

VIATICUM

If you would sing, with faith you must begin,
Faith in the Maker of a world of song.
Who lights the souls that in His flame grow strong,
Making the humblest to the stars akin;
If you would sing, with faith you must begin.
If you would fight with faith you must begin;
Wrestling for justice, not a game with dice;
For faith is duty, faith is sacrifice,
And you must smite the foe as he were sin;
If you would fight, with faith you must begin.
If you would love, with faith you must begin,
Faith in a love immortal, infinite,
Showering its gifts till earth is manna white,
Waiting the Heaven Death shall usher in;
If you would love, with faith you must begin.

—GEORGE NOBLE FLUNKETT

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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It is only now that the complete and particularized details of the Irish rural council elections have reached here, so that we are able to supplement previous rough estimates by exact figures, which eloquently contrast the Unionist representation in rural Ireland, with the Nationalist. Out of a complete total of two hundred and six rural councils in Ireland, one hundred and eighty-five have given their allegiance to Dall Eiseann, and nineteen out of the two hundred and six are in favor of the British connection. Out of a total of three thousand four hundred and twenty-seven Councillors elected three thousand and forty-one are Nationalist and just three hundred and eighty-six, 11.3 per cent, Unionist.

In Carson's province of Ulster out of a total of eight hundred and ninety-two rural Councilors elected, the Nationalists (Sinn Fein Republican labor, and old Redemptive combined) secured just four hundred and ninety seats, the Unionists three hundred and seventy-six. (The remaining twenty-six are composed of eight independents, and eighteen Laborites). Consequently in the province of Ulster which the Orange howlers have led the world to believe was their own private garden, the Unionists have only secured 42.2 per cent of the total rural council representation. In the rural representation of all Ireland they secured only three hundred and eighty-four seats out of three thousand four hundred and fifty-seven, which is just 11.3 per cent.

If there any great cause being striving for in any country in the world in which only 11.3 per cent of the population is in opposition we have yet to learn of it. When we recall that in the American fight for independence 38 per cent of the population was in opposition, we can well appreciate the unanimity that obtains in Ireland. If, in the American fight for independence, any one had proposed that one third of the country should be cut off from the other two thirds, and given to the pro-British Tories, who strove against their country's freedom, all true Americans would have boiled with indignation. Yet today a number of sapient statesmen say that it is only fair and just that one quarter of Ireland should be cut off from the remainder, and given over to the rule of the 11 per cent, who maintained that their country ought to remain enslaved.

The Irish emigration statistics for the last quarter are interesting—especially in regard to Ulster, whose people are emigrating faster than any others. 2,397 people emigrated from Ireland in that time—only a fraction of the numbers who used to emigrate in the same time, some seven or eight years ago. Two thirds of them came to the United States. The items of emigration taken by provinces, is this:

From Ulster.....	1,096
From Connaught.....	593
From Leinster.....	609
From Munster.....	209

Throughout Ireland at the present time, it is looked upon as a desertion of his country for a young man to emigrate. This feeling also holds, though to less extent in the case of girls. Cultivated public opinion upon the subject, then, is bearing very good fruit, and holding at home very many who would otherwise have rushed from Ireland.

Following accounts of doings in Ireland, as reported in various Irish papers, the humor of one particular situation stands out. In the accounts of the Assizes that are now being held in the various parts of Ireland, the reports almost invariably show that preparations are made by the arrival first of a regiment of

English soldiers, with machine guns, bombs, trench helmets, and lorry loads of barbed wire. Intricate barbed wire entanglements are erected around the court, sand-bag barricades are thrown up, the regiment with trench helmets take their place behind the barricades and entanglements, and then the judges open their court for the day. But, in most cases, the judges lock down upon empty benches. No one comes near them to look for British justice except the few who are brought there by force. About half a mile away in some little ramshackle hall, people who have disputes, grievances, or complaints, who want to recover debts, punish thieves, or fine trespassers, gather together, a few unpaid officials of Sinn Fein take their seats as judges, and in a few hours settle all the disputes and satisfy all the complaints of the district.

