

# The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1916

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### AN OLD STORY

The modern man outside the Church gives thanks that he is not a believer in dogma and not wedded to any fixed creed. Respect the code of social morality, pay your debts, shock not your neighbor by any offence against decorum, and then it matters little or nothing what your faith may be. Yet this theory has no foundation in either reason or revelation. It is against reason. To say that God is equally pleased with all religions is to say that God is equally pleased with truth and error and that two contradictories can both be true. This is obvious from the numerous brands of religion on the market. It is said that though the different religions do contradict one another still the points of difference are trivial, and the points of agreement are fundamental. But who is going to give us a rule by which to distinguish fundamentals from non-fundamentals? They who assert this have not a line in Scripture to justify them. Is it not clear that to presume a revelation only to sift it, and to reject certain truths therein is blasphemy naked and unashamed? Is it not a challenge to God to set aside any law that He has given them?

If one religion is as good as another why do Protestants send Bibles by the ton, and money in thousands of dollars for the conversion of the Buddhists? They answer that faith in Christ is an essential of salvation. But what is the principle of this limitation? Let the indifferent enunciate the principle, if he can, according to which you may lawfully reject any part of Christ's teaching provided only that you do not reject the whole. But what is meant by faith in Christ? Is it faith in Christ as God? If it is, then Unitarians who deny the Divinity of Christ must be put beyond the pale of Christian religions. If they are put out then faith in Christ as God is not essential. If they mean that faith in Christ in man is enough, the Mohammedan must be given a welcome. But in this case the liberal in religion must allow that if one religion is as good as another, it is as good to be a non-Christian as a Christian. And if that view be correct we may ask why Anglicans, Methodists, etc., subscribe so liberally towards Christian missions to the Mohammedans.

### THE WISE

The wise man stands in awe before the great problems and bemoan their impotence to solve them: fools chatter about them and dismiss them as impertinences. The wise man knows that the farthest reach of reason is to recognize that there are an infinity of things about it: the weak-minded do not see that far. "A crude and uncluttered mind," says St. Cyril of Alexandria, "glories in unbelief, and rejects as false all that it cannot understand; thus grossest ignorance goes hand in hand with boundless self-conceit."

### PROHIBITION

Prohibition has been passed in the local legislature of Nova Scotia and will, if in accord with the House of Assembly, become law on June 30th of this year. It seems that it is endorsed by the majority of taxpayers. Heretofore the business of advocating Prohibition was solely in the hands of the type of clergymen who, intemperate in language, endeavored to coerce individuals into accepting statements that were an affront to right reason. Now, however, the conservative Nova Scotian is back of the movement. He is a friend of the liquor seller, because he does not wish any citizen to remain behind the bar during his life. He desiderates that the trafficker in liquor should give something of brawn or brain to his community. The enactment of Prohibition may breed contempt of law and hypocrisy. But our friends are willing to take a chance and are convinced that Prohibition is not the expression of the opinion of a few but of the majority of Nova Scotians.

### THE SOURCE OF CYNICISM

What provokes the cynicism of many is the man who circumvents his brother in business, and wonders why their neighbours do not put them on a pedestal as the finest flowering of Catholicism. They do not seem to know that there is a great resemblance between them and their prototypes who devoured the houses of widows, made long prayers and walked up and down in the market place with broad phylacteries which were beautiful on the outside, but inside were full of dead men's bones. They confine themselves to external observances of religion and yet have no religion, because they are devoid of charity. They follow the world's lights, and, however exact in their external decorum, are far from the religion taught by Christ.

### TOO CRITICAL

The Echo, of Buffalo, is not pleased at Father Bernard Vaughan, who urged his countrymen to keep on killing the Germans. We confess that we do not understand why our contemporary should be startled by Father Vaughan. In any war there must be killing: and a little blood-letting may cool the Germanic blood, and convince the enemy that his plan woven out of espionage, international hatred, of contempt of treaties and small nations of trust in the mailed fist of an autocratic Emperor must be smashed to atoms by an outraged democracy. Our contemporary should read Dr. Smith's book, "What Germany Thinks: The War as the Germans See it." When he treats of Belgium Dr. Smith quotes with terrible effect from German newspapers and books to prove the unwarlike nature of devastation of that unfortunate land. Letters and extracts from German soldiers are given which tell of the brutality with which the slightest breach of the military law was punished. We are sorry that Germany is suffering from a brain-storm. But when this species of insanity makes for destruction of the house of civilization it becomes a duty to put her in a straight-jacket. The unjust aggressor must be taught that the things which are of the very essence of civilization are not to be befouled and destroyed by the cohorts of the Kaiser.

### LIVING STILL

Years ago a bravo could be hired for a price. His business was to slit the throats of those who were in the way of his employer. A picturesque ruffian, he swaggered through life with sword ever out of the scabbard, and his profession known to all men. He still plies his trade on life's highway, not with steel but with tongue in a mean and sordid manner. This modern bravo stabs and kills with a courtesy born of long practice. Unctuously pious, he worships a little tin god made out of prejudice and misconception and crowned with a diadem of hatred. And he never suspects, because of his invulnerable self-conceit, that he is an anomaly in a world of conscientious, struggling, slipping, God-fearing Christians. We know, however, that "the tale-bearer shall defile his own soul and be hated by all, and that all who abide with him shall be hateful: the silent and wise man shall be honoured."

### HIS DOCTRINE

John Boyle O'Reilly was always insistent in preaching the doctrine of kindness. His was the gift of forceful prose and poetry illumined with the light of his Celtic heart, but his unflinching courtesy, the kindness that pardoned, forgot and never judged, keeps his memory in benediction. He was buffeted oftentimes, but his heart, ever attuned to the chords of noble living, made sweet music for the myriads who counted him as a friend. We, unblest by O'Reilly's gifts, can, however the winds blow, discouraged perhaps and on the brink of bitterness, smile for Christ's sweet sake, and pour into the wounds of our neighbours the oil of kindness. And when we come to the shining city, our permanent home, our words and deeds of mercy and love shall, angel-like, minister to our faltering footsteps and plead for us before Him who rewards a cup of water given in His name.

### CARDINAL MERCIER

#### ASSURES BELGIANS THAT THEY WILL SURELY TRIUMPH

Canadian Press

London, April 4.—Cardinal Mercier's pastoral letter, which evoked a remonstrance from Governor-General Von Bissing last month, has just been received here. After expressing joy at being back among his fellow-countrymen, and stating that his journey to Rome had been blessed beyond what he had dared to hope, the Belgian cardinal says: "There are many things which I cannot say. You will understand that an abnormal position prevents me from laying before you exactly what is in my soul and what would be, if I could speak, of the strongest comfort. But you will not doubt my word when I say that my journey to Rome has been specially blessed, and that I return happy, very happy."

"The Holy Father's kindness was touching. From the moment of my arrival in Rome he took me in his arms and allowed me to tell him everything, to confide everything to him, to think aloud before him. Paternally he consoled, enlightened and encouraged me. He understands and shares our care for our religious liberties and our patriotism."

Turning to the position of Belgium, the cardinal describes the acclamations with which the mention of Belgium was received everywhere on his journey. He continues: "Let us even suppose the finish or the issue of the gigantic duel now being fought in Europe and in Asia Minor should be uncertain, one fact is already established in civilization and history—the moral triumph of Belgium. In union with your king and government, you have made immense sacrifices for your country. Peoples abroad understand your spirit of sacrifice; you are admired, and your generation has taken its place gloriously in history. Is not that a conquest, my brethren? Are you not the most glorious of conquerors?"

"I know that you weep, that the hearts of mothers and wives are broken, that lives are being lost on the banks of the Yser. The imprisonment of our nation on our own soil is sadly prolonged. You will admit I have never hidden my fears from you. I have preached patriotism to you, but from the beginning I have let you see that, according to my presentiment, our ordeal would be long and that success would be attained by the nations which should most endure. The conviction, both natural and supernatural, of our final victory is more deeply than ever anchored in my soul."

"We shall win but we are not yet at the end of our sufferings. France, Great Britain and Russia have pledged themselves to make no peace until Belgium has recovered her entire independence and been largely indemnified. Italy in turn has adhered to this pledge. Our future is not in doubt, but we must be prepared for it."

The pastoral concludes with an injunction to the people to trust in God and to continue insistent in prayer.

#### PRIESTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

##### FAMOUS PROTESTANT MINISTER PAYS A TRIBUTE TO THEIR HEROISMS

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, writing of his experiences at the front in France in the London Daily Chronicle, says: "There are plenty of priests in the trenches acting simply as private soldiers, but ready at a moment's notice to comfort the wounded or shrive the dying, or even as opportunity affords to bring the rites of religion to the hale and sound. There is no scoffing at them now, whatever used to be the case. They have paid freely with their blood for the new respect they have won from the armies of France. It is officially stated that there are no fewer than 60,000 priests serving with the belligerent on all fronts—and this exclusive of the priests of the Eastern Church serving with the Russian forces, and the thousands of ministers of all denominations serving with the Protestant troops of Great Britain and her gallant sons from beyond the seas."

"I heard some months ago from Roman Catholic sources a moving account of the work of one of these soldier-priests. A half-brother church within the zone of fire was filled with wounded men laid in rows upon straw along the nave, and candles and aisle. Yet the altar was lighted, and by it expectant servers stood waiting. Presently the door opened and a cavalry captain entered and made his way through the dolorous scene of pain and death, his spurs clinking on his heels, while with his right he made a sign of benediction over the ranks of moaning men. From pallet to pallet he passed, listening to whispered confessions from tortured lips and giving absolution, at length seating himself in a chair near the altar, where those who

were able to do so came to him one by one with their penance or grief, and he declared to them the peace of God. Outside, remember, the guns were thundering all the time, and the surge of battle breaking on every side. Confession over, this accoutred officer proceeded to the altar to say Mass. He was a priest. Did ever any priest say Mass under more solemn and awful circumstances? Did ever any soldier fight a nobler fight?"

#### BENEDICT XV. ON PREACHING

The Holy Father is ever mindful of the importance of preaching and gladly seizes opportunities of expressing his view as to how it may be made most effective. In receiving the parish priests and Lenten preachers of the Eternal City he took occasion to impress upon them considerations which should never be lost sight of by the preacher. First of all, he dwelt on the necessity of the preacher being a man of God. This is essential as a guarantee of earnestness and sincerity. His Holiness would have the priest who speaks from the pulpit avoid every subject that is not strictly religious, and in the treatment of religious themes keep clear of everything in the nature of profane sensationalism. The preacher, he urges, in his zeal for the glory of God, should forget himself and treat his subject in chaste language, in suitable form, with clearness of exposition, and especially in a distinctly orderly manner. Preachers he also suggested, should not forget the intellectual capacity of their hearers, for the fruit of a discourse largely depends on its being adapted to the intelligence of the audience. It is evident from the practical character of his recommendations that His Holiness has given much thought to this part of the clergy's work and is anxious that everything possible should be done to ensure the best possible results from sermons.—London Catholic Times.

#### "I AM THROUGH"

In Shakespeare's time those who contemplated suicide were given pause by the harrowing thought that perhaps the bare bodkin might not after all end the heartache and the weary life. There was the dread of something after death, and the fears from which no traveler returns. Our people have "progressed" since the days of the medieval-minded poet with his residue of Christian principles. Conscience no longer has the mastery of us. There is no man so poor or ignorant as not to dare to construct his own philosophy of life. The "silly notions" of a future life of retribution, and of a God Who is master of the dreams that trouble the sleep of death, have been so long heralded as foolish superstitions by philosophers who themselves have much of this world's good things, that the poor and the miserable and the oppressed and those who have to bear the thousand shocks of life, with a logic that is in their own hands in alarmingly increasing numbers and are making their quietus without a second thought. Evidence of this is to be found in the fact that recently in a single city, there were recorded within the space of twelve hours, no less than seven suicides. One of these unfortunates, a youth of seventeen, left the laconic but eloquent note: "I am through."

Life had already disillusioned him, his mere handful of short years had filled his cup of bitterness to overflowing. The future period of moral existence held for him no joyful prospect. His school teachers had sedulously suppressed any mention of the God Who with unfailing kindness presides over human destiny but requires nevertheless, an exact account of each man's stewardship; they had excluded any hint of the real meaning of life; they had never told him that through many blows the soul is fashioned into the image of its Maker; they had left him to solve of his own the vexed problem of suffering; they had left him in utter ignorance of the many mansions in his Father's house, they had never nursed his courage with the hope of a future life in which justice would be meted out to all and the poor would at last come into their own. As a consequence he fell a prey to the atheistical and skeptical ideas of the theorists, and took his own life. Who will say that he was not hopelessly resigned against the penalty? Well may he be left to the mercy of his all-wise Judge.

But what of those others who robbed or defrauded him of his right to the truth? The truth would not only have made him free, it would have made him brave and steadfast and patient. It would have saved him from laying sacrilegious hands on what should have been and perhaps was the temple of God. It is the old story of the kings raging and the people paying the penalty. False philosophies are lightly excogitated by well-fed "thinkers," but the price is paid in the heart's blood of working men and women who cannot

think for themselves. The poor boy is by no means "through,"—his endless life has only begun; but by those who have been the occasion of his untimely death, that truth is doubtless considered a "medieval superstition."—America.

#### COMMERCE AND LABOR

In a speech recently made in Parliament, Mr. Lloyd George put an end to the rumors that a commercial war would be waged by the Allies, and especially by Great Britain, on the Central Powers at the end of the war. He did not deny that some changes in the trade relations existing between the great nations might be necessitated after the conclusion of peace, but he denied that there was any intention on the part of Great Britain of prolonging commercial hostilities or of exacting commercial reprisals after the military and naval hostilities had ceased. This announcement, made officially in the House of Commons, will be welcome to the world at large.

The strike difficulties at Liverpool have been practically settled. The discontent among the munition workers of Glasgow had also been checked on a certain extent, by the deportation of a number of the ring-leaders among the malcontents, so that many of the strikers have returned to work; but the fact that from 1,600 to 1,800 men are still out of the shops, and that their grievances are shared by munition workers in many other parts of Great Britain, is causing the Minister of Munitions considerable anxiety.

#### BRITISH PREMIER CALLS ON THE POPE

After the council of the Allies at Paris, which is the most important conference held since the beginning of the war, because it was attended by the military leaders, the Prime Minister, the Ministers of Finance, and other Ministers of the Allies, Mr. Asquith, the British Premier, proceeded to Rome, where it is reported he was given a most enthusiastic welcome by the Italian populace. This and other incidents of the visit of England's Premier to the Eternal City have been overshadowed in the eyes of Catholics by the audience that was accorded him by the Pope, for, in company with Sir Henry Howard, the British Minister to the Vatican, Mr. Asquith of the Holy Father. The details of the conference have not been made known, but it is probable, in spite of rumors to the contrary, that the incident had no purpose beyond a simple, kindly exchange of courtesies. To Catholics, however, the meeting is very significant, because it evidences a kindlier feeling on the part of official England toward the Vatican.—America.

#### FRANCE

##### CARDINAL LUCON'S PASTORAL

An increasing number of the Catholics of France are deeply grieved that, alone among the nations at war their country officially ignores God. Alarmed at the consequences which this insult to Heaven must entail, Mgr. Lucon, Cardinal Archbishop of Reims, has proposed to his brethren in the episcopate a union of prayer called "National Crusade of Prayer" for the return of the Motherland to the Faith. In the beautiful Pastoral Letter addressed to his own diocese on the subject, the Cardinal says at the close:

"A peril threatens us from within far greater than the danger from foreign foes. It is a spirit of hostility to religion too common alas! amongst us; a spirit of pride and unbelief ever conspiring together to destroy Christian dogma and morality; a spirit of indifference and contemptuous neglect, owing to which so many of our countrymen live and act as if they had no religious convictions. As long as she will not be healed of this evil, France will not be saved. Outside her borders she will be denied the esteem, the sympathy and the confidence of other nations, and within her own territory, the same causes producing the same results, we shall behold the moral corruption of our people growing alarmingly worse from day to day; we shall witness the ruin of the family, see egotism everywhere enthroned, and behold the weakening and ultimate decadence of the race and then the final plunge to the abyss."

Let us ask God to enlighten those who hold the reins of power, that they may acknowledge and recognize that their authority comes from God, and that they may exercise that authority in accordance with His will. Let us beg of Him to fill with the spirit of wisdom those who make our laws, in order that they may pass those only which are in conformity with His law and useful to our country."

The Pastoral goes to the root of the national evil. It is the work of a great patriot, and a great bishop.—America.

#### CARDINAL MERCIER AND THE NURSES

Before leaving Rome, Cardinal Mercier visited the training school of San Giuseppe founded by Pope Pius X. to prepare nurses for military service. Five hundred graduates are now serving in the military hospitals throughout Italy. His Eminence spoke of the enemies who strive to combat the Church in the field of science and even of charity. "Hence it is incumbent on us to cultivate science better than anybody else," said the Belgian prelate, "to inform our charity according to the needs of modern times better than anyone else." Since good-will alone is not sufficient in caring for the sick, all nursing Sisters are bound to study how to tend them; they must pass examinations, and become model infirmarians. His Eminence said, and he told his audience how the late Pontiff had exhorted him to promote schools like San Giuseppe, and had charged him to express to the Belgian nuns the Pope's desire that they should have diplomas as nurses.—Sacred Heart Review.

#### ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS ATTEND THE GREAT PROCESSION OF PENANCE

(Catholic Press Cablegram)

Rome, Apr. 3.—The great "Procession of Penance," which took place in St. Peter's Basilica on Thursday, was a wonderful demonstration of the fervent piety of the Romans. On the previous evening the massive "miraculous crucifix" was brought from the Church of San Marcello to St. Peter and was placed in front of the "Confessio," where it was the reverent object of the pious visits of many thousands of people during the triduum.

It is estimated that there were a hundred thousand persons in the vast basilica when the procession was held. It is, of course, impossible to tell the exact number of those present, but the concourse was so great that nobody could move while the great procession passed along, a large number of prelates, with Cardinal Merry del Val following, with the crucifix, bringing up the rear, while the litanies and the *Miserere* were being solemnly chanted. The spectacle was one that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

On Friday evening, after the basilica had been closed, Pope Benedict descended into it by the private stairway and, going to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, prayed before the crucifix, while the prelates present chanted the litanies and the *Miserere* as on the previous day.

#### CATHOLIC SOLDIERS IN AUDIENCE

Two Catholic officers and fifteen Catholic soldiers, attached to the British-Adriatic mission, while passing through Rome on Friday last, were received in audience by the Pope, who made a special concession in their favor by abrogating the rule that no papal audiences are given on Fridays in Lent except to cardinals, when a sermon is preached in the Vatican. The Holy Father graciously gave each a rosary and a medal, accompanying the gift with a few kindly remarks.

#### INDULGENCE EXTENDED

At the request of Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, Pope Benedict has extended to France the privilege, which he had granted to Belgium through Cardinal Mercier, of a plenary indulgence to all who receive general Communion on the first Sunday in May, and pray for the intention of the Holy Father—that peace may soon be restored to Europe—and authorizing parish priests and chaplains to bestow the papal blessing.

#### FUNERAL OF THE BLESSED

(Margaret Kernon in the Toronto News)

The following letter has been received by Lady Drummond from a Canadian girl nursing in a French Military hospital with a British staff: "To-day we have buried another of our blessed (wounded) such a quiet, timid little man that everyone was fond of. There is something very touching about the service. The whole village assembles at the doors of the hospital, and the priest comes in his robes, with the cross carried before him and a couple of little boy acolytes, and says a few prayers; and then the coffin, covered with the French and English flags, is put into a hearse drawn by some of the villagers, and we all stream after it to the church. It is quite a sight. After the hearse came the chief mourners, and then the hospital staff and a couple of orderlies and a few nurses, then the blesseds on crutches and sticks hobbling along, some without arms and some without legs, the villagers bringing up the rear. The big doors of the church are opened to let us all in. Afterwards we go to the cemetery where there are thirty graves of soldiers from this hospital, all in a line. Everyone makes the sign of the Cross as they pass the coffin, and then it is lowered into the grave."

King George has created William Howard, British Minister to Sweden, a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George. Sir William, who for some years was counsellor to the British Embassy at Washington, is a convert member of the rosary branch of the ducal house of Howard. His wife, the Lady Isabella Gainsfiori Bandini Howard, is the daughter of a man who is at one and the same time an Italian Prince and a Scottish Earl and a direct descendant of King Edward I. of England. One of Lady Howard's sisters is the Princess Camillo-Rospigliosi, and her only unmarried sister, the Princess Christine, is a Sacred Heart nun.

#### CATHOLIC NOTES

Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, the Paulist, has made 3,950 converts to the Catholic Church during the eighteen years of his ministry.

The Lambert picture sale in New York brought \$52,000. Sarto's, "Holy Family," went for \$27,000; Botticelli's "Madonna" brought \$22,000; Luini's "Madonna Enthroned," \$33,000.

Verdan in France is a great fortress. As a diocese it numbers about 290,000 Catholics and many institutions. Its Cathedral, which was consecrated by Pope Eugene III, in 1147, looks outwardly like a fortress.

The National Society of Colonial Dames has commissioned Sister Melva B. Wilson, a New York nun and famous Catholic sculptor, formerly of Cincinnati to design a memorial in honor of the women of the Colonial period from 1607-1776.

Over \$20,000 is said to have been expended by the Knights of Columbus in Pittsburg, Pa., in protecting the faith of Catholic children who appear before the juvenile court; they have saved over 6,000 poor children from proselytism and are maintaining special probation officers to see that social snatchers are not allowed to trade on the poverty or ignorance of unfortunate Catholics.

Rev. F. M. W. Schneeweis, formerly assistant rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, and ordained to the priesthood by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in the Cathedral of Baltimore about a year ago, brought six converts into the Church recently. They were three men and three women, and were baptized in St. Teresa's Church, where Father Schneeweis is assistant.

The Buntingford Parish Magazine announces that steps are being taken towards fulfilling the late Monsignor Benson's wishes in regard to a church at Buntingford. The Lady Chapel is to be built to the church directly, owing to the generosity of a friend of Monsignor Benson, who has given \$2,000 for the purpose. The presbytery is also in course of erection.

That "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians" is being very clearly proved ever in that part of China—the north—where the Boxer movement of 1900 was especially virulent and where thousands of native Christians shed their blood rather than deny their faith. The Vincentian Fathers in the Mission of Pekin and North Chihli baptized last year 38,293 adults.

Figures given out by the chancellor, the Right Rev. Mgr. O'Reilly, place the average number of converts in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, at 700 a year during the past ten years. One of the most active parishes in this work is that of St. Thomas Aquinas of which the Rev. Thomas F. Mahon is the pastor. Father Mahon states that his church received no less than 200 converts in the twelve months of 1915.

James Wesley Thompson, nominated by President Wilson as Judge of the Circuit Court of the District of Hawaii, is a Catholic and has been for a score of years the tenor soloist of the Cathedral at Honolulu. Judge Thompson in the Hawaiian world is David Kalili. He is a typical Hawaiian, handsome, black, a first-class musician and a renowned football player. He visited this country twice, once as a member of an all-Hawaiian football team, and another time with a Hawaiian gleu club.

Father de Moirrey, S. J., of the Zika-wei Observatory in China, possesses what is probably the most unique congregation in the foreign mission field, for his flock, the Chinese fisherfolk of Lukiapiang, live entirely in boats. The householders gain their living by hunting turtles, crabs, sea birds, and other denizens of the shallows, and although these marine hunters are well disposed to receive the missionary's teachings, the households he has to visit are very unsavory habitations.

In thanksgiving for the many marvelous cures thought to have been wrought at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind., through devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus a beautiful shrine is about to be erected to take care of the pilgrimages that are being made. The old log chapel, which is a replica of the first building ever erected at the spot where Notre Dame now stands by Father Badin, the proto-priest of the United States, has been used by the visitors, but it is inadequate.

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## A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULLHOLLAND

AUTHOR OF "MARCELLA GRACE"; "A NOVEL";

## CHAPTER XXVI

## SHANE'S HOLLOW

"Are there any wolves among the trees, Betty? Shall I be eaten up?"

"No, mistress. But sure the place is unlucky; an' if they saw you walkin' about, spyin' at the wreck an' ruin like, they'd be mortal offended maybe. There's the Fingalls themselfs darren't let on they know there's anything wrong."

"And yet they were once friends?"

"Och, dear! It was the forbears of these ones that was acquaint with them. The only one alive that knew them is the old mistress herself at Tor; an' her an' them never was any great things of friends. They would not let her come within miles of them now, an' indeed, I think nobody ever met by talkin' of them. You see, they were mixed up with her own trouble—"

"I know, I know. I shall die of curiosity if I do not get a peep at this mysterious place. I will keep at a distance from the house, and will take care not to frighten the old people."

Andy undertook to drive her up the mountain as far as the road went, and to wait for her at a certain cabin till she should return from exploring the Hollow. About high noon she was going through the mountain-pass on foot alone.

The sunlight irradiated the hills, and the shadows of the high white clouds floated mysteriously along their sides, casting deep, momentary frowns under the brows of the grey and purple crags. Coming to the top of the pass, she saw far beneath her a dark belt of wood out of which a thin streak of smoke was ascending. Down there lay the mystery of Shane's Hollow.

After a quarter of an hour's rapid descent she found herself standing at the top of a steep, woody incline looking sheer down on the broken roof of the dwelling-house; and then, following a path round this hill, she went gradually lower till it brought her to a crazy gate, through which, under the wide spreading branches of the trees she saw the base of the gable of the ruined mansion.

It stood in an oblong hollow of the richest green. Short, close grass, verdant and sumptuous, swept away in velvety undulations under the far-reaching boughs of enormous beech and sycamore trees, which were flung out like sheltering arms, as if trying to protect and hide the wretched dwelling from the scorn and abhorrence of the world. An air of almost supernatural beauty and desolation pervaded the place, and the only sound breaking the charmed stillness was the loud, imperious cawing of the rooks, which seemed to menace the intruder, to warn him from attempting to enter these forlorn and dilapidated gates.

Bawn, however stepped down the grass-grown path which had once been an avenue, and came slowly nearer to the home of the Aduars. Three magnificent copper beeches with mossy trunks seven or eight feet in circumference stood right in front of the house, with gnarled, moss-clad roots like the velvet-sheathed claws of some gigantic animal, and with towering crowns of crimson-dashed foliage. Between two of these was an old well, surrounded with a circular wall, lichen-grown and broken down at one side, and attached to this were the ruins of a half-floored with rotten boards and riddled with holes. The solid coping above the door, and the pillars at each side still stood, but the roof of one side of the house was completely fallen in, and the moulding of the drawing-room walls and the fire-places of all the upper rooms were visible through the apertures where the windows once had been. Displaced beams hung by one end, pieces of zinc dropped ready to fall, the ground-floor was piled with wreckage, and could be perceived between the half-closed shutters that still clung to the lower casements; while high aloft an open arch on the drawing-room landing, once, no doubt, shaded by silken curtains, made a striking feature in the general hideousness of this extraordinary interior.

The left wing of the house was still covered, in, but the roof had already given way. From the chimney next to that smoken spot over the hall-door a little cloud of smoke was wavering upward. Almost all along that side the shutters were closed, and no light penetrated except what might enter by a few uncovered panes in the upper windows which had been gradually patched and boarded up in a manner horrible to see. Two of these windows evidently belonged to an inhabited chamber, and, if so, the floor was threatening to give way beneath, and the roof to descend upon whatever living creature might there be unhappily housed. It was clear that this side of the

house must very soon fall in as the other had done. Heavy rains or a high wind might sweep the roof away at any moment.

Behind the house rose that abrupt hill, clothed in softest green, from which Bawn had first looked down on the hollow. In the background, under the hill, lay offices, granaries, out-buildings, all in wreck, but with their mosses and ruins wrought in picturesque way with the universal greenness. Away at one end the oblong shaped itself, with crowding trees and moulding lines of gray and olive walls. The carriage sweep was overgrown, all but a beaten cart-track past the door; for occasionally a carter would take the short cut through the Hollow, if it were not late at night, when he superstitiously shunned the spot. From one end the almost obliterated avenue pierced the distance, an irregular tunnel of cool green, dark with the purple and blue of the ivy, and with golden light filtering down through its leafy roof, and lying in bars across the moss-spotted path bordered and embroidered with a wandering vegetation.

On the other side the oblong lost itself among thickly crowding trees, and was so green, so lovely, so rich, with golden patches and cool blue shades, and here and there a red sprinkling of fallen leaves, that one must hold one's breath contemplating it, as if some secret enchantment were at work to keep the spot so mysteriously, uncannily beautiful. At this end the hollow was finished with a low, melancholy line of wall, and a grim, tumble-down gate, of which one pillar stood erect bearing a headless animal of stone upon its shoulders. Once the traveller was without that gate, he was free of the spell of Shane's Hollow. Immediately beyond lay pleasant, open fields, where red and white cattle grazed, or drank at a sedge-bordered lakelet, which was also invaded by troops of joyous, fluttering, yellow-winged flag-lilies.

All this Bawn took in as she sat on the old well observing the details of this exquisite wilderness and feeling its weirdness to the marrow of her bones. She noticed how the trees all leaned towards the house, spreading their vast branches that way and weaving them together before the windows, as if trying to veil its ruin or to hide some secret it contained. Even on this still summer's day the breeze kept up a continual sighing in the crowns of the great trees, and the rooks clamoured incessantly. Few and faint were the notes of singing birds in the branches on the outskirts of the Hollow; evidently none harboured in the giant boughs near the house. Sometimes a small bird whirred across the hollow as if in a fright, and disappeared; and as the afternoon advanced strong sunshine fell across the great hall-door, and dimmed the windows, and half of the bending roof, and threw a deeper, more sinister shadow around the building.

Turning her fascinated eyes from this sight, Bawn changed her seat and looked to the opposite side of the well, with her back to the house, and looked away to where a venerable gray wall, hoary and lichened, marked the vast square garden which sloped gradually from the hollow up a gentle incline. Tall beeches and dark chestnuts stood round it like a sombre guard, but its crumbling, gold-tipped walls were a reservoir of purest sunshine, for beyond and above them shone a world of light, just fringed with the grey foliage of a distant woodland. An old wicket, once a pleasant entrance to the garden, hung in its stonework spilt and riven, and letting dazzling shafts of brightness shoot through, just where the shadows at the corner of the wall were blackest. And as her eyes roved aside from here, all around there were trees, trees, trees, weaving their branches across the sod, but leaving a delicious underwood of cool, gold-strown grass, streaked with long, level shadows, sprinkled here and there with lily, ruscus, ranunculus, and looking as if it might possibly be trodden at times by fairies, but seldom or never by foot of mortal mould.

Again Bawn altered her position. The trees at one side were now literally dripping with gold, the flickering shadows of the branches moving like living things over the great boles of the mighty beeches. One of these, split down within a few feet of the ground, had made itself into two, each of which had flung up three or four great arms, sending forth a hundred branches. Under the sycamores lay the loveliest blue-green shadows, and the roots and boles of the trees were wrapped in the most sumptuous colouring—yellow and amber and tawny brown. What majesty in the heavy draperies of those chestnuts, through which the light tried in vain to filter; what a delicate gleam of silver on those elm trees! Now she turns slowly round towards the front of the house once more. Those lurid boughs of the copper beech, stretching and straining towards the guilty house those dark-red splashes on the corner stones of the dwelling—what do they mean? Murder? From where she now sits only the lower half of the front is visible, from half the door downwards, by reason of the woof of the tree-branches spread across its face; but the upper part is here and there to be seen through the interlacing higher boughs which form striking arabesques against the chimneys. They tie about the chimneys, goblins peep in their outlines, pointing fingers, wringing hands, gestu-

lating arms, all stand forth, and multiply the longer one gazes.

Bawn rises and walks up and down the green, mysterious ward. How beautiful, solemn, and weird it all is! And this is the living tomb of the woman who forsook Arthur Desmond in his need, of the wretch whose whispered calumnies had been the ruin of a good man's life. Truly it was easy to believe that a curse reigned here. God had been before her with His vengeance. No, Heaven knew, she wished for no vengeance; confession, restitution were all that she was seeking for. Was it possible that a voice could ever be evoked from that mouldering pile? How was she to penetrate into whatever den Luke Aduar occupied in that crumbling ruin; seek him in his fastness where even old friends did not dare to intrude upon him; wing from him the truth that had rusted in his soul all through these long, unhalloved years? Even that very night might not a storm arise to hurl down the remainder of the falling roof upon his head and send him to eternity with his secret in his heart? Great Heaven! to think of a woman being housed in that sifting hole, a woman whom her father had loved, the creature whose defection left that grey, bleak look on his face which she had told herself a thousand times she could never forget if she lived to be a hundred years old! No, it must only be a dream. It certainly could not be!

A girl appeared coming through the trees with a water-pail, and, using the windless, soon filled her vessel and rested it on the wall of the well.

"Are you not afraid to come to this strange place alone?" asked Bawn, watching her.

The girl eyed her, as if she would say, "I might as well see the same."

"The water is good, and it's worth coming for; but I would not be here at night, not for all ever I saw."

And then she shouldered her pail and went her way glancing back occasionally to see if Bawn was still sitting on the well, and gradually becoming smaller and smaller in the distance, till the last flutter of her petticoat vanished among the trees. The place felt lonelier and sadder after her coming and departure, and Bawn experienced a slight shivering sensation in spite of her vigorous physique and the fact that it was still high noon.

## CHAPTER XXVII

## FRIENDS OR ENEMIES?

Bawn sat for a long time quite still on the edge of the well, overwhelmed by the enchantment of the place, and picturing to herself her father, young, ardent, happy, coming and going by those paths, now overgrown and almost lost, passing in at that dilapidated door to be welcomed by the woman he loved. What kind of place was this wilderness in those days? Lovely and pleasant, no doubt, though with a hint of coming decadence and gloom even then, but folded up in the boughs of these great beeches, already sinister and mighty, and threatening to shut out the light of day from the upper windows. Looking towards the avenue, she started to see a tall man, like the figure she had been picturing to herself, coming quickly through the tunnel of green. As yet he was far off, so that she could not distinguish his features. It seemed to her Arthur Desmond coming at a lover's pace into the Hollow to look for her who was the delight of his young life. Yielding to this fancy, she watched the figure without asking herself who might in reality be coming to intrude upon her solitude. Well, it was some countryman, who would pass and go out at the other end of the Hollow, as foot-passengers would sometimes do. He would disappear again like the water-carrying girl, and like her also leave the place all the more lonesome for his having passed.

