

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1917

2039

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1917

CANADA'S VICTORY LOAN

What does it mean? It means that Canadians have an opportunity to get on the firing line of service. It means that they who stay at home have an opportunity to help the Canadians who are in the blood and welter of the trenches to achieve the victory to which they have dedicated their energies and their lives.

Victory Loan is a duty—a sacred and pressing duty for all who understand the meaning of patriotism. Were we deaf to the insistent summons of this duty the dead who keep vigil all along the "front" would rise up and exhibit their wounds as arguments to compel us to listen. What shall we say to them? And it costs so little—this duty. Not our lives, which are safeguarded by our Canadian soldiers—not the constant looking into the face of Death—not the physical discomfort born of mud and vermin and fatigue, but just our dollars—things of little value when compared with the sacrifices which have been given so plentifully and ungrudgingly for our benefit. But we are neither deaf nor blind. We see our duty: we hear it calling; and because we recognize that duty to country is a duty to God we are not only ready but eager to contribute our quota to the achievement of victory. Victory Loan means a profitable investment of 5 1/2% with the Dominion Government as security. All can take advantage of the offer—the poor as well as the rich. There is no argument against it.

TEACHERS AND PUPILS

Educators are our benefactors. The school-teacher is the most important and responsible citizen of the community though we give him the salary of a janitor to emphasize the fact that good work must be done for a pittance. But we are inclined to bestow on him advice, censure, and times, which neither encourages him nor helps him to wage war with the high cost of living. Some of us expect him to have the utmost patience with the vagaries, whims, insolence, which are the attributes of the "child-mind," and we look to him to work miracles—to transform a boy debauched by the motion pictures who will not, thanks to foolish parents, do his home lessons and is a law unto himself, into a human being who has some regard for discipline and a rudimentary idea that school means obedience, docility and work. We should give, it is admitted on all sides, we believe, better salaries to teachers. We eulogize them, but compelling evidence of the sincerity of fine words would be afforded by increasing their stipends. Our contention is based on justice. And more remuneration that is adequate cannot be awarded to those who are trying despite parental indifference to mould plastic childhood into material for substantial citizenship. But at least we can show that teachers, so far as material considerations go, have a bowing acquaintance with the members of other professions.

Again, we should give them our sympathy and co-operation not by words only, but by upholding their authority and by checking quickly and effectively the cheap criticism that is based oftentimes on nothing better than the complaint of some undisciplined urchin or of a parent who fancies that idleness and insubordination on the part of the pupil must be viewed leniently by the teacher and tolerated as by-products of the home. Our wonder is that so many cultured men and women give of themselves so ungrudgingly to the wearisome and worrisome profession of teaching.

THE CHANGING TIME

There is a great deal of uninformed and hasty criticism, scarcely arising above the level of coarse partisanship, which cannot help to clear the common mind and only obscures the solemn issues that await the final settlement of the present great world struggle. This sort of thing panders to the vulgar craving for sensation; it also complies with the senseless desire to find scapegoats who can be sacrificed on the

altar of public reprobation. All wars let loose clouds of prejudice to serve stupid and ignoble ends. Leaders in the field and statesmen bearing burdens of responsibility which tax body and mind to the utmost, are treated with truculent scorn or studied neglect. The calm judgment of the impartial historian cannot be expected in such a time as this, but at least those who are undergoing fiery ordeals in their country's service might expect reasonable forbearance. The new place which will be gladly accorded to womanhood in the changed social and economical settlement following the close of the absorbing struggle demands full consideration. Yet it is pertinent to note that change in this particular will signalise a more radical alteration in the mental and spiritual vision of those whose influence will wax more and more powerful in future years. For when all is said, soul must govern sense, pride and passion bow before reality, more and more as humanity draws in sight of its goal. Science is cold and abstract, art a mere will-o'-the-wisp, unless sweetened and elevated by motives springing from higher sources than worldly policy. Woman is more susceptible to ideals that transcend matter and time. When reason is identified with pure thought and love reveals itself as the sublimation of human devotion to unselfish aims a new synthesis will appear to open nature.

GOING FORWARD

Mere logic cannot envisage the greater truth of life. Poetry, as Goethe showed, and our own splendid literature illustrates from age to age, holds more precious treasure for seeking pilgrims than bare fact and the chronicles of events can convey. The true bard is the prophet in barren years. New and more spiritual experiences, minds purged in the fires of affliction, inward sight made clear by conflict with demonic powers, of such will the generation now rising out of the ashes in lands freed from oppression be moulded. Then shall hope spring up afresh in weary societies, and faith—relieved from the incubus of presumptuous authority—create institutions worthy of the new world that will succeed the old, to which we still owe a lingering sad farewell.

AN OLD AXIOM

We cannot close our eyes to the fact that most of us are obeying the old Horatian precept in a very liberal fashion; a way which would have seemed unlikely three years ago—"Carpe diem" suits the armchair moraliser whose livelihood is assured by a comfortable income from an inherited estate or from lucky investments; it also falls in with a quietist philosophy, whether grounded in a devout faith or in a temperance which readily accepts the inevitable chances and changes of this mortal life. Wordworth's Leech-Gatherer has schooled himself in solitude and poverty to take his lowly lot with equanimity; and the Imperial Stoic, Marcus Aurelius, set down edifying reflections which have helped numberless readers during the best part of two thousand years. Today passivity of mind is the rarest of accomplishments, and counsels of patience amid the world's vicissitudes are either resented as inapplicable to one's individual case or silently scorned as degrading to human nature—which should view misfortune as a spur to endeavour. Clearly this catastrophe which has flung empires into the melting pot has likewise crumbled out complacent theories of life's meaning and end. We are face to face with the Sphinx again—only it is a transformed one, an embodied enigma with a more complex modern air.

NATURE NOW

Nature is now the chief foe to be overcome and yoked to the car of progress—the desolating storms and earthquakes feared by our primitive ancestors can be foreseen, and we have compelled the electric and mechanic force to do our bidding in a myriad ways. Yet the struggle for life goes on without pause. Not alone in the lower spheres, but throughout society a strenuous competition is the order of the day.

Happily it is not merely a conflict on the brute level; the apish and tigerish qualities that haunt our active being are restrained by moral ideals; the Sphinx has evolved with the ages and generations, though her riddle is as insistent as ever. A true advance for a man or a class or a nation is still conditioned by principles not to be flouted at the peril of failure and vain remorse.

THE PROPHET OF THE LORD

Once upon a time a monarch who was about to receive the just reward of his evil deeds and the evil deeds of his house, sent word to the avenger: "Are there things peaceable?" "What hast thou to do with peace?" was the reply. He tried again; and again a third time: "Is there peace, Jehu?" The second answer was as discouraging as the first. The third was more so, and was accompanied by some unpleasantly plain speaking. So long, said the avenger, as certain evil courses remained "in their vigour" there could be no peace—nor was there.

To day the Germans are at the height of a "peace offensive," and the methods of the House of Hohenzollern remain a fairly faithful copy of those of the House of Ahab. The allied nations, on the other hand, are just as little inclined as was Jehu to parley with an impenitent troublemaker of the people's peace, and are equally confident that in this refusal they are carrying out a mission not sought by themselves, but imposed upon them. They went out in 1914 not merely to protect their own or one another's interests, but because they were driven to it; and when driven to it they found that the affair was a crusade. That crusade they are determined to see through. But one solitary and commanding figure stands in the background. The Prophet of the Lord to day confessedly does not command the allegiance, nor in the days of Faith under the new. Yet it is significant of much, and a tribute all the more impressive that the words and the attitude of no single person are scanned so anxiously to day by all the belligerents as those of our Holy Father the Pope. Anti-clericalism, whether Protestant or wholly anti-Christian, may pretend that the Supreme Pontiff does not matter. Alone the violence of its abuse proves that he matters very much indeed. And the deference with which even dissent from his utterances is expressed in the more responsible organs of non-Catholic opinion is a further and more pleasant testimony to the fact. We need not stay to inquire into the honesty of clamorous demands for Papal intervention against Germany on the part of those who have always been the Pope's enemies. But plenty of non-Catholics have been honestly perplexed both at his silence and at the nature of his words when he spoke. Here, at last, they say, is a clear case. After three years of war *securus iudicis orbis terrarum*. Why is the Prophet of the Lord not only not leading the forces of light, but apparently, as some imagine, parleying with the powers of darkness? Such questions are, of course, as every Catholic knows, based upon a false analogy. Christendom is not a Theocracy; the Pope is not the Vicar of God on earth. That is not his commission, nor ever has been, and this fact alone justifies the Pope in everything he has done both and left undone. The Morning Post—and it is difficult to excuse such a paper on the ground of ignorance—states the exact contradictory to the fact, when it says that "the Pope has always claimed the regency of the whole field of human affairs," and proceeds to attack him for not publicly condemning Germany for the original violation of Belgium, and for all his actions and omissions since. Any authoritative political intervention of the Papacy, as of right; any dictation to the world of the world's politics, is so impossible a conception, that we need waste no further words upon it. There remains the intervention of moral authority. Here obviously the declaration of moral principles and their application to any given circumstances are two different things. The Divine assistance does not promise infallibility to the Pope in the latter, and the mere fact of his incomparable position places on him an incomparable responsibility. There is no Pope but would prefer to wait till he could act on judicial inquiry with both parties, and all the evidence represented before him, as they are not in the present case. Suppose the case to have become too clear to require this, and the evil too pressing for delay, there is no Pope but would leave, up to the last minute of the eleventh hour, a place for repentance to the nations—containing many millions of his own spiritual responsibility, are in the wrong. Or suppose still further that he were minded to try and bring the parties together, would he not, even if he were convinced that right lay on one side, have to assume for the purposes of his inter-

vention that the case was arguable on both? What else has the present Pope done from beginning to end? It took President Wilson, the temporal ruler of one nation, nearly three years to make the grave decision he in the end came to. What about the incommensurable responsibility that rests on the shoulders of millions scattered over all nations? Almost up to the end Mr. Wilson held language, which gave no small offence, implying some sort of parity in the aims of the respective combatants. What language so strong in the same sense has the Pope used in his appeal? Vulgar abuse has been heaped upon both. Is it not likely to turn out as premature in the one case as it has been in the other? We are confident that such simple considerations as these should go far to solve the perplexities of non-Catholics of good-will in regard to the attitude of the Pope. It is for us Catholics to drive those considerations home upon our fellow-countrymen.

For ourselves, we need no spur to our loyalty, whether to our Pope or to our country. Confident in the right, we persevere in our task, believing that the Prophet of the Lord is with us in our cause—in its general aims, its intention, its temper, whatever its human imperfections. And after all, it may be that the peace which we all long for is not so very far off. The roar of the guns in Flanders grows daily, and Sir Douglas Haig is driving the Germans home towards. Well may the House of Ahab cry out for its own peace, as it thinks itself that "the driving is like unto the driving of Jehu, the son of Namsi, for he drives furiously."—The Universe.

NO POLITICS

AN APPEAL AND A MESSAGE TO FRENCH CANADIANS

Staff Correspondence of the Globe

Quebec, Nov. 9.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier opened his campaign in the ancient city of Quebec to-night. He spoke to one of the largest and most intensely enthusiastic gatherings. But it was not a campaign speech. It was an appeal and a message. In his first words the veteran Opposition leader brushed aside mere political problems. "The great and dominating question, the one question," he declared, "is the problem of the prosecution of the War. Every other issue is swallowed up in this."

In short, telling sentences Sir Wilfrid defined his position in regard to conscription. He stood for voluntary service. As he made his declaration the vast throng went wild with acclaim. For moments the picturesque figure waited for the cheering to spend itself. Then came his appeal. With dramatic force and fire, amid the tense silence, all the more impressive by reason of the immediately preceding roars of applause, Sir Wilfrid spoke to his compatriots, men and women, in serious and earnest solicitation. The people heard him in silence.

WHY IN THIS WAR?

"I stand for voluntary service," he reiterated, "but I stand for service." He appealed to his compatriots to prove that his position was right by heroic deeds, not by eulogistic cheers. Why, he asked, was Canada in this War? Why, he asked, was the United States now in this War, as he predicted that country would be twelve months ago when he spoke at Montreal, appealing for recruits. He had not feared actual invasion, but he did fear, with a great fear, the world domination of a power which violated every human and Divine law.

HORRORS OF HUN DEEDS

"You may think I exaggerate the menace," he exclaimed. "Listen till I tell you of the outrages of these Hun barbarians."

In graphic and dramatic words the veteran statesman told of the German atrocities in Belgium and France. When he described the scene in Lille, when men and women were torn from their homes and sent into German slavery, "a slavery indescribable for the suffering of women," there were cries of "Shame!" and several women were weeping. "This," exclaimed Sir Wilfrid, "is the foe Canada is called to fight. My compatriots, appeal the Liberal leader, "remember again the first hours of this War. Every one in this city was asking with anxiety if Great Britain would again let Germany crush poor old France. "What will England do?" was the question on every lip. And if Britain had stood aside a general sentiment of regret and blame would have been current throughout our country, and especially throughout French Canada."

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

Sir Wilfrid paused, then, coming to the front of the platform, he raised both hands, appealing. "My compatriots, men and women," he cried, "the War is still going on. France is still under the heel of Germany. Britain is still heroically fighting, and fighting the foe on the soil of old France. What will we French Canadians do? I come to speak to you

frankly, with the same honesty as ever. I never deceived you and I have confidence in my compatriots. With pleasure or pain I always spoke the language of the truth. I shall do the same to-day.

"I believe that our first and pressing duty is to share in the fight. I believe that it is our immediate duty to help our armies who have covered themselves with glory. We must support them with men. We must support them with money. We must serve. We must serve. I stand for voluntary service, but I repeat with all earnestness, I stand for service."

NOT RELIGIOUS, BUT RACIAL

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO PUNCTURES A SLANDER

Toronto Star

Most Rev. Dr. McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, expressed great indignation to a Star reporter with the speech of the Rev. E. I. Hart in Montreal, criticizing the Catholic Church as being at the bottom of the trouble in both Quebec and Ireland. The Archbishop denounced Mr. Hart's statements as false and mischievous. So far as there is lack of enthusiasm for the British cause in Quebec and Ireland, says the Archbishop, the causes are racial and not religious.

MANY SOLDIERS ARE CATHOLIC

"The speech of Rev. E. I. Hart," said the Archbishop, "depicts two great institutions as pitted against each other. One is the Catholic Church. The other is the British Empire. In this way he seeks to explain the attitude of Quebec and Ireland. If this explanation was well founded we might as well begin to prepare for what ever regime is going to succeed the British Empire, for the Catholic soldiers fighting for the cause of the Allies at the Front far outnumber the Protestant soldiers. To-day the loyalty of the Catholic soldier and of Catholic populations is absolutely essential to the continued existence of the British Empire, and people are so confident that this loyalty can be depended on that they play with side issues which seem superficially to indicate that there is a difference between Catholics and Protestants in the War. There is no difference. We are all involved in the same issue."

"What about the anti-war elements in Quebec and Ireland?" asked the reporter.

"SPEAKS FOR CATHOLIC CHURCH"

"Quebec and Ireland are a very small part of the Catholic Church," replied His Grace. "I am not authorized to speak for either; but I can speak for the Catholic Church in this matter. I do not need to guess or infer—I know that the Rev. E. I. Hart is wrong and mischievously wrong. The raising of false issues at this time is dangerous.

If an Englishman came to Toronto now to upbraid us for spending so much money on motor cars and other luxuries, we might resent his interference, but we should have to confess among ourselves that we deserved the reproach. But if he went on to inveigh against the clergy of the city as lacking patriotism and opposed to the cause of the Allies on the ground that they encouraged the useless expenditure of money needed for that cause, I think he would then be engaged in a mischievous campaign.

"Thirty years ago we all held in Canada the opinion which still prevails in parts of Quebec. We looked upon ourselves as British colonists depending on England for defence against any public enemy. Sir Charles Tupper often argued that Canada contributed to the defence of the Empire by production, and by facilities of communication, and should not be asked to do more. No one ever thought of accusing him of disloyalty on that account. It is worse than unfair to impeach as disloyal those Canadians who still think as Tupper did. The sentiment of Canadian nationality has grown lusty since his day. It is unreasonable to expect it to grow with equal increase in all parts of the Dominion. The real test of loyalty is obedience to the law. No part of Canada has yet failed in this test. Not until there is disobedience to the law will it be time to speak of disloyalty.

"Canadians who are not British by race are loyal to the Empire more by seasoned submission than by sentiment. They perform their legal duties. They share the financial burdens of the State without complaint. Many of them are even enthusiastic in their support of British institutions. But the ties of blood are not the same in their case as in ours. Quebec differs from Ontario both in race and religion. The mistake of the Rev. E. I. Hart is that of attributing to religion certain phenomena which belong properly to race.

THE IRISH TROUBLE

"Ireland is a different case. The summary given by Lionel Curtis in his project of a Commonwealth will do as well as another to suggest the explanation. Referring to the eighteenth century he says:

"As a series of laws was passed depriving Catholics (of Ireland) of the right to vote and excluding them

from the (city) corporations, from the magistracy, from the bar, from the bench, from the grand juries, from the vestries, and from the army and navy. They might not be sheriffs or solicitors, or even game-keepers or constables. They were forbidden to possess any arms or a horse worth more than 45s. No Catholic could be a guardian, and all wards in Chancery were brought up as Protestants. The land of a Catholic was divided among his children, but if an eldest son conformed to the Protestant religion the father was reduced to the position of a tenant for life and the property secured to the Protestant son. . . . The most malignant of these measures were those designed to confine education to the Protestant colonists."

"These laws were all repealed," commented Dr. McNeil, "when they had effected their purpose, more than a hundred years later. But the iron which entered the Irish Catholic soul in the process still shows itself. There is no need of invoking the attitude of the Catholic Church of to-day as an explanation of the mentality of the Irish."

"The British Government and the Canadian Government would oppose strenuously to-day the removal of the moderating influence of the Catholic Church in Ireland and Quebec," was the emphatic declaration of the Archbishop in closing the interview.

LOOK HERE UPON THIS PICTURE

MEDERIC'S LATEST

Montreal, Nov. 6.—The Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England is responsible for the Canadian conscription act, according to Mayor Mederic Martin, who told a Liberal gathering in St. Mary's electoral division last night that the said grand lodge passed the word to Sir Robt. Borden, and as a result the military service act came into being.

AND ON THIS:

THE KAISER'S PEACE DRIVE

Germany is well understood to be planning another peace drive. We shall hear much of this before the winter advances very far. Who can tell how much of the War weariness in Russia may be accounted for by a quiet and powerful move among the Slavs in sympathy with the new German chancellor and the Catholic party in Germany?

Von Hertling is a leader of the Centerists, or Catholic group, and comes from the strongly Catholic State of Bavaria. It is a new experience for Protestant Germany to have as the chief adviser of the crown a Roman Catholic, and the decision of the German Emperor to requisition the services of a Roman Catholic administrator is probably most significant. It indicates that Wilhelm II. is preparing as a master stroke to gather to himself the support of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in enemy countries.

The drive into Italy was intended to cripple the War feeling in that country and to have brought down upon the head of the Italian Government the indignation and resentment of the people, who would thus fall an easy prey to the pro-German peace propaganda. This, coupled with the weariness of Russia, was to co-ordinate with the encouragement of the Roman Catholic influences, which have their center in the Pope. —London Free Press Editorial.

ENGLISH PILGRIMS

FLOCK TO SHRINE OF ST. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

(C. P. A. Service)

London, Nov. 1.—Large numbers of pilgrims are going to the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor on Saturday, to pray to that old king of the realm for speedy peace. The authorities of Westminster Abbey allow every facility for Catholic pilgrims, short of permitting a procession to the abbey, which their forefathers built. Cardinal Bourne will make one of his first public appearances since his severe illness when he presides at the fine new church dedicated to the kingly saint at Golders Green on Sunday.

NON-CATHOLIC'S GIFT TO DENVER BISHOP

A non-Catholic millionaire, Mr. Vernon Z. Reed, has presented to the diocese of Denver, a large, beautiful house adjoining the Cathedral, as a residence for the Bishop and the Cathedral clergy. The price paid for the property is said to be over \$40,000, and was an unexpected but most welcome gift to the late Bishop Metz, to whom Mr. Reed wrote: "I have purchased this property as a present to the Cathedral, partly to insure the conservation of the surroundings of that beautiful piece of architecture, partly because I have a high esteem for the very good work your Church people do in Denver, and very largely as a mark of personal esteem to yourself because of the great force you have been in the up-building of Denver."—Catholic Transcript.

CATHOLIC NOTES

At Kandy, in the Island of Ceylon, Pope Leo XIII. founded in 1893 a seminary and placed it under the care of the Jesuit Fathers. It has already given over 150 priests to the Church in India.

The Abbe Parot, chief of the Social Organization of the Diocese of Tournai, Belgium, who entered a protest against the deportation of French citizens, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, has been transferred with twenty Belgian priests to the prison at Cologne.

The Holy Father has appointed Cardinal De Lai, Cardinal Pompili, Cardinal Bisleti, Cardinal Von Rossum, Cardinal Ginstini, Cardinal Lega and Cardinal Gasparri, members of the commission for the interpretation of the canon law, the last named being the president. They will be assisted by eight prelates and six religious, all noted canonists.

One of this year's members of St. Xavier College, Louisville, Ky., is Brother Adalbert, who for the past six years has been teaching at St. Joseph College, Bardonia. He is a convert from Episcopalianism, and a former student of the Episcopalian Kenyon College. He is a nephew of the late John Hay, Secretary of State under the administration of President Roosevelt.

Walter C. Stokes, of the firm of Walter C. Stokes & Co., bankers and brokers, No. 66 Broadway, New York City, has been received into the Catholic Church. He was baptized by the Rev. William B. Martin, D. D., assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, who for some time has been giving him instruction. His wife was the only other person present. Mrs. Stokes, who was Miss Adele Watson, is not a Catholic.