Some really classical verdicts have been given by the rough and ready judges that sit in the Sinn Fein court. A brilliant judgment that, if it had been given in ancient Greece by one of the famous legislators would have been immortalized for all time, and would be read about in all the school books today—was given recently in a County Galway Sinn Fein court. Two brothers, who, for some years past, had been in violent dispute over the division of their deceased father's farm, and who could not come to an agreement, had their case brought before the local Sinn Fein court, two weeks ago. After both sides and their witnesses had been heard, and it had been shown that although arbitrators who had been called in, had three times made division of the land, one or other of the brothers was always dissatisfied with the division, and would not agree to accept his share. The presiding judge ordered that the elder brother should now divide the land in any two parts that he chose—and after brother was to take his first choice. If he had made the division of a more or less brilliant method of getting a fair division, and one that must satisfy both sides, we should like to meet that genius.

In the three counties of Ulster, Monaghan, Cavan and Donegal which Carson and his Ulster Unionist Council had agreed to drop—to let go with the rest of Ireland, while the six north-eastern counties should have their own Parliament, the revolt against Carson and Carsonites by the Orangemen of these three counties, who consider themselves deserted, is growing stronger. By the solemn covenant which Carson introduced, and had all Orangemen in Ireland swear to, seven years ago, they undertook to stand or fall together. Now "The Broken Covenant of the parjured Carson" is the Slogan of the deserted Orangemen. They have held a big meeting at Carran in County Monaghan, at which the leaders of the deserted Orangemen did some plain speaking. Rev. J. C. Taylor of Maguire's Bridge called Carson and his Belfast Lieutenants a pack of cowards who had first used them, and then sacrificed and thrown them to the wolves. Mr. Knight, County Monaghan's Grand Master of the Orange Order, told them they could no longer rely upon Carson and his fellow-howlers, but must rely upon themselves. The Deputy Lieutenant for Monaghan, Lieutenant Colonel Matthew went further than any of them, however, laid out Carson in a most handsome manner, and called him a legal quibbler, as well as a coward, and gave to his fellow-Orangemen the covenant. "We want no more of them," he said. "If the Belfast-men get their own Parliament and that the Sinn Feiners get a Parliament for the rest of Ireland, we shall join with the Southern Parliament; we shall owe our allegiance to it, and do our part in every way to carry it on for the benefit of the country. It's a healthy thing for these Orangemen to have their eyes opened and begin seeing things in the true light. It would be rather an unhealthy thing for Sir Edward Carson at the present time to pay a visit to his Orange brethren in any of the three counties that he has 'thrown to the wolves.'"

For purpose of comparison with the H. C. L. here, I asked a friend in Ireland to furnish me with present prices of commodities there. I had been aware that prices had jumped enormously—but was startled to find just how enormously they had skyrocketed. The figures are eloquent. I set them down here—with the old price first. I give the price in pence. One English penny used to be the equivalent of two American cents.

Flour, per stone 21p., now 48p.
Oat-mesh, per stone 24s., now 60p.
Corn meal, per stone 10p., now 48p.
Potatoes, 8p., now 20p.
Tee, 12s. per lb., now 48p.
Sugar, 2p. per lb., now 15p.
Two-lb loaf, 3p., now 7p.
Mutton and beef, 8p., now 22p.
Irish Bacon, 10p., now 38p.
Butter, 9p., now 42p.
Milk, 1p. per quart, now 5p.
Eggs, 1p. for 2, now 8p.
Onions, 1p. for 2 lbs., now 6p.
Soap, 8p., now 11p.

Candles, 3 for 1p., now 10p.
Matches, 1p., now 8p.
Petroleum, 6p. per gallon, now 32p.
Rice, 2p. a lb., now 9p.
Spool of thread, 1p., now 8p.
Salt, 1p., now 8p.
Blacking, 1p., now 8p.
Broom, 10p., now 60p.
Men's suits 3 pounds, now 7 to 8 pounds.

From the above it will be seen that old prices have in most cases multiplied by three and by four. So, people on this side of the water should cheer up. There's worse to come.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

LABOUR DECLARES FOR IRELAND

"LEADERS" FALSE TO PRINCIPLE ARE SHIRKERS AND COWARDS

Labour is sound on Ireland. Whatever may be coverings and shiverings of some Labour leaders, or of an occasional Labour candidate like the gentleman who recently bore the Labour banner in Nelson, the great bulk of the rank and file of the Labour movement in England is sound on the Irish question. At Scarborough it has shown the courage, sincerity and depth of its sentiment by an unqualified recognition of Irish Self-Determination in the fullest sense of the word, and of its readiness to accept and concur in whatever sequel such recognition may entail.