As he came a little nearer something in the height and carriage of the figure struck her as familiar. This was a gentleman, though it was not Arthur Desmond, and on his head he carried a little blue cap which Bawn had seen before. There was no mistaking the air of the man, the turn of his head, his gait, and, as he drew nearer, his features. This was indeed Somerled of the steamer, and before she had time to think of whether she would put herself out of sight or not, she perceived that she had been recognized. He stopped stood quite still, as if undecided what to do, and finally left the path and came across the greensward towards her. As she watched him coming with long steps across the grass a tremulous feeling came over her, as if at the approach of a vague danger.

She realized that now, indeed, she had come to a difficult point in the road of her rash undertaking.

He stopped before her and removed the blue cap. "Miss Ingram," he said, "I know you are fond of solitude, but still I am surprised to find you here, so far from home, by yourself."

She was relieved to hear him speak in so easy and friendly a manner. He looked grave, but not severe and gloomy like Rory of Tor. This was really Somerled, in the first character in which he had first appeared to her.

"I have heard a great deal about this old place, and my curiosity has been excited. I am not so far from home as you suppose, for my little cart is waiting for me on the other side of the pass."

"I am well aware that you are quite able to manage your own affairs. May I sit down beside you?"

"The old well does not belong to me. I suppose any one may sit here. But as I have lingered long enough for one day, I will leave you in possession of the resting-place."

"No stay, only for a little. It is still high noon, and the place, with all its uncanniness, is lovely. Besides, I have a question to ask which may well be asked now. Bawn, why did you play me that cruel trick?"

He was not looking at her as he spoke, but down the long tunnel of green foliage through which he had come to her, as if he expected the answer to reach him from thence.

Bawn hesitated and collected her thoughts. She had not been prepared for so sudden and open a challenge.

"Was it cruel?" she said; "or rather was it not the best thing to do?"

"Perhaps I ought not to complain. Doubtless you found me very troublesome. Still, we had been friends—for a week—and friend expects a word of farewell at parting from friend."

"I own it looked ungrateful, but I felt no pleasure in paying you."

"You wanted to get away from me and leave no trace, that is about it. And now, by a strange freak of fortune, you have put yourself right in my path again; set up your home and hiding-place only a few miles away, as the bird flies, from mine. Fate has had a strange retribution in store for you."

"Very strange."

"Bawn—"

"Please to call me Miss Ingram."

"Well, then, Miss Ingram, why did you tell me you were going to Paris to be an actress?"

"I did not tell you so."

"You did not tell me so?"

"No; you inferred it, and I did not set you right. I humoured the idea; that was all."

"You humoured the idea, to set me further astray. All in order that you might surely never set eyes on me again."

"That is the very truth."

Somerled breathed a hard sigh.

"Well, it is best to be honest," he said. "And now, having told me so, do not try to annoy me and that you have thrust your hand into the hornet's nest?"

"If you mean was I surprised to see you, why, I was. But then I was not quite sure it was you. Seeing that you looked morose, and behaved to me like a perfect stranger—"

"Both were natural, I think. I was morose, and I had reason to be. And of course I treated you like a stranger. When I ascertained that the person from Minnesota whom they were all raving about was you, after I had verified my suspicions by paying a twilight visit to your place and seeing you standing near your own door—"

Bawn uttered a sudden exclamation, remembering the night after the storm when she thought her imagination had played her a trick.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing. Pray go on."

"When I found you were here, you for whom I had been searching Paris like an idiot, with thoughts, well, thought that would not interest so cool and imperturbable a person as Miss Ingram; when I was assured you were indeed come among us, I resolved that I would not subject you to the annoyance of any recognition from me. I would spare you whatever embarrassment there might be for you in any allusion to our acquaintance on board the steamer. That was one reason for my greeting you as a total stranger. Another was—I will be frank and confess it—that for my own part I could not bear to address you upon any other terms. I even thought of continuing to ignore our former acquaintanceship. I was not sure that I would ever refer to it, even should the most inviting opportunity offer, till I saw you a few minutes ago sitting here as lonely and alone, as cool and self-possessed, as completely yourself, in short, as when I first beheld you in your corner on deck, with your face turned away from the world, looking out to sea and the future—this future which neither of us could guess."

"Who could have guessed it? But I am glad you have spoken to me, as my mind is now made up that it is you."

"You were not sure of my identity?"

"I still think of Mr. Rory Fingall of Tor, and Mr. Somerled of the steamer, as two distinct individuals bearing a curious likeness to each other."

"My name is Roderick Somerled Fingall. I own I was in a savage humour that night when I found you sitting serenely in Bartly's cabin, smiling as if you had just newly dropped from heaven, and with apparently no recollection whatever of an experience which had cost so much to me. But do not be uneasy. I am not going to renew a suit of which you gave so practical a proof of your dislike. You are not to suppose that because I went to Paris in search of you, I have the intention of oblige trying to persecute you. One so self-contained as you will hardly believe me, and yet I must clear myself on this point. The strange and successful deception you had practised on me, whether by false words or, as you say, by allowing me to follow out my own inferences, had filled me with a grave uneasiness as to the future which you might be ignorantly pressing on to meet."

You found you were gone, what I suffered while trying to track you to Paris and through Paris. You are not so constituted as to be able to understand it. You think, perhaps, that it

was my passion for you that carried my feet over the stones of every quarter of the city I thought likely to harbour you, that strained my heart and gave my face such an expressive anguish, as some one to say as I passed, 'That man is a monomaniac.' No, I will not honour your vanity by leaving that impression on your mind. My love for you, as true a love as ever man felt for woman, was killed stone dead by a blow, crushed to death under your reckless foot as you left that ship, while I slept and dreamed of you. It is gone. Let it go!"

He had risen up and was standing before her. The flash of his eye, the gesture of his hand all denounced her. He turned his face away and was silent for a moment; and then took his seat on the well again, a little further from her than before.

"I went after you as one goes after a weaker fellow-creature whom one seeks to save. That is all."

"I know you are a philanthropist," said Bawn, after a moment's pause to quell the storm in her heart, an agitation that was urging her to cry out and defend herself. "You went after me as you went after the emigrants. When a good man does these things his conscience rewards him. Believe me, I am not ungrateful, although you find this emigrant more safely settled in her new country than you had expected. If you still feel a little interest in me, is not that a thing to be pleased at?"

"I am pleased at it," he said after another pause, during which he had been adding all the meaning of her last speech to the general account of her coldheartedness. "I am pleased to find you safe and well, and so placed that I may possibly be of some use to you occasionally. For in spite of your independent spirit and your business capacity, which fit you eminently to stand alone, you may, even in the safety and solitude of these glens, sometimes need a helping hand from a man. Major Batt will overwhelm you with attentions, but if I know you at all, you will not let him trespass on an inch of your land. My cousin Alister will promise everything, and with the best intentions, but soon as he gets a book between his finger and thumb he will forget all about you. You may rely on me for service. You need not be afraid that I will ever disturb you with a renewal of my addresses. The past is past, and for the future we are friends."

"I am glad of that."

"With your practical head and cool heart you are exactly suited to be a man's friend. I still get lost in amazement when I think of how cleverly you kept your own counsel all that week, how you denied my pleading, baffled my curiosity, ignored my strong interest in and anxiety for you, determinedly and relentlessly put me aside, and only for this, that you might make with thy intentions, to a quiet spot, bury yourself among hills, and lead the laborious and unexciting life of a woman-farmer. Your mystery which tormented me so sorely was such a little mystery, after all. Bawn, you might have trusted me with your secret."

"Is it not better as it is?"

"Barring my pain, perhaps it is, as you have so completely convinced me that you could never love me. And yet you did not tell me so outright. Therein lay your sin, Miss Ingram. You did not say to me, 'You are utterly distasteful to me; I could not endure such a companion through life.' Nay, you gave me to understand—"

## TO BE CONTINUED

## PAT

Pat was cleaning the church, as he was accustomed to do on Friday morning; or, to be accurate, as he was accustomed to begin to do on Friday morning. Interruptions, more or less voluntary, were certain to delay him. The work, continued at intervals during the afternoon, would have to be resumed after Saturday's Mass and finished with feverish haste just before confession time.

On the first Friday of last October there was a fire in O'Donnell's grocery store, half a mile or less from the church. It broke out about 8 o'clock, was under control by 9, and the last disconsolate boy turned away from the soaked, smoking building before 10, but it was quite 11 before Pat got to work. He commenced with an earnestness truly edifying. Dust flew high in all directions; kneeling benches were overturned and windows raised to the top, with entire disregard for wind and cold. The solitary worshipper fled in self-defense. In short, Pat took vigorous measures to quiet his conscience which approved of fires only in moderation.

About 11.30 o'clock Mrs. Hennessy dropped into the church, but she remained for a moment only, her piety being unequal to the strain put upon it by the discomfort of kneeling on the floor between two open windows and clouds of dust. Pat, sweeping vigorously near the sanctuary, apparently did not see her, but when she rose to go, he dropped his broom, kicked aside his dust-pan and ran after her so swiftly that he overtook her in the vestibule.

His work was forgotten, his conscience went to sleep, and for fifteen minutes his gray head bobbed close to Mrs. Hennessy's black hat as he talked. She had a woman's willingness to contribute her share to the conversation, but it was a one-sided battle and Pat won. When, at last, she was hurrying away, a boy came, his grandmother had left her prayer-book in her pew. Five or ten min-

utes passed before he started homeward, without the book, but well-informed as to the details of the fire. Some of the details had seen the light on the prosaic premises of O'Donnell's store, more had come suddenly into being within Pat's imagination.

The boy gone, Pat glanced at his big silver watch, and was astonished to find that it lacked but five minutes to 12 o'clock. For an instant he seemed nonplussed, for the morning's work was hardly begun.

"It's not worth while to go back to my sweeping for four minutes and a half," he reflected aloud. "Father Baumgartner, himself, would allow that. And it's too early to ring the Angelus. I'm not one that says it's noon when it isn't noon, just to suit my conveniences, though there's sacrilegious and imposes on people. They make them say their prayers when it isn't the time for praying. I guess"—and his face brightened wonderfully—"I guess I'd better get my dinner in a hurry, and then ring the bell."

With Pat dinner was a duty more sacred than the cleaning of the church or the ringing of the Angelus; one never to be slighted. And he got his dinner at Father Baumgartner's expense; breakfast and supper, provided by his own slender purse, were frugal indeed. So half an hour passed before he dashed out of the kitchen, across the yard and into the church, in the vestibule almost colliding with Father Baumgartner, who had gone in search of him.

"The Angelus, Pat!" the priest said. His tone left no doubt in Pat's mind as to whether or not he was annoyed.

Pat wisely said not a word, but hurried by the narrow winding staircase as fast as his stiff old legs would carry him. Afterward, he lingered for a while, admiring the cloud-bespinkled sky and the panorama below him, reproaching himself for never before having taken time to enjoy the beauties to be seen from the steeple. When he reached the foot of the stairway he found that Father Baumgartner had waited there for him.

"There was a fire this morning," Pat hastened to explain. "I made me a little late getting to work at the week's cleaning. I was just a-going to begin when I saw smoke down yonder and all the engines in town dashing that way. I was afraid the store where your reverence buys his books was the one that was burning. I knew you'd feel bad about it—so I hurried down to see. It wasn't the book store. You needn't worry about that. It was O'Donnell's grocery store. I got back pretty quick, and was working with all my might—your reverence knows how I can work—when in comes a woman and of course—"

"And of course you waylaid her to gossip!" Father Baumgartner interrupted. He was annoyed that the cleaning was but begun and because the Angelus had been rung half an hour after the proper time.

"Gossip! I, gossip! Sure Father, it is you that talks so!" Pat cried, amazed and injured. But perceiving that Father Baumgartner was in earnest he became slightly alarmed. Twice had he been discharged and twice had scorned to pay any heed; he was not certain that he could successfully be scornful a third time. Adroitly he shifted the subject, growing eloquent on the theme of Mrs. Hennessy's manifold trials.

"Poor Mrs. Hennessy!" he hastened to exclaim in his most compassionate tone. "Mrs. Hennessy, it was, that came into the church. It's herself that's got trouble, what with one of her little girls being afflicted, and money none too plenty, and an' coal the high the poor gets little enough of it! And her husband crippled more every day with rheumatism, and me knowing a remedy! Would you be wanting me to keep it coked up tight in my own bosom, you that is so kind-hearted? And but for a little extra advice I gave her at the end she might be letting him get cold. Between ourselves, she's no nurse, though I wouldn't be hurting her feelings telling her so. To think of it, him without ever a potato in his pocket and expecting to get well! It's tempting Providence, and I told her so!"

"Pat," she says, "Pat, there's no one like you for good advice. You have the knack of it! Them's her very words, and her eyes was shining with gratitude." There was a triumphant note in Pat's voice, but perceiving that Father Baumgartner did not yet appear to be mollified, he hurried on.

"And I was getting right back to my work, was just aching to get back, when John Riordan came and I stopped a minute to tell him about the fire. I knew his grandmother would like to hear all about it; and I asked him about the game yesterday, knowing your reverence would let it be the last game of the season, and you so fond of baseball. There was three men on bases," he reported excitedly; "three men on bases in the ninth inning and the score was a tie, and Hutchins, he knocked a home run—and—then my dinner. I was that weak from work and hurry, and it was too early for the Angelus. I'm very particular about not ringing too early. You see, it's this way—"

Father Baumgartner cut short the series of explanations. Despair of Pat's talk coming to a natural end prompted the priest to interrupt him.

"Well, now that the fire has been put out, Mrs. Hennessy advised, and John Riordan quizzed, do your work in the church. Don't loiter over it. I do not want your brooms and dust-pans to litter the aisles during most of the day to-morrow. You may stop for a few minutes at 3 o'clock to come for

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your week's pay. I shall have it ready for you."

With an air of resignation Pat went into the church and worked hard, with but a few rests, for two hours. Promptly at 3 o'clock he sauntered down the steps and toward Father Baumgartner's tiny house, nestling in the shadow of the sanctuary. Pat's wages were low, very low. He gloried in the fact and would accept no increase, although he took gratefully—and regularly—such equivalents as hats, shoes, ties, and, best of all, tobacco. Neither was he averse to drawing his pay before it was due. But, even allowing for these helps, it is not easy to understand how any one could have lived upon so little. It would have been impossible had he not walked to and from the church in all weathers, and worn his clothes until they were in rags unless observed by Father Baumgartner who noticed their condition and provided him with better.

Pat found the door of the pastor's office standing wide open, and having tapped perfunctorily, he entered the room with the air of being at home. The postman had been there but a few minutes earlier, and Father Baumgartner was reading a letter so intently that he did not raise his eyes when Pat squeaked across the floor, and with a sigh of content sank into the easiest chair. The letter was long and Father Baumgartner did not hurry; on the contrary he reread more than one paragraph. When, at last, he reached the end and looked up, still holding it in a hand that trembled visibly, Pat saw, to his amazement, that the priest's keen gray eyes were full of tears.

"Well, well! Pat, here is a sad affair—but it's consoling, too," he added. "This letter comes from Father Henderson, a priest whom I have never seen, though I have often heard of him. He has a big, troublesome parish in New Mexico—away down in the southern part. He writes me that some ten or twelve days ago he was summoned to the bedside of a young man who had been mortally wounded the night before in a tavern brawl. A notorious character, evidently, but—well, it is the old story: he had been raised by good, pious parents, and, as far as he had strayed he had not forgotten, and would not die without making his peace with God. Father Henderson writes me all this because the man, before making his confession, told him that some years ago he broke into a church—our church, Pat—and stole the only thing he could lay hands upon before he heard me coming. This happened before your day here, Pat. It caused some excitement in the parish and a good deal of indignation. There were hundreds of Holy Communion made in reparation of the sacrilege.

"And now the poor fellow has gone to his accounting. He asked Father Henderson to write to me, explaining all, and to return my property. What your Irish faith is! I am forever marveling at it! This man, this criminal, through instinctive reverence, never parted with his plunder; could not, though he was often hungry and penniless, so he told Father Henderson. He always meant, some day, somehow to return it."

An auto whizzed by; its snorting alone broke the silence. Father Baumgartner laid aside the letter and took into his hand a small package which had come by registered mail. Slowly and deliberately as was his way, he cut the string, tore off the wrapping and opened the box. From its bed of cotton he tenderly drew a small gold something, and, looking at it as it lay in the palm of his hand, his eyes grew moist.

"How glad I am! How glad!" he murmured, softly. "Five years—how glad I am!"

"Isn't it beautiful?" he asked, holding it so that Pat might see it. "It's a key for the tabernacle, a golden one, with a single diamond and two pearls. It was made of my dear mother's jewelry, and for years it opened the dear Master's prison, day after day. I—I felt terribly when it was stolen."

"During all this time he had not observed Pat; the letter and the precious key had filled his thoughts. Glancing at him now he was astonished to see that the ordinarily merry old face was white, and tragic with pain. Before he found a word to say, Pat threw himself heavily against the desk, and hiding his face in the sleeves of his old and shabby coat, sobbed aloud.

