learned from months of almost daily intercourse, that he did not readily give up the pursuit of any object.

No sooner was she able to appear below stairs, and her father well out of the way, than a little messenger appeared each day with bouquets of flowers for "Miss Marten," from an unknown source; soon words of love were found among the leaves, betraying at once, if before there had been any doubt, from whence they came. Mrs. Norris spoke of the "delicate attention," and "kind thoughtfulness" of the donor, professing to wonder who he could be; but to Laura these tokens brought added pangs of head and heart, till one day, summoning resolution, she met the carrier of the flowers, and ordered him to return them to the one who sent them. Mrs. Norris was indignant with this step.

"But I can never repair what I have done," she said, relapsing into the dull, care worn look. "I can never restore lost confidence."

"We must leave results with the same Blessed One who loves us and cares for us more than any human being can possibly do."

"O, but you don't know all," sighed Laura, and hastily putting out her hand, as if in a moment her eyes flashed wildly, and her face flashed crimson. "Love of admiration vanity!" she soliloquized, taking a hand glass from the table and looking at herself, "there's nothing to call them forth now."

She was indeed changed; the heavy braids of her long raven hair were gone, her head shaven and covered with a close cap; her bright, beautiful color replaced by sallow paleness; her eyes, once so lustrous and fascinating, were dull and heavy with disease, the plump, finely rounded figure, emaciated, and the quick, brisk manner changed for an inability to move without assistance.

Sister Agnes carefully read the paper, while the sick girl made these comments upon herself. There was a look first of surprise and wonder, then of sadness and distress, as she closed the paper, giving it again to Laura without comment.

"You agree with me," said the invalid after waiting for her companion to speak, "one can hardly hope, after such misconduct."

comes to take me away. Do you know that viper?" she exclaimed vehemently, striding across the floor; "that wretch was the whole cause of my illness; his insulting proposals nearly shattered my brain, and he keeps me as truly imprisoned here, as if a band of soldiers surrounded the house with that design. I will not change my purpose," she added, as her aunt begged her to be calm and reconsider. "I will not see him, I will not communicate with him, and if he comes, tell him what I say."

Mrs. Norris, frightened by her excited and positive manner, dared not expostulate further, lest she should bring on the delirium of her illness; but her fear left her before the next call of the tormentor, she excused Laura on the plea of health not sufficiently restored to meet any one out of her family.

"I may trust you to give this to her," he said in his blandest manner giving into her hand a dainty note.

She turned the note over and over again after his departure, hesitating for some time in her decision, but after her own curiosity had been gratified, she concluded to commit it to the flames.

It was well for Laura that her aunt came to this decision, for the contents would probably have sent her to the borders of insanity. After this second call, the poor harassed girl wrote a pleading letter to her father, telling him of her sufferings; from her persecutor, and begged him to come and bring her to stay awhile with Sister Agnes, as the only place where she could be free from his haunting presence. We may readily suppose her earnest words had the desired effect, and the next week found her at the House of the Infant Jesus, under the calm, placid but invigorating watchfulness of one who would deal wisely with her sorrows.

TO BE CONTINUED

A WOMAN WHO NEVER DID WRONG

By Katherine E. Conway

The housekeeper announced, "Miss Tallon, Father!"

Father O'Connor set his book mark in at the evictive scene of "Luke Delmege," and with a momentary compression of the lips that meant facing a frequent and not altogether agreeable duty, passed into the parlor.

This was the meeting day of the Society of St. Martha, and Miss Tallon always called on him directly after adjournment. Through several years' experience he knew that these calls always meant complaint—more in sorrow than in anger, to be sure—of the other officers or of certain members; with a contrast hardly conscious of her own fidelity to duty, and the sacrifices she made for the Society and its beneficiaries.

Father O'Connor was president of the society. She was the head of everything among the Catholic women of Brucetown, as any member of St. Joseph's parish would have explained to a stranger. Indeed, if the Golden Rule or the Laetare Medal were to be given in Brucetown, the people would have deemed it Miss Tallon's inalienable right.

Truly, she had many claims, ancestral and personal, on local Catholic gratitude. Her grandfather had given the site of St. Joseph's, now one of the most valuable properties in the town, together with a generous offering to the building fund. At the dedication of the church, her father's gift was the high altar, and two memorial windows; and on her parent's death, Miss Tallon and her brothers and sisters, all married but herself, had given a beautiful marble altar, in keeping with her father's earlier gift to the Lady Chapel.

She was nearing her fortieth year in single blessedness, and ably keeping up the family tradition of generosity to religion; adding therewith new forms of social service, not only among the familiar poor, but among the oft-times needy foreigners drawn so numerously to Brucetown by recent years by the big wicker furniture manufactory.

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she makes a body feel like a worm of the earth at the same time. It's 'Why don't you keep yourself clean?' and 'Why don't you mend your clothes?' as if a body had two pairs of hands and could be going 'all day, after being' up all night with a sick baby, to say nothing of a drunk on a husband thrown in now and again. But the little woman, God bless her! In she comes, and not a word about the dirt, but she takes up the baby herself, and bathes him as nice as you please, and makes me lie down for a couple of hours while she straightens up things and leaves a bit of dinner ready for us before she's off. And I've known her many a time to go down on her knees and wash poor old Granzy Grogan's feet making' nothing, but a joke of it; and the other day she was at Polack's way down the road where nobody else goes. The poor mother had hardly the clothes to cover her, and didn't that good little creature slip off her old warm woolen skirt, savin' your presence, and put it right onto Mrs. Zamfoky, or whatever you call her.

Sometimes the priest found a poor sick room made beautiful with the flowers Mrs. Thornton had carried thither. Often he came upon her perfectly at home in her wretched bed, while she mended the tattered clothing of the children and made them presentable for school. She had not much to give. She had to manage her little income well to keep up appearances, but she gave of her time and labor without stint, and forgot the charities of the day in the girlish pranks of flirtation of the evening.

"After all," mused Father O'Connor, "she has never an ill word of any one, and if she only had the vocation she would make a grand Sister of Charity." But he smiled at Mrs. Thornton in the thought of the while he prayed for something to soften the daily increasing bitterness of Miss Tallon's heart toward the woman who stood between her.

It had been a trying day for Miss Tallon. Mrs. Thornton's absence from the meeting of the Society of St. Martha had not been a relief; for on all sides there were regrets for her.

"She is so handy about making things over and so ready to show one how," said even Rosa Dearing, erstwhile Miss Tallon's shy and silent worshiper.

For once Miss Tallon did not call on Father O'Connor after the meeting. She hastened back to the stately solitude of her own home, where she might be free of bitter thoughts of the woman who was supplanting her, and whose mischievous qualities seemed hidden from all eyes save her own. She would have denied herself even to Mr. Hamilton, who still visited her now and then, but that she met him face to face in the hall before the maid could announce him. Almost on his heels came Father O'Connor.

"I haven't seen Mrs. Thornton for more than a week. What has become of her?" asked the former. His hostess had heard the same words forty times that afternoon. This was the last straw. A bitter word that could never have been recalled sprang to her lips, but the priest's heavier voice drowned it unheard!

"Oh, Mrs. Thornton! Why the children of those poor Zamofekys, down the road from the hollow, all have malignant diphtheria; the mother is in a bad way herself; and could get no help, so Mrs. Thornton went over last week, and about herself up with them, for better or worse," as she says. I found it out only this afternoon. Dr. Stone thinks the children will come through all right—she's a great little nurse—but he fears for her, for all that she makes so light of it."

"She's a brick," cried John Hamilton, "but she must be relieved. Did you ever hear of anything finer, Miss Tallon?"

The priest held his breath; but the demon was exorcised.

"The woman is a saint," said Miss Tallon, "and I am not worthy to loose the shoes from her feet."

"Oh, Miss Tallon; you would have done as much if you knew." There was no mistaking the sincerity of the man's voice and eyes.

"No matter about me. The question is of relieving her," said Miss Tallon, hurrying to the telephone as she spoke. There was a woman who always had her wits about her in an emergency.