The Catholic University of America believes it has the youngest full-fledged college student in the district, in the person of Charles O'Donovan, Jr., a member of the class of 1921. Young O'Donovan is not yet fifteen years old. He is the son of Dr. Charles O'Donovan, of Baltimore, is a graduate of the Loyola High School, and is pursuing a four year course at the Catholic University, preparatory to the study of medicine.

The Holy See has granted to soldiers and sailors of the United States, in active service, the permission to eat flesh meat on any day of the year except Ash Wednesday, the vigil of Christmas, the vigil of the Assumption (August 14) and the last three days of Lent. This privilege extends also to the soldier's family living with him, but not if living apart. To use this privilege, soldiers and sailors must be in active service and not on leave. They may eat meat even on the above days if nothing else is to be had.

In the will of the Nathan Schloss, a Hebrew, filed for probate in Kansas City, Mo., recently, disposing of an estate of \$1,000,000, four Catholic institutions were remembered to the extent of \$6,000. St. Joseph's Hospital and the Perry Orphan Boys' Home were each given \$2,000 and St. Mary's Hospital and St. Margaret's Hospital, Kansas city, were given \$1,000 each. Two hundred thousand dollars is left to establish a Jewish hospital in Kansas City.

Proposed legislation to include in the selective draft law young men between the ages of nineteen and twenty one is endorsed in principle by Cardinal Gibbons in a letter addressed to H. H. Sheets, secretary of the National Association of Universal Military Training and made public this week. "The legislation," the Cardinal wrote, "will benefit them morally as well as physically, and help to prepare them for their vocations, or, if necessity arises, for the sterner needs."

The Holy Father has authorized the issuance of bread and sugar cards to the whole of the Vatican population. Six hundred cards were issued. They are the cards of the Italian Government. The Vatican will exercise the strictest supervision to prevent possible evasion. This is probably the first time in history that the Vatican has been rationed. There are probably ample supplies in the Vatican for the Holy Father and his official family, but the Pope, moved by an uplifting sense of duty, requires that he himself and his people shall endure the privations common to all other Romans in time of war.

As a result of the patriotic concert given by John McCormack in New York, \$15,000 was realized for the dependents of the members of the "Fighting 69th." A feature of the concert was the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the great tenor with two sturdy warriors of the famous regiment beside him—one holding the flag which the regiment will follow into the battlefields of France, while the other carried the flag which the old Sixty ninth followed in many a battle during the Civil War. The concert was given under the auspices of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, occupied one of the boxes at Carnegie Hall.

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER CHAPTER I

DAUGHTERS OF COLONIAL DAYS

A coach was rattling down the Boston Post Road, the mud after the recent heavy rains flying as the wheels splashed through it, while the stones threatened to destroy the equilibrium of even that sedate equipage. It was the carriage of the Van Cortlandts, heavy and ponderous, hanging suspended upon straps and bearing upon the panel of the door the family escutcheon and motto. The coachman, who had been long in the service of the family, was a very splendid figure in his livery of pale fawn color, laced with silver and with silver upon his cocked hat. From the back of the coach, where he hung on by the tassels, the negro foot-boy peered at this majestic personage. The foot-boy wore a livery precisely identical with the coachman's, save that on his head a jaunty, leathern cap replaced the cocked hat.

The coachman had beguiled the tedium of a wait upon the shore by some half-articulate grumblings, uttered out of the soreness of his heart because he had to drive over such roads, even as far as Harlem, to meet his young lady and a friend who had come over the river in a scow. He had sat and watched their approach in no very good humor, while the scow was being poled over the dancing, sunlit waters of the river by two sturdy negroes. The foot-boy, Jumbo, made but little response to these complaints. He had thoroughly enjoyed the drive, as he enjoyed most things, being light of heart and merry by nature. He had merely rolled his dark eyes till nothing but the whites were visible, assenting to his superior's remarks just as far as it was expedient to do so. He, too, watched with interest the progress shoreward of the scow, and hastened eagerly forward to assist the young ladies in landing, assuming control of their bags and various impediments. With low bows and a delighted flourish, he opened the door of the coach for Mistress Polly Van Cortlandt, who ensconced herself with a sigh of relief in the comfortable cushions, while her companion, Mistress Evelyn de Lacey, whose every movement suggested a different temperament, followed more slowly and allowed the negro boy to close the door. The air, slightly salt, fresh and invigorating, had given increased color to both girls. Polly, by nature rich-colored, looked perceptibly redder, and her bright eyes were even more sparkling than usual. The pale, olive-tinted skin of her companion had a glow in it, a dash of scarlet in either cheek, which increased the attractiveness of a very beautiful face.

"Oh, but I am weary from standing on that scow!" cried Polly, with a sigh of pure contentment. Her friend looked at her with some amusement and a smile that enhanced the perfection of her mouth. "You could have sat down, my Polly," she said briefly. "In truth I could," returned Polly, "upon one of those stools that made me feel as though I were in a side-saddle upon a rough road, and at any moment might be shot overboard into the middle of the stream. The other laughed a low laugh that seemed to have its source in some secret amusement of her own. "Yes, I think standing were preferable, though I contrived to keep my seat. But the air was delicious, so fresh and with a touch of salt therein. It is a sweet morning."

The two fell into silence after that, as the coach, still jolting from the unevenness of the road, continued down that highway which in the year of Our Lord, 1698, led out from the Colony of New York—a title favored by some as a compromise between its Indian name of Manhattan and its Dutch name of New Amsterdam—to the neighboring colonies of New England, even to Boston Town. As the carriage drove slowly past what had once been the *bouwerie* (or farm) of Myhrer Pieter Stuyvesant, a former Governor of the colony under the Dutch and a mighty personage, the girl with the olive-tinted skin leaned slightly out of the coach window and regarded the building with those eyes of hers which so many called wonderful. And wonderful was the adjective that best described them. They were lit up by so many lights and were haunted by so many expressions, which now appeared to hover on their surface and again to linger in their depths. It had been remarked that hers was a tragic face, like that of some woman by whom the whole course of history is haunted. She looked at the stiff, square building, with its two windows on either side of the door and three abreast above; with its trim, box-bordered flower-beds, wherein had blossomed many a seedling brought from Holland. Intersecting these beds were gravelled paths, and all about them were old trees, which had survived the strongest of the Governors, and could rustle over the roof that had sheltered him, and still make patterns upon the paths his feet had trod, long after he had slept with his fathers.

"The poor, old Governor!" cried the soft voice of Evelyn. "What a figure he must have cut in his day!" And he had a wife that matched him," cried Polly. "I doubt not you have heard the story. It was once when the *Widow* (i. e., the Indians) were swooping down to attack the *bouweries*. It chanced that the Governor was absent. Madam Stuyvesant, so men say, called in some Frenchmen who were working for her that day, that they might help in defending the dwelling. She had put it in readiness for a siege, but the savages, satisfied with what plunder they had obtained elsewhere, went their way without making an attack. "I like well her spirit," commented Evelyn. "I like whatever savors of vital force." Then, as the coach rolled on its way, the girl added: "I wonder, Polly, what you and I would have done in like case. "She needed courage," Polly made answer, with a shiver. "If one does but think of being tomahawked or scalped!" "Are you not curious," inquired Polly, with an abrupt change of subject, to see how they will all look like?" "As full of curiosity as—but here, I cannot think of a comparison. I cannot, in truth, until I have seen them all and heard whatsoever there is to hear about them."

"They should arrive by two o'clock to-day," mused Polly, "very soon after the dinner hour. "My Lord Bellomont," said Evelyn, continuing her train of thought, "should be shapely and tall, with hair or peruke curling down on his shoulders. "And his attire should be gorgeous," added Polly. "It is said he is bringing with him a goodish number of young officers and supernumeraries. "I wonder what else he is bringing," Evelyn said to herself, in a voice only half intended for her companion's ear, "of the things that matter."

"I opine," observed Polly, looking admiringly at her friend, "that you will go to work with those eyes of yours to cast spells on some of these newcomers. Evelyn laughed her low laugh of genuine enjoyment. "Polly Van Cortlandt to speak thus, who has half the young men of these colonies in her toils!" "Ah!" said Polly, a slight shadow falling over the brightness of her face. "I have the young men of my own colony, (a peculiar feature of Dutch colonial life was the formation of boys and girls, usually relatives, or in the same social set, into companies, with distinctive colors, etc. All their amusements were in common, and the comradeship thus formed lasted into maturer years, so that marriages were frequent among members of the same company, or those boys with whom I played, or who used to fasten on my beef-bone skates or draw me over the ice on a sledge. But when it comes to men—real men, who have seen the world and have accomplished things themselves—it is less, sweetheart, that I fail and you succeed."

She spoke without bitterness, but with something of regret. "It is of much import," inquired Evelyn, and there was a suspicion of sadness in her tone, even if what you say were indeed true? We are perchance for them the playthings of an idle hour, or they for us?" Then she added: "I am wondering what will my Lady Bellomont be like. Beautiful, men say she is. And how she will endure what must appear to her the dullness of our provincial life. At that instant the attention of both was attracted by the sound of trumpets, just as the lumbering coach, with its solemn coachman and gay foot-boy, turned into the Broad Way. "Can it be," cried both girls together, "that they have arrived, and that we shall miss the pageant?" Each leaned eagerly out of the window nearest her, and Polly called to the negro to find out, if he could, what was the meaning of those trumpets and whether the new Governor had arrived. The negro came back breathless. It was not the Governor, but only the Guard turning out from the Fort and marching as escort to the gentlemen who were to sail down the Bay a certain distance to meet His Excellency. So the coach rolled again upon its way, and brought both girls to that stately mansion on Queen Street, with its checkered brick walls, its lozenge-shaped windows and the entrance door above which were wrought in massive iron the family initials and the year when the house was built. There too was the *steeple*, with its benches whereon the girls had so often sat and talked of that event which was now at hand—the arrival of a new Governor. His coming had been of special interest, because, it was believed that, as he occupied an exalted position both socially and politically, he would be likely to restore to the gubernatorial residence some of that state and elegance which had been sadly lacking during the last regime. It was rumored also that he would bring with him a brilliant staff and many celebrities. The whispers that had reached Manhattan concerning my Lady Bellomont as to her eccentric—no, to say, scandalous—conduct, had only whetted public curiosity, and particularly that of the female sex. Evelyn had often wondered how so gay a dame as they had heard described, would fit into the small life of that *dorp*, which had become a city.

The foot-boy sounded the great silver knocker on the door, and the two occupants of the coach, disconcerted, suddenly became conscious of the hunger engendered by their long drive and the previous sail over the salt water. For their nostrils were regaled with savory and mingled odors from within—roast goose with its garnishings, pound-cake and crullers, coffee and spiced wine. They could scarcely wait till, having divested themselves of their outer wrappings, they heard the gong sound in the hall, answering to the striking of that clock which but of late was a novelty in the colony. It announced in clear, musical tones the hour of noon and dinner.

CHAPTER II A COLONIAL MATRON

At the head of the table, presiding with much grace and dignity, sat the grandmother with whom Polly Van Cortlandt had lived since her childhood and the death of that relative's husband. Vrow Van Cortlandt—or Madam Van Cortlandt, as she was more generally called—was a woman of strong character and clear commonsense, an excellent type of those matrons who were in a very real sense the pioneers of Manhattan. Her dark eyes still sparkled at times with the same light that now danced in Polly's; her shrunken cheeks showed a mottled red where once had been a lovely bloom; her cap, tied under her chin, was of the finest muslin and the richest lace; her gown was of heavy satin, and her long pendant earrings were a priceless heirloom that had crossed the seas from Holland. She was merry at times, that old grandmother, or again she was sad, with the burden of all the years and of all the destinies that had been interwoven with her own. Even the very house in which she lived was an epitome of the annals of Manhattan.

She watched the two girls with an amusement that showed itself in just a nod, a twinkling of the eyes or a chuckle. She could enter into their feelings with curious exactitude. Full of life, of mirthfulness and of attraction for the other sex, she had once trod the streets of what had been, in her day of youth, merely a quaint village. She had assisted at tea parties, assemblies and dances, many of which had been in this very dwelling where Polly loved to entertain her friends. The old woman's eyes rested oftenest and most lovingly, as was natural, on the sparkling countenance of her granddaughter. But there were moments when they were turned also, with something thoughtful and inquiring in her look, on that other, who was merely a dear friend and welcome visitor but no part of that household. For it seemed to these experienced eyes that she was of an order altogether different from those who had passed as maids, as wives or as mothers through that mansion, where the observer herself, for two generations, had reigned supreme. Wherein that precise difference lay, Madam Van Cortlandt, perspicacious as she was, could not determine. Something in the delicate pencilling of the eyebrows, in the sensitive lines about the mouth, in the haunting depths of the eyes, presaged suffering.

"If I had a son unmarried now," she mused, "should I not shrink from seeing him become the husband of one who, if I be not sore mistaken, will have more than her share of sorrow?" But the old woman felt instinctively that, if there were tragedy, there was also nobility in every line of that face. "I believe, in truth, I should risk it," concluded she; "for here is no common type of maid, though differing from my darling Polly as the lily differs from the rose." The girls, unconscious of these reflections, gave the grandmother a somewhat desultory account of their visit to Polly's aunt in Morrisania, where the two had spent a week, and then began to talk about the topic uppermost in their thoughts—the coming of the new Governor. Meanwhile old Peter, the negro who had grown gray in Madam's service, stood behind her chair and wit: a broad fan flicked away the flies, while listening eagerly to the conversation. The room in which they sat was all green and gold, with a heavy wainscoting of dark wood. Its furniture was solid and substantial; the chairs were high-backed, with broad, brocade-covered seats. The silver on the table was likewise massive, quaint but rich in pattern, and bearing with it from overseas, whence it came, something of the character of its first owners in Rotterdam. The vases were rich rather than varied, though Madam Van Cortlandt still prided herself on the skill with which she could make, or cause to be made, all those good things that were dear to Dutch hearts. Polly, too, was a notable cook. There was, in fact, no branch of housewifery which she did not understand, having been trained under "that incomparable woman," as old Dominie Selwyns had described her grandmother. The latter's experience went back indeed to pioneer times, when her grandmother, whom she vividly remembered, had put her hand literally to the plough, procuring by her own hands almost all the necessities of life.

Through the lozenge-shaped panes of the dining-room window came the noontide sun of that bright day, which was bringing the new Governor to Manhattan. Deep in Evelyn's heart were thoughts concerning him of which the others knew nothing. These thoughts she could discuss only with her father, a quiet and studious man, for whom she kept house in a charming little cottage near the river. "I hope," said the grandmother, "that this Governor will be an improvement upon the last. There is sore need of it. The office lost all its dignity when the King's representative was seen to consort with smugglers and, as some would have it, pirates. Colonel Fletcher was, in truth, no man for the post." And everything was so dull in his time," added Polly. "As for social life, there was none at all."

"Our liberties," continued the grandmother, ignoring Polly's interruption, "have been many times and gravely imperilled by these men whom our Sovereign Lord, the King, has sent. I make exception of the good Dongan." "But," said Polly, with a mischievous sparkle in her black eyes and a mocking grimace at Evelyn, "was he not a Papist, and did he not hold strange worship with Jesuits and such like at the Fort?" "It was so," assented the old lady, "but he was none the worse man for that—a good Governor, active and far-seeing and willing to grant, as indeed he did, toleration to all men to worship God as their consciences approved." She glanced almost involuntarily at Evelyn, who had been strangely silent. But it was part of the girl's fascination that her silences were often full of a meaning that impressed itself upon those around her. Her face just then had a glow upon it, and there was a light in her eyes as if her unspoken thoughts were in answer to the old lady, who better than most people seemed to understand her. When she broke silence, it was to say: "The Sovereign of England was at that time Catholic, until he was driven forth." She stopped abruptly, and Madam Van Cortlandt, with her laugh that was still mirthful though it broke and cackled, completed the sentence: "By our Dutch William, married to James's own daughter, that then she added more gravely: "A great man to our way of thinking, who might have done as Hollanders mostly do, let folk worship God as they would, but the English, with their political intrigues and their fear of the Catholics, would not have it so. Do you know that William was once in friendly alliance with the Pope of Rome?" "No," answered Evelyn. "I did not know that, and was he then willing to sacrifice everything for—?" "For the sake of a crown," said Madam Van Cortlandt, composedly finishing the sentence. But there was a note of sadness in her tone as she added: "When you have grown as old as I am, you will know that few of the heroes we have worshipped could withstand temptation." "He is no hero of mine," said Evelyn, with a glow in her eyes as though a lamp had suddenly been lit there. "I hold him to be both treacherous and cruel."

"Remember," reproved the old lady, with sudden severity, "that you are speaking of the reigning Sovereign, whom may the Lord God bless and protect! No one at my table shall speak ill of him."

She spoke with unusual heat, as though this right-minded and intelligent woman, who had read much and conversed much with men of many minds, were defending the Protestant idols against doubts that had arisen in her own mind. And looking full at Evelyn, who was perforce silent, she continued as if in answer to the expression of the young girl's face: "He had the peace and safety of the realm of England to think of."

To this statement Evelyn made no reply, though dissent from that view was shown in every line of her face. Polly meanwhile was visibly bored. She could not help wondering how Evelyn, who so keenly enjoyed the gaieties and harmless frolics which the town afforded, and was the centre of many a social gathering, could be thus vividly and passionately interested in those dull subjects which her grandmother and the old people discussed. Even with them such discourses were only occasional, for the female portion of the community preferred to talk amongst themselves of the number and quality of the slaves or indentured servants, of recipes for the making of cakes or confections of various sorts, or to hear or retail the latest gossip of the town—the weddings and births, the marriage feasts and candle parties, the latest betrothals and the most recent deaths. For even the deaths afforded topics for much conversation—the number and distinction of the mourners or of the relatives to whom the *aanspreker* (or death herald) made funeral announcements. All details of the mourning bands who bore the coffin to the church, how the house looked, and how many enjoyed the wine and cake, the pipes and tobacco, with which the funeral guests were regaled on their return from the burial. As if in rebound from the fearful solemnity, the human heart there as elsewhere, driven as it were to extremes, turned with keenest relish from mourning to human comforts and to the companionship of its fellows.

Madam Van Cortlandt, though capable when opportunity offered of conversing on any subject, was deeply interested in all local affairs. Taking her knitting bag with her to provide employment for her hands, and her spectacles in the pocket of her black silk apron, she often sallied forth for a visit, or round of visits, to other matrons. In such gatherings were discussed all those happenings, large or small, which form the sum of human life as it goes on, scarce perceptibly from generation to generation. But Madam Van Cortlandt was also foremost amongst those who could turn at will from such topics to talk of politics, whether they related to the *Patroon*, still beloved of Dutch New Yorkers, or to that Kingdom of England, which ruled the destinies of the American colonies. She was fully cognizant of all that related to the local government. She could discourse upon the iniquities of Leisler, for by marriage connections, training and ideals, she was totally opposed to one whom she designated as a "foreign boor." Heated discussion upon this subject of the usurper often took place in her drawing-room, or wherever her social circle chanced to meet for a game of lansquenet. For there were many who regarded him as an enlightened patriot, and were prepared to defend his usurpation of the government, and the series of tyrannical acts which followed, including his persecution of the small minority of Catholics who had made Manhattan their home. With all these actions Madam Van Cortlandt had no sympathy whatever. She held that they were totally opposed to the Dutch idea of toleration. She would wax eloquent, too, upon the tyranny of a later English governor, Andros, particularly in the famous dispute on the bolting of flour and the destruction of the Charter of New York. Like most young girls of her age, Evelyn was indifferent to such matters, save where they touched upon religion. Like her father, she was a Jacobite in politics and an ardent Catholic, and chafed under the restrictions imposed upon members of her faith who were allowed to have neither priest nor church.

Polly, on her part, was glad when dinner was over, especially as she had found the trend of conversation distasteful, and feared that Evelyn, who was a great favorite with her grandmother, might say something to offend the latter. It was a relief to escape to her bedroom upstairs, where her two maids, with additional demands, the grandmother remained musing after the young people had left her. "These Papists," she said to herself, "for I make sure this girl is one, though she has never admitted so much in my hearing, are like to have a hard time if I hear from England be true. Evelyn's father used to attend the Popish worship in Dongan's time, or so I have been informed. That will tell against him, and he will be, in truth, a marked man. And this girl—"

She paused and sighed deeply. Then, as if wishing to drive the matter from her mind, she arose from her chair and, with a step that was still light, considering her years, went to inspect the jam cupboard, taking a ponderous bunch of keys from her apron pocket. She also gave orders that the coach should be at the door at a quarter before two to convey them all to some vantage point where the arrival and its attendant ceremonies might be witnessed.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE DEFIANCE OF DENNIS DUGAN

By George Barton, in Extension Magazine

Old Cadbury was hard and self-centered. The milk of human kindness had dried in his breast, and he looked out upon the world with selfish, sordid eyes. He was without wife or child, and he sat in the cold office of his wool warehouse, day after day, and wondered only how he could increase the wealth which was already greater than his needs required. There had been a time when his eyes were bright, his step brisk, and his smile contagious. But in some stealthy, unaccountable way he had contracted the habit of avarice, and it had grown upon him week by week, year by year, until now it had him gripped as with bands of steel. Such moral tragedies do not happen in a day or without cause. This one began with a gradual loss of Faith. A disagreement with the parish priest over some trivial matter had been followed with absence from Mass, and that, as is inevitable, with a failure to practice religion. In the beginning it seemed like a relief. It worked in admirably with the growth of greed. With no scruples to bother him, there was no limit to the piling up of money. The only code he had to follow was that of the unbelieving world, and that was easy because it meant the line of least resistance.