"Oh, my boy! My boy!" he wailed. "I knew—I knew he took it; but he was gone, I didn't know where! I did my best with him! I couldn't help it! That's why I came here to work. That's why I've worked for so little—and so hard. I've been trying all the time to make it right about the key."

Father Baumgartner put a kind hand on the old man's shoulder. "Why, Pat, Pat!" he said, tenderly, and added, trying to find comfort somewhere, "we must thank God that he was sorry, poor, poor fellow!"

"My boy! My little boy!" the old father moaned. "We were so proud of him, his mother and I—and then he went wrong! He was so smart. I'm all alone now. But he died in the grace of God! Heaven be praised! For a moment there was silence. Then Father Baumgartner looked down kindly at him.

### HOLY WEEK

#### APOSTASY

Lent has overshadowed us and Holy Week with all its tragedy upon us. It is well for us to let the spirit of the season possess us. We need its lessons and the purifying influence of Gethsemane and Calvary, if we are to come to the Day of Resurrection with hearts made fit for new life.

How strangely are joy and sorrow mingled at the Last Supper? The Lord had long desired to have that solemn repast with His Apostles. He arranged it for the eve of His most tragic moment on earth—the night before He died. It was an occasion of ineffable promise. It was the fountain head of joys such as the world never knew before, and such as worldliness can never give now. Never was heaven brought so close to earth; never were its joys scattered so lavishly among men as when at the Last Supper, Jesus took bread in His hand and said: "This is My Body." And in like manner the Chalice: "This is My blood of the New Testament."

Who can recite the wonders wrought by Holy Communion in unnumbered souls in every age of this new dispensation? These joys have had a value infinitely above all earthly values. They have been priceless in that they have persisted when every comfort created by human artifice or suggested by human philosophy has been of no avail. In the darkest moment of despair, the man of faith has been sustained by a veritable participation in the joys of paradise. There is no fact in human history so stupendous as the fact of the spiritual joy in Holy Communion experienced by all the generations of Christ's disciples. The wonders of the Eucharist are hidden from the eyes of the cave dwellers who seek all their knowledge in the bowels of the earth. Its marvels are inexplicable on any theory short of the sublime truth that Christ's "flesh is meat indeed and His blood is drink indeed."

At the very moment when Christ was giving the newest and most precious testament in His Blood, Judas was plotting to betray Him. Such perfidy was never matched by any other man's depravity, but its business has been often imitated and even approached by human ingrates. The crime of Judas was the first great apostasy. It has ever been held to be the type of every apostasy. There have been apologists even for Judas. But no apostolite can change the deep conviction of the Christian people that the perfidy of Judas was an unpardonable offense. Every man of faith must shudder at the apparent meaning of the words of the inspired writer, which refer to Judas as having gone "to his own place."

Apology is too often made for modern apostates. In these days where heresy is, in many places, honored as much as, if not more than, the ancient gospel, it is easy to be an apostate and in a worldly sense may be even profitable. The normal laws of spiritual dynamics have been suspended in some places by the temporary ascendancy of heresy. Truth has in it the vital element which means ultimate triumph. Truth is necessarily dynamic, carrying humanity with it in its final and eternal issue. The measure of any man's worth is the attitude he assumes towards truth. In so far as he is a carrier of truth, his worth is inestimable and everlasting. In so far as he betrays the truth, he is a menace to the race. In so far as he is consciously an apostate, he is the worst of sinners.

The crime of heresy must be identified with the apostasy of Judas. Its heinousness cannot be exaggerated. The apologist who suggests palliation for the sin of Judas or the sin of the heretic, by any theory of subjective justification, is making gratuitous hypotheses which are of no value. Without knowledge of facts which are to a large extent unattainable in this matter, unless volunteered, we can only make statements of general principles which will avail little. We have more right to think that no man who has once beheld the beauty of the Catholic faith can turn from it without sin than any man can claim for his assertion that the loss of faith may be due to no moral fault. Our assertion is not only based on such facts as we know, but on the confidence as we have that God will guard the gift of faith in souls that have once been enriched by it.

It is undoubtedly true, that only by extraordinary grace can any sinner appreciate the horror of his own sins. Very few criminals have a sense of the baseness of their crimes. The very act of committing any of their offenses is presumptive proof of the original lack of appreciation of the abhorrent nature of such an act. Their defense in court and their sojourn in a penitentiary deaden their very capacity for being shocked by any spectacle of crime or the memory of it. The rarity of an abiding willingness to make adequate reparation is a final evidence of the radical defect in the will and conscience of the criminal and sinner. Promises are easily made but rarely kept.

The subjective justification of crime or sin is usually nothing else but the natural outgrowth of certain roots of sin which have been fostered by the sinner. Sin or crime does not spring full grown out of any man's heart. The process of development is usually a slow one, and every

stage of the process is ordinarily marked by excuses and self-justifications. Even if the final act seems to horrify for the moment, the revulsion of feeling is, for the most part, merely a natural reaction after sin. Self-justification has become a habit of mind that does not deserve the forbearance it excites. It is often of major part of the offense. Whether the offense is catalogued as a crime, or is accounted a sin, the psychological phenomena are the same. The mental blindness of criminal or sinner is one of the inevitable consequences and one of the unavoidable concomitants of wilful deviation from the law of God or the decrees of human authority.

Apostasy is an insidious growth. It matures in a proud or sensual heart through many an hour of temptation. Its final act is merely the culmination of a whole series of what are accounted for as petty yieldings. Appetite for sensual indulgences, if not passion for the grosser satisfactions of the flesh, frequently plays a big part in the destruction of faith. Ambition and greed are commonly to blame for the loss of it. But pride is the most dangerous well-spring of apostasy.

Over-emphasis of the importance of personal views of God, the Scriptures, Christ and His Church, has made the proud to esteem nothing so much as their own estimates of all things in heaven and on the earth and below the earth. Any man's opinion on any theological or philosophical question is a matter of small importance. The issue is a simple one and Christ raised it in the beginning, "Who do you say that I am?" Christ and His Church constitute one fact and it is the overshadowing fact of human history. The individual's estimate of that fact is the manifestation of his mental and moral worth, infinitely more than a valuation set by any competent authority upon the sublime reality of incarnate Goodness. It is the height of madness for any man to esteem himself the gauge of that reality.

It is well for the race that it can see straight in spite of the individual defects in all who constitute the race. By the normal mind crime will be considered as crime; and when faith adds clarity to the vision, apostasy will be that sin against the Holy Ghost which "shall not be forgiven him neither in this world, nor in the world to come."

The apostasy of to-day will be adjudged guilty of the offense of Judas, and portendings in proportion as he has been near his Master.—The Missionary.

### GOOD FAITH

When we wish to convey the idea that we believe persons who differ from us are conscientious in their convictions, we say they are in good faith, no matter how erroneous we may regard their belief, and we dare not say otherwise both from expediency and charity. If we wish to get credit for sincerity ourselves, we must give the same credit to others; and surely it would be a grave violation of the law of love to accuse any one of pretence. There is, however, one class of Christians to whom it is difficult to extend the courtesy of regarding them as being good faith and that is the small number of Episcopalians in this country, and Anglicans in England who hold practices which are manifestly disowned by the great body of the Church to which they belong. Confession and the Mass are cases in point. Every one who is familiar with the history of the defection of the Church of England must know that the Anglicans discarded the use of confession as it is practised in the Catholic Church, and every one knows that in the language of The Tablet in a recent issue "that the great majority of Anglicans, from the Archbishop of Canterbury down, no more dream of going to confession than they do of a pilgrimage to Lourdes."

Whenever therefore, an isolated rector of the Episcopal Church here and there, holds himself in readiness to play the part of confessor, we know that he has no authority from his church to do so; that the manner of hearing confessions formed no part of his theological training, and therefore we find it difficult to refrain from questioning either his goodness or his good faith. In our own experience we have known one episcopal clergyman with whom the introduction of confession into his church was so sudden, that we almost require an assurance of a special inspiration vouchsafed to him to make us believe he is sincere. We remember that he used his scorn for confession as an argument against the possible conversion to the Catholic faith of one of his members.

"You do not mean to tell me," said he with rhetorical emphasis, "that you accept the whole Catholic position; you do not mean to tell me that you accept confession," and yet that same clergyman now has confession among the many innovations which are causing consternation among the solid and sober-minded persons of his congregation. But perhaps it is in connection with "The Mass," that our credulity about good faith is put to the most severe test. After the Reformation in England the Mass which is the dearest function to Catholics is referred to as damnable idolatry, a blasphemous deceit, a diabolical profanation of the Lord's Supper, etc., and those who used such language, calmly maintained, "we use no evil policy, but with open mouth at all times and in all places we cry out upon it!" With these views before

them and with the great historical facts that Elizabeth abolished the Catholic Episcopate, disowned Massing priests, pulled down the altars, made it treason to say Mass and felled to hear it, it is surely asking a great deal to expect us to give credit for good faith to the clergymen who have introduced the Mass into one form of the Protestant worship of the twentieth century. And this is the view which the dignified Tablet of London feels constrained to take. We may make all sorts of allowances for the holding of certain theories about the Church, but when it comes to a question of fact which any one may verify, we cannot be charged with a lack of charity when we refuse to allow the excuse of good faith where there is so much proof of pretence and affection.—The Guardian.

### MEXICAN CATHEDRALS

The Bulletin of the Pan American Union presents to readers with a series of pictures of the marvelous Mexican cathedrals that far surpass in originality similar architectural achievements in the United States. The review rightly says:

"Marvelous as was the progress of Spanish armies under Cortez in the conquest of the Aztec Kingdom of Mexico, it was less marvelous than the more peaceful conquest by those intrepid soldiers of Christ who carried His cross far beyond the Aztec Kingdom and far beyond the furthest reach of Spanish military power. The missioner was the true conqueror of Mexico as he was of all Spanish America, but in Mexico his work bore earlier and fuller fruit than elsewhere on terra firma. Next to the saving of souls, and an integral part of the plan for accomplishing this object, the Spanish padre's first thought was given to constructing a beautiful and commodious House of God. A monument to the Faith as well as a place of worship was always on his mind. . . . Of many if not of most of the early Mexican churches the priest was the architect and always the Indian was the artisan."

The writer remarks that the thought of building to the honor of God a house of worship that should, as far as possible, be worthy of Him was easily assimilated by the Mexican Indian. His own religion had been monumental, and he took kindly to the Christian idea. The Church in conformity with the practice of Christ simply purified an aspiration already existing in the Indian's soul and directed it to high purposes. In Mexico, as everywhere else, the Catholic Church has shown itself to be the greatest of all civilizing powers, to which even they who malign it owe whatever is truest and noblest in their character—America.

### CONVERTED CATHOLICS DO NOT MAKE GOOD PROTESTANTS

Bishop Anderson (P. E.) of Chicago, has published an article in his diocesan magazine on the subject of the "Panama Congress" which certainly deserves a wide circulation. He says: "If we can help South America, in the name of God, let us do it. Let us be sure, however, that we help and not hinder. Protestant propagandism in Latin countries has not so far demonstrated great skill in ministering to the people. The missions in Italy, France, Spain, Quebec and elsewhere—they are all pre-eminently respectable and pre-eminently unsuccessful. It looks as though the Latin people and the Latin Church must travel together, perhaps we can help them by administering to our own people in their midst, and trying to set a good example. Perhaps in this way we can help them to be better Catholics. To try to help them by converting them from Catholicism to Protestantism is to hurt them. The converted Catholic does not make a good Protestant. Has the Panama congress any special genius for making South Americans better Catholics? If not, the Episcopal Church will serve a broader purpose by keeping out of it."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

### WHERE THE IGNORANT AND LUKEWARM ARE FOUND

The same reason which makes it necessary for the doctor to read medical journals, for the judge and lawyer to read law books, for the farmer to read agricultural papers—the same reason forces the Catholic to read religious publications, if he wishes to remain intelligent and practical, if he wishes to retain a lively faith and Catholic sentiments. How sadly would a professional man be behind the times in a short while if he neglected professional information! Similarly a Catholic will get out of touch with his Church, her needs, her trials, her progress. His faith, his piety, his zeal will soon grow consumptive and perish. Every parish priest can assure us from his lifelong experience that his practical, fervent, active and intelligent parishioners come from homes where Catholic literature exercises its salutary influence, while the ignorant, the lukewarm, the cold members of the Church are particularly those who are entirely indifferent to the Catholic press, who neither patronize nor read what is written and published for their defense, instruction and personal benefit.—Rev. Joseph Riesterer in the Catholic Tribune.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1916

## WITHOUT MORAL AUTHORITY

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, late of the City Temple, London, England, now an Anglican minister, and not so long ago a visiting lecturer and preacher who was advertised in every paper that one could pick up on this continent of America, has a word of explanation with regard to a widely quoted expression of opinion that the Pope should take the initiative in summoning representatives of all Christian denominations to something like an Ecumenical Council which should express the Christian ideal of peace and goodwill.

It is not surprising that Mr. Campbell has been misrepresented; so has the Pope.

What Mr. Campbell did say was that the Pope, alone, because of his being the head of the greatest international organization on earth, could take the initiative in calling such a council of Christendom; not to bring about peace, but after this war is over to give some authoritative and comprehensive expression to the Christian ideal which would influence the world ever afterwards.

"One reason why I refer (to my former words) is that they are still being quoted. They are coming back to me, or comments upon them are, from the ends of the earth, both by letter and the printed page. And they have generally been misunderstood, not only by those who disapprove of them but by those who hail them with satisfaction."

After quoting some papers, which attacked him because they misunderstood him, Mr. Campbell continues: "On the other hand, to my utter surprise, eminent leaders of thought in the churches and elsewhere gave warm support to the suggestion or what they imagined to be the suggestion. I should have thought they would have scouted it as too friendly to the Scarlet Woman. But they did not. Anti-papal prejudice scarcely appeared at all in their utterances being overshadowed by the purely humanitarian aspect of the case."

Finally, to give Mr. Campbell's explanation full force, we quote this sentence: "I was not speaking of putting a stop to the present war, but what ought to follow when it did stop."

And again, "I did not say a word about laying down our arms before Germany was beaten."

This explanation made, the Rev. Mr. Campbell came back to the subject on which his previous pronouncement received world-wide attention and comment.

Speaking of the Hague Tribunal and the hopes it raised for the stability of modern civilization he says:

"We all remember the joy with which the effort was universally hailed and how much was expected from it—Germany as usual being the only dark horse, or rather the only power unwilling to co-operate wholeheartedly in the endeavor to secure universal peace. That, of course, was because she did not intend to have peace; she intended to have war."

"And yet it was the Tsar (to whom we owe the establishment of the Hague Tribunal) who went to war first. The Russo-Japanese disagreement came to a head almost as soon as the Hague Conference began its sittings. It was a sad commentary on the hopes of its promoters. The Tsar's motives were all right, but a purely legal tribunal, established by bargaining on utilitarian grounds, and fortified by no common faith in God and righteousness was not likely to succeed. We must go further and higher for a cure for our ills."

This from an opposite point of view, from the Protestant point of view, is a clear statement of the Catholic position.

The Hague Tribunal was and is a purely utilitarian institution. It has

no moral authority. To fulfill its mission it should speak as Christ spoke, "as one having authority." The great international tribunal must have the sanction of the authoritative and infallible interpreter of God's eternal law behind it.

Mr. Campbell is not yet a Catholic, but he is coming close to the Catholic point of view.

He states, what has been strikingly stated already by that Catholic-thinking Protestant journalist, G. K. Chesterton, something which history teaches, but which we have been slow to learn:

"Not many people realize, I think, that Europe was once a unity—civilization was once a unity—in a way it is not now. We have lost something very valuable in the last few hundred years that we urgently need to regain in this respect. I mean the unity which centered in the Catholic Church. At a time when all Europe was a congeries of ill-organized, constantly quarrelling States,—though not one whit worse than now when internal organization has developed only at the cost of making warfare in general more deadly and terrible—there was one visible seat of moral authority to which all men looked, one mighty throne before which all secular potentates bowed down. That was the See of St. Peter."

Read the last sentences again. Then consider that it is a Protestant clergyman who wrote them. No Catholic who has lived through the Protestant misrepresentations of the last half century but will say—"Truth is mighty and will prevail."

We do not wish to misinterpret or misrepresent Mr. Campbell. He is a Protestant. He thinks the Papacy failed because it deserved to fail. It is not, however, his Protestant but his Catholic views that we are interested in.

It is very interesting to read of his visit to Rome in the early spring of 1914—of course before the war—We shall give his own words:

"When I was in Rome in the early spring of 1914 I discussed the above subject (with special reference to reduction of armaments) with a highly-placed dignitary of the Papal Court, and found him not unsympathetic but more than doubtful of success, until a big war had taken place. He might have foreseen what was coming, so truly did he describe the terrible situation in which we find ourselves at this moment."

"Moreover," he added, "this is the outcome of the false ideals by which the nations have been living. Politics are non-moral. Conscience is left out of them. . . . It is all very sordid and very greivous; and there is a period of great tribulation ahead of us. After that perhaps something may be done along the lines you suggest."

Christ, the Eternal Son of God, Omnipotent and Omniscient, founded His Kingdom on Earth, the Catholic Church. But God respects the greatest thing with which He endowed man—his free-will.