But the relief came too late. The Zamofsky children would recover, but their brave little nurse was poisoned through and through with the malignant disease.

ofsky. . . . It will count—won't it, Father?"

"Count, my child! Haven't you laid down your life for those poor strangers? You know what Our Lord has promised for every cup of cold water given in His name; and you have given your all."

The tears were on the old priest's cheeks as he gave the last Sacraments to the dying woman, and stood by her through her agony, terrible, but mercifully short.

After Mrs. Thornton's death, Bruce town folk noticed a great change in Miss Tallon. The poor people down in the hollow said she was like their little favorite comes back—only without the fun. Instead, were winning gentleness and humanity which they could not quite express, but which they came to like as well. But no one found the change sweeter than John Hamilton and when he and Miss Tallon decided to spend the rest of their days together, their little world was sure that this was one of the marriages made in heaven.

HOLY IRELAND

That "you can't be Irish without being a Catholic" has been cogently demonstrated once more in "Irish Impressions" (Lane) by Gilbert K. Chesterton, and in "The Soul of Ireland" (Macmillan) by Father W. J. Lockington, S. J., two notable books that have lately appeared. During the last year of the War the brilliant English paradoxer, for the first time in his life, visited Ireland, having as his object the winning of recruits for the British army. It is not likely that Mr. Chesterton gained for the King many Irish soldiers, but the "impressions" of the island and of its people which this judicious, Catholic-minded Englishman brought back to his countrymen ought to help them to find the only correct answer to the age-old "Irish question."

What first struck the visitor on landing in Dublin was the fact that Erin instead of being "the green isle," was not green but brown; "positively brown with khaki," for he saw British soldiers everywhere. "How useful those men would have been in the breach at St. Quentin," he reflected. "It was wasting troops in France." Another surprise awaited Mr. Chesterton when he found that the statue of one of the early Georges, instead of being decorated "with national flowers and nationalist flags" by the presumably pro-German population of Dublin, was in point of fact made quite unrecognizable owing to a circle of thick green foliage some humorous Irish gardener had caused to grow up and choke his Majesty. All that thought itself on a pedestal, has found itself up a tree" was the solemn generalization on the present state of Ireland which the statue's condition suggested to Mr. Chesterton.

The greater part of the author's book deals of course with the political state of Ireland today. He would like to see her enjoying the dominion form of government within the British Empire, he regrets that most Irishmen were unwilling to fight under the English flag during the War, for in his opinion, Christian civilization was imperiled by the Germans, so the Irish in being anti-British were really anti-European. Yet he has to own that to expect Irishmen to fight what they considered England's battles was really asking too much of human nature. For "the Irish," he attests, "regard our Government simply as a liar who has broken his word," and Mr. Chesterton is of the same opinion. "The Irish think they have been cheated. They think Home Rule was stolen from them after the contract was sealed and it will be hard for anyone to contradict them." It is the author's firm conviction that it is now worse than useless to promise anything to Ireland; for England's "word is wind," her "bond is waste paper," and the Government that broke its promise to Redmond, "would certainly break it to De Valera."

"Irish Impressions" is so full of Mr. Chesterton's denunciations of the folly, cruelty and perfidy that have characterized England's government of Ireland during the past few years that there is little danger of the reader missing the passages. Turn we now, however, to the pages telling what this observant visitor thought of Erin's Catholic Faith. He notes that their belief refines and educates even the unlettered. When a County Clara peasant, for example, "names his child Michael" he "may really have a sense of the presence that smote down Sathan, the arms and language of the paladin of Paradise," though the author seriously doubts that a clerk of Clapham Common "when he names his son John, has a vision of the holy eagle of the Apocalypse," or even of the Beloved Disciple's "mystical cup." In Ireland the Catholic religion is a "real reality," it is the "world a man inhabits" as the Socialists learned to their amazement at the time of the Dublin strike, when they benevolently undertook to deport Catholic children to England. The charm of Irish homes, Mr. Chesterton also discovered, is due to the vivid faith of the people. He writes:

"The Irish Catholics, like other Christians, admit a mystery in the Holy Trinity, but they may almost be said to admit an experience in the Holy Family. Their historical experience, alas! has made it seem unnatural that the Holy Family should be a homeless family. They also have found that there was no

room for them at the inn, or anywhere but in the jail; they also have dragged their new-born babes out of their cradles, and trailed in despair along the road to Egypt, or at least along the road to exile. They also have heard in the dark and the distance behind them the noise of the horseman of Herod."

As Mr. Chesterton was leaving the shores of Erin he fixed his eyes on the Wicklow Hills and "had the fancy that the whole land was not receding but advancing like something spreading out its arms to the world," and he saw a chance "shred of sunshine" resting on the mountain of the Golden Spire. A good omen, he reflected, remembering that once before "in the very midnight of the dark ages," Irish missionaries had gone forth "like a multitude of moving candles, that were the light of the world."

But Mr. Chesterton, after all is a non-Catholic making a brief study of Ireland from outside. Therefore his impressions of the country and its people cannot of course be so true and sympathetic as are those of a Catholic priest whose life has actually been a Golden Spire. A good Father Lockington is such a one and his beautiful book on "The Soul of Ireland" movingly portrays what their Catholic Faith has made "the one people of Western Europe" as Mr. Chesterton well observes in the volume's introduction, "which has taken the old form of the Christian Religion quite seriously, enduring persecutions from without and asceticism from within." The "book" sure to be a favorite with St. Patrick's Day orators, for each of its fifteen chapters reads like portions of patriotic addresses that must have stirred their hearers deeply. Filled with a Celt's yearning love for Erin and a priest's admiration for the heroic faith of the Irish, Father Lockington expresses with a wealth of poetical and rhetorical imagery the thoughts suggested to him by such topics as "The Mass Rock," "The Nuns of Ireland," "Sogarith Aroon," and "The Mothers of Ireland." He sees the green of Erin's "fields kissed by the white lips of the sea." "Small wonder that the people of Ireland smile under their crosses when Christ thus shares them" is his reflection on hearing that in a single Dublin church 400,000 Communions are given yearly; the Sisters who have trained the youth of Ireland "lift the nation and hold it close to God," and they themselves "are welcomed with affectionate reverence in every land for the whole world is their home and all mankind their brother"; "Ireland is Ireland because of her priests," Father Lockington concludes, and here is his tribute to the "The Irish Mother":

"She is foremost among the hidden saints of earth. A follower of Christ, whose cloister is within the four walls of the home wherein she reigns as queen! A lover of Christ, whose little kingdom comprises the treasured souls that God has given her to guide. A ruler for Christ, who draws her subjects to her by sanctity and love. Her toll-worn hands that clasped the old brown rosary are eloquent of strength to seize and lift to good all souls they meet; her lips are molded to lines of peace by years of unending prayer and murmured benedictions over sleeping babes; upon her brow eternal calm and resignation sit enthroned; her eyes are lit by the light of serene confidence that tells of a heart secure in the friendship of God."

Though Father Lockington, unlike Mr. Chesterton, does not dwell upon the burning questions suggested by Ireland's present political state, yet his book is a sorrowful indictment of England for her long centuries of misrule and oppression. For he shows that the chief cause of her persistent refusal to abandon the Faith brought to her from Rome by St. Patrick. The author's pages, nevertheless, are singularly free from bitterness. He seems ready to forgive the past if the country of his heart can only receive justice from England now.

No one can finish reading Father Lockington's book without being brought to the conviction that the Catholic Faith is indeed "The Soul of Ireland." Had the children of Erin only consented in the days of Henry VIII., or at any time during the next three centuries, to give up the practice of Catholicism, who can doubt that the Irish would have been considered by the non-Catholic world a "progressive, prosperous and enlightened people" on whom royal favors and the emoluments of office would have been lavishly bestowed? But because that race of martyrs and confessors have from first to last steadfastly refused to renounce the Faith brought to them by St. Patrick, God has rewarded their fidelity by making the Irish a nation of apostles. For today there is not an English-speaking country, not excepting England herself, where the Church does not owe her accession to ruling her Divine mission chiefly to the generous piety of men and women whose birth or ancestry is Irish.—Walter Dwight, S. J., in America.