Old Cadbury was advancing in years, and while he gained wealth, he lost all of the finer and nobler things of life. He sat in his cold office, looking through the dirty window panes out into the sleet of a December day, dissatisfied with himself and everybody else. A shuffling noise attracted his attention, and looking up, he saw Dugan, his head bookkeeper, standing before him. Dugan had grown gray in his service. He was really the central pin upon which the business revolved. He had a fine sense of honor, and his heart was wrapped up in the "house," as he affectionately designated the wool firm of which Cadbury was the beginning and end. He had been a fine-looking man in his day, but now

his hair was gray, there were lines about the eyes, and he stooped, as is the habit of tall men. "Lady to see you, sir," said Dugan, apologetically. "Why don't you attend to her?" asked Old Cadbury, pettishly. "I—I'm afraid it's personal, sir." "Well, send her in," said the head of the house, grudgingly. The next moment a woman in black was ushered into the dingy office, and when she threw back her veil, Cadbury gave a gasp of surprise and dismay. It was his sister, his youngest sister, who had incurred his displeasure years before by going off and marrying in spite of his protests. He had not seen her since, and now her unexpected presence was a sort of shock. But only for a moment. His skin was too thick, and his heart too hard, to be seriously affected. He looked at her dark clothes, and before she had a chance to speak, said: "Well?"

In that one word, in its abruptness, and its threatening tone, was embodied all of the harshness of his nature. "Yes," she replied to the unspoken query, "Jim's dead. He won't bother you any more." "What do you want?" he barked, and the hardness of his voice brought unbidden tears to the eyes of the little woman before him. "Nothing for myself," she replied, trying hard to control her voice, "but my oldest boy is able to work now, and I thought if I could put him in your warehouse—"

"It's against my principles," he snapped. "I wouldn't have a relative about me for anything." "Maybe you know of—"

"I know of nothing," he interrupted again; "you've made your own bed, and you've got to lie in it. You've got to work out your own salvation. That's what I've done. Now, leave me, please. I'm very busy."

She hastily pulled her black veil over her eyes to hide her tears, and left the room. The next moment Dugan was hastily summoned. "Didn't I tell you never to let anyone in?" exploded Old Cadbury. "Why—yes," began the faithful one, "but this was your relative, and—"

"Especially relatives," thundered the head of the house, "especially relatives, because they'd take the shirt off your back if they got the chance. Don't let it happen again—unless you want another job." Dugan went out shaking his silver-crested head. It was his business to obey orders, but he could not reconcile his heart and his conscience to orders of this kind. At the door he met the little stenographer, who had been with the firm about three years. She looked at Dugan in a confiding manner. Everybody did. He had such a fatherly way, such a way of smoothing over the hundred and one little annoyances which come up in the course of the business day. It was Dugan who had saved her when she misdirected a letter, and it was Dugan who had taken the blame when she misspelled the name of one of the firm's big customers. But those were during the days of her apprenticeship. She was competent now, and did her work with unflinching accuracy. She was worth three times as much as when she first accepted the position. That thought was in her mind now.

"I'm going to ask for that raise today," she said. "I'm tired of waiting for Mr. Cadbury to offer it." Dugan looked troubled. Herubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I don't think I'd ask him for it today." "But you said it was worth twice as much as I'm getting?" "Yes—yes, but he's in a bad humor today." She gave a toss of her pretty head. "If I wait until he's in good humor, I'll die of old age." Dugan laughed at this sally, but still he was troubled. The girl did not accept the warning signal and went into the inner office with a smiling face. A minute later she came out with flushed cheeks and tear-dimmed eyes. Dugan tried to console her. "I—I was afraid. He refused, didn't he?" She nodded. "It's worse than that," she said, with a catch in her voice. "He's discharged me and says I'm incompetent."

"But you're not." "He—he spoke of the mistakes I made two years ago." Dugan hurried into the other room. "Mr. Cadbury," he began, "I'm afraid you've made a mistake about Miss Lynch. She's doing fine work now and—"

But the head of the house caught Dugan with his cold eyes and arrested his flow of eloquence. "Who's running this place?" he asked, with the expression of a bulldog. "Why, you, of course, but—"

"No 'buts.' You attend to your business, and I'll attend to mine. I'm going to have discipline in this place or know the reason why. See that an advertisement is put in for a new stenographer. That's all." Dugan's cheeks grew pale and then red, but he lost no time in leaving the room. For the first time in his life he felt a curious sense of his own helplessness. He spoke a few pitying words to the girl, and managed to send her away with the ghost of a smile on her lips, but down in his breast he felt that his own tenure of office hung on as slender a thread as had that of the girl. He was at the mercy of a selfish and whimsical

Phone Main 6249. After Hours: Hillcrest 8819 Society of St. Vincent de Paul Bureau of Information Special Attention Given to Employment Cast of Clothes Always in Demand 25 Shuter St. TORONTO Office Hours 9 to 4

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT. Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department. Address: REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., PRESIDENT

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE R. HUESTON & SONS Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night. 470 to 488 Richmond St. 860 Wellington St. Phone 423 Phone 641

FINANCIAL THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE CO. Capital Paid Up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,450,000. Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate Loans made. JOHN McCLEARY, Pres.; A. M. Smart, Mgr. Offices: Dundas St., Corner Market Lane, London

PROFESSIONAL CARDS FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., A.E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan K. L. Middleton George Keough Cable Address: "FOY" Telephone (Main 798)

JOHN T. LOFTUS Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc. 715 TEMPLE BUILDING TORONTO Telephone Main 632

REILLY, LUNNEY & LANNAN Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Money to Loan Clifford B. Reilly, B.A., LL.B. Harry W. Lunney, B.A., B.C.L. Alphonse Lannan, LL.B. Burns Block. Phone M-5438 CALGARY, ALBERTA. P. O. Drawer 1889 Special facilities for correspondence in French.

DR. BRUCE E. KAID Room 4, Dominion Bank Chambers Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 8888

Funeral Directors John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST. The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone—House 373 Factory 543

E. C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night 583 Richmond St. Phone 3971

Hotel St. Charles (FIRE-PROOF) Atlantic City, N. J. Entire Block on the Ocean Front. St. Charles Place to New Jersey Ave. Always open. Capacity 400, with 12-story fireproof addition. Sun parlors and enclosed balconies. Hot and cold sea water in all baths. Orchestra of soloists. Special fall and winter rates. Golf privileges. Automobile bus meets all trains. Booklet upon request. NEWLIN-HAINES CO.

BIG MONEY IN TRAPPING THIS YEAR FREE Hallam's Trappers' Guide—50 pages; illustrated; English or French; tells how and where to trap; what bait and traps to use; is full of useful information. Hallam's Trappers' Supply Catalog—50 pages; illustrated; tells, in plain, animal bait, how to trap; sets, traps, and sportsman's supplies at low prices. Hallam's Raw Fur News—Gives latest prices and advance information on the raw fur market. Write to-day for above. Address, using name below.

Ship Your RAW FURS to John Hallam Limited 330 Hallam Building, Toronto Phone Main 7215 117 Yonge St. Toronto

HENNESSY DRUGS PERFUMES OUT FLOWERS CANDIES Order by Phone—We deliver Watch our Ads. in Local Dailies Thursday

man. All of the years of good service would go for naught if the tyrant happened to come in some morning with an attack of indigestion. The injustice of it filled him with impotent rage, but after a while he got down to his work and tried to forget about Cadbury and his ways.

And then, suddenly little Denny popped into his mind. Dennis Dugan, 3rd, was the apple of his eye, the light of his home, and the hope of his declining years. When the father and mother of the little boy perished at sea, in one of those terrible accidents that come upon ships from time to time, Dugan had taken the boy to his heart, and with the aid of an aged housekeeper, had tried his best to raise him in the love and fear of God. How he had watched over him from the day he was first able to toddle! How he had guided his footsteps from that day to the present! And tomorrow, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the boy was to make his first holy Communion. It was to be a white-letter day in his life, and the old bookkeeper looked forward to it with an eagerness that cannot be explained in mere cold words.

"Tomorrow!" The two words came to him with something like a shock. He must be at the church. It would be a great event in his own life as well as that of little Dennis. And all day he had been waiting for a favorable opportunity to tell Old Cadbury that he wanted to take tomorrow as a holiday. It was an unprecedented thing. He could not remember down the long vista of years when he had taken a day off before. These thoughts kept rushing through his mind as he added up long columns of figures. And always the curly head of young Dennis kept popping up from the pages of the ledger, sometimes on the credit and sometimes on the debit side.

It was growing dusk now, and through the blurred window panes the bookkeeper could see that a light snow was falling. It would soon be closing time, and Dennis realized that if he was to get the coveted permission, he must make haste. It was a pity that Old Cadbury was in such a disagreeable mood. It was unfortunate that he had had such a bad day. But he had always shown Dugan more consideration than anyone else about the establishment, and the old man felt confident that his request would be granted—if not graciously, then with a few grunts.

Nevertheless, as he prepared to go into the inner office, he paused long enough to clear his throat. He adjusted his string tie with trembling fingers, and straightened his coat as if there were to add to his dignity, and to acquire the proper degree of determination. Cadbury did not take the trouble to look up as the venerable one entered the room. He knew he was there, standing by his desk, as he had stood thousands of times before. He finished what he was doing, and then, without raising his eyes from the paper, ejaculated: "Well?"

"If—if you don't mind, Mr. Cadbury," he stammered, "I'd like to get leave of absence for tomorrow." "If he had slipped a wet cloth in the face of the wool merchant, the effect could not have been more electrical. Swiftly his eyes left the paper on the desk and sought those of the old bookkeeper. Had the man taken leave of his senses? Had he been drinking? That was very unlikely in the oldest living member of the Total Abstinence Society. Cadbury slowly repeated the words as if to gather their import: "Leave of absence?"

"Yes, sir," said Dugan, nervously shifting the pencil he held in his hand. Presently the reality of the words seemed to penetrate Cadbury's mind. "What for?" he snapped.

A smile came over Dugan's face, and something like a blush of pride suffused his countenance. "Little Dennis—my grandson—is going to make his first holy Communion, and I want to be there."

Cadbury's lips gradually contracted. "All right. Let him make it. But I want you here."

"Everything's in good shape," Dugan hastened to explain, "and I can take up the work on the following day."

Cadbury's face was as hard as a rock, and his eyes were looking into space. "I want you here tomorrow," he repeated mechanically.

Dugan was alarmed. The thought of not being at the church had never occurred to him before, and he blurted out eagerly: "Oh, sir, in that event, I'll make it a point to get back by noon."

But Cadbury had risen to his feet now and brought his fist down on his desk with a bang. "You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll come to work as usual."

It only needed that to bring the latent manner of the bookkeeper to the surface. He stiffened up like a soldier, and his voice came out strong and clear. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, sir, but I'll have to be with little Denny tomorrow."

Cadbury looked at the man with surprise, and then his lips curled. "Tomorrow—what's tomorrow?" "It's the Feast of the Immaculate Conception," he said reverently. "What's that to me?" cried the merchant in a rage.

Dugan had gone too far to retreat. He turned his back on the man, and he exclaimed in quivering tones: "and maybe if it was, you'd be a different man."

Old Cadbury was almost speechless with rage. It was the first time in his memory that anyone had ever talked back to him in that office. His impulse was to take Dugan by the back of the neck and throw him out of the room. He could not understand why he did not do it. But he only said in a suppressed voice: "You know the hour I get here in the morning. If you're not at your desk, you're discharged. Do you understand? Discharged!"

Dugan bowed and left the room with his head on his breast. Cadbury went home that night a dissatisfied man. The defiance of Dennis Dugan had turned the world upside down for him. He had leaned on Dennis for so many years that the thought of not finding him at his elbow was disconcerting. He thought over the events of the day, and he did not regret anything he had done. Only the thought of losing Dennis troubled him in a subconscious sort of way. Of course, he could never take him back. That much was certain. Cadbury had the reputation of being a man of his word, and whether the world was good or bad, he made it his business to keep it to the letter.

His house was big and cold and empty, like his life. He raised the shade of the sitting-room window and saw that the snow was still falling like fine white powder, and carpeting the streets with its ghost-like covering. It was a dreadful night for the poor and homeless, and as the suggestion came to his mind he quickly pulled the shade down and walked across the room. As he did so his eye lighted upon a photograph, an old time-worn photograph, of the Cadbury family, with his little sister in the center. She was the baby of the family then—and the pet. But now—well, things were different now. He spoke aloud as if replying to a ghostly accusation. "I had to fight for all I've got," he said to the picture: "let them do the same."

He went to bed early that night, but not to sleep. He tossed and rolled and could have cried from sheer nervousness. Once he thought he saw his sister standing at the foot of the bed. After that he pictured the little stenographer looking at him with unutterable woe in her blue eyes. And finally, there was Dennis Dugan, standing erect, with his heels clicking in a soldierly manner, and pointing an accusing finger at him. The vision brought the cold sweat to his brow. He was furiously angry at Dennis. The man had disappointed him terribly. What right did he have to turn on him after all these years? He had been accused of entering subservience, and then suddenly had come the fellow's defiance, like a lightning flash from a tranquil sky.

Once he thought he felt the small voice of conscience, but he cast it aside. His restlessness continued, and he blamed it on the black coffee he had taken with his dinner. He would have to cut that out in the future. He needed rest if he was to do his work properly. Once he got into a light doze, but he was roused from it by a nightmare in which he saw his sister, the little stenographer and Dennis Dugan all struggling for their lives in a terrible snowdrift.

He arose unrefreshed, unrefreshed and unhappy. He felt bitter toward Dennis Dugan. The incident with his sister and the small stenographer might be dismissed as unpleasant parts of a day's work, but the sight of the old bookkeeper straightening up in that defiant way was too much. He was ungrateful to act like that after being with the "house so many years. Well, he was through with the disobedient fellow anyhow. The wool merchant's hand shook while he was shaving, and before he finished he had made a gash in his chin. That annoyed him excessively. It had not happened before in years.

When he left the house, he was the old, hard, determined Cadbury. He was very resolute, too. He had his program mentally mapped out. He would forget the events of yesterday, and if Dugan dared to show his face at the office, he would turn him out in double-quick order. He'd show them all that John Jay Cadbury was not to be crossed with impunity. He made his way to the sidewalk with difficulty, and found the passage to the street car impeded by great snowdrifts. Nevertheless, he pushed his way onward with the persistence and stubbornness that made him a man to be dreaded by his business associates.

Then something crossed his path that altered all of his plans for the day—and for his life. The snow was still falling, and amid the semi-darkness a square of yellow light framed itself upon the pure whiteness of the snow. Cadbury followed the wide band of yellow light and found that it proceeded from a little church on top of the snow-covered terrace. The door was opened, and up the vista of the aisle he could see the points of flickering candles. And then came the strains of an organ and the sound of childish voices. It came like a breath of life into the desolation of the scene. He had passed for a second at the sight and the sound, and then he made a motion as if to proceed on his way.

The next moment he was walking up the path to the church. And the curious part of it was that he was going in spite of himself. It was as if some childish hand were dragging him to the threshold of the sacred edifice. He went in, blinking at the lights, and slipped unobserved into a pew. Gradually the picture unfolded itself to his gaze. One side of the church was filled with little girls, dressed in white and wearing the

most transparent of veils. Opposite them were many boys, also in white, and with clean, innocent, beaming faces. The altar was ablaze with lights, the vestments of the officiating priest gleamed from the reflection of the candles, the perfume of the flowers filled the air, the organ pealed forth in triumphant tones, and about it all was an atmosphere of happiness and peace.

The children were approaching the altar rail, and presently they returned to their seats. The scene had captured the wool merchant, and he gazed at it with fascinated interest. Presently his eye caught the face of one of the boys—a red-haired, freckled-faced boy with a stubby nose. The lad's countenance seemed transfixed. At any other time he would have been called homely. But now he was radiantly beautiful, his face filled with the glory that comes to one made in the image and likeness of his Creator. Cadbury saw all of this like a man in a trance. The children were singing now, and from their childish treble he caught the words: "Mother dearest, mother fairest, Help of all who call to thee!"

His lips moved, not yet he felt himself joining in their call for help. He watched the little red-haired boy with great intensity, and then, suddenly, a wonderful thing happened. He was the red-haired boy! By one of the strange freaks of the human mind, he found himself kneeling there—for he was kneeling by a time—watching himself as a boy. He felt all of the emotion that was depicted in that young face. The unspoiled nature, the purity of soul, the unstained heart on which the world had not yet cast a blot. It was amazing; it was unbelievable. Yet it was true. He could not take his eyes from that tiny figure in the pew. The boy was so transparently honest and good that he felt a yearning desire to rush over and fold him to his breast. The priceless possession of youth and innocence! Ah, none realize the value of that so much as the old man and the battle-scarred! He felt his heart tighten for a moment as though it were in a vise, and then it was quickly released and he felt it expanding and glowing with love and warmth.

He found himself roused to a sense of consciousness by the scalding tears that ran down, unashamed, from his tired eyes. He was never able to tell exactly how it all happened. "He seemed like a man coming out of ether. There was some confusion of mind, but he was certain of the main facts. He knew that he had made the most sincere confession of his life, and he remembered kneeling before the altar rail on the very spot—as he loved to believe—where the little red-haired boy had knelt only a short time before.

And then came the frantic effort to locate the red-haired one after the services. A dirty-faced urchin who had watched the ceremonies from afar, promised to take him to the abode of the first communicant, although unable to give his last name, or the number of the street on which he lived. He had bundled up his young guide in the taxicab which he was mysteriously summoned from the vast depths of the snowdrifts, and been driven directly to the poor home of his sister. She looked scared as he bolted into the house and took her into his old arms. "Mary," he cried, "can you ever forgive me?"

She could and she did, as soon as she was convinced that he was in his right senses and not a victim of some mental disorder. There is no need of going into the details of that meeting. When he left, Mary's future had been provided for, and as he jumped into the waiting taxicab, with the snow-covered chauffeur looking like another St. Nicholas, Mary stood at the window smiling and daubing her eyes with a moist handkerchief.

It did not take long to reach the home of the little stenographer. She was in the front room of her little home, looking out at the bleak landscape, and wondering where in the world she was to get another position at such short notice. The sight of Old Cadbury stamping into the room and brushing the snow from his great coat frightened her. She felt like a culprit, but his first words filled her with amazed joy. "My dear," he said, "you must not think of coming out on a day like this. Count it a holiday at my expense."

"But—but yesterday," she stammered, "I—"

He interrupted her, but with a gesture of kindness. "Yesterday," he said, "you asked for an increase in salary. You shall have it. Report at the usual hour in the morning."

Before she recovered from her surprise he was gone, speeding as fast as the snowdrifts would permit to the home of the little red-haired boy. There was something familiar about the street into which they turned. Presently they stopped in front of a two-story house, and guided by the dirty-faced urchin, Cadbury knocked for admittance.

The door opened and Dennis Dugan appeared. The unexpected sight of the faithful old bookkeeper almost deprived Cadbury of his self-possession. "Oh," he said hesitatingly, "I—I was looking for the red-haired boy."

The puzzled look on Dugan's face gave way to comprehension. He waved his hand in the direction of the dining room. "Just walk in," he said, with a trace of pride in his voice.

They followed him, and the sight that met their gaze was a cure for the blues. The little red-haired boy sat at a round table in the center of the room. It contained ten lighted candles stuck in a richly-decorated cake. A bunch of roses in a cheap flower holder gave a touch of color to the scene.

"It's his birthday," said Dugan apologetically, "and it came on the Feast of Our Lady, as well as his first holy Communion day. We simply had to have a party." Nothing would do but that Old Man Cadbury sit at the table and partake of the feast. And finally, to make the thing complete, the wool merchant went outside and summoned the driver of the taxicab, who came in blowing his cold fingers and brushing the snow from his coat, looking very sheepish and happy. There was even the suspicion of a tear in the eye of the chauffeur. Of course, that might have come from the cold, but presently the driver, with an air of excusing his emotion and giving out a great secret at the same time, said: "You know I've got a kid of my own."

The members of that strangely assorted company sat about the round table and helpfully gorged themselves. Old Dugan was in a providential mood on festive occasions—and when the climax came in the amazing form of ice cream for breakfast, the little red-haired boy and the dirty-faced urchin exchanged the private signals of delight which represent the deaf and dumb language of boyhood. It was only when Dugan was helping Cadbury on with his great coat that the face of the old bookkeeper assumed a look of wistfulness.

"You—you said," he began, wondering, "that if I was not at the office before you got there, I needn't come at all." Cadbury's face was beaming with unrestrained joy. All of the hardness was gone out of it. He put his two hands on the shoulders of the faithful bookkeeper. He looked as if he wanted to hug him, but he said simply: "I'm going down by the street cars. They're pretty slow, you know. If you jump into that taxi, and tell the driver it's a matter of life and death, I'll bet anything you can beat me to the office."

SISTERS OF MERCY AND THE CIVIL WAR

Gerald C. Tracy, N. S. J., in America

It is worth knowing that the Sisters of Mercy, who did so much for the sick and wounded in the Crimea, were also found ministering to the Blue and the Gray during the days of our own Civil War. It is rather difficult to chronicle their labors in detail, as their "Annals" place war activities among a list of countless labors that engaged the Sisters from the day that they first came to the United States. However, we know for certain that six Sisters of Mercy left Chicago in August, 1861, under the escort of Lieutenant Shanley of the Irish Brigade. This regiment was organized by Colonel Mulligan in Chicago at the outbreak of the War and distinguished service on many fields. At the battle of Winchester, long before Appomattox, its colonel died fighting at its head; Colonel Mulligan's wife and her sisters were educated by the Sisters of Mercy, as was also one of his own sisters, so it was not surprising that this gallant soldier, whose command was made up largely of Catholic troops, should have called upon the Sisters of Mercy to furnish nurses at the outbreak of hostilities.

The Irish Brigade of Chicago first occupied at Lexington, Missouri. Lieutenant Shanley who was commanding a detachment of troops to Lexington, sailed on the Sioux City from Jefferson. With him went the first band of nurses. They never reached Lexington, for as the ship got within sight of Glasgow, a small town on the Missouri, it was fired upon. Confederate troops were on both banks of the river. No one on board was wounded, but the boat was badly damaged and had to put back to port. In justice to the Southerners, it should be stated that they afterwards declared that they did not know there were ladies on board with the troops when they opened fire on the Sioux City. The Sisters finally landed at Jefferson, far from the Irish Brigade at Lexington, which was receiving its baptism of fire. General Price had attacked the Chicagoans with a superior force, and after three days' gallant resistance they were forced to surrender in September, 1861. Their supply of water had been cut off for forty-eight hours.