Man is learning by the mistakes of the race. No Council of Christendom, but the uncompromising voice of the Vicar of Jesus Christ can furnish the human race with that direction and guidance which, after the terrible lesson of this unprecedented War, the thinkers and leaders of the race will look for.

## PREMIER ASQUITH AND THE POPE

The other day the following dispatch appeared in our papers, The Globe amongst the rest:

"Mr. Asquith was received yesterday by Pope Benedict, who talked with the British statesman for half an hour alone in the library of the Vatican.  
 "Premier Asquith went to the Vatican with the British Minister to the Holy See. When he entered the gate the Swiss Guard rendered him military honors. He was received at the foot of the grand staircase by the Papal Master of the Chamber, who accompanied him to the Clementine Hall, where the Papal Major-Domo and other members of the Pontifical Court met him and escorted him to the Pope's ante-chamber.  
 "Pope Benedict received Premier Asquith at the entrance to the library, where the Premier kissed the Pope's ring."

"Where the Premier kissed the Pope's ring." Why this should have been cabled over the world we don't know. If you, dear reader, were presented to King George V, you would genuflect and kiss his hand. It is the usual and ordinary ceremony. When you are presented to the President of the United States you just shake hands with him. If Premier Asquith had gone to Washington it would seem a bit foolish to cable to Europe that he had shaken hands with the President. The Prime Minister of England is a scholar and a gentleman. Naturally he would kiss the Pope's ring on being presented. But he remains a staunch Protestant though not

ceasing to be a gentleman. There are Protestants, however, who are not particularly well-informed as to their duties as gentlemen. We presume that it was one of those who wrote an editorial in the Globe of April 5th:

"One of the incidents of the British Prime Minister's recent visit to Rome was a meeting with Pope Benedict in the Papal Palace. Two things about this meeting may safely be assumed: it took place at the instance of the Pope, and the motive was to discuss Papal intervention to bring about a general peace."

One thing may be safely assumed. The Globe knows no more about its safe assumptions than the man in the moon. We have quite as much right and quite as much probability in assuming that the interview took place at the instance of Premier Asquith whose government, for the first time in several centuries, was represented at the Vatican despite the protests of ultra-Protestants.

The motive of the Pope, who is infinitely broader in his view of the situation than The Globe, may or may not have been to discuss Papal intervention to bring about a general peace.

The Globe says "that the Pope's intense desire to save his favorite Austria from utter destruction has been made manifest in many different ways."

That is a statement that the Globe has absolutely no foundation for making.

At the bottom of such reasoning is the assumption that the Papacy is a political power; and that political influence is the basis of all the Vatican's actions. As a matter of fact, the Vatican cares not a fig for political power or influence. The Pope is the great spiritual power in the world, and is so recognized by everybody.

The Globe, however, has quite convinced itself that Benedict XV. asked Premier Asquith to call on him. And the learned editor explains to his readers that Asquith could hardly refuse.

Well! Well!  
 What The Globe knows and what everybody knows, is that the Premier of England visited the Pope of Rome. The "safe assumption" of The Globe that the Pope cornered the Premier in a way that courted the latter to admit he was "it" may explain away a significant fact to some of its half-dazed and out-of-date ultra-Protestant readers; but it makes the rest of us smile at the atavism of The Globe.

It is only when Christian statesmen recognize that there must be a moral authority that Christian civilization will be saved from "reversion to savagery."

Premier Asquith's visit to the Pope is only one of the many signs that European civilization is recognizing that it is essentially Christian and Catholic.

## LAVAL AND GALLICANISM

There is no gaining say the fact that one of the greatest dangers to religion is Nationalism. What was the chief cause of the religious revolt in the sixteenth century if not national pride! Nationalism, individualism, infidelity or a return to legitimate authority—that has been the history of Protestantism. The evolution is perfectly natural; for if in the matter of religion a man will not submit to the authority of the Vicar of Christ, he will not long abide by the decrees of a privy council, if they run counter to his inclinations, and will end by becoming a law unto himself.

Among the countries of Europe there was none in which the national spirit was so early developed as in France. She had done great things for the Church. The French people were justly proud of the "Gesta Dei per Francos." The Holy See in return had granted many privileges, by way of concordats to the French bishops and to the kings of France. Hence she became the spoiled daughter of the Church and arrogated to herself rights that belonged solely to the supreme jurisdiction of Rome. The culmination arrived in the reign of Louis XIV. He claimed the right to choose the occupants of episcopal sees and to receive the revenue of those that were vacant. Pope Innocent XI. refused this demand and forthwith the king called a meeting of the bishops and clergy of France, who framed in 1682 the famous declaration termed "The Liberties of the Gallican Church." This was straightway annulled by the Pope. It is not necessary to enter here into any detailed account of the tenets of Gallicanism. It will be sufficient to refer to its leading features, as tersely

set forth by De Maistre and Fenelon. In the words of the former "The Gallican Liberties are but a fatal compact signed by the Church of France in virtue of which she submitted to the outrages of parliament on condition of being allowed to pass them on to the Sovereign Pontiff."

"In practice," said Fenelon, "the King is more head than the Pope in France—liberties against the Pope, servitude in relation to the King." The Church in France was powerless against Jansenism, because its votaries enjoyed royal favor.

In spite of all this the French Church never broke from her allegiance to Rome. She was always Ultramontane. She never became an established church as would have been impossible so long as she remained Catholic. She never allowed a privy council, as was the case in England, to decide her articles of belief or to legislate in regard to her ritual. Though the Gallican tenets were condemned, the Gallican spirit still survived in France, with what consequences the recent history of that country only too clearly reveals.

But, you may ask, what had this to do with Canada. Very much. Mgr. Laval arrived in Quebec as Vicar Apostolic in 1659, and was appointed Bishop of Quebec in 1674. For half a century previous to this, that is from the founding of Quebec in 1608, Canada formed a part of the Church of France, was, in fact an outlying portion of the diocese of Rouen. It was natural that there would be an attempt to transplant the Gallican liberties in the colonial Church. The appointment of a bishop brought the matter to a head. Thanks to the vigilance of the Holy See the steadfastness of Bishop Laval, and the influence of the Jesuit missionaries, Gallicanism was forestalled at the very commencement. Bishop Laval was appointed an immediate suffragan of the Holy See, and the Church in New France was in no way bound by the terms of the French concordat. The civil authorities in Quebec and Paris were up in arms. One of the chief representatives of the French government in Canada in those days was Frontenac, who was inclined to be as autocratic in the council chamber of Quebec as his master in the court at Versailles, but nothing could overcome the fortitude of Mgr. Laval in defending the God-given rights of his office. Subsequent attempts were made on the part of the civil authorities to interfere in ecclesiastical matters, but to no avail. An instance will reveal the Gallican spirit. On the death of Bishop St. Villiers, Dupuy, the intendant, drew up an ordinance prescribing the order of the obsequies. A mandament was read in the churches protesting against this interference on the part of the civil power, in answer to which Dupuy issued another ordinance setting forth "That the Church is in the State, making part of it and supported by it, and that the State is not in the Church, but is, on the contrary, able to seize the Church's revenues. The kings reign by divine right and that it is impious to resist their ordinances." When Montreal capitulated, shortly before Canada passed into the hands of the British a French representative asked that the nomination of French Bishops be reserved to the King of France. This was of course refused and thus ended the last official attempt to introduce Gallicanism into the Canadian Church.

THE CONSEQUENCES is, as His Eminence goes on to say, that never before, since the great revolt of the sixteenth century, has the English-speaking race been predisposed to listen to the Church so willingly as now. Never has the Church's power to meet every need of the human soul been proved more conclusively than to-day, and,—which is after all the supreme test,—never has the world been shown so plainly that the Catholic Church is the Church to die in. And it is for the express object of bringing this truth home to the great British race, at home and abroad, that the Catholic Truth Society was organized and to which all its efforts have been directed for over thirty years. It is not, indeed, any exaggeration to say, that the work set on foot in 1868, by the Cardinal Vaughan, at that time Rector of St. Joseph's Missionary College, Mill Hill, was a providential preparation for this great hour. This being so, the imputation of unreasonableness against the Truth Society's present appeal falls to the ground.

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Semi-official French estimates of the German losses at Verdun made public in Paris last night show that they have reached the huge total of 200,000 men. The German reinforcements have practically been used up as fast as they took their place in the line. The Eighteenth corps is known to have lost 17,000 men and the Third corps 22,000 men. It is estimated that the original attacking force consisted of 295,000 infantry alone, and that as a result of the casualties 155,000 additional infantry men had to be brought up. The total number now in the German lines around Verdun will be a trifle under a quarter of a million. This, of course, does not include the artillery and other branches of the service.

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE CATHOLIC Truth Society of England, the parent of all such societies in the English-speaking world, has issued a strong appeal for support during this time of almost universal unrest and disturbance.

"At first sight," says Cardinal Bourne, in his letter of indorsation, "it may seem inopportune to choose the moment when our country is engaged in the greatest crisis of its history, for making an appeal for a more general and more generous support of this work." This seeming inopportune, however, is in the Cardinal's judgment, entirely upon the surface and will vanish upon a little consideration of the needs and opportunities for a vigorous prosecution of the work which the War has brought to the threshold of the Catholics of the British Empire and of their brethren who speak the English tongue. For it is precisely these needs and opportunities which have pressed the question into the foreground.

THE PRESENT crisis, it is manifest, has brought out and forced upon the attention of all one striking fact, viz., that in the babel of opinions and the conflict of principles now raging, there is one mind which thinks calmly and clearly, one voice which speaks with authority, and that is the One, Holy, Catholic Church. Today, urges the Cardinal, is the golden opportunity of Catholic Truth. On all sides, and more especially in the theatre of war, men are seeking for it, calling for it, praying for it. We see this in the spontaneous revival of religion in France and Italy, and in the respectful, even fervent attitude of English Protestants towards Catholic shrines and devotions on the blood-stained soil of France and Belgium. The old passion of distrust and prejudice is certainly passing away from the breasts of those there brought face to face with the realities of the Faith, and this emancipation cannot fail to extend to the multitude at home in whose veins flows the same red blood that has been poured out lavishly in the cause of freedom and civilization.

THE CONSEQUENCES is, as His Eminence goes on to say, that never before, since the great revolt of the sixteenth century, has the English-speaking race been predisposed to listen to the Church so willingly as now. Never has the Church's power to meet every need of the human soul been proved more conclusively than to-day, and,—which is after all the supreme test,—never has the world been shown so plainly that the Catholic Church is the Church to die in. And it is for the express object of bringing this truth home to the great British race, at home and abroad, that the Catholic Truth Society was organized and to which all its efforts have been directed for over thirty years. It is not, indeed, any exaggeration to say, that the work set on foot in 1868, by the Cardinal Vaughan, at that time Rector of St. Joseph's Missionary College, Mill Hill, was a providential preparation for this great hour. This being so, the imputation of unreasonableness against the Truth Society's present appeal falls to the ground.

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Agent General in London. He also is a teetotaler; it was, in short, a very dry crowd. And here again I may interject another somewhat irrelevant observation as a symbol of the changes brought about by the war. I was present at a lunch given to the Russian journalists. Whatever were the faults of the Russian in the past, he could always be relied upon to take his whisky and to compete successfully with a man of any other nationality in carrying his liquor. But to my surprise every Russian journalist steadily refused to touch anything but mineral water; it brought home to one the gigantic revolution which the war and the prohibition of vodka has made in the habits of all the Russian people.

Mr. Bonar Law never puts a sentence on paper, however serious be the occasion on which he has to speak, and thus at a certain moment at the luncheon I could see him retire into himself and begin to fashio into his inner mind what he was going to say. I have often told how he sits down in an arm chair when he has a big speech to deliver; remains seated for a couple of hours; and then gets up with his speech ready, but with his body and mind as worn out as if he had been writing for the two hours. When he does speak, with such preparation, he speaks remarkably well. He has the gift of words beyond all doubt, and especially when words of tact are required. This is one of the reasons why he succeeded so remarkably well when Mr. Asquith, with great Parliamentary address, appointed him as the chief spokesman of the Government Conscription Bill. This is the reason also why he has advanced so rapidly in Parliamentary favour since he became a member of the present Government. His speech at the lunch was quite excellent: saying the right word, and saying no more, and pleasing everybody.

The figure, however, which was more interesting to me than that of Mr. Bonar Law—largely because it was quite unfamiliar to me—was that of Mr. Hughes. Sitting opposite to him, I was startled by both the smallness of his stature and the apparent fragility of his frame. He seemed just a little man whose head scarcely came above the table, and who was a bundle of tremulous nerves. He felt himself, he said, as if he were going to be hanged. His secretary placed before him a large bundle of manuscript, and I saw him laboriously going through this, with every appearance of anxiety, making a correction here and a correction there. With such preparations it seemed more than probable that we should have from him a halting, a discursive and a ragged speech. Mr. Hughes, as everybody knows, is Welsh, and looks typically Welsh. He has the dark complexion, the dark and brilliant eyes of his countrymen. In some respects he reminds one a little of his illustrious countryman, Mr. Lloyd George, except that there can be no true comparison between the joyous look of Mr. Lloyd George's sparkling eyes and the wondering and anxious expression of Mr. Hughes. I may confess that I was almost as nervous as Mr. Hughes, for I did not know how he was going to solve the problem of being effective and fluent and at the same time of sticking to his terrible manuscript.

What happened was quite the contrary of everything I expected. He never looked at the manuscript for a moment; it might just as well not have existed, but in a tide of eloquence, with an occasional pause, he burst upon the whole audience with a crash. A few moments after he had risen; he was master of them all; and they listened astounded and spellbound. I was particularly struck with the beauty and distinction of the language; it was evidently the language of an educated and well-read man. Now and then it had an ironical touch which reminded me of Henry James. But the most astonishing thing was that this frail, pale-faced, anxious little man appeared to be a soul on fire. There was inflexible resolution, fiery oratory in every word, and especially when he got on the now popular topic of the unscrupulousness and selfishness as well as almost diabolical skill, with which the Germans had spread their tentacles of trade all over the world. This was followed of course by a revelation of the drastic and prompt measures by which Mr. Hughes and the Australian Parliament had confronted this octopus and strangled it.

I will say little of the substance of the speech of Mr. Hughes; I was more concerned with the form and the manner. He seems to me to belong to the school which exists in the Labor ranks alone in Australia, the one which would set up a whole Tariff system in the British Empire against all German goods—a scheme which I may say at once will meet with the most vigorous resistance from most of the great business men and all the Free Traders of Great Britain. Let that pass for the moment; the great thing was that we had here from Australia a man with a fiery soul, a resolute purpose and a really remarkable gift of speech.

It was the first time I had seen Mr. Hughes; but I have been hearing all about him lately. This is one of the most remarkable careers in the British Empire. He began life as a schoolmaster and a student, but England offered him little prospects, so he emigrated to Australia. There he found his knowledge and love of literature of little use to him, and he

had to adopt manual labour. He has not yet told the whole strange story of his life, but when he does tell it it will be found that he had to descend to the very abysses of poverty, to try his frail and unskilled hands on all kinds of jobs. But amid it all he was a born agitator and politician. He got into touch with labour organizations with a natural power of command, strange in one of small stature and delicate physique, he became almost a despot in all the ranks of labour. In the end he became a member of Parliament, and is now Prime Minister. He has already become a popular and powerful figure in Great Britain; he is overrun with invitations to go here, there and everywhere; has been to a Cabinet Council; was made a Privy Councillor almost on landing, and undoubtedly will have a good deal to say on the question of Imperial reorganization, which is one of the most certain and desirable results of this war. When Imperial Federation comes to be considered—and it is coming with every hour—his voice will have a large part in the shaping of the future constitution of the British Empire.

Strange is it not, that a little delicate Welshman who had to work at every trade, to sweat and suffer and hunger, should be thrown up by this revolution of the great war into a position of such prominence and power.

CATHOLICITY STANDS FORTH A WORLD CHURCH

WHILE PROTESTANTISM IS A SET OF NATIONAL CHURCHES

SAYS A CALVINIST ORGAN An occasional contributor from the Netherlands sends us the following remarks of a Dutch journal, the *Heraut* (Herald) an organ of the Reformed or Calvinistic Church of that country. It is the confession of Protestant mutual and inner and outer antagonism in the great war now raging, contrasted with Catholic unity.

"The Roman Church as she exists in the different countries now at war," says the *Heraut*, "exhibits among her members as wide a divergence of feeling about the causes and events of the conflict as is possible. The French clergy are for the Entente powers, ardently and unanimously, and frankly express their feelings, whilst the German Catholic clergy are equally strong and unanimous in their loyalty to the German cause, and equally outspoken. But the Roman Church as a Church is out of and above the controversy which divides the feelings and inspires the warlike polemics of her members. Whatsoever represents the great unity of Catholicity, whether in the Papacy or in the Roman Episcopate of all nations, is in spirit and utterance aloof from this divergence of personal views."

"As a World Church she stands above it all, and holds her members firmly united. She is spiritual enough to lift all her members out of even this worst of temporal antagonisms; her unity has not suffered any lesion. The Pope speaks words of peace to all nations, and not a few observers look to him to be the final mediator of peace."