A GOOD PENANCE

Many persuade themselves that they have no true sorrow for sin if they do not practice many and great corporal austerities. Let us learn that he does a good penance who studies to please God alone, at all times and in all things. This is a very perfect thing and of great merit.—St. Francis de Sales.

THE BATTLE AGAINST GOD

To the thoughtful it must have often come home during the War that civilization was about to crumble. As nation after nation was drawn into the vortex it became more evident that slaughter on a scale hitherto undreamed of was to become the main object of Christian nations until extermination only could bring victory. Armageddon has been made familiar to us. After its mighty havoc we thought we should have peace and security. We thought that the air would be clear, and that an era of Christian charity and Christian justice would dawn. Interpreting the awful scourge that had come upon mankind as a chastisement from God, it was natural to think that men would turn back to God, and with chastened hearts try to build up a new world. Instead of that the men who had retained power through the cynicism of politics were to be the builders of the new world. And because they laid their foundation in vengeance, aggressiveness and lust the edifice which they planned and which they have partly erected is lowering, and through the most subtle and the most destructive form of warfare ever known is about to tumble to the ground. Meanwhile a battle more terrible than the world war is being waged. Its seductive appeal is reaching into every land. Like a violent miasma it is clouding the hearts of men. It finds most fertile fields in countries that have absolved themselves from the sovereignty of God. No land is immune from it. America has already been touched by its poison. Call it anarchy or bolshevism or communism or whatever you will, it is the new force unleashed by passion, baser, even than those which have hitherto led men to seek each other's destruction. Nations that have cast off the restraint of religion will inevitably succumb to the new mania. The only power on earth to offer it a check is that Church fortified by the thought that it cannot deny and it must be sustained by the everlasting idea of Jesus Christ. It must take up the challenge and carry on the warfare with its spiritual arms. So the brunt of the battle, and the shock of the new troop must be faced by the Church. After all, this is the recurring history of the Church. It has always been pitted against great odds. But it has survived, and will survive. The contest is no more uneven than it was against the Roman Empire, or against the fifth and sixth centuries. The battle may be long and severe, but the eternal years of God and the promise of His Son are on the side of the Church, and she will win.—New World.

CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Agas ago the old Hebrew prophet could exclaim with truth, "with desolation the world is made desolate, because there is none that thinketh in his heart." Today the same apocryphic to existing conditions may be made. A flood of loose thought and looser talk is inundating the world. The man who thinks truly and argues rightly is conspicuous. Men are too prone to take their opinions from untrustworthy and unreliable sources. The complexities of modern life have made for superficiality of thought. It is this condition that is today affecting the world's mental processes. The true thinker makes his influence felt upon his fellows, moulds public opinion, and controls the destiny of men and nations. We cannot all be great geniuses, but we can all be men of thought. Manufacture of information played havoc with truth during the Great War. The result is today that a host of problems confront the world. When the barrier of propaganda has been broken down and these vast problems get out into the forum of public opinion, the thoughtful student who has mastered the art of thinking along constructive Catholic lines will be the man of the hour, who can bring to society a solution of its troubles. When mighty questions are struggling to the surface, it is the duty of every Catholic to be prepared to take part in the grave discussions that must come. No man can think rightly unless he studies deeply. Fortunately the Catholic student has ample aids to assist him in gathering complete data for the thoughtful consideration of pressing matters. The list of books that has been published by Catholic authors during the past few months cover a wide range of subjects and furnishes solid instruction. For instance in Spiritism we have "The New Black Magic," and the "Truth about the Ouija Board" by Mr. Raupert. In economics we have "Democratic Industry" and "The World Problem" by Father Hueslin. If the ideals outlined in these two latter works would be widely disseminated, there would be no doubt of the happy outcome of our industrial problems. In sociology we have "The Church and Socialism" by Father Ryan, which is scholastic theology applied in an interesting manner to our modern social questions. And in the domain of health we have "Health Through Will Power" by Dr. Walsh, a book that is eliciting praise from Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Moreover our weekly Catholic papers and reviews are giving the thought of trained experts on all lines of discussion and vindicating the truth before the world.

The Catholic who wishes not only to be well informed but to do his duty to God and country must study the questions of the day. He must not be content to take his opinions from sources which to achieve their own ends will lead him astray. No time in history ever called so imperatively to Catholics to read good Catholic literature as the present time. Never has the Church been so well prepared with instructive books, magazines, and weekly newspapers.—The Pilot.

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SYNOPSIS OF RESULTS FOR 1919:

Assets as at 31st December, 1919.....\$105,711,468.27
Increase over 1918.....8,091,099.42
Cash Income from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc., in 1919.....25,704,201.10
Increase over 1918.....4,053,101.41
Profits Paid or Allotted to Policyholders in 1919.....1,606,503.37
Total Surplus 31st December, 1919, over all liabilities and capital.....8,037,440.25
(According to the Company's Standard, viz., for assurances, the C.M. (S) Table, with 3 1/2 and 3 per cent interest, and for annuities, the B. O. Select Annuity Tables with 3 1/2 per cent interest.)
Deaths Claims, Matured Endowments, Profits, etc., during 1919.....12,364,651.15
Payments to Policyholders since organization.....91,227,532.30
Assurances issued and paid for in cash during 1919.....86,548,849.44
Increase over 1918.....34,957,457.40
Life Assurances in force 31st December, 1919.....416,358,462.05
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THE COMPANY'S GROWTH

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCES IN FORCE
1872	\$ 48,210.93	\$ 96,461.95	\$1,064,350.00
1884	278,379.65	836,897.24	6,544,404.64
1897	1,375,586.60	4,619,419.63	31,528,569.74
1904	4,561,936.19	17,851,760.92	85,327,662.85
1914	15,051,775.24	64,187,456.39	185,209,835.00
1919	25,704,201.10	105,711,468.27	416,358,462.05

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London, Saturday, March 20, 1920

CATHOLIC LABOR UNIONS IN QUEBEC

At a time when it is freely charged, and not without some justification, that revolutionary and anarchistic forces are seeking to supplant conservative leadership in Labor Unions on this continent, the development of Labor Unions frankly Catholic in the Province of Quebec is of great interest to Canada.

Labor Unions themselves, as G. K. Chesterton has remarked, are a modern reversion to the idea of the mediaeval guild; but like most things modern, and unlike the guilds, they were never informed by the spirit of religion.

The Quebec Labor movement, as was to be expected, recognizes the authority of the Church to define all questions relating to morals. The Quebec Catholic Labor Unions incorporate this recognition into their Constitution:

(1) The council, union or fraternity is a labor organization openly and frankly Catholic.

(2) It recognizes, consequently, that all its acts are dependent on the tribunal of conscience: that they should be ruled by justice and Christian charity, and that, moreover, they should be in conformity with the teachings and the directions of the religious authorities in this diocese.

(3) The council, union or fraternity undertakes not to declare strikes without having first exhausted all means of conciliation within reach.

(4) The council, union or fraternity will ask His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec for the services of a chaplain. Appointment of the latter will be in the hands of the religious authorities of the diocese.

(5) The chaplain is a member, by right, of the executive committee of the general assembly of members. He takes part in all deliberations, but does not vote. He may require that a resolution be submitted to the Archbishop of Quebec and approved by him before coming into effect. Every resolution adopted in his absence must be communicated to him before taking effect.

There is no doubt that, at least in the Province of Quebec, the principles learned under such guidance will have a very wide influence in Labor circles.