The Jefferson City hospital for the sick and wounded soldiers was now put in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, as their original project of going to Lexington had to be abandoned. They found the hospital in a deplorable state. There was little hospital equipment, poor enough at best in Civil War days, and the only nurses to attend the sick and wounded troops were convalescing soldiers. As no religious women had ever been seen in Jefferson before, the Sisters met with a cold reception. They showed neither surprise nor resentment at this, but went about their work thoroughly and efficiently until prejudice gave way to appreciation and gratitude. The superior of the band had hardly assumed charge when she came across a poor soldier in a corner of the ward, lying on a blanket laid on the floor. She asked the first man she met to get

Of course, you can buy cheaper teas, but "SALADA" is undoubtedly the most economical and what appears to be 'cheap' in price will prove to be extravagant in use. The fresh young leaves of "Salada" will yield you generous value for your money. B 115

St. Thomas College Chatham, N. B. Boarding and Day School Conducted by the Basilian Fathers COLLEGE, HIGH SCHOOL, COMMERCIAL SCHOOL, PREPARATORY SCHOOL. The College is beautifully situated near the Miramichi River. Fine Athletic Field. Magnificent Skating Rink. WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

her some water, with which she bathed the face and hands of the sufferer. The unofficial orderly watched the hygienic "first aid" operation with great interest, and at its conclusion remarked: "May I ask, Madam, is that soldier a relative of yours?" "No, sir," she replied. "I never saw him before; we are here to take care of the sick who attend every patient as we would our nearest and dearest relative." In brief time the good-will of patients and officers was gained and the hospital prospered. General Fremont and his staff visited Jefferson soon afterward, and granted every request made for the improvement of conditions that would benefit the soldiers.

Jefferson City was not alone in having the benefit of the Sisters' ministrations. The Department of the East needed nurses, and in 1862 the Secretary of War applied to the convent of the Sisters of Mercy in Houston Street, New York, for volunteers. Nine Sisters took ship from New York harbor and began hospital work at Beaufort, North Carolina. A large hotel in Beaufort had been converted by Government order into a hospital. It was a good-sized frame structure, containing about 500 rooms. As the town had been recently sacked by Northern troops, the condition of the hotel was deplorable. Hardly any furniture was in the building and but one broom was available. There were no candles or lamps of any description, while along the shore lay the scattered remains of pianos, tables, chairs and glass. The men guilty of the vandalism were then suffering from lack of the bare necessities of life. At once the Sisters set to work. They made a requisition on General Foster for hospital supplies and soon the sick had everything they needed. From that time on the authority of the black-robed nurses was established. After a general house-cleaning, the routine work of the hospital was carried out with great exactness. Many of the sick and wounded were Confederate prisoners, and among the keepsakes brought back from the front to the quiet of convent homes after the war were shreds of "gray," as well as "blue," little tokens of appreciation from soldiers who fought under either flag. When the autumn came the hospital was removed to Newbern and the residence of Governor Stanley was placed at the disposal of the Government. After the raid at Goldsborough, towards the close of the year, the wards were crowded, as the wounded were taken directly from the battlefield to Newbern. It was before the days of first-aid knowledge and the condition of the men as the stretcher-bearers brought them into the hospital was pitiable in the extreme. Clothing hung to gashly wounds and clotted blood, while dirt and disease made the task of the nurses more difficult. Yet everything that could be done for the sufferers' comfort was done by these volunteer nurses, who had left the quiet of the cloister at the call of the Government. If supplies were not to be had from the steward the Sisters appealed to the highest military authorities, and their appeal never went unheeded. Local officials soon learned that neither incompetence nor neglect would be tolerated by the Sisters, and their own sense of duty, humanity and religion they sought to instill into every official and subordinate with whom they came in contact. The hardships suffered began to tell on them and two of the Sisters died. Their places were supplied promptly by more recruits from the Convent of Mercy in New York. The hospitals at Jefferson City, Missouri, and Newbern, North Carolina, remained in their charge as long as United States troops were in those parts.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

The North was not alone in receiving the ministry of the Community that had upheld the hands of Florence Nightingale in the Crimea. The Sisters of Mercy lived up to their name in the Southland which felt the rough hand of war more keenly than did the North. They cared for the sick and wounded successively at Mississippi Springs, Oxford, Jackson, and Shelby Springs, and the burning regret of the modern historian who goes over the records the Sisters kept in those trying times is that they made too little of the days of sacrifice and heroic suffering, and chronicled barely the essentials of an apostolate that meant much for the country in the throes of a civil war. There is a note of pathos in an after-war tribute paid to these women who made no distinction between friend and foe in their ministry on the battlefield. Many years after Appomattox a number of Sisters of Mercy, while traveling through the South, met Jefferson Davis. The former President of the Confederacy noticed their garb as they got on board his train. He went from his place to the section of the car that the Sisters occupied, and said in a very quiet voice: "Will you allow me, Ladies, to speak a moment with you? I am proud to see you once more. I can never forget your kindness to the sick and wounded during our darkest days. And I know not how to testify my gratitude and respect for every member of your noble Order."

had gone down into history. The number of wounded was great and there had been little provision made for them up to the arrival of the Sisters. The work of Jefferson City and Newbern was repeated at Shiloh. Volunteer ladies assisted the Sisters till smallpox broke out among the troops, and then the black garbed nurses were left alone. During this awful scourge Mother Teresa signaled her charity and tenderly dressed the pustules of the sufferers, as the disease developed into its most fearful stages. Love of adventure is said to bring men and women to the battle-front, but it was nothing short of Love Divine that could have kept these women of redemption near to the coats of mail writhing in the agony of smallpox. It must not be forgotten that Chicago, too, in the early days of the war held many wounded, and with them were the Sisters of Mercy. Not only Union soldiers, but Confederates as well were served by the Sisters in their hospital at the Lake City. We find them also in the Military Hospital at Washington, all during the Civil War. How fully they possessed the confidence of the President may be seen by the following incident that is chronicled in their annals. Secretary Stanton on one occasion refused to furnish the rations requisitioned by the Sisters for hospital use. They appealed from him to the President, who issued to the military authorities the following order: "To all whom it may concern: "On application of the Sisters of Mercy, in charge of the Military Hospital in Washington, furnish such provisions as they desire to purchase, and charge same to the War Department."

75c. Each, Postpaid 50 Copies, \$23.00 100 " 55.00

Acclime. The story of a Catholic College Boy, Ambition's Contest. By Father ... of a young man who starts out in life to be a statesman, loses all through a series of misadventures, and finally, through the prayers of others, receives the grace of God and is called to the priesthood. By Mrs. James Sadler. Billy Glenn of the Boy Scouts. By Anthony ... York, illustrated. A story of boy life in the downtown section of New York, narrating the adventures of Billy Glenn, a boy of his neighborhood. The book is a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, rowing, sailing, swimming, and bicycling. Burden of Honor. The. By Christine Faber. A story of mystery and adventure, and a very interesting and thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy Glenn and his friends, and a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "Pilot" Boy's Own Book. A complete encyclopedia of sports, containing instructions on the games of tennis, baseball, football, gymnastics, row

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.

Associate Editors: Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, H. P. Mackintosh, Rev. James T. Foley, B. A. Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

Approved and recommended by Archbishops Pelicciolo and Shear, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshesburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

General agents: M. J. Hagarty, Vincent S. Cox, and Miss Jessie Doyle, Resident agents: George E. Hewitson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Brice Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Herlinger, Winnipeg; E. R. Costello, 2255-5th ave. West, Vancouver, B. C.; Miss Johnson, 211 Rochester st., Ottawa; Miss Rose McKenney, 149 D'Alouillon street, Quebec; Mrs. George E. Smith, 238 St. Ursula street, Montreal; M. J. Marvin, Montreal, B. P. O. 2002, 1247 Montrose St., Regina, Sask.; and E. J. Murphy, Box 125, Saskatoon.

Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except on the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

In St. John N. B., single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McGuire, 240 Main Street, John J. Dwyer and The O'Neill Co., Pharmacy, 109 Brasie street.

In Montreal single copies may be purchased from J. Millov, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1917

THE VICTORY LOAN

To the Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

Reverend Dear Sir,—Very insistently just now the claims and merits of Canada's Victory Loan are being urged on the consideration of every Canadian.

It may seem superfluous for me to add anything to this general appeal to the business sense and patriotism of our fellow-countrymen. Realizing, however, that the CATHOLIC RECORD affords a unique medium for reaching a large and important element of the population, I willingly accede to the request to address them through its columns.

Canada has always been obliged to borrow large sums of money. The War, while making the raising of loans more urgent, has rendered it impossible or undesirable to effect them in foreign money markets.

Hence Canada appeals to her own citizens for the credits necessary not only to continue her part in the War, but also to maintain and develop the great industrial activity due to the stimulus of war orders.

The general prosperity of the country, therefore, depends on the Government's being provided with the means to supply the credits by which external trade is maintained.

Viewed as an individual business transaction, the first consideration that weighs with a person in buying a Victory Bond is the security it offers. Here the security is perfect.

A mortgage prudently placed on good farm lands has always been deemed an investment from which the element of a security is altogether excluded. The Victory Bond has behind it all the broad acres of half a continent, all the resources and credit of the Dominion of Canada.

Besides, it is a profitable investment. Five and one half per cent., where risk is absolutely eliminated, is a good rate of interest at any time.

When, after the War, the world is readjusting itself to conditions unprecedented in history, it may be for a long time impossible to find investments so desirable from every point of view.

It is, moreover, a patriotic duty to help to make this national loan an unqualified success. But, for rich and poor, beyond the plain obligation of patriotism, there is an excellent business opportunity. The security of the Victory Bonds being greater than that of any bank, or of all the banks combined, it would seem folly to retain money at three per cent. when, by investing it in the National Loan, the rate of interest can be almost doubled.

But let me urge on those who have no bank account to draw upon the desirability of profiting by this exceptional opportunity. Bonds of \$100.00 and of \$50.00 will be offered, and may be paid for in instalments. In the case of the \$50.00 Bond, the payments will be \$5.00 on Dec. 1st, \$5.00 on Jan. 1st, \$10.00 on Feb. 1st, March 1st, April 1st, and May 1st. And in like proportion for Bonds of higher denomination. Are there not many who, though having no savings in bank, could, under present conditions, with a little goodwill and co-operation amongst the various members of a family, subscribe for one or more of the smaller Bonds, and thus at one and the same time accomplish a worthy patriotic object and take the first step towards acquiring that very necessary virtue of thrift? Thrift is not a Canadian national virtue. In the sufferings under which countless millions are bowed throughout the world to-day

may surely be found incentive sufficient to practice the self-control, the self-denial if need be, to buy a Victory Bond out of savings effected for that purpose. If thus worthily and meritoriously fulfilling a public duty, an advance is made in thrifty habits, it will be a twofold blessing.

An added inducement may be found in the fact that a Victory Bond will always be readily convertible into cash or taken as security for a loan.

If in dealing with this subject I have urged thrift as an important consideration is ample justification not found in these words of the Apostle? "If any man have not care of his own, and especially of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." (1 Tim. v. 8.) So strongly does Holy Writ set forth the obligation of making material provision for those who, by the law of God and of nature, are dependent upon us.

I remain, Reverend Dear Sir, Yours faithfully in Christ, M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London.

THE LESSON OF THE NEW YORK ELECTIONS

The municipal elections last Tuesday in New York City attracted unusual interest and attention far beyond the limits of the great commercial capital of the neighboring republic.

Some features of the campaign just closed are worth considering in view of our own approaching elections.

It may not be out of place to state for the information of some of our readers that Tammany is the chief Democratic organization of New York City. It is the custom when reference is made to this organization in our papers to speak of it as synonymous with graft and maladministration. Even Toronto, with a record of civic administration which would damn Tammany forever with the electorate of New York, pities the great American metropolis under Tammany. The voters and taxpayers of Greater New York are in a position to be better informed. We are not at all interested in Tammany, however, beyond warning our readers against an impression which might be confusing.

John P. Mitchell, the grandson of the Irish patriot and rebel John Mitchell, was elected Mayor in 1914 by far the greatest plurality given up to that time since the formation of Greater New York some twenty years ago. On the completion of his four-year term he was again endorsed by the Fusion party and backed by other powerful influences.

Not municipal government but loyalty, patriotism, Americanism was made the paramount issue of the campaign. Mayor Mitchell proclaimed from the house-tops that he was fighting the battle of Americanism against "Hearst, Hylan and Hohenzollern." All other issues were overshadowed—so far as the Fusion forces were concerned. Morris Hillquit, the famous Socialist, gave some color of reason for this so far as he was concerned, as he proclaimed himself opposed to the War and in favor of universal peace.

Judge Hylan, the Democratic candidate, was emphatic in his repudiation of the charges against his thoroughgoing Americanism. It is worth while giving in part Mayor-elect Hylan's own manly declaration as soon as the results of the election were known:

"I want to make it plain to the world that there was no issue of Americanism or loyalty involved, so far as I am concerned. There could be none, for I am as good an American as any man, as loyal to my flag, as loyal to my country, and as firm and determined in support of every act of the Government in this war as any man.

"I ask the editors of the newspapers in this city and in other cities to give prominence to this declaration, so that there may not go abroad to the people of this country who have no appreciation of our local situation, the slightest intimation that the question of the war or war policies of President Wilson and the United States Government are in the slightest way involved.

Controller-elect Craig likewise: "There are no more patriotic men in America than those elected on the Democratic ticket. There never was, there is not now, and there never can be any question as to the wholehearted loyalty and unreserved devotion of these men to the cause of Americanism as represented by President Wilson and Congress in their efforts to make the world safe for democracy."

The result of the election was that Judge Hylan was elected by the greatest majority ever given since the consolidation of Greater New

York. The Times says: "Complete returns show the result of Tuesday's election in this city to be the greatest Tammany victory on record. Judge John F. Hylan, Tammany's successful candidate, received a total vote of 297,288 and a plurality over Mayor Mitchell of 147,975. Both the vote and the plurality are likely to be swelled when the 65,000 absentee soldiers' and sailors' votes are canvassed in December.

"The plurality of Judge Hylan is the biggest ever received by a candidate for Mayor in this city. The next biggest was the plurality of 124,262, which Mayor Mitchell received four years ago.

"Of the 62 Assembly Districts in the city, Judge Hylan carried 51; Mayor Mitchell carried 8. Morris Hillquit the Socialist candidate for Mayor, received a plurality of the votes in 3 Assembly Districts." Morris Hillquit, the Socialist candidate, polled an unprecedented vote, having attracted all the pro-German and anti-British elements and running only a few thousand behind Mayor Mitchell, the self-constituted champion of Americanism and loyalty.

What is the lesson? It is pretty clearly pointed out by Governor Whitman, who supported Mayor Mitchell:

"Like all good citizens I regret the return of Tammany to power. I supported Mr. Mitchell at the primaries and at the election. There was no Hohenzollern issue in this campaign. This city and this State are enthusiastic and sincere in support of the President and of the cause to which the country is committed. The enemies of our country have no reason to rejoice and they can openly obtain no comfort on account of the election or defeat of any of the candidates for municipal office.

"Our people were quick to discern and engaged to resent a false issue. Had Mr. Mitchell and his advisers confined their campaign to the Tammany issue, the result might have been different. I believe that Mr. Hylan and the hundreds of thousands who supported him, opposed, as many of them are, to the Republican Party and to me, are loyal to the country and to the flag. The people of New York State are patriotic. There is no Hohenzollern here."

We here in Canada are just entering upon an election campaign into which, if certain influences already in evidence prevail, will be injected the same false issue which has just been so warmly resented by the people of New York. There are clear-cut issues here, there is room for honest difference of opinion; but if a section of the people impudently lay claim to all the loyalty, all the patriotism in Canada, if they rely on appeals to passion and prejudice they may find that while doing infinite harm to the country they have not in the slightest degree helped the cause they profess to have at heart.

LIMPING LOGIC

When Benedict XV., his fatherly heart broken in the contemplation of the fratricidal war of Christian nations, issued his appeal for a more excellent way than sheer force to bring the ghastly struggle to an end, he stirred deeply the heart and conscience of mankind. Evidence of this is every day accumulating despite the partisan clamor which on all sides is still largely considered a patriotic duty. Secret diplomacy has been dealt its most deadly blow; the peoples of the world are discussing terms of peace and thinking for themselves. The Manchester Guardian, the great Nonconformist organ of Great Britain, is pressing for delimitation of War aims, and a definition of Peace terms.

We wish just now, however, to recall a bit of limping logic very popular and very convincing a short time ago amongst those for whom the terse imprecation "To Hell with the Pope" serves at once as a profession of faith and a summary of the lessons of history. To this enlightened element of Anglo-Saxon civilization was addressed an argument something like this:

"That the Pope is pro-German—a mere tool of the Kaiser—is evident from the fact that only now when Germany is beaten to her knees does he propose peace. Manifestly his only anxiety is to save the tottering Central Powers from impending retribution.

Recent events show—what rational people would readily concede, if not blinded by prejudice—that the Holy Father was much better informed than his hasty and biased critics.

Now those best informed amongst the Allies, speaking with full sense of responsibility, issue the solemn warning that there is still before us a long war.

So the premise and conclusion of the anti-Papal argument fall to the ground.

WILLS AND EPITAPHS

A stroll through the cemetery in the month of November, this month of wailing winds and naked trees and meadows brown and sere "has a very chastening and salutary influence upon the soul. Someone has spoken of "sermons in stones." This is certainly true of tombstones.

The epitaphs remind us of those chapters in Genesis, in which the deaths of the patriarchs are recorded: "And all his days were in the whole one hundred and fifty years; and he died." There is something dignified and orthodox about an inscription such as this: "Sacred to the memory of Patrick O'Brien, native of County Cork, Ireland, who departed this life Nov. 6th, 1887, aged 92 years. May his soul rest in peace." There is a certain grim humor about the monumental poetry that was so much in vogue some years ago. We might quote some very choice morsels, were we not restrained by the admonition "Nihil de mortuis nisi bonum."

Like many obituary effusions, these seem to have been ready-made. There are women who can turn out these verses with the dexterity of a limerick composer. The marble-cutter has always a supply on hand. You look them over and take your choice. Here is where the humour comes in. The tenderness of affection expressed is generally in inverse ratio to the love manifested in life. The soulful elegy, in gilded letters, may have seemed a thing of beauty at first; but it was not a joy forever. Like the floral offerings it soon faded, and even more than faded. Such is the lot of all things that rest upon mere mundane sentiment, and have not their foundation in sincerity and faith.

In one of those strolls we came upon a plot, overgrown with weeds and briars. On the little mound of earth that marked the grave was an unmolested ant-hill. After some scraping of black moss from the tombstone we deciphered these words: "Gone but not Forgotten." Now the first part of that epitaph was true. He was gone; no doubt about that—*mortuus est*. But the second part was a lie. He was forgotten. His body was forgotten and, no doubt, his soul likewise. Saddest of all, he was perhaps to blame for it himself. It is quite probable that he did not make a will. If he did, it was a poor one. On another occasion we will have something to say about the injustice that a man may do to his family by neglecting this duty; but the present is a very appropriate time to call attention to the wrong that he inflicts upon himself.

Charity begins at home. This rule applies not only to our present existence, but especially to our needs beyond the tomb. In life a man's first duty is to safeguard his soul's salvation, and to provide the necessary food and clothing for his body. It would be foolish, and imprudent on his part, to leave this matter to be attended to by others. In fact, very few would think of doing such a thing. Yet many, when death is approaching, make no provision for shortening the term of their soul's purgation, nor for the respectable maintenance of the plot where its earthly habitation will await the resurrection morn.

We knew a venerable old man who used to have many Masses said for himself. Once, when making his offering to the priest, he remarked: "I see a big mountain of temporal punishment ahead of me, and I am trying to get it levelled down before I go." His charity was well ordered. Not only did he not trust wholly to the charity of others, but he did not put off providing for his soul to that last hour when he would, of necessity, have to leave all his earthly goods behind. He strove while still in life, while the merit of faith enhanced the value of his offering, to smoothen the way to his eternal home.

We admit that it does not matter where a man's body lies if his soul is in heaven. But a sense of decency would suggest that if it be in his power, he provide for the care of his grave. Fifteen hundred years ago St. Augustine, speaking of Christian burial, admonished the faithful that if they treasured the clothing and the little keepsakes that belonged to their departed friends, that they should not neglect those bodies whose members were the instruments with which they performed

their good works, and which being a part of their very nature were more intimately associated with their souls than the mere outward garment that clothed them. Moreover, he added that if the Pagans, who do not believe in the resurrection of the body, lavish such care upon their sepulchres, surely Christians, who do believe that the dead shall rise again, should show honor to their remains.

If a man be in the state of grace, it does not matter so very much whether he be clothed in rags or in broadcloth; yet he owes it to himself and to the community to dress as neatly as his means will permit. To renounce luxuries and comforts through a spirit of Christian abnegation is certainly praiseworthy. Yet who would blame a man for desiring that the coverlet and blankets of the bed on which he takes his daily rest should be clean and properly arranged? Surely the same applies to "the narrow daisy quilt" under which he sleeps his last long sleep.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE TORONTO GLOBE is getting back to its old status as the official organ of Protestantism in Canada. Its more modern professions of non-sectarianism must go by the boards in face of the recent leader on Martin Luther, for example. Who among its readers can rest under that delusion longer! In George Brown's days the Globe was frankly Presbyterian and Protestant. There was no attempt at dissimulation on that score, and the Canadian public always knew what to expect of it. Now, however, while holding out the banner of non-sectarianism with the left hand, it is using the right, unmistakably, to reclaim its old time status as the mouthpiece of Protestantism, and putting forth its best efforts, (unconsciously as to its drift, let us hope) to a further extension of the German (Lutheran) philosophy.

MEANWHILE, THE platitudinous editor of "The Outlook of the Church" makes some candid admissions as to the present-day vacuities and indeterminateness of the system of religion foisted on the world by the Globe's German hero, Martin Luther. A mother who has been mourning the loss of her only son in the War, he tells us, was lately heard to complain to a friend that the modern pulpit has nothing definite to say about heaven. "Even the sympathy of friends is so pagan," she said. This, remarks the editor in question, "raises a very important question, and it may well be asked whether preachers believe any more in the heaven of their early days." "George Eliot," he adds, "once criticized the churches severely for what she called 'other-worldliness.' But it is more than probable that preachers have gone to the other extreme and have exaggerated what may be termed 'this-worldliness.'"