"It does not help us Protestants," continues this journal, "to belittle the significance of so mighty a fact—its existence cannot be ignored. Whilst the war has broken asunder all ties of social life, as well as those of science and arts, the Roman Church, and she alone, has preserved her international unity absolutely intact; she has thus given a brilliant proof of the solidity of her organic life. In contrast consider how Socialism, one of whose essential dogmas is the international solidarity of the world's toilers, has been shattered to pieces by the war, whilst not a stone of the Roman world-arch has been in the least degree loosened. On the bitterest battlefield Catholics of the warring races have mutually aided one another in imparting and bestowing the comforts of their common faith; whether wounded or not they felt not the least survival of warlike passion in presence of their Church's call for mutual charity. Consider, too, that the Pope was able to assemble the Cardinals of the various warring nations around his throne, in the very capital of one of the belligerent nations, to hold conference with him upon the prospects of peace."

"In presence of this spectacle we Protestants can show very little of this spirit of human brotherhood. All spiritual bonds between the great Protestant Churches have been cut asunder; the communion of saints and believers has vanished from among them. Christian love has given away before bitter racial hatred. Instead of the universal prayer of all Catholics everywhere for peace from German Protestant pulpits resounds the loud cry: 'Gott strafe England!' English Protestant preachers have cried out the extermination of Germans like vermin. When a solitary peer in England pleaded for the ending of this awful bloodshed and in consequence was reviled and condemned, the entire Church of England clergy was mute, not one of the bishops gave him admission. How much higher stands the Episcopate of the Roman Church in France; for when the French government would

imprison a curé for preaching the gospel doctrine of peace, the Bishops everywhere in France boldly declared that they approved that priest's stand. Not any synod of Protestantism anywhere has uttered a longing cry for peace; only the Pope and his Cardinals have done that, voicing the authority of the Church of Rome and of its entire clergy and people."

"The outcome of it all is," continues the *Heraut*, "the manifest fact, that Catholicity stands forth a World-Church, and Protestantism is characteristically a set of national Churches. Christ established in opposition to the national Church of Israel, a Catholic, that is to say a universal Church, taking into unity the whole world. He sends His Apostles to preach His gospel to all nations and to enroll them all as His disciples; the Apostles therefore affirm emphatically and constantly that in Christ there is no longer Jew nor Greek, Scythian nor Barbarian; and as a matter of fact the Roman See exhibits that Church to-day above all national differences—not a grouping of racial Churches but one vast World-Church. Protestantism at its very beginning made the awful blunder of reducing the one World-Church into many national Churches, standing apart from one another and with no bond of union among them, each having its indalienable national character, each wedding itself solely to a racial State."

"The Lutheran Church became German, bone and marrow, or Scandinavian in the North. The Anglican Church went so far as to accept the English king as its supreme head in all things, whether temporal or spiritual, and has ever been ruled by act of Parliament."

"The only Protestant leader who saw the peril of all this was John Calvin, who advocated Protestant unity by means of a general synod of all Protestant Churches. But his voice in this matter was that of one preaching to the sands of the desert. His book on the Harmony of Protestantism was futile. In our own Netherlands, the Synod of Dordrecht made another appeal for such unification—equally vain. All the Reformed Churches in every country in the world are separatist to the bone."

"The Missionary."

HIS NAME IS "PAT"

DUKE OR CONNAUGHT TELLS MONTREAL IRISH RANGERS HE, TOO, IS IRISH Canadian Press Despatch

Montreal, April 5.—The Duke of Connaught today inspected the 19th Irish Rangers, commanded by Lieut.-Col. H. J. Trihey, and incidentally remarked that he himself was Irish, one of his names being Patrick. The Irish battalion is only two weeks old, and is 250 strong. The duke also inspected the 51st (Edmonton) Battalion.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

One need never have been in Ireland to know with a priori certainty that Mr. Shaw's characterization of Ireland is untrue and unjust. There is much, I suppose, that is sordid and cheap in Ireland. Centuries of oppression in the most crushing of forms that deprive a man of the right to education and to a voice in the disposal of his own home and hearth, does not make men delicate or overnice in their social habits."

Yet granting all the ignorance and superstition and a greedy craft that Mr. Shaw's picture of Ireland presents—as I emphatically do not—Mr. Shaw's picture is still false and misleading. For the very virtues of Ireland are, in a sense, wounds of honor. Had Ireland thrown away loyalty to her Faith, the fine breeding and delicate manners and breadth of view could all have been hers in a preminent degree. For no land so quickly assimilated culture as early Christian Ireland. But loyalty is the part of the old morality which Mr. Shaw despises, and the Faith of Ireland Mr. Shaw does not even faintly comprehend. So when he pictures the qualities he sees in Ireland, base though they may be, he is painting a false picture if he forgets for a moment the loyalty to principle that is the chief characteristic of the race, and the grasp on the supernatural that made Ireland despite the proffered gifts of kings. And that is precisely what makes Mr. Shaw's picture of Ireland untrue. Brilliant, versatile, he has grown up with a strongly developed aesthetic nature, devoid of any intellectual or moral principles that would stand a year's hard use. He learned early in youth to judge between good music and bad, but he cannot to this day give a rational reason to distinguish a good act from an evil one. He is as familiar with the canons of perspective and values as he is ignorant of the canons that distinguish a more convention from a law of God and nature."

Tolstoy is dead; Ibsen is dying, for the artistry of their works is founded on truth. George Bernard Shaw to-day occupies the place they filled yesterday and the day before; but even in his lifetime his doom is fixed. When the glamor of novelty has completely worn off, his works, standing at the bar at which all literature is tested and tried, will be found devoid of that first of all necessary qualities, truth. And in that day, Bernard Shaw too, will die.—Daniel A. Lord, S. J., in the April Catholic World.

SOME RECENT CONVERTS

H. R. H. Prince Maximilian Frederick Wilhelm of Hesse, son of Prince Frederic Charles of Hesse, and his wife, the Princess Margaret of Prussia, daughter of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, who married a daughter of Queen Victoria. Prince Maximilian is therefore a nephew of the German Kaiser and of the Langrave of Hesse. His grandmother, the Dowager Landgravine of Hesse, born Princess Anne of Prussia, became a Catholic in 1901.

David Devant, the celebrated British illusionist. Lieutenant Edward Hicks, of the British Army; son of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

Miss Clara Agnes Eddy, Denver. She belongs to a family prominent in the social and financial history of Denver. She was graduated from the Miss Wolcott school and from a fashionable finishing school in New York.

D. R. Musselman, founder and president of the Musselman Tobacco Works, Louisville, Ky.; received a few weeks before his death.

Hiram E. Lemmon, a pioneer in the development of Rockway Beach, N. Y., and proprietor of the Clarendon Hotel there.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fazerkerley, Memphis.

Sister Katherine, the well-known Anglican nun, who has worked many years among the poor of Birmingham, England, and latterly has been Superioress of Badsay and St. Christopher's, Pershore, has been received into the Church by Father O'Hagan, and is now a humble postulant at the Convent of Mercy, Camp Hill, which is doing such excellent work for education in Birmingham.

Rev. R. F. Sheppy-Greene, late of St. Thomas's, Clapton, England, and now second lieutenant in the Army Service Corps, has been received into the Church by Msgr. Scott.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lowe, Brookline, Mass., was married to Judge Michael F. Sando, of Scanton, Pa., the other day. Mrs. Sando is a brilliant and gifted woman and by birth and her previous marriage is connected with distinguished and prominent families in New England.

Wilbur W. Lang, of the Ayres Hotel, Denver.

Mrs. Edward Hardesty, nee Du Rosh, a recent bride, was received at St. Leo's Church, Denver, recently. Her husband, Mr. Du Rosh, is a recent immigrant, and is now instructing his brother, Fred Du Rosh, and expects to receive him into the Church soon.

The late Henry W. Vigar, well-known merchant of Las Animas, Colo.

Miss Irene West, the movie actress, Mr. Lew Briggs, Memphis, Tenn.

Cardinal Gibbons, on January 30th, confirmed in Holy Trinity Church, Georgetown, D. C., 40 adult converts.

Msgr. Russell, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., announces that last year at his church 27 adult converts were received. His number showed an increase of 8 converts over the number of the preceding year, and that year an increase of 8 over 1913. Since the organization of the League of the Good Shepherd, by Msgr. Russell, five years ago, there have been received at St. Patrick's 350 converts.

Rev. John B. Hewitt, of Flint, Mich., received 86 converts in 1914, nearly all of whom were young men. Last year the priest received 61 adult converts, many of whom had formerly supported the Menace.

Fifty-five converts were received last year in the Cathedral of Detroit.—Scannell O'Neill.

EACH LATIN CONVERT COSTS \$1.316

In a recent issue of the Living Church, a weekly of the High Church party issued at Milwaukee, Wis., there is a letter from Rev. Bernard I. Bell, of Fond-du-Lac, Wis., headed, "How many converts for your money?" It is prompted by the recent Protestant Congress on Christian Work in Latin-America.

"This Panama matter has set a number of people thinking about the missions already supported by our communion in the continent on the south," writes Dean Bell. "The main good result of this controversy is that it has set many a hard-hearted layman and a godly number of clergy to investigating what the Board of Missions gets for its money."

"The missions in Latin America apparently cost in the neighborhood of \$250,000 a year, or about one-fifth of all the money contributed for all missions each year. That is quite a generous proportion, and we have every right to ask what results are being accomplished by spending it thus."

"One is somewhat astonished to find that there are only 8,283 communicants of the Episcopal Church in all Latin America. That means we are spending \$28 a year for every communicant we have down here. But in the Diocese of the Fond du Lac, Wis., just for example, the church spends about \$1.40 for each communicant we have. We spend, therefore, for church extension, on this basis of computation, twenty times as much in Latin America as we do in Northern Wisconsin."

Yes, in five years, from 1910 to 1915, we gained in all the jurisdictions put together 720 communicants, a gain of 9%. Say that we spent a \$1,000,000 in those five years. That would mean that each new communicant cost the general church about \$1,316. Think of that!

"My parish contributes about \$400 to general missions. In a little more than three years our contributions would convert one Latin-American. In those same five years, despite the continual hypenating of our population, the diocese of Fond du Lac has gained for the church 460 communicants (also a gain of 9%), at a cost to the general church of about \$20,000. Up here it has cost about \$43 for each communicant gained."

"It makes the people wonder just a little if the Lord would not have been just as pleased to have had 30 Wisconsinians converted for \$1,316 as He has been with one Latin-American at the same price."

"Of course there are many who will retort that Fond du Lac is, or ought to be, a self-supporting diocese, while Latin America is a mission field. Such people know nothing of the history of Northern Wisconsin, where it is estimated that 60% of the population are immigrants or children of immigrants—and of immigrants almost none of whom are of English speech."

"As a plain matter of business, entirely apart from ecclesiastical bias, isn't it an insane policy to deny Wisconsin and Illinois and many other States money to meet the crying demands for church extension, and spend one's money instead where there is so little demand that it costs \$1,316 to make one convert?" —Our Sunday Visitor.

GOOD FRIDAY

O Heart of Three—in the evening, You nestled the thorn-crowned head; He leaned on you in His sorrow, And rested on you when dead.

Ah! Holy Three—in the evening He gave you His richest dowry; He met you afar on Calvary, And made you "His own last hour."

O Brow of Three—in the evening, Thou wearst a crimson crown; Thou art Priest of the hours forever, And thy voice, as thou goest down.

The cycles of time, still murmurs The story of love each day; "I held in death the Eternal, In the long and the far-away."

O Heart of Three—in the evening, Mine beats with thine to-day; Thou tellest the olden story, I kneel—and I weep and pray.

—ABRAM J. RYAN.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

AS JUDGED BY NON-CATHOLICS

Some of the most convincing testimony regarding the rightful claims of the Catholic Church comes from those who look upon her from the outside; and these testimonies are frequently of great value in satisfying the inquiries of non-Catholics who are beginning to consider those claims. We could cite the names of converts whose minds were left untouched by Catholic missionaries, but who were fully persuaded by the witness of impartial non-Catholic observers that the Holy Scriptures and tradition and history gave clear and indisputable evidence that Christ founded only one Church in the world, and that was the one Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church. Here is a secular paper bearing the name of Everything, published in Greensboro, N. C., telling us in one of its issues of last December:

"The Catholic Church is one of the biggest institutions in this world, and it is going to grow as the years come and pass. There are men who have assailed it only to put money in their own coffers—unprincipled and conscienceless rascals who should serve long terms—while there are others who 'go after it' because they fear ill results."

"But with all the abuse and all the slander the Catholic Church does great good. It attends to its own business—reports to the contrary, notwithstanding—and it is one organization well worth while. 'If it grows and prospers and leaves other religious organizations behind, it is because it has the 'punch,' because it has system, because it means business and does business. We have always found much good—great good in the Catholic Church, and some of our best and most appreciated friends belong to it."

"Our idea is to let all churches have their way and sway. There is no organization that teaches the Word of God but that will do some good in this fallen world. When men see God they are better men. And no man can see Him unless he hears about Him and learn to look for Him."

And here is a testimony from a different source—an Episcopalian pamphlet—which utters a whole lot of truth within a few lines, when it makes a plea for the erection of a group of buildings for a Divinity school of the Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. After giving a description of the different edifices required, with some other details, the following statement is made, in most of which Catholics will acquiesce:

"As to theological learning, it is held by the committee that the Church of England is and always has been wiser in this respect than we. It has bred its teachers and scholars. In these latter days it continues to

train men of profound learning. We ought to take a lesson from the Church of Rome no less than from the Church of England. It is probably true that the average Roman priest is even less of a scholar and a thinker than the average priest with us; but he does not need to be other and more than he is. By a practical training greatly more protracted and more detailed than anything we can boast, he is schooled and drilled to the highest efficiency as a captain in the ranks. The field officers in that religious host, the men who are to be its specialists as preachers, as organizers and as educators, are prepared in very different schools and are trained by a singularly laborious, wise and exacting course for the posts or leadership for which their native gifts fit them. In all this we are centuries behind the Church of Rome. And if there is anything in the cry that alarms us now and again, that the Church of Rome is threatening to capture the first place in influence in our land, it is chiefly due to the admirable skill and wisdom which she shows in picking and preparing men for leadership in her ministry. Without being alarmists, we might well borrow a leaf from this book."

Such statements as these are eye-openers to men of serious reflection and inquiry, and they will often prove of greater convictive power than will a dozen heated controversies on the subject of religion. The rosy dawn of truth appears in the eastern sky, and it will not be many years before its effulgence covers the meridian and western heavens. We can afford to be patient.—The Missionary.

NEW HONORS FOR CARDINAL FALCONIO

The many friends of His Eminence Cardinal Falconio will be pleased to hear of his appointment as Prefect of the Congregation of Religious in succession to Cardinal Serafini, who has been transferred to the Prefecture of the Congregation of Propaganda. Cardinal Falconio, himself a member of the order of Friars Minor is well qualified by training and experience to direct the affairs of such an important Congregation. During his residence as Apostolic Delegate in Canada and in the United States he gained an intimate knowledge of English-speaking peoples and of conditions in the "new world" which will be of great service to him in his new office. The new office of Cardinal Serafini is of great importance for the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda is the department of the pontifical administration charged with the spread of the faith and of the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs in distinctly non-Catholic countries—America.

TWO CATHEDRALS FOR NEW ARCHDIOCESE

Catholic Press Association London, Mar. 21.—The new Archdiocese of Cardiff has received a high honor and remarkable privilege from the Vatican. By a special rescript of the Holy See, it will possess two cathedrals. One is the beautiful Benedictine Church at Belmont, Hereford, which was largely used by the late Bishop Hedley; and the other will be the Church of St. David, Cardiff.

THE THORNTON-SMITH CO. Mural Painting and Church Decorating

11 King St. W. Toronto

One has to go back to medieval times to find a parallel for this situation; and it arises because the Bishop or Archbishop of the see is a Benedictine. Thus there is a cathedral for the secular, and one for the regular clergy under his rule. As a matter of fact, there are more religious in the diocese than secular clergy; and the chapter of the late Bishop consisted entirely of members of his Order. There will now be two chapters, one at Belmont, as formerly, and the other at Cardiff, and thus both classes of clergy will have their voice in the administration of the archdiocese. In Cardiff there are seven churches to six parishes, so that the erection of one into a cathedral will cause no hardship.

FATHER FRASEL'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumenes of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and MARY. J. M. FRASEL.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like 'Previously acknowledged \$7,008.00', 'J. Doucette, Charlottetown 1.00', etc.

ROYAL YEAST advertisement with image of yeast cakes and text: 'Has been Canada's favorite yeast for over a quarter of a century. Bread baked with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other...'

Merchants' Bank of Canada advertisement with text: 'ESTABLISHED 1864. Paid-up Capital \$7,000,000. Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,245,140. GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS...'

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited advertisement with text: 'Authorized Capital \$2,000,000.00. President, M. J. O'Brien, Rentree; Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa...'

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

PALM SUNDAY  
"There stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother." (John xix, 25.)

Never does our Lady appear greater than as she stands by her Divine Son's Cross and watches His agony and death. In all her other sufferings it was only in the figurative sense that she sacrificed herself to the Lord, but here she actually took part in Christ's sacrifice of atonement by her intense sympathy with Him. Here, by suffering with Her Son for us, she became entitled to be our Mother. It is incomprehensible how any one can refuse to venerate Mary and to place implicit confidence in her intercession, after reading the simple words of the Gospel: "There stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother." If no other fact about her were recorded in the Bible, this one alone would be enough to bind us to her with love and gratitude for having sacrificed herself with Jesus for our sake.