Perhaps the best comment on this influence will be furnished by an illustration of how it works out in practice. We have just received, through the kindness of a subscriber, a copy of Le Canadien de Theford Mines, Quebec, containing an account of the settlement of a wage dispute, or rather of a wage demand, in that town, through the Catholic Union of Miners. There was no threat to strike, no ill-feeling aroused, nothing but the greatest courtesy on either side. At a special meeting of the Labor Council delegates were appointed by the workmen to present this petition to their employers:

"Whereas the cost of living at Theford, perhaps more than elsewhere, goes on increasing and gives no evidence of decreasing in the near future, but rather that the present tendency will become more accentuated;

"And whereas in the course of an investigation made amongst our best workmen, sober and honest heads of families, 70% of them, we regret to say, had the greatest difficulty in the world to make both ends meet, and that several of them failed even in that;

"And whereas, in consequence of the negligence of our Federal Government, the workman has no remedy for the high cost of living other than an increase of wages;

"And whereas an increase of wages, while not too seriously injuring your industry, would be an act of justice, a means whereby your own interests would be effectively protected for

the future, and an excellent occasion to gain the heartfelt good will of your workman;

"Therefore in the name of the members of the National Union of Miners of Amiante, by whom we have been delegated, we respectfully ask an increase of 20% on our present wages, the increase to take effect with the least possible delay."

After due consideration of this courteous and reasonable request, the company sent this courteous and reasonable reply, which our readers will thank us for giving in full:

Thetford Mines, Que. Mr. Louis Vernet, President, National Union of the Miners of Amiante:

Dear Sir:—We are glad at length to be able to reply favorably to the request which you and your colleagues, the delegates Cleophas Adams and Hilaire Gregoire, placed before us some weeks ago.

We understand and appreciate the reasons which you advanced, and as we have always desired to give our workmen the greatest measure of justice possible, it gives us pleasure to make known to you, the three delegates and to all the members of the National Union of the Miners of Amiante, that beginning Monday, the 16th of February, instant, we grant an increase of wages to all the employees of our mines from the head foreman down; the wages in general to be not less than 40 cents an hour.

We take advantage of this occasion to give public expression to the confidence we place in your National Union; we know and approve the principles of Justice and Charity which govern all your actions and deliberations.

We feel it a duty to bear testimony to the fact that we have never had better service in our mines than that which you have so loyally given since we recognized your Union.

Yours devotedly, Bennett-Martin Asbestos and Chrome Mines Ltd. B. J. BENNETT, President.

Not to be outdone in courteous expression of good will and grateful recognition of service rendered, the employees adopted unanimously the following vote of thanks:

"The National Union of the Miners of Amiante send their most sincere thanks to Mr. B. J. Bennett, President, to Mr. A. R. Martain, vice president, and to all the directors of the Bennett-Martin Asbestos and Chrome Mines Ltd. for the generous increase of wages which they have accorded all their employees through the mediation of the Union.

"This Union is happy to declare that it has long known the sentiments of Messrs. Bennett and Martain with regard to their employees, it knows how much they interest themselves in the welfare, material, professional and moral, of their workmen; it knows, also, that they desire nothing so much as the prosperity of the town of which they are such distinguished citizens."

In the Introduction to "Industry and Humanity" W. L. MacKenzie King writes:

"The existing attitude of Capital and Labor toward each other is too largely one of mistrust born of Fear. That was the position of the nations of Europe before the War. If Industry is to serve Humanity, this attitude must be changed to one of trust inspired by Faith. An industrial system characterized by antagonism, coercion, and resistance must yield to a new order based upon mutual confidence, real justice, and constructive good-will. The change will involve patience, but nothing short of it will solve the problems to which Industry gives rise.

"Christianity differs from Heathenism in that its attitude is founded upon Faith, not upon Fear."

Nothing is more obvious than the spirit of mistrust and antagonism which characterizes the general attitude of Labor and Capital; nothing more obvious either than that a trust-begetting Faith must replace the mistrust-breeding Fear if the impending class-war is to be averted.

We submit that the openly and frankly Catholic Labor Unions, with Justice, Charity and Conscience their guiding principles, which accept the authoritative living voice of the Church in defining Christian duty while striving for the largest measure of human rights, will prove a most powerful factor in bringing about that change of spirit for which Mr. King throughout his whole study of industrial conditions so eloquently contends.

A PERSISTENT CALUMNY AND A LYING BOAST

The Globe the other day had this paragraph in its report of "Captain Gypsy Pat Smith's" revival "sermon" in Cooke's Church:

"He said the people of Britain could not forget that while they were being conscripted, and while their families were being broken up the Southern Irish stayed at home. He said that every man of Carson's volunteers joined up and went to the front at the beginning of the War."

The demand in certain quarters for this sort of slander no doubt creates the supply. It would call for little notice but for the danger that many fair-minded people may be impressed more or less by its constant iteration.

Answering similar charges by the Ulster delegates who were with us recently, Major, the Rev. John J. O'Gorman, in an open letter to Ottawa Protestants, thus disposed of the first charge:

"The next charge made by the Rev. Mr. Crooks is 'The Roman Catholic Church had stepped in and said that there should be no enlistment in the British army.' That is not so. During 1914 and 1915 at least a dozen Irish Catholic Bishops publicly encouraged recruiting.

During the first twelve months of the War as many Irish Catholics served in the British army as Protestant Canadian-born soldiers enlisted in the C. E. F. In the House of Commons, 18th October, 1916, John Redmond stated that including regulars, reservists, and recruits, there were 100,000 Irish Catholics from Ireland with the Army and Navy. By 1916, however, the majority of the Irish people came to the conclusion that if this was a War to liberate the small nations of the world, Ireland must not be in the world, and consequently ceased enlisting. The bishops made no more recruiting appeals but neither did they oppose enlisting.

As late as September, 1918, an Irish bishop told me that they took no stand on the question of voluntary enlistment. It was for the people to enlist or not as they saw fit. The stand of the people was expressed by Joseph Devlin in the House of Commons, 9th April, 1918: 'We offered you then (at the outbreak of the War) and we will give you now, if you do justice to Ireland, the free gift of a free people.' That is what the late Prime Minister asked Ireland to give, and that is what Ireland offered."

As for the assertion that "every man of Carson's volunteers joined up and went to the front at the beginning of the War," it is at once a braggart's boast and a bigot's appeal; it is, moreover, absolutely and ludicrously false.

The Rev. Dr. O'Gorman on the same occasion disposed of it as follows:

"The Rev. Mr. Corkey stated that the province of Ulster sent 75,000 volunteers.

"It will be remembered that 5 of the 9 counties of Ulster have a Catholic majority. Moreover, the official number of recruits from the province of Ulster during 1914, 1915, 1916, and 1917 is 68,448 (Hansard British House of Commons, vol. 105, p. 42.) Of this number, 20,000 according to Mr. Devlin, were Irish Catholics. So there were 38,500 Protestant recruits from Ulster up to the end of 1917 (Hansard, 29 July, 1918.) During 1918, up to October 31, there were 11,470 recruits from the whole of Ireland (Hansard, 18 Nov., 1918.) Even if nine-tenths of these were Ulster Protestants (which is far from being the case), the total number of Ulster Protestant recruits during the whole War was less than 50,000. Now in view of that information, consider the following statement made by the leader of the delegation, Mr. Coote: 'I want to tell you that the only thing which has prevented practical anarchy in Ulster is the knowledge that there are in that province 200,000 Orangemen, who can be mobilized in two days, and who will implicitly obey the orders of whoever may be chosen to give them. Does that mean that these super-loyalists will organize another Lorne gun-running? If there are 200,000 Orangemen in Ulster who can be mobilized in two days how is it that during the whole War the Protestants of Ulster gave only 50,000 recruits?' Rev. Mr. Corkey when boasting of the number of Ulster recruits forgot to add that Ulster put only one Division in the field, and that during the last two years of the War, not enough Ulstermen enlisted to replace the wastage of their solitary division. Since they were satisfied with the Empire, why did they not continue to fight for it? He omitted

A CANADIAN JUDGE GIVES A RASH JUDGMENT

By THE OBSERVER

Mr. Justice Russell of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia addressed the Canadian Club of Moncton, New Brunswick, the other day; and if the press report is to be trusted, he gave a rash judgment on the Anglo-Irish question. He is reported as follows:

"In regard to the Irish question, the speaker claimed that the professional politician was the cause of the greatest amount of trouble in Ireland, rather than any injustice being done that country by the British government.