BY "PREACHERS" of course is meant "Protestant preachers," for, as the "Outlook" man betrays in every line he writes, he knows nothing of any other preachers. Had he any ear at all for the voice issuing from the Catholic pulpit, his remarks would necessarily receive qualification. For, while Protestant teaching is undergoing a continuous and ever-accelerated process of dilution, the Catholic Church stands to-day where she stood in Luther's time, where she has stood from the beginning, and where she will stand while the world lasts, ever giving forth with no uncertain sound the message received from her Divine Founder. The wail of the Globe's "Outlook" man is, on the other hand, but the echo of the heavy footfalls of the Prussian "Reformer" as he strode up to the door of the church at Wittenberg to nail thereon the 95 theses which ushered in the reign of license and reckless speculation in the realm of religious enquiry.

MUCH HAS BEEN written on the incoherence of Protestantism, and the most caustic of such writings are from Protestants themselves. Professor W. P. Paterson, a noted Scottish university man, in an address some time ago to the Presbyterian divinity students in the University of Edinburgh, gave expression to his sense of the steadily widening breach between the educated classes and the Christian Faith. He lamented that "the most distinguished world names in recent and present day literature were those of men whose writings bore little or no trace of

Christian teaching, who were agnostics or worse, and who neglected to their own loss—as well as that of religion—the treasures of divine wisdom and of human experience," which contained "far richer and more beautiful material than the writer had or was likely to have at his command."

This drew from the Scotsman the following comment: "If Christianity is regarded from the dogmatic point of view, the case will go undefended. Probably very few of the greatest writers of this century would be willing to subscribe to a confession of faith which included belief in original sin, the fall of man, and the atonement. To a theologian—even so liberal and broad-minded a theologian as Professor Paterson—this may be as good as an admission of the essential accuracy of his judgment. But there is something to be said on the other side. Christianity is a bigger thing than the Church; it is higher than the dogma upon which the Church rests. From the Church the believer who is a believer though not an orthodox one, appeals to the spirit of Christ's teaching, to the spirit of religion, to the immortal intimations of the soul—to vary Wordsworth's phrase, Faith—the inspiration of all religions, including Christianity—may take many forms, and yet remain a living, ennobling impulse, refining the whole of life, giving it central power, dignity, and grace. This is to be religious without the support—or fetters, according to the point of view—of dogma; and in this sense contemporary literature and the present age are distinctly religious."

THIS HAS THE true Protestant ring, and, divested of verbiage, means simply that religious teaching outside the Catholic Church has degenerated into a vague, incoherent sentimentality, a system of ethics indeterminate and without dogma or definiteness of any kind. There is, according to such teachers, very probably a great unknown and unknowable architect of the universe—nothing more. Hence we find the writer in the Scotsman lauding the "spiritual outlook" in modern literature and science; the "ethic of Christianity"; the "passion for truth, for righteousness, for justice"; the "strenuous, earnest search after the unknown and the unknowable"; and the "fact that all modern literature is permeated with Christianity," and so forth. Idle rhetoric such as this is in itself the best proof that could be given of the havoc Protestantism (the philosophy of Luther) has made of Christianity as it came from its Divine Founder. Those who reject the doctrines of Christ—doctrines and dogmas announced with the most awe-inspiring plainness, and in the clearest possible terms, may be Protestants according to the now accepted definition of the term, but only by the wildest misuse of words can they be called Christians. As Dr. Brownson said years ago, they want to believe the Christian religion in general, but nothing of Christianity in particular—to believe the Word of God without believing anything in particular—that is, to believe and disbelieve at the same time. This is the type of Christian that Luther brought into being and we meet with him unmistakably in the editorial columns of the Globe.

MILITARY REGULATIONS

IT HAS COME to the notice of the Military Authorities that Military and Naval uniforms, decorations and medals are being worn by persons not authorized or entitled to wear them, as laid down by Orders-in-Council. We are requested to warn the public that the Military and Civil Authorities are taking action to see that these regulations are strictly enforced.

BRITISH CATHOLICS FIGHT FOR SCHOOLS AND SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE

(C. P. A. Service)

London, Nov. 1.—Two big campaigns are before British Catholics, the preservation of Catholic schools and the safeguarding of the sanctity of marriage for the nation. The campaign against the new Education bill is in active preparation; the campaign to support the inviolability of Christian marriage has begun. A mass meeting was held in Manchester this week, under the presidency of the Mayor-elect, at which divorce after three years' separation was loudly advocated. The present Mayor of Manchester is a Catholic and the meeting was held against his wishes. The Catholic Federation, which recently rose in its might and prevented some impressaria gang from opening a theater next door to a Catholic Church, has received permission from Cardinal Bourne to start an anti-divorce campaign.

Twelve of the most representative Catholic societies have been called to a conference by the Federation, and by the end of the month a program of public meetings by various Catholic bodies will be fairly launched.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

A BLACK OUTLOOK

The situation in Russia, The Daily News (London, Eng.) urges, should not be taken too tragically. It points out that Petrograd is not Russia, and advises the outside world to await developments which, it says, cannot fail to be swift and dramatic.

"Nevertheless," The News adds, "this situation coupled with the continued advance of the enemy in Italy constitutes a sufficiently black outlook. The Allies' position has suffered a shock which it would be futile to ignore and grave issues are hanging in the balance. We hope that the worst will not be realized, but we must prepare for it; and the best that can be looked for will leave us seriously affected."

"The burden of the War falls inevitably more than ever upon the shoulders of this country, France and the United States, and the duration of the War would seem to be prolonged indefinitely."

The News concludes: "Stern times are before us, but we shall survive or perish if we are faithful to our cause—a cause worth living and dying for. Our powers are not exhausted and behind our resources are those of the United States, which will be used without limit for the achievement of victory."

BRITISH AND FRENCH troops are marching forward toward the Italian battlefield, according to despatches from Italian Headquarters. It is also announced that General Cadorna has been succeeded in the active command of the Italian army by General Diaz. Cadorna, with Major General Sir H. H. Wilson of the British army and General Foch of France, have been constituted an Inter-Allied Military Committee, which will conduct the campaign on Italy's behalf. It is stated from Rome that the Italian troops continue to arrive on the positions prepared for them (on the Piave line) while the rear-guards are delaying the enemy. Berlin reports that the Livenza River has been crossed by the Austro-German forces, which are advancing "ceaselessly on the plain, in driving snow and pouring rain, toward the Piave." The speed of the Teutonic advance has slackened somewhat in the last few days because of Italian resistance.

Reports from Rome and the fighting front show that the Italian artillery is now coming into action, and that wherever conditions warrant it stubborn actions will be fought. The Berlin report as above quoted is pretty good evidence of the desperate desire of the foe to reach and cross the Piave before the Italians have time to consolidate the line, with the aid of their Allies, and rest up for a great fight. While it may eventually be found that the Piave line is not to be held, there are grounds for the belief that it is the intention of the Allies to hold it. The safety of Venice, fifteen miles to the rear, depends on their ability to do that, and farther retreat, unless such is absolutely necessary, might affect the morale of the Italian army and people at a time when their spirits are beginning to revive. It is probable that the movement toward the Italian front began some days ago, but that it is only now announced for military reasons. The Allied Chiefs, a number of the most distinguished of whom are now in Italy, seem to have awaited the arrival of reinforcements in sufficient quantities to insure real aid being given to the Italians.

IN PALESTINE the British advance continues. The Turk army is in retreat to the north and quite badly shaken, as is shown by the loss of forty guns and a considerable amount of material. From the seacoast above Gaza to a point south of Hebron, a distance of perhaps forty miles, the British armies are continuing their pursuit of the beaten foe.—Globe, Nov. 10.

USE THE EVENINGS PROFITABLY

"Turn the long evenings to good account. Study, read, store the mind with things worth knowing. At the risk of being considered importunate, we urge our readers, particularly our young readers, to get acquainted with Catholic literature. A writer in The Magnificent gives an illuminating idea of what is to be gleaned from Catholic books.

"Some authorities contend that any effort to teach a lesson or convey a moral by means of literature mars its perfection as a work of art; if apparent it certainly endangers its popularity. Yet that is the allotted task of the Catholic writer. Through a medium of entertainment, he must teach, inspire, and strengthen. There is every need of this.

"Many Catholics habitually attend an early Mass and hear only the briefest of sermons. They are not, as a rule, readers of books—least of all, of books of devotion; yet, now as ever "spiritual reading is the oil for the lamp of prayer." If the heart is to be touched by visions of beauty and the soul stirred by deeds of sacrifice and heroism, if idealism and devotion and piety are not to die out in the rush of modern life

and the blighting influence of modern materialism, people must have good reading of some sort. "And what of those who are far from a church and consequently hear Mass but seldom? Catholic reading means most to them. It must take the place of the companionship of other Catholics, of the inspiration of good example, of sermons and beautiful ceremonies, of even the Sacraments themselves." Catholics should be proud of the roll-call of Catholic authors. To know even one faculty well will be an educational course worth taking through the coming winter.—Sacred Heart Review.

ST. EDWARD, THE CONFESSOR

SERMON BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BOURNE

The Universe, Oct. 19

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster preached at the High Mass last Sunday at the church of St. Edward the Confessor, Golden Square, London. Sir William Dunn, Lord Mayor of London, and the Mayor of Hampstead, in their official robes, were also present, and were accommodated with seats just in front of the sanctuary rails. The town clerk of Hampstead was also present in wig and gown, and there were several Hampstead councillors, including Councillor Munich, K. S. G.

Speaking from the steps of the High Altar, Cardinal Bourne dealt with the life of St. Edward and its lessons.

A faithful man shall be much praised.—(Proverbs xxvii. 20.)

One of the great advantages of history is that it makes us realize that while many things and most things, perhaps, change, the essential characteristics of mankind remain practically the same. You may read the history of pagan times; you may study the history of the times since Our Divine Master came upon this earth. You will find that many things have been discovered, many inventions have been made; art and science have made progress or have sometimes gone back; the customs and manners of mankind have changed; their clothing has been very different at different periods; their means of communication have gradually become much easier; but underneath and underlying all that you will find human nature the same; that the same passions, the same desires, and the same ambitions are working out their purpose at every moment. And if you take that branch of history which we call biography—the story of men's lives—there again there is so much to be learned. Those about whom we read, whose doings have been set down for our knowledge, show us in so many ways, what we ought to do and what we ought to avoid. These beings—men and women like ourselves—passed across the stage of this life, impelled by the same feelings and passions as ourselves, and we see the results that have been attained or the failures that have marked their lives. Preeminently useful to us is the history of the lives of those who have striven to be faithful—those who are set before us by the authoritative voice of the Catholic Church as heroes of sanctity—men of like fashion to ourselves, who have overcome and ruled passion by reason and submitted impulse to authority, who stand out before us as having ultimately risen above themselves so as to give the service of their whole being to the will of God.

Such a life is the life of him to whom this church and mission are dedicated—St. Edward the Confessor; a name that lives in the history of this country; a name that will never be forgotten, not only by those who believe the same faith that he believed, and practice the same faith that he practiced, but by those whose only concern with the past is to realize and understand the influences that have made the England that we know today.

Let us try to fix in our minds the period at which St. Edward the Confessor lived. He was born at the beginning of the eleventh century—he did not know the exact date of his birth—about the year 1002 or 1004; he died in the year 1066, just before that wonderful change called the Norman Conquest which is marked in the history of our race. Thus he lived about midway between the preaching of Christianity to this country by St. Augustine—who came here in the year 597—and that fundamental change in the religion of this country, which we may date as beginning in 1535. He lived, therefore, midway between the acceptance of Christianity (and by Christianity I mean the only thing that it then could mean—communion with the Apostolic See of Rome) and the change of religion which separated us from union with the centre of Christendom. The name of St. Edward stands out before this country as an undying memory. He is forgotten to some extent to day, but we know how our forefathers, after the change of Government had taken place and the harsher Norman ways had imposed themselves upon them, looked back to the laws and customs of St. Edward as enshrining what was truest and best in the history of our people.

We may well ask ourselves what were the main characteristics of his life. The first characteristic that I would point out to you is his recognition of the sovereignty of God. St. Edward did not live in easy times whether for himself, his family, or for the realm over which he was

called to rule. They were troubled times, and all the chroniclers bear witness to the fact that in his private and public concerns he looked to God and depended on Him. He recognized the rule of God over all human concerns—that God only could overrule such things; he recognized God's power over all the kingdoms of this earth, and that without the blessing of God they could not flourish. We are told specifically that of his devotion to the supreme act of worship which until the changes of the sixteenth century was the only great act of worship known to the Christian world—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—it was a devotion to be compared with that of another great king, St. Louis of France. These two kings knew that in that act of worship had been given to mankind the only perfect way of offering their homage and praise and thanksgiving to God.

Then, again, we know the friendship which united him with those who were specially consecrated to the service of God. England was well peopled then by monks and nuns who made public profession of seeking only the service of God—whose lives were consecrated to that purpose by solemn vows. We know the interest that St. Edward took in them, and the way in which he promoted the development of their work and the close relationship in which he stood to them. We know the foundations he made for churches and religious houses, showing that he recognized that, in all human concerns, God had the right to hold first place.

Another characteristic of the life of St. Edward is his open recognition of that form of authority which God has left upon earth, to lead men to know what is true and to do what is right—that authority which was committed to St. Peter, prince of the apostles, and which has been handed on to his successors. There was no doubt on this point in the mind of any man nine hundred years ago when St. Edward lived. They knew that God had left an authority upon this earth. The revelation of Jesus Christ had not been committed to haphazard, and men were not left to find it out as best they could and read of it when and where they could; but an authority had been constituted in the world to carry on, to deliver, to interpret the teachings of Christ upon this earth, and that authority was enshrined in Rome in the person of the successor of St. Peter. How did St. Edward regard this matter? There, again, we have historical fact. When he was so much concerned about the troubles that pressed down his own family he made a solemn vow that if God, in His mercy, delivered him from those afflictions, he would make a pilgrimage to the shrine of the apostles, and go to the tomb of St. Peter in Rome, to pour forth his thanks and his gratitude. But the circumstances of his kingdom were such that those to whom he was bound to listen represented to him that to undertake so long and so dangerous a journey would be a dereliction of the duty that bound him to his kingdom. He consulted the Pope as to the accomplishment of his vow, and the sovereign Pontiff released him from the vow on the condition that he should dedicate a monastery and church in honor of St. Peter. The great church which is one of the glories of our race, which all those who visit our shores from this mother and daughter Dominion of this great Empire make a point of seeing, the Abbey of Westminster stands to-day on the site chosen by St. Edward himself, and represents the early church of St. Edward himself set up and dedicated to St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and shepherd of all the sheep of Jesus Christ.

The third characteristic of St. Edward's life was unswerving obedience to the voice of conscience. He did not live in times when it was easy to be true to the voice of conscience. He was brought up at a very loose court, in which he was exposed to every kind of temptation and allurements to which the heart of a young man could be subjected; and we know that the fact has never been questioned that he passed through these earlier years unspotted and unscathed. In his kingly position it was thought right that he should take to himself a consort, and we know how, in obedience to the higher call of God and in imitation of the conjugal life of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, he lived by the consent of his spouse in perfect continence. His chief devotion was to St. John, the beloved disciple, the virgin disciple of Our Blessed Lord, specially dear to his Master on account of the purity of his life.

So St. Edward stands out for all time as an example of fidelity to conscience, of willingness to respond to a higher call of conscience and the sacrifice of those human affections quite legitimate in themselves, in order that he might give himself entirely to the service of God. These things seem to me to set forth in a few words the three main characteristics of the life of St. Edward the Confessor; recognition of God, recognition of the authority set up in the world by God, and recognition of the voice of conscience.

The lesson St. Edward teaches us is a lesson passed on to us in the long centuries in order to encourage us how we are to be faithful in all the things that God has given us to do, whether they be great or small; to be generous and consistent everywhere and in all things. In union with your devoted pastor, you have set up this beautiful church in so prominent a place, that north, south,

east or west it meets the eye and cannot be passed unnoticed. May this church be a symbol of your own lives. May your lives as Catholics be such that, when men see how you live them, they will see that you are faithful to your faith and faithful to your convictions, and will give glory to your Father who is in heaven.

Now let us ask ourselves, What do these characteristics of St. Edward—one of our greatest and most beloved Kings—teach us at the present moment? We are living in a day of great issues, in which the whole future of the human race is in the balance; in which conceptions of human life and government, diametrically opposed to one another, are in conflict, and on the issue of that conflict will undoubtedly depend the course of history for perhaps centuries to come. The kingdoms of the world are in strife, all exerting themselves to the uttermost to put forth their powers in defence of those principles which they have accepted. We in this country are convinced, and we never have had a doubt about it, that we are fighting for what is right, and what is true. In making the immense sacrifices which the whole Empire is making, and which so many individuals are called upon to make at such a tremendous cost, we are striving for the same ideals that St. Edward strove for long ago. But do we recognize sufficiently how all these things are in the hands of God Himself? It is difficult with all the preoccupations of mind—with the many different things which claim our attention when the war is so greatly prolonged, to keep up that sense of dependence on God which I think was very apparent in the early days of the war. But the length of the war, far from changing that sense of dependence, should rather tend to emphasize it, and make us understand that without the help of Almighty God—help which must be obtained only on our bended knees—we have no right to look for victory. Would not victory be hastened, would not the end of strife be nearer, if we recognized more fully the sovereignty of God, and turned to Him with more constant and more earnest prayer.

There is no doubt as to what St. Edward would teach us were he with us to-day, and from him I think we may learn to renew within ourselves that sense of the sovereignty of God which we are called upon to recognize, if we are to obtain speedily the perfect victory for which we all long. Then does not St. Edward call to us now to recognize more clearly and more adequately the authority which God has set up in the world? We who are members of the Catholic Church have been saddened by the strange reception which was given to the Sovereign Pontiff to the heads of the belligerent States. Rarely, I suppose, in the history of newspapers has there been a more complete confusion of ideas than there was in their treatment of that Note. In what does the authority of the Pope consist? We, as Catholics, believe that as the successor of St. Peter, the Pope has received in a very clearly defined and a very restricted way, an infallible authority for teaching the truth. We believe that when he speaks as the Father and teacher of all the faithful on a matter of faith or morals, then, by Divine protection and guidance, he will be saved from any error. That is all that we mean by the infallibility of the Pope. Then he has another authority. He is supreme over all the Church in matters of order and discipline, but in that no infallibility is claimed. It is an authority worthy of all respect, and one that claims our obedience. Sometimes our fellow-countrymen, who do not admit infallibility, seem to think that none but an infallible authority may claim obedience. Children render willing, loving obedience to their parents; but it never enters their mind to imagine that their parents are infallible. We render obedience to the civil authority, but we certainly do not recognize therein any infallibility. So we must make a very clear distinction between the Pope as teaching infallibility and the Pope claiming our reverence, obedience, and respect in matters of order and discipline.

In this Papal Note neither the one authority nor the other intervenes. He was addressing himself not only to Catholic Sovereigns, not only to Christian Sovereigns who do not accept his authority, but also to those who do not accept the Christian Revelation at all. This distinction seemed to be lost sight of by those who wrote so quickly and so glibly. This Papal Note is a document which, on account of the source from whence it comes, on account of the means of information at the disposal of the Sovereign Pontiff, on account of his position as Father of all the Faithful to whatever nation they belong—as one, to outside and above all human interest—is a document claiming every sort of consideration, and I am quite certain that the day will come when we are able to look back on these things more calmly, when we will recognize that it is the voice of the Pope that has compelled all the belligerent States to face aspects of this contest that are being lost sight of—aspects which, if they are not handled properly, may some day lead to renewed strife.

We see things, I am afraid, too much on the surface; but there are issues arising out of this War so difficult and so complicated that I am certain that there is not a Chancellor in Europe that can say at the present moment how they are to be settled; and if the Sovereign Pontiff has rendered the service to humanity

of forcing men to go down a little beneath the surface and to take into account those factors of which I have spoken, then men will say one day that he has rendered pre-eminently service to every nation on the earth.

One more word upon this subject. I do not think that it is out of place here to protest against the attempts which have been made, notably by one of the evening papers, to misrepresent the attitude of the Holy See. On that point I will put the matter in this way:

Either those who so write really know the facts, and then they know that they are stating what is false; or, if they do not know the facts—which is probably the case—then they are showing a most extraordinary want of care in dealing with issues so great in so light-hearted a manner. We are perfectly free, every one of us, Catholics or not, to differ from any statements contained in that Papal document, because, as I have said, the authority of the Holy See does not enter into the matter; but, coming from the source it does, every reasonable man and every right thinking person ought to give to such a document all the consideration that it certainly deserves.

What would St. Edward teach us about the recognition of the voice of conscience? There are three points on which it is urgently important that Catholics should have clear and definite ideas. We know St. Edward's teaching on purity of conscience. Alas! to-day, as in every great war, the passions of men become stronger as the dangers to which we know the consequences of such sins. They have been forced prominently upon our notice. We know the moral, we know the physical consequences that arise from unrestrained passion, and the nation is agitated when it comes to understand what has taken place. Many remedies are suggested of overcoming the evil. It is the duty of every Christian in the spirit of the Founder of Christianity to do all he can to remedy the moral and physical results of sin; but it must never be forgotten that the primary reason why those sins should be condemned is because they are offences against God Himself. If we forget, as some are appearing to forget, as some of the leaders of the crusade on this matter are forgetting, that vice is primarily a moral offence against the God who made us, all other remedies will fail. It is the duty of Catholics never to let that be forgotten—never to allow there to be an overshadowing of this fundamental fact that those who sin against themselves are sinning primarily against the God who made them, that until we make them understand the moral aspect of the question we shall never be able to cope with this evil or to find for it the other subsidiary remedies which we may quite legitimately seek.