No other course is open to any democrat. AN INEXORABLE ALTERNATIVE Either you must recognize that the people of a country have the right to choose their own form of government, or you are driven to the Tory position that no people has any such right. You must either leave Ireland free to choose her own course or you must impose on Ireland a course chosen by England for Ireland. There is no logical halfway house between despotism and self-determination.

LABOUR IN REALITY Labour has its shirkers and its cowards. It has its lackards, like the Nelson candidate, who while mouthing about self-government really means by that, so far as Ireland is concerned, some method of government imposed on Ireland by England and labelled by England as self-government. Such men at heart are Tories. Their real belief in the theory of government is the Tory belief of a benevolent autocracy. This drives them to one of two positions. They are obliged to say "Ireland does not really know so well as we do the form of government which is for her good, or they may fall back on the base of making English aggression their first consideration and saying to Ireland—"With us, English interests come before Irish rights. Ireland may have a right to self-government, but separation from England would be to England's detriment, and therefore Ireland must remain 'within the Empire,' so that English interest is maintained at the cost of Irish suffering and the sacrifices of Irish liberty."

LABOUR LEADS ITS "LEADERS" The rank and file of Labour, however, show no such recalcitrance. They clearly recognize what self-determination means, and they are prepared to see its application made unreservedly in Ireland. They long for "leaders." From branches of the Labour movement in all parts of England resolutions were forwarded to the Scarborough Conference expressing "whole heart" adoption of self-determination for Ireland.

FALACIOUS FEARS AND HOPES The Labour leaders who are disposed to trim and whittle down in regard to Ireland adopt such an attitude from a fear and a hope which alike are groundless. Their fear is that the British electorate will never entrust Ministerial power to a party which would consent to the severance of Ireland's present relations with the British Empire; their hope is that they may attain to power if they soothe and placate in England the "vote" which in England by its peculiar motions places and displaces Ministers. Such Labour leaders are either devoid of principle or they stifle it. They would far just as well reach the Treasury Bench as quickly if they acted rigidly up to the instincts of the masses of the Labour movement and acted honestly and courageously with regard to Ireland.

THE SCARBOROUGH DECISION The Scarborough Conference has left no room for dubiety. If Labour leaders are to retain the trust and loyalty and obedience of the Labour masses they must play the game. And Labour at Scarborough has unmistakably declared upon which horse it is going to put its money. It has declared unhesitatingly and unequivocally for Irish Self-Determination.—Catholic Herald.

WAGE SYSTEM MUST GO

CARDINAL LOGUE CALLS ON CLERGY TO STUDY SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND STAND BY THEIR PEOPLE

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

Dublin, July 24.—Technically in a state of anarchy—that is, bereft of established authorities—Ireland has given another proof of her innate sense of order, which has caused such amazement among the political thinkers of the Continent. On Friday, July 2, owing to the refusal of the Freeman's Journal to accept a democratic advertisement, a printers' strike was suddenly projected and the nation found itself without its leading newspaper, the whole Dublin press having gone out of existence. That evening the voice of a Catholic democrat, Cardinal Griffin, raised his voice, directing his words toward the workers, he said it would be a national calamity if the country in its present crisis were left without authoritative news. Regardless of the merits of the case he called on the men to return to work immediately and submit to arbitration. Obdient to the instinct of Catholic duty, the printers were back at their posts that night.

CARDINAL LOGUE'S ADVICE

"The destinies of the country, spiritual and temporal, depend more on unity between the clergy and the people than on any other cause whatever."

So said Cardinal Logue in opening the Maynooth Union. Put out of politics by the War, the Union has held its first meeting since 1916. Its object is to enable churchmen, assembling in the scene of their early studies, to exchange views, compare notes, and deliberate on matters for the good of religion and society. Having dwelt on this aspect of its work, Cardinal Logue declared:

"If ever there was a time when it was good for the pastors and those charged with the spiritual welfare of the Irish nation to meet each other and survey the vast acreage of endeavor and opportunity that awaits them, that time is now. Unless we deeply feel the people's temporal interests how can we achieve their spiritual good? Love of country is a virtue. It is for us to make that virtue supernatural by keeping it in harmony with the eternal code of Christian justice. If expediency seems to dictate anything contrary to God's law we must at whatever sacrifice be the enemy of that expediency."