"The South of Ireland," he asserted, "was trying to force upon Ulster a condition similar to that which they complained of in the British parliament. The Home Rulers wanted to break away from the British parliament because they were a minority there, but at the same time wanted to establish a parliament in Ireland that would place Ulster in the minority. He had great faith in Lloyd George's sincerity and efforts to do the right thing by Ireland, and predicted that Aquith would strengthen the premier's hands in handling the Irish situation."

One might expect a Supreme Court Judge to define his terms; but as he has not done so, and as THE CATHOLIC RECORD has thousands of readers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, we feel justified in putting a few questions to the learned judge. He may answer them when and where he pleases; but answer them he should somewhere and sometime; for it is a matter of importance that a man in his high position should lend his name and his weight to one side of the bitter controversies of Anglo-Irish politics.

What is meant by the "South of Ireland?" If it is anything more than a conveniently vague term to mean and include the vast majority who want Home Rule, what does it mean? How far north must a traveller go before he is out of the south?

What is "Ulster?" It is commonly spoken of as a "province," comprising nine counties. Does Judge Russell adopt that description? Is Ireland divided into provinces? For what purposes? Are there provincial authorities? or provincial powers? or any provincial unit, for any purpose, or in any connection?

If Judge Russell knows what is meant by the word "province" as applied to Ireland or to any part of Ireland, he knows a very interesting fact with which he can greatly interest the Canadian public who have some idea of what a province is.

There was, of course, the old kingdom of Ulster before the conquest; and there was, at one time, a very rough and ready division of the country on the lines of the four former kingdoms, Ulster, Leinster, Munster and Connaught for administrative purposes, but that is all gone generations ago; and Judge Russell cannot very well be excused for lending his name and his prestige as a student to the continuance of what is now merely a political shibboleth.

Ireland is not divided by provinces, for any purpose whatever; she is a unit; a unit politically, geographically and legally; and all the legis-

lation passed in her regard since the union of parliaments has been passed for the country as a unit. She is a unit for purposes of representation in the House; and for the purpose of the administration and taxation of the country; and for every other purpose which can enter into the considerations of statesmen or be the object of legislation.

The terms "South of Ireland," and "North of Ireland," and "Ulster" have no definite meaning, and no distinctive significance. These terms are mere political humbug. By their use, millions of people have been led to suppose that there was a definite, severable, geographical and political division in Ireland whose people were opposed to Home Rule; and for the purpose of that deception, and for no other purpose whatever, these terms have been kept in use.

Who ever hears of the province of Leinster, or of the province of Munster, or of the province of Connaught? Yet, if Ulster is a political or geographical entity, the other "provinces" must each be the same.

But let us take the term "Ulster" as it fell from the lips of Mr. Justice Russell. "The South of Ireland was trying to force upon Ulster a condition similar," etc., etc. Well, here is what looks like a definite proposition. If "the South of Ireland" be a definite division, and if Ulster be another, then we have a situation which we can understand; two definite bodies opposed, and one trying to force the other.

Is that Judge Russell's conception of the Irish situation? What is commonly called "the province of Ulster" is comprised of nine counties. Only four of these counties elect anti-Home Rule members of Parliament; and of these four only two have very large anti-Home Rule majorities. Even Belfast City elects one Home Rule M. P.

If "Ulster," then, means and includes these nine counties, as all definitions of the term are agreed it does, Ulster is in favor of Home Rule by counties; and it is by counties that all representation in Parliament is made up. And in fact, in the last general election before the kindly toleration shown to Carson's army drove the country frantic, followers of Mr. Redmond were elected in sixteen out of the thirty-one seats in the nine counties.

In view of these facts, many anti-Home Rulers have long ago given up the old deceptive use of the term "Ulster," and have adopted the somewhat more accurate term, "North-East Ulster." But even in this they have failed to be candid or fair. Three of the nine counties of "Ulster" have long since been conceded to Home Rule. That leaves six; and only four of the six can and do actually put in the ballot box a majority of votes against Home Rule. Yet, the "Unionists" claim six counties, and it is understood that the present Home Rule Bill proceeds on that basis.

When Judge Russell comes to talk of forcing people, how is that for coercion? Two counties which have voted for Home Rule for years and years are to be detached not only from the twenty-three counties which are outside "Ulster," but also from three counties, which are, like themselves, within the boundaries of that imaginary "province" and compelled to cast in their political lot with four counties which happen to vote a county majority against Home Rule. And a Canadian Supreme Court Judge thinks there is no objection to such an absurd injustice. We could understand an absolute denial of the whole principle of Home Rule for Ireland. We can understand how men—stupid men, not Supreme Court judges—can believe Mr. Ian McPherson's statement about the 200,000 murderers. What we cannot understand is how intelligent men can do such an injustice to their own intelligence as to go on defending the absurdities of the "Ulster" theory of the dismemberment and partition of a small county on imaginary lines of division.

Now, there is not in any legal, political, geographical, or administrative sense of the word, any such thing as a "province of Ulster." Ireland is divided by counties and administered as a unit by Boards, which take the place of Government departments in Canada, with many differences; the principal of which is that only one man of all the heads of departments sits in the House; and he sits, as all his predecessors have sat, for a constituency outside of Ireland.

These counties are, in Ireland as elsewhere, irregularly shaped areas,

which run into one another with angles, and jibe, and turn each other's corners, and are mixed up in and among other counties, just as we see them in Canada. Will Judge Russell kindly look at the map, cut out the four counties, or the six, if he insists on it, with his pencil, and then look at the situation.

Having done that, will he mark up the face of the four, or the six, counties, the votes at the last elections, or the last pre-War elections, whichever he likes, and ask himself upon what principle half a million or so of Home Rulers should be detached from the majority to which they belong and handed over to a new State at the demand of a county majority in four counties.

What is the principle of the proposed division? County majority? Suppose the "Unionists" succeed in carrying a seat outside Ulster as they often have done, shall that county go with "the South of Ireland," or with "Ulster?"

Politics? Evidently this is not the basis; for even in Belfast, Home Rulers and Unionists live side by side.

Religion? By no means; for neither Home Rulers nor Unionists are all of one religion.

Religious predominance by districts? This has of late been seriously suggested. And blessed shall be the man, we suppose, who makes three or four minorities to grow where there was only one before.

Judge Russell is an able man. He has been reputed a broad-minded man. Is it possible his mind can really have been deceived by such obvious nonsense? We suppose he has not troubled to post himself on the Irish side of Anglo-Irish politics. And at that, he is neither worse off, nor better, than most Canadians. Which wouldn't matter if they wouldn't take sides without knowing their subject.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

"BLOOMINGTON MAN Makes Alcohol from Potatoes," was the heading of a news paragraph in the Chicago Examiner. "Big Potato Shortage in Chicago," announced the Tribune on the same day.

IN VIEW of the constantly increasing diet of "communications" with the departed served up to readers of the daily papers, that much-tried element may not unreasonably re-echo the exclamation of the Chicago Tribune: "If this be immortality give us death!"

IT WILL be of interest to members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, better known as the Loreto Order, and to their widely scattered alumni, to learn that among recent visitors to Rome, who were admitted to private audience with the Holy Father was the Mother General of the Institute, to whom His Holiness extended the most cordial of welcomes. The Holy Father spoke particularly of their Foundress, Mary Ward, and warmly praised the work of the latter's spiritual descendants in Rome, Ireland, England, Canada, Australia and the United States. It is of further interest to learn that the Ladies of Loreto are sharing with the Irish Christian Brothers the task of checkmating, and checkmating successfully, the unscrupulous heretical proselytizing agencies from other lands, especially from the United States, who have been so aggressive in Rome in recent years.

"Between the two," writes a Roman correspondent, "the results of the proselytizers are poor and miserable and mean."