St. Edward chose deliberately a life of perfect continence. We are startled sometimes at the revelations that come to us of the volitional limitations of families. St. Edward's example is the only answer that can be given to those who are propagating such evil doctrines. Lastly, there is a great campaign now being led by certain members of the two Houses of Parliament, for extending facilities for divorce. They are urging that if the partners of married life have been separated for a certain number of years, then divorce should follow automatically. I need not tell you, who are Catholics, that anything of the kind is directly contrary to the teachings of the Catholic Church and the traditions of Christianity. It is your duty to maintain a strong, healthy public opinion on this matter, and to use such influence as you may possess to prevent such a terrible inroad on the traditional Christianity of this country. You have only to think, to see how, if that plea were admitted, there are many other pleas that might be quite equally admitted in order to justify the breaking of the conjugal tie, and the case of St. Edward with his choice of perfect continence is one that may well set before those who seek to remedy the evils of this world by the abrogation of the Christian law.

"The faithful man shall be much praised," and the praise of St. Edward is living in the Christian Church, because he was a faithful man; faithful to God, faithful to the authority set up by God, and faithful to the voice of his own conscience. You are called upon to be faithful. It is in the power of everyone of you to be faithful to God, to be faithful to the authority set up by God, to be faithful to the voice of your own conscience; and every such one will be praised, if not by his fellow-men, then at least by God. Who knows and sees all. Your life may be a prominent one. You may be called upon to take a high public position like those who are here today to celebrate this Church's feast and the highest representatives of the civic and municipal authority. You may, on the other hand, pass almost unknown through the world, known only in some small restricted circle; but you can be faithful in small circumstances as in great.

He who would be a disciple of Jesus Christ must live in sufferings; for, "The servant is not greater than the master." (St. John xiii.)—Ven. John Tauler.

Try to work a little less from the outside, and a little more from within.—Fenelon.

CATHOLIC ARMY HUTS, INCORPORATED

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE PROVISIONAL DIRECTORS

As the movement to erect Catholic hut-chapels for the Canadian soldiers overseas had grown into a large undertaking involving the expenditure of \$100,000, the chaplains in charge instructed their Canadian representative, Major Rev. John J. O'Gorman, C. F., to obtain incorporation. This was done, and on October 30, 1917, Letters Patent were issued by the Secretary of State for Canada incorporating Catholic Army Huts for the purposes and objects as set out in the Memorandum of Agreement of the Corporation as follows:

"To erect, equip and conduct Catholic Army Huts for Canadian Soldiers, which shall serve the twofold purpose of chapels for Catholic soldiers, and recreation huts for all soldiers, irrespective of creed, and to supply Catholic chaplains in the Canadian Overseas Forces and in the Canadian Militia, with rosaries, medals, prayer books and similar devotional aids for distribution to Catholic soldiers."

Catholic Army Huts being merely an executive body, membership is confined to the persons who are or will be engaged in the actual work of the corporation, namely, the Catholic Army chaplains, who are the persons who actually conduct the chapel huts, and 15 representatives of the Knights of Columbus, which society has undertaken the collection of the necessary funds. In the Letters Patent the conditions for membership in the corporation are laid down as follows:

(a) Every Catholic chaplain in the Overseas Military Forces of Canada shall during the period of such service be deemed a member, unless he write to the Board of Directors relinquishing his right to membership.

(b) Any Catholic chaplain on duty in Canada, and any Catholic chaplain who is listed in the Canadian Militia, shall be eligible to apply in writing to the Board of Directors for membership in the Corporation, and upon the receipt of such application by the Board of Directors, he shall be deemed a member of the Corporation.

(c) The State Executive officers of the Knights of Columbus shall have power to elect annually representatives who shall be members, as follows: Ontario, 3; Quebec, 3; Maritime Provinces, 2; Manitoba and Saskatchewan, 2; Alberta, 1; British Columbia, 1.

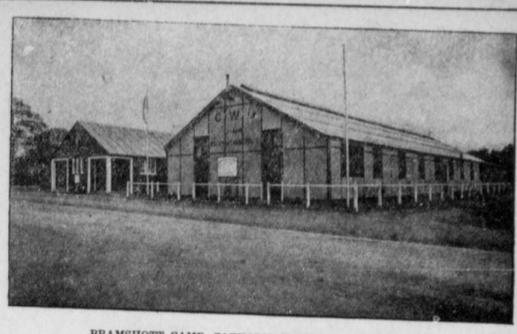
The first general meeting of the corporation will take place in Ottawa, January, 1918, when the Board of Directors will be elected for the year. The Letters Patent appointed Major Rev. John J. O'Gorman, C. F., Ottawa, George Henri Boivin, ex M. P., Granby, Quebec, State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus, and Joseph Lawrence Murray, Renfrew, Ontario, State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus, provisional directors with authority to elect at their first meeting four other provisional directors. Accordingly at a meeting of the provisional directors held at Ottawa, Nov. 5, 1917, the following four chaplains, whose names were suggested by cable by Father Workman, were added to the provisional Board of Directors: Lt. Col. Rev. W. T. Workman, M. C., A.D.C.S. (R. C.), Overseas Military Forces of Canada, London, Lt. Col. F. L. French, D.A.D.C.S., Canadian Corps Headquarters, France; Major Rev. Abbé Casgrain, War Office, London; and Capt. Rev. John Knox, C. F., Senior Catholic Chaplain, Bramshott Camp, England. The directors overseas were appointed a committee to manage the affairs of the corporation in England and France. Mr. J. L. Murray, Renfrew, Ont., was appointed Secretary-Treasurer for Canada. The overseas directors will be appointed by the provisional committee. The directors in Canada were appointed a committee to manage the affairs of the corporation in Canada.

A financial report from Father Workman showed that total amount received overseas up to Sept. 30, was £1,306 13s 3d, which was made up of two sources of revenue, £1,041 13s 3d (\$5,000) from the Ontario Knights of Columbus, and the balance collected by Father O'Gorman in Ottawa and through the Catholic press. Word has been received that the first instalments amounting to \$866 of the \$2,000 voted by the Knights of the Maritime Provinces have been forwarded to Father Workman. Reports also have been received by the directors that the Knights of Columbus of the Western Provinces are collecting their \$1 per capita tax and will forward the same to the Catholic Army Huts. It is requested that the full quota of the \$1 per capita voted by the Knights of Columbus of all the Provinces of Canada be collected and forwarded without delay.

Meanwhile Ontario remains the chief financial bulwark of the organization. Under the direction of its State Deputy, the Ontario Knights of Columbus launched a Campaign Week for Catholic Army Huts at the end of September. Mr. Murray reports that up to date approximately \$50,000 have been received.

In his financial report, Father Workman commented as follows on the work done up to September 30: "Enclosed is copy of Account of Chaplains' Service Fund in detail from its inception to Oct. 1st, 1917."

I propose to send a report home in this way from time to time. You will notice that the Chapel Tents for the Front are not mentioned. This



BRAMSHOTT CAMP, CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE HUT

is because the bill has not been sent to us, though the tents have been despatched.

"Looking at the account in a general way, the great help the Fund has assured us is quite obvious. Mass and Sacraments have been provided in many instances to the scattered Units through the offices of civilian or officiating clergymen. Various Huts have been outfitted as Chapels, which means the bringing of a little church into the midst of men in their camps. Prayer Books and Beads have been issued in large numbers. So far, in fact, apart from the item of a billiard table in the Catholic Hut at Bramshott, and the building of a small annex to this same Hut, all monies have gone towards providing means and help for the spiritual well-being of our men. We have been pioneers in the matter of furnishing certificates of 'Reception of the Sacraments' to the men—(see item.) These are often sent home for the consolation of parents, and again are often found on the glorious dead, and then also sent home.

"We, too, have instituted the system of putting a tag on all dangerously wounded who have been administered by the Chaplain in the Line, so that Chaplains in Clearing Stations and Hospitals know what has been done, and can devote time to those not tagged, etc.—(see item.)"

"Of course the item about which we are most pleased, four 'Chapel Tents for the Front,' will not appear until next month. I am sure that you will let the Knights and the Catholic public know what a 'God-send' their help has been to our men."

Steps were taken at the meeting to have the constitution printed and distributed to the Canadian archbishops and bishops and to all eligible for membership. Father O'Gorman reported that he had received \$2,100 from Bishop Scollard, being the diocesan collection of Sault Ste. Marie, the first diocesan collection taken in Canada for Catholic Army Huts. The money was being expended in buying rosaries, medals, prayer books, catechisms, Catholic Army Hut stationery and other chaplains' supplies for overseas, as chaplains could not at present be obtained in England. A shipment of these supplies had been made already, and another was ready to be shipped.

It was decided that no funds should be expended in Canada before the first general meeting, except for supplies for C. A. H. overseas, and for devotional aids for soldiers of the C. E. F. in Canada. At the first general meeting the question of erecting a number of Catholic Army Huts next spring in the large camps in Canada will be dealt with.

As the Catholic Army Huts corporation is held responsible by the Government for any entertainment given under its auspices, it was decided that no entertainment, bazaar, etc., may be given under the auspices or for the benefit of the C. A. H. unless, (a) the total proceeds to the C. A. H., and (b) the authorization in writing of a director of the C. A. H. is received. No collection shall be taken up for the C. A. H. without the permission in writing of a director, except collections taken up in churches or collections conducted by the Knights of Columbus.

Rev. Father Workman was appointed President of the Board of Directors, and Rev. Father French, Vice-President. The Catholic Women's League of England has kindly volunteered its services for the management of the huts of the organization in England.

Contributions to Catholic Army Huts may be forwarded either to Catholic Army Huts, c/o J. L. Murray, Esq., Sec. Treas., Renfrew, Ont. or to Catholic Army Huts, c/o Lt. Col. Rev. W. T. Workman, Bank of Montreal, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, England. Travelling expenses are not to be allowed to delegates to the general meeting. The publication of this statement was authorized and the meeting adjourned.

J. L. MURRAY, Sec. Treas.

THE PRINTED WORD

We are in the age of the Apostolate of the Printed Word. It can penetrate where no Catholic can enter. It can do work as surely for God as for the devil. It is an instrument in our hands. All should take part in this Apostolate: here at least there is work for every one. For one who can write, ten thousand can subscribe, and a hundred thousand can scatter the seed. For this purpose, under the patronage of the hierarchy and richly endowed with indulgences by the

Holy Father, the Catholic Truth Society has been founded. It is doing good work. It instructs and edifies, it educates and evangelizes Catholics and non Catholics. It will become an engine of great power in the service of God, if our men and women have in them only the hearts and wills to become apostles.

Say not that to scatter books, pamphlets, tracts, leaflets, and newspapers is waste and loss, if you have but a grain of faith in the Gospel parable of the sower. God Himself, with His grace over the world of men, and what is the history of His sowing? Is greater fruit to spring up under the hand of the servant than of the Master? But for every effort we make there is an eternal reward.

What has been accomplished by the Catholic Truth Society is only a fraction of what could and should be accomplished if we Catholics were to stand more closely and rally to the support of a Society which is doing such excellent work.

Heaven only knows how wide the field is. Although no man can blind himself to the fact that we are living in a period of widespread indifference and unbelief, the ever increasing demand for the PRINTED BELIEF of the Catholic Church among non-Catholics goes to evidence of earnest souls longing for the truth of God. Upon us, the Catholic men and women of this generation of the world's life, the duty and privilege has been laid to interest fair minded inquirers in the claims of the Church and to remove their false notions regarding her.

We hope and trust that many of those who read these lines will approach the Society with the offer of their assistance.

Its offices are at 67 Bond Street, Toronto.

ANOTHER PARSON CONVERTED

(C. P. A. Service)

London, Nov. 1.—So numerous have been the conversions amongst Anglican clergymen lately that a hope is expressed they may become wholesale and thus give us material to meet the coming shortage in priests which will have to be faced after the war. Another well known parson was received into the Church during the past week—Rev. Mr. Gresley, vicar of Shenstead, Essex, who was received by the Benedictine Fathers at Downside Abbey, and will study for the priesthood.

DEATH

Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Out of the light of the blest;
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of a world very weary,
Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
Into the blissful to-morrow,
Into a day without gloom;
Out of a land filled with sighing,
Land of the dead and the dying,
Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,
Tempest swept off as the ocean,
Dark with the wrecks drifting o'er;
Into a land calm and quiet,
Never a storm cometh nigh it,
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of a land in whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers;
Out of a land of decay,
Into the Eden where fairest
Of flowerets, and sweetest and rarest,
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing
Thronged with the anguished and
ailing;
Out of the world of the sad,
Into the world that rejoices—
World of bright visions and voices—
Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever mournful,
Out of a land very lornful,
Where in bleak exile we roam,
Into a joy-land above us,
Where there's a Father to love us—
Into our home—"Sweet Home."
—REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Previously acknowledged...	\$11,950.00
In memory of Philip Evey,	
Quebec.....	25 00
T. B. Gardiner Mine.....	2 00
A. Reader, South High-	
lands, N. S.....	1 00
A Friend, Burnt Church.....	3 00
A Friend, North Bay.....	1 00
M. Stella Burns, Irishtown.....	1 00
Mrs. Hugh Holland, Doug-	
lastown.....	1 00

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

Rev. F. Heffer
TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY
AFTER PENTECOST

THE VANITY OF WORLDLY THINGS

"Whence then hath it come?" (Matt. xiii, 27)
There is an old and true proverb which says: All is not gold that glitters. Many things that have a pleasant and alluring appearance turn out, upon closer inspection, to be hollow and deceitful, and to these things belong the treasures and pleasures that the world can offer. They are truly cookey.

It was the custom among the ancient Persians on some high feast day of the year, to place upon the royal throne a criminal who had forfeited his life, to place the scepter in his hands, the crown upon his head, and royal honors were shown to him. Upon this day this man could have pleasure to his heart's desire. The following day he was seized, scourged, and finally put to a painful death upon a cross.

My dear Christians! So does the world to her votaries. It raises them to high position and honors, procures many pleasures for them, but all this lasts only for a short time, and disappointment, pain, and adversity soon follow upon these blissful days. Remember the fate of Baltasar. He was in his full power and magnificence, enjoying himself at a great feast, and in the same night his city was conquered and he was captured and slain. There are so many people laboring day and night, by the sweat of their brow, to gather wealth; they seek nothing but riches, honor and pleasure, when suddenly death overtakes them. "What hath pride profited us," they will say with Solomon, "or what advantage hath the boasting of riches brought us? All those things are passed away like a shadow" (Wisdom v, 8, 9). King David says of them: "They have slept their sleep; and all the men of riches have found nothing in their hands" (Ps. lxxv, 6). They may be likened to the man who dreams that he has acquired great riches and magnificent possessions and awakes to find it has been an idle dream. So the world and its treasures. They may have the appearance of a field of beautiful flowers and delicious fruits and eventually found to be only cookey.

Too many people become aware of this only when their last hour has come. Then they realize that they have pursued shadows, that they possess nothing that can be taken into eternity; that all their scheming and planning is now of no avail. Woe to us, my dear Christians, if we fail to realize that the possessions and pleasure of the world are nothing but vanity! Woe to us, if before we appear at the judgment seat of God, we have not gathered up treasures which neither rust nor moth doth consume and have not placed them where thieves can not break through and steal! Woe to us if that last moment arrives before we have performed any good deeds, such as will merit us eternal life! For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? (Mark viii, 36; 37). He can give nothing in the hour of death, "for the night for him has come in which no man can work."

Let us realize now, my dear Christians, what is necessary for our salvation, now while there is yet time, and before the days come of which we must say: "They do not please us." Let us not be deceived by the false splendor of this world! Let us follow the advice of St. John: "Love not the world, nor the things which are in the world. If any man love the world, the charity of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, is the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, which is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the concupiscence thereof, but he that doth the will of God, abideth forever" (1 John ii, 15-17). Let us not seek our salvation in the world, but in God, who alone can make us eternally happy. He that possesses God possesses all, and vastly more than this whole world can ever offer, for he possesses the guarantee of eternal life, a life of true and everlasting happiness. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

THE LESSON TO THE DOCTOR

An expressman brought his car, on a bitter cold day, up to the door and could barely climb down from his seat. Hours of exposure had almost benumbed him. He was brought in, the master of the house was called, and a physician, dining at the house, came into the kitchen with the host.

"Bring me some whisky," ordered the doctor.

"One minute," said the host.

"Why whisky?" asked the doctor.

"Why not try hot water?" suggested the host. "Wouldn't hot water give the required heat?"

"All right. Hot water, if he can get it down," answered the doctor.

After half an hour the man "thawed out," and, as he "came to," he recognized the master of the house and said:

"Mr. Robinson, I don't want you to think that I am a drinking man. I was simply benumbed with cold and had lost almost all feeling. I

take pride, sir, in the fact—especially for my boys—that a drop of liquor has never crossed my lips."

And, as the host and the physician returned to their dinner, the former said to the latter: "A bit of a lesson, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered the doctor. "I fancy we doctors are pretty quick to think that nothing will do the trick at such a time but alcohol. Thanks, old man.—Ladies Home Journal.

CRIMINALS THROUGH DRINK

The word of a prisoner may sometimes be questioned when he tells us "the cause of his downfall," but there is no getting back of the doctor's examination. The other day I visited the State prison in Michigan City, Ind. There were about 1,200 inmates. One of the interesting features of that visit was the study of a huge chart giving a careful analysis of the records of the prisoners. Two points stood out on that chart; one, the fact that about one-third of these 1,200 men were unemployed when arrested, and, second, that one-half were excessive drinkers.

The fact that one-third were unemployed does not mean that they were driven to commit crime because they had no jobs, for probably the vast majority did not care for work, anyway. They preferred to make their living without working. But with the one-half who were proven to be excessive drinkers, there was no doubt but that they were strongly influenced by drink when they committed the crimes for which they were serving time. A considerable number were tabulated as "moderate drinkers."

An appalling number of these criminals appeal to their present state because of the drink habit, and there is no doubt but that many of them drank just before they committed crime, to "get up their nerve." These facts were gotten together through the doctor's examination. And he could tell fairly well whether a man had the drink habit.—Charles Stelzle in National Daily.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE

WHICH CAME FIRST?

A leaflet headed "Apocrypha," written by a County Down gentleman, is of interest when one considers how glibly non-Catholics talk of "the whole Bible," just as if they had it, and were its sole possessors; whereas only Catholics have the whole Bible, entire and un mutilated. The writer of the leaflet states that King James I. of England objected to certain books being included in the Bibles which His Majesty permitted to be printed, although the earlier English "Reformed" Bibles had not rejected the said books; and he regards it as most unfortunate that they have been deleted from the British Protestant Bible. "Unless some reader is fortunate enough to possess some special edition of the Bible, an early 'Black Letter' or a modern Douay, he will probably be totally unacquainted with writings which went beyond all 'poes' and 'may,' as familiar to the Apostles as the Psalms are today to a Presbyterian, or as the Church Prayer Book to an Episcopalian. . . . The pity of it is that the strange gap in the symmetry of the Bible has led to wrong interpretations of literary allusions found in the New Testament." The mutilation of the Bible is not approved by all the spiritual offspring of the Reformation, though Bible Societies and the like continue to circulate more or less correct translations of an incomplete Bible to heathens who cannot always read, or to the soldiers of our Catholic Allies. One would be distributor of incomplete Scriptures, restrained meantime for want of funds, has depicted the Italian Catholic Soldiers as in need of the light of the Gospel, which apparently only his society can give them. Being Catholics they already have that light, and a definite faith, taught them by the Divinely appointed teacher of nations, and the intrusion of self-commissioned sectarians is nothing short of impudence. It is curious that non-Catholics deny the infallibility of one representative of Christ in the Church, yet in effect bestow it upon all Bible readers, no matter how widely their interpretations differ, no matter how obvious it is that the Divine Spirit of Truth cannot be the author of hundreds of contradictory sects, nor an inspired Book support doctrines opposed to each other. Curious, too, that the very people who claim to be most diligent searchers of the Scriptures, and to believe them as the word of God, place private judgment above the authority of the Church; churches can and do teach error, they say. Yet surely no one who accepts the New Testament will deny infallibility to the Apostles, or say that they could or did teach error. "He that heareth you heareth Me." "Go, teach all nations, and behold I am with you, even to the consummation of the world." How do the Scripture-searchers evade the logical consequences of those words? The Apostles were to constitute the teaching authority of the Church under the leadership of one who was specially chosen and appointed by Christ, and clearly from His words that teaching authority was to last for ever. It was never at any time to be superseded by a multitude of independent Bible readers, nor hearing the Church to give way to the theory of "every man his own teacher" or interpreter. Can any

one believe that the Church so commissioned to teach can err in faith and morals, or that God would command us to hear the Church, yet allow that Church to teach us error and lead us astray? An American Catholic theologian writes that no one can properly understand the Christian Revelation, without understanding the Church which is its custodian. The pity is that so many will not even try to understand her. Yet she must be taken along with the Bible if truth is to be attained and definite faith secured. She is older than the New Testament, as its books themselves testify.

Our Lord completed His covenant with the Apostles, founded His Church, and had devout disciples in it before a line of the New Testament was written. Further than that, He committed the teaching of His doctrines to a living authority. For the Church is not the creator of the doctrines she teaches, but is their divinely appointed guardian; her doctrine is not the result of her experience, of her General Councils, or of the declaration of Popes; they were once revealed, are persistently adhered to, and frequently enunciated in an 'ex-cathedra' manner, but none are of her own invention, none have to be discarded, altered, or amended to suit the times, changeful human opinion, or local conditions; being of God, they remain unaltered and unalterable. Let us hope that those who admit and deplore the "reformed" mutilation of the Scriptures will turn to the Living Teacher, who has preserved the Written Word intact from generation to generation, who alone can interpret it, who remains unshaken by the assaults of Luther and his progeny, and by her unerring tuition presents to her children every Apostolic doctrine and tradition of the entire "Christian Heritage," not merely portions thereof; the whole Bible not merely the parts selected by the fallible "Reformers" and adapted to fit to the necessities of their case.—M. C. L. in Catholic Herald.

OUR STEWARDSHIP

"We live by certainty of principle; and the principle that must permeate the world and regenerate mankind ere oppressed humanity can be relieved is the Godlike principle of Justice, of Christian charity—of the love for one another that Christ, our Master, commands to ever man.