WAGE SYSTEM MUST GO

Since the War, social conflict has reappeared with aggravated intensity. The conditions which have produced it will have to be held in abey until society is as it should be preserved. This was the thesis expounded to the Union by the Rev. J. Killebr, S. T. L. St. John's College, Waterford, who examined the whole question of social reconstruction. Describing the conditions that menace society, he said that by degrading working men had been delivered, helpless and isolated, to the hard-heartedness of employers and the greed of unchecked competition. The mischief had been increased by the rapacious luxury of financiers. To these evils was added the custom of doing work by large contracts, which concentrated many branches of business in the hands of a few individuals.

It followed as a dreadful consequence that "a small number of very rich men had been able to lay upon the trembling masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."

Suddenly breaking off his recital of the woes of the masses, Father Killebr exclaimed—"What is the remedy?" He gave a remarkable answer to his own question.

"We should not shrink from the application of Catholic social principles, however startling or revolutionary these may appear to persons long accustomed to prevailing circumstances. We must make up our minds that the wage system has to go. The wage system is degenerate and Socialism to restrict ownership. The worker must be made a partner, so that he may get a proper share of the income earned by his work."

ORDER BEING KEPT BY WORKERS

Father Bursage said the fact that a man had gone to a college or university did not mean that he had a higher sense of justice than the man who might be found driving a cart along the road. They all knew that very often training in a university had taught men to sell countries—not to speak of smaller thefts. At the present time who were enforcing law and order in Ireland? Was it the higher classes? Were they able to arrest a drunken man or recover even a stolen bicycle? Order was being kept by the true sense of justice and fair play in maintaining the peace of the country. Monsignor Lynch, Salford, England, recalled that years ago he had advocated the establishment of Maynooth of a chair of social science.

This year the Union celebrated its silver jubilee. Among its founders was Archbishop Mannix. It originated the Irish Catholic Youth Society and the Archdiocesan Irish Society, and opened up fields of labor for men of all tastes—whether religious, national, social, economic or historical. By moulding public opinion it did its part in the fight for university education, industrial development, language revival, co-operation and temperance.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE DERRY BATTUE

MURDERERS AND TROOPS FRATERIALIZED WITH THEM

Mr. Denis Henry, K. C., M. P., the British Attorney General for Ireland, expressed some doubts in the House of Commons last week as to the origin of the riots in Derry, and attempted to attribute the tragedy by referring to it as "an annual event." Even in the stormy history of Derry City such an episode entailing such frightful loss of life is without parallel during the present century and the preceding one.

Henry is himself a County Derry man (and a Catholic), and he knows perfectly well, and how the riots began and who were the aggressors. The riot began with an attack by Unionists on Nationalist quarters.

In Derry, Unionist and Protestant are convertible terms, as are Catholic and Nationalist. But though inspired by political origin, the massacre was really a religious feud. If Henry himself had been held up on Carlinga Bridge, the Nationalist would not have asked "Are you a Unionist?" but "Are you a Catholic?" And had he answered truthfully, the fate of O'Kane (who on answering the latter question affirmatively was put up against a wall and shot on the spot) would have been that of the cynical Irish Attorney General.

Last week, when the first of the fatalities were reported, we asked where did the Protestants get the arms? The Attorney General has since told us. They got and held them by permission of the Government. Catholics from whom arms were taken by force did not apply for permission to retain them. They knew it would not be granted.

A SECTARIAN MASSACRE

On every side comes proof of the sectarian character of the feud. St. Columba's Catholic College, in the buildings of which the Catholic Bishop of Derry resides, was fired on by the Protestant rioters, and the apartments usually occupied by the Bishop riddled with bullets. The buildings of Nazareth House (an institution exactly identical in character with the Mother House of the same Order in Hammarstrand) were similarly attacked, and in the dormitory of its orphanage a child of eight was shot dead.

Suppose the Protestant Bishop of Derry or in any part of Ireland were so attacked, or a Protestant orphanage brought under fire, how the welkin would ring in England with indignation at the atrocity!