IT WILL NOT have passed without remark by discerning readers that in his latest speech in Parliament the one thing Mr. Rowell did not do was apologize for his North Bay slander against the members of French religious orders domiciled in Canada during the War. He did say that had the facts marshalled by Mr. Murphy been known to him at the time of his North Bay speech he would not have spoken as he did. Under no existing canon of honor, however, can this be regarded as an apology. Ignorance is not usually held to justify slander, and no man of honor will, under any circumstances, cast aspersions upon his neighbor without having ample and definite information to go upon. At North Bay Mr. Rowell in his own showing wantonly transgressed that precept and the attempt to now put off the people of Canada with the mere statement that he would not have so spoken "had he known" is but adding insult to injury. Upon

IRELAND IN BONDS

Paul L. Blakely, S. J., in America

In his latest book "Irish Impressions," Mr. Gilbert Chesterton advises English politicians to clear their minds of cant, once for all, and to face the facts. If Ireland is not a nation, then there is no such thing as a nation. France is not a nation, nor England, nor Spain, nor Belgium; and there is no such thing as patriotism on this planet." If therefore follows, writes the Englishman, who protests that a man need not have green in his eye to see a green flag, that if we free Ireland, we free a nation, and if we enslave Ireland, we enslave a nation. If we are right in enslaving Ireland by force or fraud, then we are right in enslaving any nation, whose army and navy happen to be smaller than our own.

This states the case with refreshing clearness. England may deem that she has reasons justifying her in repressing Ireland. Very well. But let us then have no more cant about "rioters," "rebels," "outlaws," "crude Irish," "Belgium" and, may "grace spare us, about" the rights of small nations and weak peoples." Ireland, a small nation, a weak people, wants no English rule, limited or absolute. If ever a people declared against a foreign yoke, the Irish did, and do. They wish to rule themselves, to have their own laws, their own customs, not the laws, the rule, and the customs of a people from whom they are differentiated as widely as Neapolitans from Scandinavians. Let England know what she is doing. She is ruling, or misruling, a people, a weak people, and suppressing a nation, a small nation, by gunpowder and bayonets and aeroplanes and blood and iron and fire—by brute force and by nothing else; and not otherwise can she ever hold these people whom she has never understood, and with whom she has never sympathized. Of patronage and tyranny England has given Ireland much; of justice, little; of an understanding sympathy, nothing. The principle now involved in the continuance of English occupation in Ireland was supposed to have met destruction in the World War. Free Ireland is no longer the sole issue. Justice and the possibility of peace among the nations of the world are now weighed in the balance. If the nations look on, unmoved, as a people are crushed, they will know that with England's sanction brute force may be made the fundamental principle of their political philosophy, and the world will know that its dreams of universal peace are forever excluded from realization.

But clear as is Chesterton's concept of Ireland as an oppressed nation, it is as a Christian nation that his vision of Erin becomes most appealing. The typical Englishman, once so thoroughly Catholic, can no longer understand Ireland, save through what approaches a special revelation, because he no longer understands how deeply supernatural religion can root itself in the life of a people. A quaint little book, "The Prayer of the Gael," published some years ago by the Irish Catholic Truth Society, gives a pathetic picture of a persecuted race, poor in the goods of this world, but surpassing rich in their vision of the world, beyond the grave. Surviving through centuries, these simple, touching prayers mirror the mind of a people to whom the most palpable reality in the universe is the supernatural. The Irish peasant, returning from his work, as the evening star hangs over the beauty that is Erin, might see fairies dancing on the green, but they were only the creation of his poetic imagination, the amusement of his scanty leisure hours. The real things of life were Jesus on the altar, Mary on her throne, Joseph in his shop, close to all good workmen, Patrick and Bridget and the Saints and angels in glory. Erin in life, "a holy death in the state of grace, in the arms of Mary," with "a bed made in Heaven," and God above all. As he covers the fire at night, the father of the family clothes this simple domestic function with the dignity of a religious rite.

"I preserve this fire as Christ preserves me. May Mary at the top of the house, and Bride in its center be, May the eight most powerful angels in the city of Grace Protect this house and bring its people safe. Amen."

Sitting down to food, and spare it was in many an Irish home, the blessing was invoked:

"May the blessing of the five loaves and two fishes which God divided amongst the five thousand men, be ours; and may the King who made the division put luck on our food and on our portion. Amen."

The housewife, baking her bread, invokes "the grace of God and the blessing of Patrick. May God put on this food the blessing that He put on the five loaves and the two fishes." In the simple spirit of Faith that

makes real the concern of the infinite God in the affairs of men...

This is poetry; it is also fact and fact, as all noble poetry must be...

It is neither to my praise nor my blame that I am not an Irishman...

very soul of the nation. And yet they have had their origin in a misapprehension of the meaning of existence...

"Christianity requires that we accept two fundamental principles as the basis of our human relations. These are—justice and charity...

"MEDIUM DELUDED"

JESUIT TAKES ISSUE WITH SIR OLIVER LODGE

"Sir Oliver Lodge's Symphony Hall lectures on Spiritism were lacking in scientific proof of his position on communication with the dead..."

NINE AMERICAN SCIENTISTS DISCREDIT ENGLISH SPIRITIST

He further stated that Professor Jaastrow, who occupies the chair of psychology at the University of Wisconsin, has named nine professors of psychology and science in American universities who are preparing to take steps to discredit as "totally unscientific and misleading" the belief in communication with the dead...

SIR OLIVER INTERESTING

"Sir Oliver," said Father Corrigan, "is a much more interesting psychological study even than his so-called 'messages'..."

COMMUNICATION WITH THE DEAD

"In this connection it is interesting to note that his popular addresses on the 'unseen' are carefully distinguished from his other lectures on the ether and the atom by calling the latter 'scientific'..."

AT ODDS IN A MATTER

"The fact is that the science of psychology and Sir Oliver are very much at odds in this matter. According to a recent dispatch Professor Joseph Jaastrow, who occupies the chair of psychology at the University of Wisconsin, names nine professors of psychology and science in American universities who are preparing to take steps to discredit as 'totally unscientific and misleading' the belief in communication with the dead on the basis of the kind of evidence cited by Sir Oliver Lodge..."

WE CANNOT TALK TO THE DEAD

Father Corrigan declared emphatically that man cannot talk with the dead. "While Binetstein is hearing away at Sir Oliver's long cherished physical theories of the ether," said the priest, "these American scientists are setting about the much more simple task of showing that his theories on talking with the dead are entirely beyond the warrants of the facts and at variance with the conclusions of the science of psychology..."

VICTIMS OF OWN EXPERIMENTS

"Here is a problem that sometimes perplexes minds apt to think more deeply and seriously about these matters. But those who are more intimately acquainted with this subject and who are behind the scenes of the modern psychical research movement know that not infrequently spiritists of long standing become the victims of their own experiments in the field of inquiry..."

soler, whose religion, now as always, is based upon a higher knowledge, the knowledge which is of faith, not of sight."—The Guardian.

SOCIAL SERVICE PLAN

DR. JOHN RYAN HEADS THE COMMITTEE ON INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

Washington, March 4.—The pastoral letter of the Catholic hierarchy, although it has not yet been made the subject of open discussion, has been received with no small satisfaction by members of Congress and officials of the Government, who are confronted by the tremendous task of national reconstruction...

IMMEDIATE EFFECT

The immediate effect of the letter, taken in conjunction with the organization of the National Catholic Welfare Council, has been to create the impression that the Catholic Church in the United States is to take a more aggressive part in the attempt not only to restore normal conditions but to solve social and industrial problems, not in the ordinary political sense, but by emphasizing the ethical side of the most pressing questions...

SAYS SIR OLIVER CREDULOUS

"As regards the 'evidential' value of the so-called communications in Raymond's little book, said, as spiritualistic writers themselves apologize for Sir Oliver's credulity there. 'Sir Oliver's message' has keenly disappointed inquiring minds. The absence from his lectures of any valid evidence in favor of his theory has already reacted against the cause he sought to promote."

NO SCIENTIFIC PROOF ADVANCED

"Thinking people now realize how groundless are the claims for communication with the dead when so prominent an exponent of the theory allowed himself to ramble over a lot of indifferent astronomy and elementary geology instead of giving some definite scientific proof of the theory which he came to expound."