"Fill the public places with the orators and visionaries, fill the air with clamorous speeches and the eloquent sound of sonorous periods and balanced sentences and then wait; the echo dies and the world is just as it was before. But let one speak of Christian Charity, of God like brotherly love light up for an instant the souls of men, and behold the transformation.

"The sea of ice melts and flows in sparkling rivulets, free, limpid, unimpeded, mingling in holy harmony and peaceful unity. When man has learned that divine law of love of neighbor as himself; when he has not only learned by heart but practices the teachings of our Holy Church; when the rich become honest and the poor just; when the millionaire and the laborer both use the goods of nature and of art as trusty stewards; when squandering shall be recognized as a crime and sharp trading as dishonesty, then will the elements of society fall into proper place, then will unity spring from disorder, then will the different classes, like the objects in the kaleidoscope, form one beautiful picture, pleasant to look upon, beautiful to the eye of God and man.

"Man of the world, remember that you are but a steward of God—steward of the health you enjoy; steward of the success you achieve; steward of the enjoyment you seek; steward of the money that you hold; steward of most of all of your soul, your reason, your intellect, your will! Have a care! They are yours to use, to enjoy, to do good with.

"But for useless waste, for sinful neglect of anyone of these, you will be held responsible before the judgment seat of God, where you shall hear those words so full of terror to the unfaithful: 'Give an account of thy stewardship for thou mayest be no longer steward.' At death's door the reckoning shall be made. See that your honor is safe at that moment; for what man could look into the face of God for all eternity who was conscious of defrauding Him of His benefits? What man could gaze upon the divine countenance during those endless years who had proved himself only a swindler and a thief of the divine benefits? He would hang his head in shame and sorrow and utter against himself his own sentence of condemnation, 'I cannot live in the overwhelming presence of Him whom I have betrayed.'

"There is one fact that must strike any observer of human nature whether the field of his observation be the recorded history of nations, the biography of men famous in the tale of the world's advance through, or the practical dealing of men with man in the everyday ordinary commerce of ideas, social and industrial intercourse, and that is, that with exceptions made for individuals of permanent character, and allowances given for the change of particular circumstances, mankind has changed but little since its first creation.

"Men are singularly alike. Faces and form and habit and manner differ; these are but the outward dress, the veneer coating with thin veil the essential humanity beneath. The

STRICKEN IN THE STREET

Completely Restored To Health By "Fruit-a-tives"

382 St. VALERIE ST., MONTREAL.
"In 1912, I was taken suddenly ill with Acute Stomach Trouble and dropped in the street. I was treated by several physicians for nearly two years, and my weight dropped from 225 pounds to 160 pounds. Then several of my friends advised me to try "Fruit-a-tives". I began to improve almost with the first dose, and by using them I recovered from the distressing Stomach Trouble—and all pain and Constipation were cured. Now I weigh 208 pounds. I cannot praise "Fruit-a-tives" enough". H. WHITMAN.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

keen perception of a close observer dives below all that, and reaches the principle that gives activity and individuality to all that which appears without, and that principle is self consideration.

"This it is which the men of the earliest and latest times have in common. It is the common trait of poor and rich alike. Selfishness prompted the first sin man ever committed, and selfishness is the cause of the thousand sins that have been committed while I speak to you. The unjust steward is an example of the dishonesty, avarice and duplicity which are the result of self seeking and the forgetfulness that we are but keepers, not owners of the goods that have been put in our charge, material or spiritual.

"Happily time is still ours and we are still God's stewards. Guard well your sacred trust, so that when the accounts are made the balance shall stand on our side and God's. To such how welcome beyond all comprehension will be the invitation extended only to the faithful servant, 'Enter into the joy of thy Lord.'"
From the Works of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell.

THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS

Ignorance, they say, is the mother of all errors. So often we meet with people who ridicule things they don't understand. This you must admit, is characteristically idiotic; and still, very many among us are infected with this mild form of insanity. We criticize and scoff, and in doing so confess openly our ignorance and our smallness. Let me ask the question bluntly: Why is it that so many of our Protestant friends smile at the mention of the word Mass? They seem to pity us for wasting our precious time in attending Mass. They consider it idolatry, superstition, and some who know even less than these, call it all nonsense.

But worst of all, it is not even necessary to go outside the fold to find men who ridicule the Mass; we have quite a number within the ranks. These critics within the fold may not be as outspoken in their terms, but their actions, to a certain degree, portray a sad want of understanding and appreciation.

It may not be out of place, therefore, to say a little about so often repeated and so prevalent a service as the Mass; it may be of interest to many. Just listen for a few moments to a voice from a bygone age—Cardinal Newman. To me, he says, "nothing is so consoling, so brave, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Mass forever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth! It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, evocation of the eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before Whom the angels bow and the devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as end; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfill their mission; quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action; quickly they go for they are awful words of sacrifice; they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another; quickly they pass, because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heavens into the other; so is the coming of the Son of Man; quickly they pass, for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud calling on the name of the Lord as he passed by: 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and generous, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth' And as Moses on the mountain, so we too 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore.' So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great advent, waiting for the moving of the water,' each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants,

with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; not painfully and hopelessly, following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but, like a concert of musical instruments, each different but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our post with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and the scope of it." So much for Cardinal Newman. Besides, there is Thomas Carlyle. He died in 1881; he was known as the "Censor" of his age, and was generally considered to have been one of the profoundest thinkers of his time, but a pessimist of the blackest hue, for he was continually proclaiming that there was nothing good left in the world. What about him? What did he say? Only this much: "The Mass is the great reality; the only genuine thing of our time." He too, fooled himself in his pride, because he laughed at miracles, which he never could understand, but he took his hat off to the Mass.

The least we can do if we don't understand, is to admit a lack of brains, and we'll be respected and honored as being sincere; nobody, not even the most learned genius, can understand everything; then why laugh and ridicule?—Lordman.

PRISONERS OF WAR

TRACT PUBLISHED BY ANGLICAN CHURCH REVIEWS VARIOUS EFFORTS MADE BY POPE

"Some Facts About the Pope and Prisoners of War" is the title of an interesting appendix to a tract, published by the Society of St. Peter and Paul of London, Publishers to the Church of England, which appeared but recently. The tract entitled "No Small Sin" deals with the Papal appeal for peace.

The appendix in question gives a very comprehensive and fair summary of the benevolent activity of our Holy Father on behalf of so many of the unfortunate victims of the war. "A proposal," it tells us, "for the general exchange of prisoners unfit for military service was made by His Holiness to the Sovereigns and heads of states of the belligerent powers on Dec. 31, 1914." All the governments accepted, though not all put the suggestion into practice.

The Pope then took up the question of invalid and wounded prisoners, and in May, 1915, opened negotiations with the belligerent states with a view to such prisoners being exchanged and interned in neutral countries." The French, Swiss and German Governments accepted this proposal and as a result many thousands have been sheltered in Switzerland.

"In 1915," we are told again, "the Pope made a further appeal in order that they should agree to allow the strict observance of Sunday rest for prisoners of war. All the Governments adhered to this proposal."

As a further move to ameliorate the condition of prisoners we hear that: "In April, 1916, the Pope put forward a plan for interning in a neutral country, after eighteen months' captivity, the fathers of at least three children." This suggestion was not accepted except in a tentative and experimental way in a very few cases.

Then too "An Office in favor of prisoners of war" was opened in December, 1914, as a department under the Papal Secretary of State." The work of this department is to make inquiry for missing soldiers and to conduct investigation into the condition of prisoners.

"When reprisals on prisoners were threatened, the Pope," we are told, "intervened by proposing to the various Governments that they should abstain from all measures of this kind."

So too "as regards spiritual matters the Pope has recommended Bishops to look after prisoners' camps in their dioceses, has sent representatives to visit camps and has granted special powers to Chaplains."

Nor did he overlook the material needs of these unfortunate as the tract informs us, "Material assistance has been given in the form of provision to French prisoners, of Christmas presents to Italians of Easter presents to Austrians and of gifts distributed by the Apostolic Delegate at Constantinople to the French and other English prisoners in Turkey."

Finally summing up a diversity of other Papal activities in behalf of the unfortunate of the War we learn that "Inter alia, the Pope has frequently intervened on behalf of individual prisoners with a view to their release or confinement in more suitable conditions, especially as regards health, has been instrumental in establishing technical courses and libraries for students, and has promoted the unrestricted exchange of priests."

surely this is a splendid record of benevolent activity which elicits even the frank admiration of those not of our faith. It justifies, perhaps, the hope that when the longed-for hour of peace has come, he, the common Father of Christendom, will be able to raise his voice and be heard for a happier and more secure future. C. B. of C. V.

A rose to the living is better than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.



The abundant, creamy lather of Lifebuoy Soap is laden with great cleansing power, and antiseptic properties as well.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
So, when you have used LIFE-BUOY on skin, garment or anywhere in the home you can be sure of cleanliness and SAFETY.



The mild antiseptic odor vanishes quickly after use.
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO
At all Grocers

5 Piece Table Set 15c.

A Lovely Table Set, Elyet design consisting of one Centipiece with Dishes to match, Quality Natural Bleached Art Linen, all for 15c. Extra Bonus to introduce our latest catalog of exclusive designs.

The Women's Supply Co. Reg. (Dept. "W")
747 St. Catherine St. West, MONTREAL, P. Q.

Put Vim in Jaded Muscles

by stimulating and arousing the circulation with light applications of Absorbine, Jr., rubbed in thoroughly. This invigorating liniment acts quickly and surely. It is fragrant and pleasant to use—leaves no greasy residue on the skin.

As Absorbine, Jr., is a powerful germicide as well as a liniment, it is effective for prophylactic and aseptic uses; it destroys the germs in cuts and sores; it may be diluted and used successfully as an antiseptic and germicide for the mouth and throat.

Athletes will find it efficient for limbering sore, stiff muscles. A good formula for a rub-down is one ounce of Absorbine, Jr. to a quart of water or witch hazel.

It is composed of vegetable extracts and essential oils, and is positively harmless. Get a bottle today and keep it in your desk, in your travelling bag, in your medicine cabinet or in the side pocket of your automobile. It is health insurance of a high type.

At most druggists or sent prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00. Trial bottle for 10c. in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.,
299 Lyman Bldg. Montreal, Can.

Best for brightening and preserving Aluminum Ware
Old Dutch Cleanser
Free from harmful substances that scratch and discolor.
Recommended by leading Aluminum Ware Manufacturers

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP
will do more than satisfy children's craving for "something sweet"—it will supply them with a wholesome food.
Dealers everywhere have "Crown Syrup" in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins and "Perfect Seal" Quart Jars.
Write for free Cook Book.
THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Hotel Lenox
NORTH ST., AT DELAWARE AVE., BUFFALO, N.Y.
A modern, fireproof and distinctive hotel of 250 all outside rooms. Ideally located. Exceeds in equipment, cuisine and service.
Operated on the European Plan
TARIFF:
Room with privilege of Bath \$1.50 per day
Room with Private Bath \$2.00 per day and upward
Two Rooms with Private Bath \$4.00 per day and upward
C. A. MINER
Managing Director
Write for complimentary "Guide of Buffalo Niagara Falls"

DR. McTAGGART'S VEGETABLE REMEDIES for those habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, and positive cures.
Liquor and TOBACCO HABITS
Literature and medicine sent in plain, sealed packages. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart's Remedies 209 Stair Bldg., Toronto, Canada.

FREE
A beautifully illustrated Fur Style Book giving advance information on furs and fur fashions—contains 40 pages with illustrations of up-to-date Furs and Fur needs—All these illustrations show photographs of living people—thus showing how the Furs REALLY appear—shows plans for every member of the family, with Don't fail to send for this book TO-DAY—it is now ready for mailing and will be mailed as requests are received.

HALLAM'S FUR STYLE BOOK
1917-18 EDITION
As Absorbine, Jr., is a powerful germicide as well as a liniment, it is effective for prophylactic and aseptic uses; it destroys the germs in cuts and sores; it may be diluted and used successfully as an antiseptic and germicide for the mouth and throat.
Athletes will find it efficient for limbering sore, stiff muscles. A good formula for a rub-down is one ounce of Absorbine, Jr. to a quart of water or witch hazel.
It is composed of vegetable extracts and essential oils, and is positively harmless. Get a bottle today and keep it in your desk, in your travelling bag, in your medicine cabinet or in the side pocket of your automobile. It is health insurance of a high type.
At most druggists or sent prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00. Trial bottle for 10c. in stamps.
W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.,
299 Lyman Bldg. Montreal, Can.

Best for brightening and preserving Aluminum Ware
Old Dutch Cleanser
Free from harmful substances that scratch and discolor.
Recommended by leading Aluminum Ware Manufacturers

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP
will do more than satisfy children's craving for "something sweet"—it will supply them with a wholesome food.
Dealers everywhere have "Crown Syrup" in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins and "Perfect Seal" Quart Jars.
Write for free Cook Book.
THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KINDNESS

If you would smile a little more And I would kinder be: I would stop to think before you speak of faults to me; If I would show more patience, too, With all with whom I'm hurled, Then I would help—and so would you— To make a better world.

If you would cheer your neighbor more And I'd encourage mine, If you would linger at his door To say his work is fine, And I would stop to help him when His lips in frowns are curled, Both you and I'd be helping then To make a better world.

But just as long as you keep still And plod your selfish way, And I rush on and heedless kill The kind words I could say, While you and I refuse to smile And keep our gay flags furled, Some one will grumble all the while That it's a gloomy world.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

ENCOURAGE A HOPEFUL FEELING

If you believe yourself a failure, you fail before you try to do anything. If you believe that you will succeed, that belief will be an aid to success.

I know a man of remarkable natural powers who has achieved very little, because all his life he has been handicapped by his expectancy of ill health, of disease. He came from a consumptive family. Most of his ancestors had died of consumption. In his youth everybody kept reminding him that he had probably inherited the disease, and he grew up with that conviction so fixed in his mind that he never expected to be strong or really well or to live long. He was influenced to such an extent by his expectancy of becoming a victim of tuberculosis that he chose his life work not from a liking for it, but because he thought it would fit a very weak constitution. Whether the disease he fears develops or not, his expectancy of it has practically ruined his life.

It is a terrible thing to impress upon the mind of a child the probability of his always being a weakling or of being fatally handicapped by some hereditary taint which will interfere very seriously with his career. It is practically condemning him to weakness and failure.

It is a powerful help to success to feel certain that we are going to win out in a grand way; not necessarily in a big way but in a big-man way; that we are going to succeed in self-expression to the full; that we are going to bring out the largest possible percentage of our possibilities; that we are going to succeed in our character; that we are going to develop a noble personality. In other words, it is the greatest of tonics to believe that we are going to do the thing that the Creator had in mind as possible for us when He created us; that we are going to make the most possible out of the stuff that was given us; that we are not going to hide our talent in a napkin, but to invest it, to enlarge it, to make it something beautiful.

The optimistic outlook, the habit of expectation of good, glorious things to come to one, will mean much to one's career. It will make all the difference between a sour, bitter, gloomy life, and one of cheer, of happiness, of joy. Expect to be happy, and you are already on the way to be happy. Multitudes of people are not happy because they never expect to be happy. On the contrary, they expect to be miserable. They are always looking for something to make them unhappy; they are always seeing unfortunate things ahead of them; snags ahead, failures, disappointments, heartaches, afflictions, losses of all sorts.

Now, this is not the way to face life; this is not the way to look ahead. No matter how the present may seem to contradict its possibility, we should look for brightness, for good cheer. The way to attain a thing is to expect it; to work for it, to look forward to it, to struggle toward it, with all the wisdom and energy we can muster. That's the way we accomplish everything worth while in life.

A MAN'S SETTLED PURPOSE

Wasting time is a fault of the average man, particularly in those days when youth is still in bloom and life seems all in the making. It is a fault that is common to most of us, and while perhaps inexperience in the ways of the world may be some excuse, it is not one that will hold good throughout later years. It takes us so long at times to make up our minds as to what we wish to do. We have no aim, no purpose, no definite ambition, no settled occupation, no sure career. We drift along. We either take the first job that offers and keep on at that work, although it may be distasteful to us and we may not be well suited to it, or we go from employment to employment, finding apparently nothing that is congenial that we determine to make our life-work.

We deliberately throw away hours and days because we have no definite end in view, and therefore no real incentive to do service that is worth while. How can we tell what we are able to do, however, unless we make a determined effort to find out? It may be that we shall fail many times before we discover the right line in which to direct our abilities, but at

least the time so occupied will not be willfully wasted, and even through failure we learn many things which will aid us in future attempts.

The idea in life must be to make each waking hour tell if we hope to get the best results. It may be that necessity forces us to certain duties that occupy most of our time and consequently we are left only with small bits here and there which we can with any certainty say belong to us. It is in our use of these odds and ends of time, as it were, that we improve or deteriorate, yet there are so few of us who recognize this fact. Of course we cannot apply ourselves unceasingly to the attainment of any object; we must make allowance for the natural interruptions which come into all our lives as well as for periods of rest and recuperation, but notwithstanding such conditions there are yet, as a rule, a few opportunities here and there for self-improvement which the sincere worker after results cannot afford to pass by.

We cannot afford to waste time. It is too precious, too limited. Once gone, it is gone forever. A young man should wake up to the realities of life. He should ask himself: "What am I here for? What do I intend to accomplish? What occupation do I desire to follow?" Then let him look around for means to achieve his object. Let him bend every energy to win success. Let him waste no time on false starts or other callings. But wish his eyes fixed on the goal, go forward in a straight line to victory.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LITTLE SAINT OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

"May we come in?"

Two roquish faces peeped from behind the half-open door as Margaret Manners raised her head from the depths of the trunk she was unpacking. "Of course such strange conduct in a mere baby attracted much attention, and many a time the great lords and ladies who happened to be visiting the castle would secretly follow her to watch her as she knelt with radiant face before the altar. When she was about six years old, becoming conscious of the notice she was receiving, she begged her father to build for her a little chapel in an out-of-the-way corner of the castle grounds where she might pray without attracting attention."

"Why, that's just what St. Rose of Lima did!" interrupted Grace. "Sister was reading about it the other day in class."

"Yes, but that was two hundred years later. Perhaps St. Rose had heard of little Imelda. Who knows? Well, at any rate the good count was only too glad to let his little girl have her way, and so the tiny chapel was built for her, and there Imelda spent long hours alone with God."

"In the quiet and silence of her little oratory Imelda learned from God that it was His wish that she should become a nun in the Dominican convent of St. Mary Magdalene, not far from her home. As soon as her pious parents were sure that it was not a mere childish fancy, they took her—just imagine how they must have suffered in doing it!—to the good Sisters and asked them to admit her. As she was at that time barely eleven years old, they at first refused. But finally, seeing the child's great distress, they consented to let her merely live in the convent. She had not been there long, however, before they saw that she was one of God's chosen souls, so they received her as a novice."

She soon became the model of the entire community, outstripping them all in piety and love of mortification. She always begged permission to take on herself the hardest and most disagreeable work of the house, and when the superior, just to try her humility, would impose upon her different little trials, she would be even more gay and cheerful than before. She never asked to be excused because of her youth from any of the penances performed by the older Sisters, but rather increased them. She had but one real cross—she was not allowed to receive Holy Communion."

"Not allowed to receive Holy Communion!" broke in Grace, incredulously. "How could that be, auntie when she was so very holy?"

"Because in those days children were not as favored as they are nowadays. They were not allowed to receive Communion until they were even older than Imelda. So, although the child with many tears begged the Mother Superior to permit her to receive Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, she was always put off. It was touching to see her grief and longing when the Sisters reverently approached the altar. Left behind, little Imelda would weep as if her heart would break. And after the Sisters had returned to their places she would often creep close to the nearest one, as if to warm her heart at the Divine Fire which burned within her. Often she would ask the Sisters why their hearts did not break with joy when they received. I have often wondered whether she foresaw the manner of her own death?"

So little Imelda lived in the convent for two whole years, and as her love for God increased each day, so did her longing to receive Him. And still neither the Mother Superior nor her confessor dared give her permission. But God was preparing to make known His will in His own way. One morning at Mass, when

with one another, and of course the noblemen were at all times ready to defend their homes. Imelda's father, whose name was Egnano, was one of the great lords of Italy and had been governor of some of its principal cities, so of course his castle was always filled with soldiers and officers. But he was as good as he was warlike, and his wife, Castora, was just as pious as he was. Instead of being spoiled by riches and power, they never forgot that they owed it all to God. So in their great castle they served him as faithfully as if they had been poor peasants.

"Perhaps it was because Egnano and his wife were so pious that God rewarded them by sending them their sweet little daughter—Imelda. Even as a tiny baby she was so beautiful that every one who saw her said that she seemed more like an angel than a child of earth. When she was only a few days old she was baptized Mary Magdalene, but she had hardly been brought home from the church when her father and mother changed her name to Imelda—which in Italian means 'sweet as honey.' And she was as sweet as she was beautiful. Indeed, it was the loveliness of her disposition even more than her beauty that made her the idol of every one. But somehow she was always favored from other children—small and delicate-looking with a certain something in her face which set her apart from them all."

"Just as soon as she was able to walk her mother began to take her to the nearest church, and there more than ever she showed her love for God. She was never restless or troublesome, like most children of her age, but would sit perfectly quiet, her hands clasped, looking towards the tabernacle as if she realized who it was that lived behind the closed door. As she grew older, she used to steal off to the church at every opportunity to talk to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, just as freely as you children talk to your dear mother."

"Of course such strange conduct in a mere baby attracted much attention, and many a time the great lords and ladies who happened to be visiting the castle would secretly follow her to watch her as she knelt with radiant face before the altar. When she was about six years old, becoming conscious of the notice she was receiving, she begged her father to build for her a little chapel in an out-of-the-way corner of the castle grounds where she might pray without attracting attention."