Abraham's sorrow was intense when he had to take his son Isaac up the mountain to sacrifice him there, and his obedience made him glorious under the old dispensation. But he was spared the hardest and most painful task, as he was not allowed to slay his son. No one, however, equalled him in obedience and submission to God until Mary stood by the Cross. She, too, saw her Son carry the wood for the sacrifice up Mount Calvary, she saw Him flung by the executioners upon the hammer dross and the blows of the hammer drive the nails not only through His hands and feet, but also at the same time through His Mother's tender heart. She watched the men lift up the Cross and let it fall roughly into a hole prepared to receive it; she beheld Him, the Man of Sorrows, tortured in every part of His body; His head was pierced by thorns, His face disfigured by blows, His parched lips were moistened only with gall from His hands and feet the blood dripped down; it was thus that Jesus hung upon the Cross, and by that Cross His Mother stood. Well indeed may the Church exclaim, when contemplating her sorrow: "O, thou Mother, fount of love! Touch my spirit from above, make my heart with thine accord, make me feel as thou hast felt, make my soul to glow and melt, with the love of Christ my Lord."

She is indeed an inexhaustible fount of love, whose love could not be diminished by the most intense agony that she suffered for Jesus' sake. Inexhaustible was her love, too strong to be overcome by the insults and shameful outrages heaped upon her Son. She is the fount of our love of God, since by standing by the Cross she has set us the most beautiful and encouraging example of true, devoted love of Jesus. If we contemplate her, we realize the power of Divine love, and feel ourselves strong to endure everything for love of God, and even to accomplish the hardest tasks. She showed us the power of her love beside the Cross, for, as Holy Scripture records, she stood by the Cross. It is her steadfast love that we admire in her, and that we ought to learn from her.

The disciples had fled, but she stood fearlessly by the Cross. The Jews might despise her, her Divine Son's enemies might deride her, His poor Mother; they might even in their cruelty kill her, too, out of hatred for Him, but her love was stronger than death. Where were the multitudes who had followed Jesus and greeted Him with cries of "Hosanna!" Where were the crowds whom He had healed and to whom He had brought joy and happiness? Some had been influenced by the prevalent opinion, and had actually joined His enemies, so that they gloated over the wounds of Him who had healed their wounds, and over the death of One to whom they owed their own life. Others were less ungrateful, but still disloyal. At heart they believed in Him, but had no courage to confess it, and so they hid themselves, mourning in secret; incapable, through weakness of character, to come forward, suffer and die with Him. In comparison with those weak, thankless hearts, how great and strong appears the tender, fearless heart of Mary, faithful unto death. She stood by the Cross.

Sorrow threatened to overwhelm her, and unspeakable agony oppressed her, yet she did not sink down in despairing grief—no, she stood by the Cross. Tears streamed from her eyes, as if she would fain weep out her very life, but she complained not at what was the will of God, she stood by the Cross; the earth quaked, the graves were opened, the rocks were cleft and the sky grew dark—all the multitude was astounded, the Roman centurion beat his breast with remorse, heaven and earth, men and spirits were all in a state of disturbance, fear and horror—yet, amidst all stood Mary, a glorious example of steadfastness even in the greatest uproar.

When did our Lady derive her strength? We have the greater reason to ask this question, because we, too, have urgent need of strength and steadfastness. We have not always friends at hand encouraging us to do right and setting us a good example, and if a time should come when we have to stand alone amongst those who mock at the Cross, when we have no outward support, but are required to hold fast to our faith and morals in opposition to those about us, then we may learn too late that we have been deceiving ourselves and fancying ourselves strong, unless now we take care to

acquire the virtue on which our inward strength and faith depend. Whence, therefore, did our Lady derive her strength? Had she relied upon herself, she would have given way and despaired during those terrible hours on Calvary; but she had kept nothing back; she had given herself up absolutely to God, and trusting to Him, she stood firm during that time of agony.

Submission to God, reliance upon Him, to have no wish but that His will be done, to be free from self-love, to make no claim to know better than He does—these are the things that make us strong in hours of trial and give us peace and strength. By submission to God we mean more than mere endurance of the lot assigned us by Him, more than a thoughtless drifting along the stream of life, more than a lazy indifference that believes God will provide; he who really submits to God will always be active, working unwearyingly in the sphere in which he is placed; he will fight, labor, and endeavor for God's honor. Submission means doing what God wills, and if our work is not successful in spite of our efforts, suffering as God wills. Direct, therefore, all your thoughts, wishes, words and works to God; order your lives in accordance with His will; stand always by the Cross. Never yield to ridicule, never fear danger or loss, but stand fearlessly by the Cross, although to many that Cross appears only a folly and stumbling-block. Stand by the Cross, and if it proves too hard for you to hold out and endure, have recourse to Mary, the steadfast Mother of Sorrows. She never has allowed any to fall who have relied upon her; may her love be with you, making you brave and strong, steadfast and calm in holy submission to God. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

PRIESTS' TOTAL ABSTINENCE LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Very Rev. M. A. Lambing, Scottsdale, Pa. President and Editor

The February number of the Advocate is sent to all pastors of the United States, and an extra copy to all churches where there are more than two priests. The Union is able to do this through the kindness of a friend of the president of the League in sending him \$1,00 for his good work. Morally and religiously our country will be what Catholics make it, and Catholics will be what their pastors make them. As the pastor, so the flock. This is why the priests' Total Abstinence League has been instituted; and this is why it is sending the Advocate, and will continue to send it as long as the money lasts, to all many of the pastors of the country as possible. It hopes in this way to make them acquainted with the Catholic total abstinence movement, feeling sure that when they know it as it is, they will take part in it for the good it does. And that if it does not succeed in enlisting so many of them as it would like in its ranks, it will at least obtain from most of them contributions for carrying on its work. But it hopes for more than this. It hopes to spread far and wide by this means the principles of Catholic total abstinence, the practice of sobriety, and increase the membership of the Union and League, as the late Sovereign Pontiff expressed the hope it would be increased, through Bishops, priests and men of religious orders joining their ranks. It believes, too, that many to whom the paper is sent will become subscribers to the Advocate, and, as has been said, contribute handsomely to the work of the organization.

Is this too much to expect? The president does not think so, though there are many not so sanguine in the matter as he is. He has been engaged a third of a century in Catholic total abstinence work, and has seen it grow and gain strength and influence; and he believes it would be much stronger and more influential than it is, if all those who began with him had had the heart and hope to stick to the movement. He is bold enough to believe that, if there is such a temperance sentiment in Europe and America, it is due in a great measure to the persistence of those who took hold of the C. T. A. U. and stuck to it. It was brought to the attention of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and received favorable notice and encouragement from the prelates there; and the Supreme Pontiffs, blessed and indulgent it. Then, through the Pastoral Letter, the Acts and Decrees of the Council, approved by the Holy See, and published in book form, it was brought to the attention of the Catholic world, particularly to that of the Hierarchy. In this way, what was done by the Catholics of America came to be generally known, and we may justly claim credit for much of the temperance work done by Catholics and non-Catholics in other countries.

Drink has been the greatest obstacle to the progress of the Church in this country; she has suffered more at the hands of intoxicating liquors than from any other enemy. Nothing has turned so many people from her or made her appear so uncomely in non-Catholic eyes. Most of our sin, our suffering, our poverty and our crime has been owing to drink.

If the Union has not done more in this country against this great evil, it is because it has not had the money to carry on its work on a more extended scale. But it is no longer on the defensive.

What is needed, and what the Union is striving to get, is the entire

priesthood into the organized temperance movement, or at least their sympathy and financial support, particularly the latter, for sympathy butters no parsnips. The priesthood should be in the movement, the Church wishes it to be there, and if those who believe in the movement worked as they should it would be there. If the priesthood believes that it has been owing principally to the apathy of its members that temperance has been able to create such havoc among and enslave so many of those for whom Christ died and called them to help him to save, they will be aroused to action.

So the League moans to send the Advocate to all the priests for as long a time as the money will last, or until notified by them that the paper is not wanted. But it has no dread of such a contingency. More than this, it is confident that they will not only continue to read the paper, but will subscribe for it and contribute generously toward the good work of the Union and League. All that is necessary is to turn on the light. When people, and especially the priests, begin to consider in the heart, they will act, and the desolation caused by drink will diminish.

Unless you wish to keep the Advocate on file, be good enough to pass it on for some one else to read, who in turn will hand it to his neighbor, that the light may shine in as many places as possible. The financial resources of the Union are so limited (entirely too limited for the work to be done) that it is necessary to make every cent count in the outlay, and to ask the readers of the paper, as well as the friends of the T. A. cause, not to allow the necessary expenditure of the funds to be wasted in any way, but that they bear fruit to the last penny.

In the next issue there will be some account of the Priests' Total Abstinence League.

The League wishes to thank the editor of The Lamp for the prominent place he gave the list of indulgences granted by Pius X. to the members of the C. T. A. U. of America, the comments made on it and the portrait of His Holiness with which he emphasized them. It is an example the president of the League would like to see imitated by all Catholic periodicals.—Catholic Temperance Advocate.

NON-CATHOLICS PRAYING FOR THE DEAD

Every day brings fresh proof of the ever growing belief in the efficacy and fitness of prayer for the dead. Among those who style themselves Evangelical Churches it has ceased to be spoken of as "pious," and there are some of them who go the length of advocating its use. Now even Protestant Dissenters are casting off their prejudice against it, and the time is probably not far distant when it will be accepted as a natural Christian duty to intercede on behalf of the faithful departed. We owe to the war, of course, the general recovery of this beautiful practice, since the sense of loss in so many households has been attended with a yearning for consolation. This the ancient teaching of the Catholic Church has always provided, and the fact that it has been so greatly revived in the English Church has brought the doctrine into prominence just at the moment when its wider adoption is possible. It is not the dead a right and lawful observance, but it is the war that has furthered its acceptance as a normal part of devotion.—From the Church Times (English High Church.)

CONSCIENCE MONEY

As a commercial institution, the Church is a valuable asset to the State. Such at least was the opinion of a president of a life insurance company, when a priest some years ago handed him a check for \$5,000 in conscience money. Similar thoughts must have been in the minds of the officials of the Treasury Department last week when the morning mail brought notes to the amount of \$30,000, restored from conscientious scruples. It would, of course, be an exaggeration to say that only Catholics have such costly consciences; but it is nevertheless true that the Church is the most potent force for the maintenance of honesty in the world today, and at the same time is the only institution that can make men restore their ill-gotten goods.

Two maxims sum up the different attitudes toward thievery that have always obtained. The one dates back to Horace, at least in the form of its expression: "Make your pile; honestly, if you can; but make it in any case, by fair means or foul." The pagan poet made light of stealing, and never dreamed of advocating restitution. The Church, on the contrary, the champion of the Decalogue, does not confine her teaching to saying, "Thou shalt not steal," she gives point to her prohibition by res clamant domino. She interprets the uneasiness of soul, that comes with the retention of other men's property, as the protest of the thing itself, crying out against unlawful possession and clamoring to be returned to its rightful owner.

This is her teaching, and wherever possible she enforces it by practice. She will not absolve, she excludes from her sacraments, all those who have not the fixed determination to make good the losses they have unjustly inflicted on others. She does not at all times insist that the restitution be made at once. This is often impossible. Eventually, how-

ever, the thief must divest himself altogether of the fruits of his thievery, and this whether he finds the owner or not. If he cannot put the money back into the purse from which he has taken it, he must interpret the wishes of the rightful owner and give it to the presumptive beneficiaries. But for the guilty person to retain stolen property indefinitely, unless it is clear that the owner has released him from his obligation, is not permitted. Such is the Church's principle. That this age-old teaching on the subject has formed the conscience of Christendom, is proved by the fact that \$500,000 in conscience money is at present deposited in the United States Treasury. The world little realizes how much of its security is due to the vigilance of the Church, and the infiltration of its ideals into the non-Catholic elements of society.—America.

OUR LOIRD UNDERSTANDS

The lectures and meditations of Lent bring forcibly to mind our many delinquencies. It is well for us so know where we stand with God. It is also well that we have the proper appreciation of our weaknesses. While all this is wholesome it should not discourage us.

He knew well who said, "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." All God asks is that we do our best. No man can do more than that; no more is expected. Often when we think we are carrying as heavy a burden as we can bear, more is laid on our shoulders. If we had been told beforehand we should have been tempted to quit and refuse the extra load, like a beast of burden that resentfully lies down in the traces. But when actually confronted with the emergency, we somehow manage to muster the strength and the courage to meet it.

If only we make up our minds to do our best it is surprising how often we shall surpass our anticipations. We shall succeed in doing things we never thought we could accomplish. "The best of what we do and are, just God forgive!" exclaims a pious poet. It is true that we shall be oppressed again and again by the consciousness of failure, the sense of being unprofitable servants. Of such humility and meekness of spirit the noblest and worthiest deeds are born. It is not the proud, complacent and vainglorious person who accomplishes most. It is he who has no conceit in his own ability but is willing and anxious to try, trusting in the grace and goodness of God. Should it be his portion he will not complain of failure, but he will try again and will continue the brave and hopeful fight.

It is not the victories won that count, but the battles nobly fought. God still reigns in His heavens and all is well in the world.—Intermountain Catholic.

THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR COUNTRY

The Church has raised up nations that were sunk in the earth, taken them lovingly in her arms and brought them back to life; made them again great nations. Look at the poor priests of France to-day. They were literally kicked out of the land they loved, subjected to every sort of humiliation. I saw them all over the Orient. Poor men, they could hardly speak of France without weeping.

The love and devotion of the French priest for France is one of the most touching and beautiful things one could behold. His France! It is next to his God and his Church. These men were expelled from the land they loved and gave their lives for it.

Where are the millions and billions that came from the miserable auction of churches and schools? They do not dare to answer. Poor French priests, poor French nuns, who have given their lives and talents to build up the schools. But now that France is in danger of her very existence, who is it that rushes back to arms and to the trenches to fight the enemies of France? The priests who built up France built up her education, her literature, her art, her architecture.—Cardinal O'Connell.

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TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Colic, Wens, Cyths, Allays pain quickly. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 a quart at drug stores or delivered. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P.O. Box 3298, Lyman, N.B., Montreal, Canada. Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

**CAN BE SAVED AND CURED OF DRINK**  
Good News to Mothers, Wives, Sisters  
To have seen one you love, going down the road of ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him; is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing. And when at last he comes to that turn in the road that, sooner or later must come, and wakes to the fact that he is a slave to the drink you think everything will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it; but he can not do it. Drink has undermined his constitution, inflamed his stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied. And after you have hoped and then despaired more times than you can count you realize that he must be helped. The diseased condition of the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves, removing all taint for liquor. My marvelous remedy—Samaris Prescription—has done this for hundreds of cases in Canada. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge as it is tasteless and odorless and quickly dissolves in liquid or food. Read what it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver.  
"I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it has brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The curse of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel happy. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published."  
**FREE—SEND NO MONEY**  
I will send free trial package and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write today. Plain sealed package. Correspondence sacredly confidential.  
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Chases Dirt

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Genial warmth all over the house, all the winter time, at least expense—that's what those water spaces (sections) would mean to you if you put a Safford heating system in your home.  
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If you had four of these big "pans" to heat, one above the other, you would have them made and arranged (if you had studied the problem scientifically) just the way they are in the Safford.  
**Safford Boilers and Radiators**  
are you see, built by a company with 30 years' experience. The Dominion Radiator Company makes nothing but hot water and steam heating systems, specializing in this line.  
The arrows in the picture show you how the heat travels in the Safford hot water boiler. You see how the heat encounters the first pan straight from the centre of the fire where it is hottest. The heat goes straight against the second pan, straight against the third and the fourth. All of it is absorbed quickly, surely, and sent coursing through the radiators.  
In the Safford System the heat units given off by the coils are absorbed by the water and take the shortest route to the radiators, and, consequently, less heat-energy is required than if the water had to travel a much longer route, as it does in ordinary boilers. The less heat-energy required, the less fuel consumed. Economy in fuel consumption is the keynote of the whole Safford System.  
If you are anxious to save 33 1/3 per cent. of your coal expense next winter get a Safford hot water system put in now. The first step in that direction is to write for our "Home Heating" booklet and see the different styles of radiators, as well as get a full description of the Safford System. It will only take you a minute or two to write for the booklet. Do it now, before you've a chance to forget.  
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Bright as City Lights  
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"I was once a terrible sufferer with kidney and bladder troubles, and at times I would lose the use of my legs, and could not go away from home without some one with me. I was treated by different doctors for 3 years, and only got temporary relief. My son advised me to take Gin Pills, and after taking the first 2 or 3 doses I got relief. I continued to take them until I got completely cured. I owe my life to Gin Pills."  
Yours very truly, P. M. KEMPSON, Port Medway, N.S.  
GIN PILLS are 50c. a box or 4 boxes for \$2.00 at all drug stores. Sample treatment free if requested.  
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

POPULARITY
Popularity implies a quality which makes one welcome everywhere and always.

And volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual point of view or position, he gallops over a thousand fine feelings and at every step leaves the marks of his hoofs on your heart.

them to raise their hearts to Him who was soon to be their Judge. Late one evening an elderly man in a dying condition was hurried into the ward.

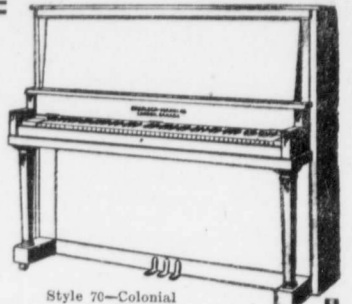
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE WITHERED PALM

It was Palm Sunday. The chill morning air had yielded to the softening influence of the sun's rays and had turned what threatened to be cold and disagreeable into a beautiful day.

Other favors were yet to come. God is generous in His gifts to those who try to correspond to His designs. He watches unceasingly over His little ones, beckoning them to come nearer to Him.

CHRIST'S CARE FOR THE WEAK
Heathenism was always exalting the top of society, the great men, and taking no thought for the masses beneath them.

But father, said Lillie, gently interrupting him, "all these things mean nothing for me. What are they but passing shadows in comparison with the eternal riches of God?"

But the young woman had never forgotten her interview with Mr. Hamelin. Better than he knew this pious man had sown the seed which blossomed into flower the day Lillie Matherson made her profession of faith and received baptism in the Lady chapel of the Cathedral.

It is the manifestation of this feeling in apostolic men which lures sinners to them, and so leads to their conversion. The devotedness of Our Blessed Lord to sinners transfers a peculiar feeling to the hearts of His servants.

Income for 1915
Net Premiums \$77,875 52
Interest 11,985 64
Other Income 12,830 00

Net Reserve under Policies, Om (5) 3 per cent. and 3 1/2 per cent. standard. \$128,854 40
Death Claims awaiting proof 1,000 00

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A splendid baker - a big money saver \$46.50
You can search the whole British Empire and nowhere will you find such value as the Gurney Royal-Oxford at \$46.50, freight paid.

THE GURNEY-OXFORD WAY
This new Gurney-Oxford book is full of values like these - Get it
The moderate-size family and the "Prince" are just made for each other \$25.75 Freight Paid

OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, CANADA
Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1915

LIABILITIES
Net Reserve under Policies, Om (5) 3 per cent. and 3 1/2 per cent. standard. \$128,854 40
Death Claims awaiting proof 1,000 00

ASSETS
First Mortgages on Real Estate \$75,000 00
Government and Municipal Bonds (book values) 163,692 52

Comparative Results 1915
Increase in Net Premium Income \$8,325 80
Increase in Policy Reserves 42,127 80
Increase in Assets 45,361 97

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Insurance in Force \$2,779,598 00
Interest earned on investments, 6.2%

“CHRISTIAN SCIENCE” IN A QUANDARY

Amongst the numerous useful things which have grown out of the carnage of the European battle-fields, one of the most serviceable to the high cause of religion and morality is the exposure of the fallacies and humbuggery of the system called (in irony, it might well seem) Christian Science. The utter inability of that imposture to bring relief to suffering humanity, as it lies in horrid welter on the vast plains of slaughter, or to afford one ray of comfort to despairing hearts in their death agony in the slimy trenches, has been demonstrated in the face of all the world, beyond the possibility of cavil or demur. The Rev. Dr. Milo H. Gates, of Trinity Church, New York, has taken advantage of the opportunity to enforce the lesson of the failure by demanding a return of respect for the teaching of the Sacred Scriptures as to the duty of heads of families in times of sickness.

Dr. Gates has done a praiseworthy service to the cause of truth and honesty in denouncing the methods resorted to by the so-called Bible societies in order to bolster up certain schools of theology and charlatanism in science. In his first lecture, the subject being the baseness of Mrs. Eddy's book called "Key to the Scriptures," Dr. Gates, amongst other strong charges, advanced this:

"She had in her possession numerous Bibles published by an American Bible Society, and whatever Key to the Scriptures she wrote really is not the complete Scriptures, but the American Bible Society Scriptures. It is rather tragic that the churches which are most harmed and in whose membership most inroads have been made by Christian Science have been the endowers and are now the contributing supporters of the American Bible Society.

"The American Bible Society has stolen two hundred and seventy-two pages of the Bible of their ancestors from the Bible. They have taken out of it passages of Scripture which would have made it impossible for the invention of such a movement as Christian Science. They have most certainly been punished, because the Christian Science Church has been built up from people who have come from churches which have had, owing to this, what I call "The Fragmentary Bible." Whatever membership it now gets it gets from churches which now possess such an incomplete Bible.

THE GREATEST OF OPTIMISTS

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA

"It is scarcely too much to claim that Catherine of Siena is the world's greatest optimist," declares C. M. Anthony in his life of the Saint (B. W. Herder), reviewing with the London Tablet dwells thus sympathetically on this wonderful woman:

"The life of St. Catherine of Siena has gained for itself many writers, not only because she was a saint, but because of the wonders about her way of self-sanctification in the midst of labors for the distressed Church. She who regarded herself as so humble a member of the Church became the strong denouncer of its abuses, in high places, as in low; she who so obeyed ecclesiastical authority took upon herself by Divine inspiration to direct Popes into better ways; she who was quite without scholastic training or higher education of any sort, yet pronounced upon complicated affairs and upon mysteries in theology. She delivered the most convincing and convincing directions concerning the subordination of austerities to practical work, yet she herself far exceeded in her mortifications the standard which she proposed to others less divinely sustained. She joined to a contemplative life an activity which with it seemed to be quite incompatible. Keeping always up to the present time her name as popolana, she mixed with the highest dignitaries and belonged to the aristocracy of influence in exalted quarters. She managed to take part in the most bitter conflicts of her own very rough times without any bitterness of spirit, and always with the purpose and the effect of calming the storms, while eternally she never lost her own spiritual serenity, which rested on love of God and of all men for His sake. If pains of body and of outer condition could have upset her, no one could have been more thoroughly overturned; but above all these she stood sublimely erect. She had even the "joviousness" characteristic of the Franciscan and not uncharacteristic of the Dominican. "Is not sadness," she asked, "the worst of all sins?" She said that, Christ being the way, "all the way to heaven is heaven." She did not suffer the soul-killing vexations usual to the world-politicians, with whom she had to deal. Her gentleness of management contrasted with the well-intentioned harshness of Urban VI, as reformer, whose roughness, even with his own cardinals, spoiled his efforts and started a schism, in spite of Catherine's efforts to soften his asperities.

The keynote of Catherine's life was joy. Yet, if ever a saint had cause to be discouraged it was she. Not even St. Francis of Assisi himself was more perfectly informed with that child-like spirit of happiness, of sweet gaiety, which turns the gloomiest happenings to occasions of thanksgiving; which finds in the most cruel and unexpected misfortunes that here alone is perfect joy. Taking into consideration the times in which she lived, and her full and complete understanding and participation in them, it is scarcely too much to claim that Catherine of Siena is the world's greatest optimist" (pp. 4, 5).

If, even in reading dark pages of Church history, or in experiencing ourselves some present darkness, we are tempted to despair of the Church, Catherine is our example to go on hoping against hope, or with the solid hope which rests on Christ's unfailing promise. She having extraordinary trials to meet, was strengthened from the time of her young girlhood by special favors of heaven, which assured her that her future path was straight and certain of its goal. She neglected no pains to correspond with her growing graces and invitations to heroic life.

At the age of seven she espoused herself as "a chaste virgin with one Man, Christ" (2 Cor. xi, 2). The prayer of the child who spiritually was a mature woman was addressed to Mary: "I promise thee and I promise thy Son never to accept any other spouse than Him, and to preserve myself to the best of my power pure and undefiled" (p. 10).

It is known how Catherine travelled to Avignon to bring back to Rome Gregory XI. (p. 124), to whom she had previously written a letter of exhortation: "Rise, O Babbo mio; return, return. Resist no longer the will of God which calls you. Fear nothing for God is with you" (p. 119). The Pope yielded: "On October 29 Gregory and his retinue sailed for Genoa, and after many delays, the Supreme Pontiff entered the Eternal City in triumph, January 17, 1377."

DEATH OF FATHER O'CONNOR

Brockville Evening Recorder, March 31 A death occurred yesterday afternoon at St. Vincent de Paul Hospital that will be heard with deep and unfeigned sorrow in Brockville, and elsewhere in the Archdiocese of Kingston. Reference is made to the demise of Rev. Father John J. O'Connor, curate of St. Michael's church, Belleville, and formerly assistant to Very Rev. Dean Murray at St. Francis Xavier church, Brockville. Few in this town were aware of the fact he was ill as it was but on Wednesday of last week that the malady which culminated in his death, attacked him. On Thursday morning Very Rev. Dean Murray administered the last sacraments and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon the soul of the noble young priest passed peacefully to the Higher Realm. He was surrounded in his last moments with the kindly administration of a personal friend and college associate, Rev. Father Rheaume, of Smith's Falls; also his aunt, Rev. Sister Twomey, of Hotel Dieu Hospital, Cornwall, and Rev. Sisters of the St. Vincent de Paul Hospital.

The Rev. John J. O'Connor was a native of Ireland. He was born at Coahford, in the County of Cork, thirty-two years ago. He was educated under the direction of the Presentation Brothers making a primary course in their schools in Cork city. He pursued higher classics and philosophy at All Hallows College, a noted missionary institution at Dublin. Subsequently he came to Canada and studied theology in the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He was ordained in St. James Cathedral in that city on December 18th, 1899, for the Archdiocese of Kingston. Owing to a scarcity of priests in the diocese of Hamilton he was sent by Archbishop Gauthier to that city and for some months was assistant to the late Very Rev. Dean Coty, in St. Patrick's church, Hamilton. From there he came to Brockville in 1912, and remained here until early in May of last year when he was transferred to Belleville.

While in Brockville he sustained the bereavement of his father, Mr. John O'Connor, who was a prominent member of the Irish Nationalist party and devoted follower of Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the party in the British House of Commons. He leaves one brother, Mr. Denis O'Connor, an accountant with the Grand Trunk Railway in Chicago, and who arrived here this afternoon. He was a nephew of the late Very Rev. Dean Twomey, pastor of St. Mary's church, Williams town, and of the late Rev. Father Twomey, rector of St. Michael's church, Belleville, and of Rev. Sister Twomey, of the Hotel Dieu, Cornwall. He was a member of Brockville Council Knights of Columbus and of the C. M. B. A.

of other denominations he was much esteemed. To know Father O'Connor was to recognize a sterling man and noble priestly character. Requiescat in Pace.

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, April 3, 1916. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal:

- Previously acknowledged... \$1,028 14
- Women's Institute, Clayton 15 00
- St. Patrick's Hall, Toronto 10 00
- Gore, Ont., Proceeds of Concerts ..... 20 00
- Miss E. Cole, Toronto..... 1 50

If you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the RECORD I would be very grateful.

Respectfully yours, W. E. BLAKE, 98 Pembroke St.

GODLESS EDUCATION

The Public schools were mercilessly flayed in a recent address by Mr. Thomas Churchill, former president of the New York Board of Education. Fads and whims have played havoc with discipline, and the utter absence of religious instruction has made it impossible to turn out men and women of character and stability, assets rather than liabilities to the nation. Mr. Churchill is reported as saying:

"There never was since the nation was born so widespread and definite a protest against the failure of our schools. Cities misgoverned, public lands stolen, whole precincts selling their votes, juvenile crime increasing, colleges bending their necks for the yoke of rich men's foundations, periodicals reeking with salacity, the drama smothered in sex-madness, and prominent employers informing the newspapers that the school children can neither read nor write nor spell, heads of state departments of education confessing that the lives of school children are wasted—all these things are weakening the American faith in public education."

It is very significant that those who follow the destinies of the Public schools and other educational institutions where religion forms no essential part of the curriculum are unanimous in the assertion that something is radically wrong. The Church has the real ideal. Her system alone illumines the mind and molds the heart. Prominent educators are beginning to see the light, and give to the Catholic Church credit for solving a seemingly impossible situation.

PROSELYTIZERS IN ROME

Cardinals Belmonte and Tonti have been added to the number of those on the ecclesiastical commission for the Preservation of the Faith in Rome. A good deal of unnecessary fuss was made, particularly in some foreign papers, about the Holy Father's address to the members of the commission recently, when he denounced so solemnly all those who endeavored to rob Catholics of their faith in Rome, the center of the faith and the City of the Popes.

It was unnecessary fuss, because the denunciation was not leveled at such churches and denominations as conduct their worship quietly and keep to themselves—although His Holiness did allude to the anomaly of Rome harbouring pulpits teaching error—but was directed against such as deliberately proselytize with the knowledge, which they cannot but have, that an Italian robbed of his Catholic faith can never find anything to replace it.

The American Methodists and the Waldensians are the two striking sinners in this respect, but it would be interesting to know—and perhaps some of the military chaplains could tell us, but probably cannot speak—how many who had signed their adhesion under pressure to one or the other of those two, have now in time of stress reformed themselves.—Church Progress.

SILVER JUBILEE

On Tuesday, March 28th, Rev. Father E. J. A. Tourangeau, O. M. I., celebrated his silver jubilee to the holy Priesthood at the Theological Seminary of the Oblate Fathers in San Antonio, Texas. Solemn High Mass was sung by the Jubilarian; and Rev. Father D. A. Campbell, pastor of St. Raphael's Church, Ontario, Canada, delivered an eloquent sermon well befitting the occasion. The Seminary Choir under the direction of Rev. Father Laboure, O. M. I., sang one of Pie's four-part masses. Rev. Father Tourangeau was born at Montreal, Canada, in 1866. He made his classical course with the Holy Cross Fathers, and his philosophical course at Ottawa University. Having completed four years' study of Theology in Rome he was ordained to the holy Priesthood. After his ordination he was professor in Ottawa University for one year, and then filled the important position of Novice-Master for five years. From 1899 to 1904 he was Superior in Quebec. In 1904 he was appointed Provincial, and in 1907 Superior of Cap-de-la-Madeleine. At present he is Superior of Montreal. Owing to injuries received in an automobile accident on October 24th last, Rev.

Father Tourangeau has been spending a few months in San Antonio, in order to recuperate. He attributes his marvellous escape from death in the automobile accident to the protection of his Guardian Angel, to whom he has always had a special devotion. During his sojourn in San Antonio, Father Tourangeau has endeavored himself to many. Ad multos annos!

"PILATE'S DAUGHTER" BACK AGAIN

The announcement made in these columns last week, that the soul-inspiring religious drama, "The Mystic Rose" or "Pilate's Daughter" would again be presented for the benefit of a London audience, has created a great deal of joyful anticipation among those who appreciate something really first-class in Dramatic Art. This happy event will take place in St. Mary's Hall, Lyle St., on Tuesday evening, April 18th, when St. Mary's Dramatic Society will endeavor to repeat the success attained two years ago, when they first presented this wonderful scriptural drama.

St. Mary's Dramatic Society has long been noted for the talented casts which have interpreted its plays and this will be no exception to the rule. St. Mary's school has again given to the society a wonderful child actress in the person of little Agnes Lenahan, who portrays the part of Claudia, Pilate's daughter, during her childhood days.

Judging from present indications, the crowd will be a large one. It is being presented this time, because so many who saw it before, asked to have it repeated and many who did not see it the first time have said they will be sure to see it now, since they heard so many compliments paid to the former production. Although the seating capacity will be increased, those who are anxious for a good seat would do well to avail themselves of the opportunity given to reserve seats before the night of the drama.

DIED

GALLAGHER—At Hamilton, Ont., on Monday, March 6th, 1916, Mr. Michael Gallagher. May his soul rest in peace.  
BOLGER—At Elora, Ont., on Tuesday, March 28, 1916, Mr. Martin Bolger, aged sixty-six years. May his soul rest in peace.  
HOGAN—At the family residence, Douro, Ont., March 25th, Mrs. Thos. Hogan, aged seventy-six years. May her soul rest in peace.  
MOONEY—At the residence of his brother, John Mooney, 86 Stewart street, Ottawa, on March 31, 1916, Mr. Michael T. Mooney, mail clerk, aged thirty-six years. May his soul rest in peace.

NEW BOOKS

"On The Old Camping Ground." By Mary E. Mannix. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 5c.  
Pastoral Letters, Addresses and other Writings of the Rt. Rev. James A. McPaul, D. D., LL. D., Gard. District of Pary Sour, Salary \$100 per annum. Duties to commence after Easter holidays. Apply to James McGuiness, Sec. Treat, Granite Hill P. O. Price \$1.50.  
"Sandy Joe." By Mary T. Waugaman, Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 5c.

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TEACHER WANTED, DULY QUALIFIED. Red class certificate, Catholic, for S. S. No. 6, Gard. District of Pary Sour. Salary \$100 per annum. Duties to commence after Easter holidays. Apply to James McGuiness, Sec. Treat, Granite Hill P. O. Price 1916-2.

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RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS BOYS AND YOUNG MEN, WHO HAVE A religious vocation, and are desirous to devote themselves to the service of God and the education of youth in the Presentation Brothers Order, can now be admitted. For further particulars, apply to the Rev. Brother Provincial, Presentation Brothers' Novitiate, Longueville, P. Q.

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