100,000 CASES OF INSANITY IN ENGLAND

Referring to a recent dispatch from Dr. A. T. Schofield, a prominent London physician, to the effect that one hundred thousand cases of insanity in Britain had been caused by Spiritism, Father Corrigan remarked: "Spiritism is running rife to form in England. Its well known connection with mental disorders cannot be too often repeated as a warning to the curious and the indiscreet."

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS AND CITIZENSHIP

The committee divided its work into two branches—industrial relations and citizenship. The former will be under the direction of Dr. John Ryan, the distinguished sociologist of the Catholic University, author of "The Living Wage," and other works on economic and sociological subjects. The latter will be under the direction of Dr. John A. Lapp, who has also been identified with the work of the National Catholic Welfare Council, and has had wide experience.

CARDINAL LOGUE

MOURNS FOR IRELAND

SAYS CALAMITIES ARE GREATER THAN IN LIVING MEMORY. Belfast, Feb. 15.—Cardinal Logue in his Lenten Pastoral to the Archdiocese of Armagh says: "Not within living memory can we find in Ireland such calamitous conditions as exist at present—drastic repression on one side and retaliation on the other, a military regime rivalling in severity even that of countries under the most pitiless autocratic government, vindictive sentences out of all proportion to alleged transgressions, letters caught for arbitrary arrests more frequent than in pre-revolutionary France, deportations such as raised a wild cry of reprobation against Germany when it was in military occupation of Belgium."

WIND UP IN A PADDED CELL

"Dabbling in Spiritism and the occult may very readily lead to brain troubles, nervous breakdown and finally to the padded cell. In the interests of social sanity this fact should be given widest prominence just at present if Boston is to escape the wave of insanity which Dr. Schofield tells us is engulfing England."

DOES NOT BOLSTER RELIGION

"Meanwhile Sir Oliver is no more successful in his well intended but ill-advised efforts to 'bolster' religion. To one acquainted with the sacred science of theology his endeavors in this regard are truly pitiable. "Christianity would not have survived the first century if it had had any weak foundations as Spiritism is based upon. Christianity's credentials are of an entirely different kind, and only to those who have wandered have they lost any of their pristine strength."

BACK TO CHRISTIANITY

"As for religion larger minds see in the present yearnings of sorrowing thousands to get in touch with their dead only an indication of a great return Christward, a mighty movement of return back to the Christ of the Gospels, the true con-

tends to justify the wrongs we suffer from."

"However we may suffer for the present we may console ourselves by the conviction that this state of things cannot last. It cannot stand in the light of public opinion. Force cannot be a substitute for good government. It has failed more than once, even in the memory of the present generation, involving in its failure the political doom of its advocates."

"If the prediction of General Smuts is not to be verified, England shall sooner or later find it to her interest to commit the destinies of this country to some enlightened statesman who will rely more on justice and good government than on political strategy."

Lieut. Gen. Jan Christian Smuts, Premier of South Africa, a former member of the British War Council and of the British Peace Delegation, in a farewell message issued at London last July prior to his return to South Africa, said that the most pressing of all the questions concerning the British Empire and the dominions was the Irish question.

"It has become a chronic wound," he declared, "whose septic effluvia are spreading through our whole system, and through its influence America is beginning to poison our most vital foreign relations."

"Unless it is settled on the great principles which form the basis of this Empire, this Empire must cease to exist. "Our statesmen in Paris dealt with racial problems resembling that of Ireland, and in every way as difficult as the Irish problem, and they may not shrink from applying to Ireland the same medicine they applied to Bohemia and many another part of Europe."

EDITOR OF CATHOLIC STANDARD AND TIMES DEAD

John J. Shea, editor of the Catholic Standard and Times, of Philadelphia, died on Tuesday, March 2nd, after an illness of several months. He was seventy-nine years old.

Mr. Shea was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1841. He began his career as a reporter and later became sub-editor of The Freeman's Journal in Dublin. He was on the staff of the United Ireland from 1883 to 1893 and later was made associate editor of the Catholic World. He also was editor of The Young Catholic until 1897, when he went to Philadelphia and became editor of The Catholic Standard and Times. He also was the associate editor of the American Catholic Quarterly Review.

He was the founder and editor of The China Gazette and served as a war correspondent at various times in China and Japan for English and American papers. He was the author of various works, among which are "The Two Archbishops Hendrick" and "The Life of Pope Leo Thirteenth."—The Tablet.

SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE ORGANIZED

By way of carrying into effect the program outlined in the Bishops' Pastoral, the National Catholic Welfare Council during the past week organized its Committee on Social Service, of which Bishop Muldoon, of Rockford, Illinois, is chairman. As a member of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Council, Bishop Muldoon has already had a wide experience in this work and has a practical knowledge of the problems presented by this field of activity. It is to be expected that the work under the Welfare Council will be successfully undertaken by the War Council is merely to be carried to greater lengths and made permanent in character and as applicable to the problems of peace as of war.

A CANADIAN MISSIONARY

The unselfish labors and sacrifices of our Canadian missionaries in the West and North exert our admiration and compel our sympathetic assistance. The letter following came from Northern Alberta and is a bird's-eye view of many a mission and many a priest of God in the sparsely settled sections of our Dominion.

Dear Reverend Father:

I am just in receipt of a parcel sent to me by the Catholic Register. The parcel contained different linen articles for the altar. Many heartfelt thanks for having thought of me. I saw in The Catholic Register that many missions receive something yearly, but I never dared ask anything, though I may be the most needy. I have four places to look after. In two places I gather the people in schoolhouses. Here in Athabasca I have a good little church which holds about 150 people. But it will be necessary to renew the shingles next summer. But the question will be to find money to defray the expenses. It would cost no less than three hundred dollars. Everything is so high a price and the labor also—that the thoughts of it makes me shiver. I have another small church fifteen miles east of here—which can hold 150 people—but it is not finished inside. So in the winter time it is difficult to gather the people. It is heated with one stove. The wind blows through the roof so as to quench the candles on the altar. Imagine a poor, old, bald priest who has to sing High Mass and preach; how hot-headed he must be not to catch cold! It would require about four hundred dollars to finish this church. It has already cost one thousand, and this was paid through charities. I gave to it all I received. I took the surplus of my living from Mass intentions or stipend, and gave the rest to that church. Twice a month I say Mass at Athabasca, and I divide the other Sundays between my other missions. I have a big travelling chapel, which is getting old, for what is in it has been used for more than fifteen years. So you can imagine that it is quite worn out. I have but one chance, which is out of fashion and would require to have a coat of gilding inside and outside.

CONTINUATION SCHOOLS

March 9th, 1920.

Editor Catholic Record: Sir—The Continuation School is, to the great majority of the people of Ontario, an unknown quantity. They do not understand what relation it bears to the Public School nor to the High School. There are a few Continuation Schools located in small villages but as to how far these are supplying the need, in the localities surrounding the schools, for secondary education, is known only to those immediately interested. If it can be demonstrated that the Continuation School can and does take the place of the High School as a medium of higher education, then the case for Continuation Schools in rural districts will be overwhelming.

The Rural High Schools, as they should be called, will be more easily accessible to the children of the country than are the urban High Schools, and the studies of the children will be carried on in a more home-like environment.

In travelling about in Ontario, I have noticed children, on railway trains, going to and from the town in which is located the High School which is nearest their homes. In some instances these children have to take the train at 7 a. m. and arrive at their destination at 7.30 a. m. What provision is made for the accommodation of these children from the time of their arrival at the High School town until the school opens I do not know, nor do I know what provision is made for

the rest of all in accordance. Strangers may ask me "how I am?" and "how far is your nearest priest?"