THE CATHOLIC'S WORK IN THE WORLD

The present day is often spoken of as the age of the lay apostolate. Nevertheless, while the need of lay co-operation in promoting the interests of the Church is everywhere intensely felt, the complaint is no less universally heard that the laity are not responding sufficiently to the great call of the Church in our century. Energy and good will can be found in abundance, but practical direction is sadly needed. Hardly a more pressing want has existed in the Catholic literature of our day than a book which could supply this guidance, which would not merely be directive in every field of Catholic lay enterprise, but might rightly motivate and stimulate it, while at the same time suggesting the supernatural means which alone can give it true success.

It is not too much to say that this book has now been supplied. "The Catholic's Work in the World," by Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J., will be found to cover the ground most effectively. The reverend author, who is associate editor of America, and lecturer on social history in the Fordham University School of Sociology and Social Service, has treated the subject in an eminently practical and definite way, steering clear of all fads and fancies, and keeping a straight course to his goal. The volume should be secured and studied by every Catholic layman and woman as a complete guide-book of Catholic lay enterprise. Yet it is equally important as a practical aid in the hands of our priests, teachers, and religious in their efforts to encourage and direct the apostolic undertakings of the Catholic laity. Incidentally it will serve to enkindle in their own hearts, by the grace of God, the fires of apostolic zeal and arouse them to a fuller realization of the Catholicity of the Catholic Church.

Parish priests will find in the book a means of awakening a spirit of co-operation in their parishes. Teachers in seminaries, colleges, and academies can utilize it to bring home the duties, responsibilities and glorious opportunities of the Catholic laity in our century. The book is entirely modern and the result of years of careful and specialized study along the various lines of the lay apostolate. Full account is therefore taken of all modern conditions in the civic, judicial, social, economic and educational fields of today. The volume will serve likewise as a manual for Catholic organizations and sodalities, and is suited as a mission book to perpetuate in every Catholic home the Catholic spirit of the lay apostolate.

The book, an attractive volume of two hundred and eighty six pages, is brought out by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, or THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. The price is \$1.00 postpaid.

TREMENDOUS VALUE OF THE MASS

At the hour of death the Masses you have heard will be your greatest consolation.

Every Mass will go with you to judgment and plead for pardon.

At every Mass you can diminish the temporal punishment due to your sins, more or less, according to your fervor.

Assisting devoutly at Mass you render to the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord the greatest homage.

He supplies for many of your negligences and omissions. He forgives you all the venial sins which you never confessed. The power of Satan over you is diminished. You afford the souls in purgatory the greatest possible relief.

One Mass heard during your life will be of more benefit to you than many heard for you after your death. You are preserved from many dangers and misfortunes which would otherwise have befallen you. You shorten your purgatory by every Mass.

Every Mass wins for you a higher degree of glory in heaven. You receive the priest's blessing, which Our Lord ratifies in heaven. You kneel amidst a multitude of holy angels, who are present at the adorable sacrifice, with reverential awe.

You are blessed in your temporal goods and affairs. When we hear Mass and offer the Holy Sacrifice in honor of any particular saint or angel, thanking God for favors He bestowed on him, we afford him a great degree of honor, joy, and happiness, and draw his special love and protection on us.

Every time we assist at Mass, we should, besides our other intentions, offer it in honor of the saint of the day.—Selected.

HE SURRENDERED

Rev. Martin Scott, S. J., affords an example of the facility with which a zealous priest improves an opportunity to sow the seed of faith. Writing in The Catholic Convert, he relates the following experience:

"Recently I was instrumental in the conversion of a Protestant by reference to some of the matters which are now transpiring in connection with the War. This man was rabid on the point of using his own reason as guide in religious matters. I told him that I fully agreed with him, that God had given him his reason for that purpose."

"But," I added, "your reason tells you that Jesus Christ is God, that He established a Church and that He promised to be with it always. You may use your reason as much as you wish in examining into that fact, but once established, your reason plainly tells you that what God says is true, and it is your duty to believe, not to discuss. Once God speaks your judgment must acquiesce."

"He seemed convinced but not persuaded. It was hard to renounce that dear private judgment, so flattering to poor human nature. Knowing, however, that he was an extreme pacifist before the present war, but that immediately after the declaration of war by Congress he dropped his, until then, legitimate view, I said to him:

"My dear man you have surrendered your judgment on the word of Congress; why should you not do the same on the word of God? This seemed to stun him, but it had its effect, for soon after he came to request admission into the Church."

HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE

A lawyer was in an elevator with some men he did not know when a big fellow among them began swearing. He used the name of God wickedly and loosely, and seemed to think nothing of it.

The lawyer touched his arm, and said quietly, "I wouldn't do that if I were you." Instantly the man stopped, looked troubled, and then exclaimed, "You're right, you're right! I shouldn't do that. I just don't think what I am saying." And then the two had a pleasant talk together.

That same lawyer had made his habit for years to speak to swearing men when he could. If a man is using the name of Jesus or God roughly, he says to the man, "Please don't do that; you're speaking of a Friend of mine." And he has never met with anyone who did not listen to him as a gentleman should. It is one way he has of testifying to his love for his Lord and Saviour.

That kind of work can be done by man or boy. Some young college boys were having a class supper. One of the fellows started a coarse song to the tune of a hymn. Others joined in. Then one boy who wasn't known to be especially religious jumped up and called out, "None of that, fellows! No sacrilege here! We can have a good time, but none of that!"

He sat down; the song faded away and stopped, and then, without a word, something else was taken up. There was no offense. It was just the clean, manly thing to do, and the crowd knew it.—Exchange.

PROTESTANTS EDIFIED

CATHOLIC MAN MADE SACRIFICES TO ATTEND SUNDAY MASS

"I was out on a vacation once on a fishing trip," relates a Protestant business man. "There were four of us in the party, and one was a Catholic. When Sunday came our Catholic friend got up at 4 a. m., walked a mile to the station to catch a passing train at 5 a. m., which brought him to a town about ten miles distant, where there was a Catholic church, and there he heard Mass, returning later in the day."

"When I made the remark that he could plead a legitimate excuse for neglecting divine service under the circumstances, he replied that it was not any sense of obligation that was

Capital Trust Corporation Limited

Authorized Capital \$2,000,000

'A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY'

Is the best condition a man can be in when making his Will, but no condition of mind or body can excuse a man for delay in making a proper provision for those dependent on him. Name this Company your Executor and your wishes will be carefully fulfilled.

WRITE FOR OUR BOOKLET "The Will That Really Provides"

OFFICES:

10 Metcalfe St. Ottawa, Ont.

Board of Directors

PRESIDENT M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew VICE PRESIDENTS Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa Hon. J. Lyons, Ottawa R. P. Gough, Toronto A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa

A. E. Provost, Ottawa Hon. R. G. Beasley, Halifax J. E. Brown, Toronto E. Fabre-Survery, K. C. Montreal Hugh Dolney, Montreal F. W. Telford, N. P. Bromptonville Arthur Fortand, Halleybury J. B. Dunford, Ottawa Edward Cass, Winnipeg T. P. Phelan, Toronto W. H. McArthur, Ottawa Gordon Grant, C. E. Ottawa Michael Connolly, Montreal W. J. Popow, ex-M. P. Montreal Lieut.-Col. D. R. Strain, Ottawa P. V. Byrnes, Hamilton Managing Director: B. G. Connolly Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Pennfather



We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

ASTHMA COUGHS

WHOPPING COUGH SPASMODIC CRUP BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

Est. 1879 A simple safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Used with success for 35 years. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene is invaluable to mothers of sick young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma. Send us postal for descriptive booklet. Sold by all druggists. VAPOR-CRESOLINE CO., Leaning Tower Bldg., New York



WANTED

All kinds of

Furs

Highest prices paid. Ship to us at once. We pay the express.

Revillon Freres

134 McGill Street MONTREAL

The World's Largest Fur House

Price List and Shipping Tags sent on application.

Minimize the Fire Peril

BY USING

EDDY'S

Chemically Extinguishing "Silent 500s"

THE MATCHES WITH "NO AFTERGLOW"

EDDY is the only Canadian maker of these Matches, every stick of which has been treated with a chemical solution which positively ensures the match becoming dead wood once it has been lighted and blown out.

Look for the words "Chemically self-extinguishing" on the box.

HOTEL CUMBERLAND

NEW YORK, Broadway at 54th Street



Broadway cars from Grand Central Depot

7th Avenue cars from Penn's Station

New and Fireproof

Strictly First-Class—Rates Reasonable

Rooms with Adjoining Bath \$1.50 up

Rooms with Private Bath \$2.00 up

Suites \$4.00 up

10 Minutes Walk to 40 Theatres

Send for Booklet

HARRY P. STIMSON

Only New York Hotel Window-Screened Throughout

WELL WORTH READING

Of Cardinal Newman's work on "The Idea of a University." Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, M. A., says: "Let me say that of all the books written in these hundred years there is perhaps none you can more profitably thumb and ponder than 'The Idea of a University.' It has missed to be appraised at its true worth. The book is so wise—so eminently wise—as to deserve being bound by the young student of literature for a frontlet on his brow, and a talisman on his writing wrist."

No beauty can come without time and trouble. Even the flower which seems to bloom without effort has lain long underground in the shape of the seed, which perished before it could be born. Nor is it otherwise with souls. To endure injustice without answering back with hatred, to endure grief without having the spirit broken, to endure disappointment and yet to go cheerfully on—these things make character.

GILLETT'S LYE

HAS NO EQUAL

It not only softens the water but doubles the cleansing power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Full information and services free regarding the Canadian Victory War Loan at any Office of the Home Bank.

Loans advanced to individual subscribers at a moderate rate of interest.

Branches and Connections Throughout Canada

LOCAL OFFICES:
LONDON DELAWARE ILDERTON KOMOKA
LAWRENCE STATION MELBOURNE THORNDALE

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED AT ONCE HOLDING A 1st and 2nd class certificate; able to teach both French and English. Salary \$550 per year. Apply to Joseph Gascon, Sec. Treas., Keswatin, Ont. 2038-4

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED
WANTED HOUSEKEEPER FOR A PRIEST in one of the cities of the Detroit, Mich. diocese. Must furnish references as to character. Address, The Catholic Pastor, Belding, Mich. 2015-4f

HOME WORK

WOULD YOU LIKE \$1 OR \$2 DAILY AT HOME, knitting war socks on Auto Knitters? Experience unnecessary. Send 3c. stamp, Dept. 216 C, Auto Knitter Company, College St., Toronto

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION
The St. Vincent de Paul Society of Hamilton has nine children for adoption—one girl and eight boys. The boys are aged from two to seven years, and the girl's age two years and nine months. Children are for adoption in the Province of Ontario only. Full information may be had from Mr. M. J. Forster, agent of St. Vincent de Paul Society, 205 Walnut St. South, Hamilton, Ont. 2034-4

MAID WANTED

MAID WANTED FOR CATHOLIC INSTITUTION. Good wages. No kitchen work. Apply Box T, CATHOLIC RECORD, 2037-3

CATHOLIC CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION
FOUR CHILDREN, TWO BOYS, AGE SIX and three years, and two girls, age seven and four years. These children are brothers and sisters, and it would be most desirable to have them placed in pairs if possible. They are extraordinarily fine, healthy, nice looking children, blue eyes and fair complexion. Applications received by Wm. O'Connor, Children's Branch, 149 University Ave., Toronto. 2036-4

A CANADIAN REPLIES TO MR. KENSIT

Sir,—Regarding the "Great War Lecture" given by Mr. J. A. Kensit at the Palace Pier, may I be permitted to say through the medium of The Observer, that Mr. Kensit here reaches the acme of absurdity?

To even attempt to try and prove that the Vatican was directly responsible for the tragedy of blood and tears is to my way of thinking the highest point of bigoted passion and clumsy prejudice.

The arguments used by Mr. Kensit to back up his latest onslaught against Her, in whose temples dwells the Everlasting Presence, may be very clever and subtle, and well calculated to deceive those who have never caught a full vision of the historic Church, or of Her world-wide and age-long mission to the human race—but they would not deceive the most simple Catholic school-boy; and I can assure Mr. Kensit that the task of bringing about Her death and ruin is indeed a forlorn hope.

Nearly all generations have tried their strength against the Church Catholic, and they have tried their strength in vain. Does Mr. Kensit think he can succeed where the Roman Emperors failed? To Her enemies she answers, in the words of Monsignor Dupanloup:

"Before Hapsburg, or Bourbon, or Romanoff, or Brunswick or Hohenzollern—before Bonaparte or Carignan, I was old; for I have seen the Caesars and the Antonines die; tomorrow I will be, for I am ever the same."

The Catholic Church is "a thing unkillable." She is, what she has claimed in every age to be, the great teacher and satisfier of the human soul, and in the calm fulfillment of Her eternal destiny she fears nothing but treads the path marked out for Her by the hand of Her Divine Founder; and she will continue to tread that path to the end of time.

In a word, the Catholic Church, the age long guardian of the very highest interests of the human race, stands today as she has stood across the centuries, supremely loyal to her destiny; the Cross, her symbol, endures, in spite of the furious waves that dash around it, the everlasting emblem of redemption and of true civilization.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH, C. E. F.
Sandling, Kent, England.

PROTESTANT MINISTER LAUDS THE CHURCH

PRaises ITS INSTITUTIONS AND ENVIES CATHOLICS THEIR SYMBOL, THE CROSS

Rev. James L. Gordon of the First Congregational Church at Washington, D. C., preached a sermon last Sunday morning on "The Catholic Church from the Viewpoint of a Protestant Minister; its History and Splendid Co-operation During the Present War." "I have seen fit at times to criticize the Pope's peace note to the Allied Governments," Rev. Mr. Gordon said. "My sermon this morning is to call attention to many excellent features of the Roman Catholic Faith."

"Catholics have already shown how loyal they can be to the country during these times of strife. They are just as loyal to their Church and we can learn many lessons from them."

"I like the prominence given the crucifix in their services, their mother of God idea as an expression of the heart side, the devotion of the laity shown in their attendance at all services; their confessional, which I firmly believe should find a place in some form or other among their creeds, and I envy the Catholics their symbol, the Cross."—The Echo.

BATTALIONS ARE JUST LIKE CHUMS

HOW QUEBEC AND NOVA SCOTIA UNITS HAVE STUCK TOGETHER FROM THE FIRST

Montreal, Oct. — Canadian battalions, while in training or at the front, frequently form friendly associations, like friends or chums. Two close friends in the trenches are the 25th Nova Scotia Battalion and the 22nd French-Canadian Battalion.

These two units, both highly distinguished on active service, left for overseas together on the Saxonia on May 20, 1915. They went through their training together and they went into the trenches at the same time. When the great advance to the attack came at Courcellette, almost as one unit there sprang from the Allied trenches this heroic Quebec battalion and their firm friends from Nova Scotia.

It is regarded here as a good omen of future harmonious relations between the various sections of Canada that these close friendships have been formed so often between Canadian corps from widely-separated parts of the Dominion.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

One of the paradoxes of the War is that it has strengthened the moral and religious spirit and the belief in immortality in spite of the fact that war is opposed to religion and civilization and drags men down to the level of brutal savagery. Recent books such as those of Sir Oliver Lodge on his son fallen on the field of honor, and several of H. G. Wells's recent works show how the sacrifice of millions of lives on the battlefield is turning the thoughts of men towards the solution of life's darkest enigmas.

In this crisis the constant teaching of the Church from the beginning on prayer for the dead is of the deepest consolation to countless bereft and grief-stricken souls in every land who are mourning for the sound of a voice that has vanished and the clasp of a hand that is still. The doctrine of Purgatory responds to the best instincts of human nature and belongs to the teaching of the communion of saints. Its deep truth and significance may be soon borne home to us when the honor lists come back from beyond the sea, telling of our brave soldiers who have offered up their lives for freedom.

The Church prays especially during the month of November for the holy souls who have gone before us with the sign of faith, as our Holy Mother does not forget her children present or absent. She considers that the dead live in Christ the first fruits of those who sleep. Moreover, if some of them have not yet reached the fullness of holiness and their final destiny in Heaven, but are undergoing purification for their sins, they can be helped by our prayers and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as we are still joined to them in the communion of saints and can assist them by our meritorious works.

Prayers for the dead are a part of Catholic faith from the very beginning of Christianity as we can see

ORDER YOUR ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER YOUR Artificial Flowers before the Christmas rush. Our staff of thirty skilled flower-makers are always busy. Carnations, 15, 20, 30 cts. a doz.; June roses 40 cts. a doz.; American Beauty Roses, 40 cts. a doz.; Shaded Roses 75 cts. a doz.; Violets, 40 cts. a doz.; bunches of Mums, 50 cts. a doz.; Xmas Bells, 5, 10, 15 cts.; Poinsettias 50 cts. a doz. Special prices to the trade. Send your orders to us. Hranford Artificial Flower Co., Hranford, Ont. P. S.—All charges paid by us. 2038-2

MEMORIAL WINDOWS STAINED GLASS

ENGLISH ANTIQUE LYN GLASS CO.

141-5 CHURCH ST. TORONTO ONT.

FROM THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE TOMBS

in the catacombs and burial places of the early Christians and from their writings.

The classical example of this pious Christian practice is from the "Confessions" of St. Augustine where he records the touching scene of his mother's death at Ostia and how she told her gifted son whom her prayers and tears had converted, to remember her at the altar when she was laid to rest. "The great saint humbly requests his readers to remember the soul of his saintly mother Monica in their prayers."

In the world's hour of suffering and sorrow when myriads of chosen souls are being hurled headlong into eternity, the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory is a source of great consolation and encouragement to the bereaved who linger on in this vale of tears. The great theologians of the Church tell us that Purgatory exists and that we can help the holy souls by our prayers, good works and especially by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which applies to these souls the infinite merits of the blood of Christ Who died for our sins. These souls are saved but they have not yet reached their final end which is God, and that gives them pain. We should not forget our beloved faithful departed during this month of November dedicated to the suffering souls in Purgatory, but remember them in our suffrages according to the mind of the Church. They have left us forever and cannot return, but we shall go to them in God's own good time, and before the great white throne God shall wipe away all tears and death shall be no more.—The Monitor.

DIED

CONNOLLY—Nov. 1, 1917, at her late residence, 302 Besserer street, Ottawa, Agnes Martin, beloved wife of John G. Connolly. May her soul rest in peace.

Happy is he who places all his joy and happiness in the holy words and works of God, who thus leads others to His holy love.

A REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS PICTURE ON RECEIPT OF 5c BY MONEY ORDER. We will forward to any address in Canada, postpaid, ready for framing, our superb picture of St. Veronica's Napkin—Holy Face of Jesus Christ—size of picture 16x20 inches, exact copy from original painting by Martin the famous painter of religious subjects. Note the remarkable eyes of the Saviour. This picture is of thick crimped, embossed paper, and well appreciated in every Catholic home. Send your order now. Address Catholic Supply Co., Publishers of Religious Pictures, 46 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que. 2039-4

HELP FOR FARMERS
BOYS OF 14 AND UPWARDS, TO ASSIST in farm work, may be had by applying to the Sup't. of St. John's Industrial School, East Toronto, Ont. 2039-1

Charred Wood

By Myles Muredach

An adventure-mystery story of unusual power. You will read it with growing suspense—you will stay with it until you reach its surprising climax.

Fascinating Entertaining Illuminating

AN OPEN SECRET
"Myles Muredach" is the pen-name of Monsignor Francis Clement Kelley, the distinguished American prelate.

\$1.25 Net
Postage 10c. Extra

The Catholic Record LONDON, ONT.

ALL STEEL FIRE PROOF VESTRY CABINET, \$25
To hold your Censers, Charcoal, etc.

MISSION SUPPLIES BEST ON THE MARKET
J. J. M. LANDY
405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

An Ideal Xmas Gift
BEAUTIFUL JEWELLED Gold Plated Rosary \$1

Rosary 19 inches long, and sent in satin lined case. Can be supplied in Amethyst, Sapphire, Topaz and Emerald. Mailed anywhere postpaid on receipt of price.

W. E. Blake & Son, Limited
125 Church St. TORONTO, CANADA

Open the Gates of Happiness For Your Daughter

THE Heart of every bright, wholesome little girl yearns for music. YOUR little girl, too, has this longing. Then why not give her what her heart yearns for? Yours is the privilege to train those little hands and ears to the enjoyment and expression of Music's refining emotions. And the greater your daughter's gift, the more need there is of training her sensitive ear in the mastery of pure, perfect tone. The tone of the

Williams Piano
New Scale
ENDORSED BY GREAT MUSICIANS

is distinguished for its enduring purity, a purity that becomes enriched and mellowed as the years go by. It is the supreme tone quality of the Williams, and its quick responsiveness in translating the emotions of the player, that causes it to be preferred above others by many of the world's most celebrated musicians.

Fill in, sign and mail the coupon and you will receive a handsome Portfolio of Models containing the signed autobiographies of many famous musicians.

THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., LIMITED
Canada's Oldest Piano Makers OSHAWA, ONTARIO

THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO. LTD.
Dept. "A," Oshawa, Ont.
Send me "Art and the Critic" FREE.

Name

Street or R.R.

P.O. Prov.

Your Duty to the Fighting Men

ON the shell-torn fields of Flanders; amid the ruins of devastated France; upon the submarine-infested waters, and among the storm clouds of the sky, men from Canada are doing their duty.

They are doing it willingly, cheerfully. They are sacrificing the joys of home, the companionship of those they love most dearly, denying themselves all comfort, foregoing all thought of material prosperity, laying down their priceless lives—all this so that you may live your life in peace and security and that your hearth and home may remain inviolate.

Your duty—you who are not fighting—is simple. Dedicate your money to the cause of Victory, by buying Canada's Victory Bonds to the limit of your ability. They will be offered commencing next Monday.

Canada must borrow—
Your duty is to lend—
to make your money fight.

"Canada's Victory Loan" All About It

Chairman, Ontario Provincial Committee, Canada's Victory Loan, Toronto

Kindly send to me a copy of pamphlet entitled "Canada's Victory Loan" — All About It.

is the title of a pamphlet that should be in the hands of every man and woman in the country.

Name.....

Street or R.R.....

P.O.....

Province.....

Mail this Coupon → → →
at once and get your copy

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.