So far as health goes, I have not to complain. At seventy years nature provides one with its miseries (physical.) I am rather crippled from a twenty-year-old rheumatism caught in the Klondyke mountains in 1900, which makes me lame. The nerves of my right leg have stretched back, so that it is a little shorter than the other. But even so, I do all my work alone. I have no servants, neither male nor female as no my own housework and cooking, tend to two horses that I keep to travel through the country, and heat and clean my churches. I am situated on a high hill, and the church dominates the town. I have to climb a stairs of fifty steps from the street to reach the presbytery. Imagine how pleasant it is for an old, crippled priest to go to town and to come back! Few dare to climb except on Sundays. I did not pick the place. The church was already erected when I was sent here. I am completely alone in my hermitage. The only consolation that is given to me is to be with our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He keeps me company. For I keep the Blessed Sacrament in my house, in a small, private chapel. I take it over to the church on Sundays.

I never have a visiting priest, for the nearest is 70 miles away. My Catholic population is of different nationalities. French, English, German, Polish, Austrian, Galician, Russian, Half-breed and Indians. From all of them I receive an average of two hundred dollars per year. With that amount I make ends meet. I feed two horses and pay for the fuel for the church and presbytery. I try to live as cheaply as possible. I boil a piece of mutton meat and a piece of pork together—about four pounds—which lasts me the whole week, with a loaf of bread, a little tea without sugar, and some potatoes. That is my regime for the whole week. With that regime indigestion is unknown. I keep boiling the meat and I add a little water, and when it becomes too thin, too watery, I put in a little piece of lard, so the broth is very nourishing. I am afraid that many would not like my regime, but I can assure them that it is a very healthy one. I have followed that regime for thirty-seven years in my missionary life—and it has never caused me a headache.

Now, my dear Father President, may I ask you for The Catholic Register? Pardon me if I have abused your patience in writing such a long letter.

Wishing you the choicest blessing of the Divine Infant, I remain,

Yours most grateful in Christ,

(Signed).

To give aid to such missions and to succor such ministers of Christ, worn out with the labors of the day and the heat, is the duty of the Catholic Extension Society. To help in educating young men for the missionary life is our desire so that when the old missionary receives his pay from the Master, young, vigorous and zealous laborers may continue the cultivation of the vineyard. But, how can we do this without your generous financial assistance, dear reader? The Extension Society therefore calls upon you to do all in your power to help us and especially so during this time of self-denial, Holy Lent.

Donations may be addressed to:

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President,

Catholic Church Extension Society,

67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION,

CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE,

London, Ont.

DONATIONS

Previously acknowledged \$3,011 58

Misses Patriarche, Bridgeburg..... 2 00

MASS INTENTIONS

A Reader, Ottawa..... 2 00

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these children from the time school is closed until they take the train about 5.30 P.M. for their journey home in the evening. Some of the children live several miles from the railway station. This means that they leave their homes as early as 5.30 or 6 a.m. and arrive home at 7 or 8 p.m. The children are young; they are fun-loving and boisterous, as children should be, but it is probable that some of them are not improved in manners nor deportment by their journeyings back and forth in a railway train in their effort to obtain a higher education.

The influence of home on a child's life should be maintained to the latest possible date and the bringing of the High School closer to the rural population will help to maintain that influence.—W. O. C.

SOI-DISANT CATHOLICS

The influence of environment manifests itself in the manner in which some Catholics observe holy days of obligation. They go to Mass on Sunday because everybody is supposed to go to church on that day, but because their Protestant friends do not attend service on the feast days, they stay at home, apparently unmindful or ignorant of the fact that it is a mortal sin to miss Mass on a holy day of obligation. Regular attendance at Mass on these special festivals is a pretty good criterion by which we may distinguish soi-disant Catholics from those whose lives are regulated by a lively and enlightened faith.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

UNIQUE ENTERPRISE!

CORRESPONDENT IN HEAVEN WRITES FOR ENGLISH NEWSPAPER

Catholic Press Association

London, Feb. 13.—Father King in London, Father Bernard Vaughan in the north, and several other priests have been warning the Catholic public against the growing cult of Spiritism, which is filling the lunatic asylums and adding to the ever-increasing list of criminals.

The Archbishop of Liverpool, who presided at Father Vaughan's lecture, said that planchette had been the cause of a great deal of moral and spiritual deterioration in the country. Father Vaughan pointed out the manner in which the so-called spirits contradicted each other, and the essential fact that they never had anything of real interest or originality to communicate about the world, from which they were supposed to come.

This craze has gone so far, that one newspaper actually advertises its special correspondent in heaven, an Anglican clergyman, who professes to tell his readers all about the conditions above from psychic information.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario.

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

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

I propose the following bureaus for subscription.

SACRED HEART BURSE

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A Friend, Judique North.... 1 00

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For restoration of mother's health..... 5 00

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Previously acknowledged... \$506 25

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LITTLE FLOWER BURSE

Previously acknowledged... \$311 55

SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSE

Previously acknowledged... \$196 00

J. J. Schumacher, Walker-

ton..... 5 00

M. S. O'Neill, Bay de Verde 20 00

OBITUARY

"Oh grave where is thy Victory? Oh Death where is thy sting?"

St. Mary's Cathedral where the bells tolled its approach at 9 o'clock.

After an illness of many years, borne with heroic Christian fortitude and unwavering patience, death came suddenly to Mr. William P. O'Connor

DIocese of Hamilton

List of Offerings from the Parishes of the Diocese, taken up on the Feast of Holy Innocents, 1920, as ordered by His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., in aid of War Orphans.

Table with columns for parish names and offering amounts. Includes Acton, Arthur, Ayton, Brantford, etc.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

At a gathering under the auspices of the National Alliance of Employers and Employed of England, Father Plater, S. J., represented Cardinal Bourne and gave a straight talk that is well worth repeating.

The death occurred on Thursday of one of Calgary's esteemed citizens in the person of John J. McGinn, of 228 Twelfth avenue west.

danger in England. We are a good-natured people; nobody more so. But, like the "merrie London" of our days, we are unaccountably foggy.

"I take it that you wish in some way to bring Christianity into this movement. Otherwise, I am at a loss to account for this ecclesiastical exhibition on the platform.

HOPE IN GOD

Confidence in God is an essential virtue of the Christian state and character, and is therefore infused into our souls in baptism as the gift of divine hope together with divine faith and charity.

DIED

At Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough, March 2nd, after a very short illness, Sister Mary Celeste Keon.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED, FIRST OR SECOND class certificate, English and French for C. S. S. No. 11, Anderson, at once. Salary \$600. Apply to W. S. Sunderland, Sec., Alder, 219-4, Ont.

NEW HIGH RECORDS MADE BY SUN LIFE

NEW BUSINESS WRITTEN LAST YEAR TOTALLED \$100,000,000 ASSETS ALSO OVER HUNDRED MILLION MARK

NEW HIGH RECORDS MADE BY SUN LIFE

A new high record in applications for assurance policies was attained by the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada during the past year, according to the 49th Annual report of the Company just issued, which shows that one hundred million dollars worth of assurance were written during the past twelve months.

FOR SALE

IN THE VILLAGE OF DUBLIN, A BAKERY and grocery business, dwelling attached to a few blocks from church and continuation school.

Officials of the company are convinced from these figures that the commencement of an enormous expansion in the life assurance business of Canada will mark the present year.

CHINA MISSION COLLEGE

Father Fraser, of the China Mission College, Almonte, is at present preaching in Nova Scotia in the diocese of Antigonish.

Antigonish, N. S., Feb. 27, 1920. Rev. John Fraser, China Missions Organizer, Almonte, Ont.

Reverend and dear Father,—In response to your request for a commendatory letter to such parishes of the diocese of Antigonish as may be in a position to assist you in raising funds for your Catholic missions in China, I may say that permission is hereby given you to visit such parishes for this purpose.

With best wishes I remain, Reverend and dear Father, Sincerely in the Lord, JAMES MORRISON, Bishop of Antigonish.

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THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Records of Insurance One page of the Home Bank's Thrift Account Book is a schedule for recording Life, Sickness and Accident Insurance, while another page is for recording the details of property insurance, bringing all the particulars of these items into a concise form for ready reference.

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Canadian Government and Municipal Bonds form an ideal investment. If you will write us, we shall be glad to send you a list of these bonds, yielding from 5.65% to 7%.

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