DIRTY PRESS SUPPRESSION

An Irish newspaper writing of the press reports of the outrages exposes the dirty game of the English Tory press:

"An abominable aspect of the terrible feud through which the city is passing is the shamelessly distorted and lying reports that are being sent out about occurrences in the news agencies and the English papers. For example, when Catholics are shot in the street, as five or six of them have been, the fact that they are Catholics is concealed, and the report is so concocted as to give the impression that the murder of these men is the work of Sinn Fein criminals, whereas it is done by Unionist snipers. On the other hand, when Protestants fall victims, the fact that they are Unionists is blazoned forth, and Sinn Feiners are at once accused of being the murderers."

MILITARY BUFINENESS

Then the action and inaction of the military calls for explanation. Called to put down disorder, the troops apparently did but little. At length opportunity of pretext arose for turning a machine gun on the desolate Catholic citizens, whose only crime was the attempt to defend their lives. "The Unionists fraternized with the troops." Of course they did. And the troops by their inaction gratified the Orange hooligans and murderers with whom they "fraternized."

A PRIEST HELD UP

In the course of the outbreak a priest was held up in the streets and searched by the military, who deprived him of the arms he bore in self defence. A Belfast paper reports the incident: "The Presbytery was attacked, and Father O'Neill telephoned for assistance without avail. He and three other priests who were in the Presbytery were held up and made a run for safety, taking with them ammunition which the civilians had to defend

the Presbytery if the necessity arose. They were met by the military, and the ammunition being found on them, they were taken to the police barracks and the civilians detained. Father O'Neill was escorted back to the Presbytery, and removed valuable and locked the place up. No charge was made against him."

No disarmament of Protestants is reported. They are "loyal" (says the Attorney General). They retain their arms—and use them. "The troops fraternized with the Unionists" while.

RECAPITULATION

Let us recapitulate the outlines of the event: (1) The trouble began with a rifle attack by the Protestants on the Catholic quarter, unprovoked and inescapable. Five Catholics were shot dead right out of hand.

(2) The rioting proceeded. Troops were brought. Their presence proved ineffectual to restore peace. They "fraternized with the Unionists." Those Unionists were busy holding up wayfarers with the question—"Are you a Catholic?" and, as in the case of O'Kane, murdering on the spot any who answered affirmatively.

(3) The Catholic College and Bishop's residence were attacked and the Bishop's rooms riddled with bullets. "The Unionists (no doubt in less busy moments) fraternized with the troops."

(4) A Catholic orphanage, Nazareth House, was fired on and a "Papist rebel"—of eight—done to death by the Orange "braves." Still the only report of military activity was that a machine gun had been turned on the Catholics.

(5) In all eighteen Catholics were shot dead.

CUSTOMARY COMMONPLACE

The episode, tragic as it has been, will not be without its compensations. For it shows the world that the "law-abiding" Protestants of Ulster, so far from being the cowardly innocents, living in dread of Nationalist attack, are—as far as Derry shows the example—a ferocious mob of dastardly cowards, ready for murder and rapine so long as they (and they only) have a plenitude of arms left in their "loyal" possession by a complaisant Government, while their Catholic fellow-citizens are disarmed by the same Government and left at the mercy of the Orange lams.

To some Englishmen such a position may seem amazing and incredible. To Catholics in Ulster it is a condition of matters

"Shrunk by usage, staled by custom, into commonest commonplace."

And that explains why Catholic Ireland instinctively turns in trustful sympathy to Sinn Fein (as it turned to its forerunners), which scorns to look to England for protection or aid, but relies for its defence against such outrage on "ourselves alone."—Catholic Herald.

BELGIAN QUEEN GIVES RARE CHALICE

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

London, July 21.—Queen Elizabeth of Belgium recently visited the Benedictine monks of Maredsous Abbey to present to them a rare work of art, a superb chalice in Gothic style, as a souvenir of her sojourn within the monastery precincts during Holy Week last year. The knob of the chalice is ornamented with fine pearls and around the base are worked several figures in enamel representing the patron saints of different members of the royal family. There is also a delicately wrought filigree work in the shape of shamrocks, the national emblem of Ireland, which appears on the abbot's coat-of-arms.

The Belgian shield holds the place of honor on the base, encircled by chiseled roses symbolizing St. Elizabeth, the Queen's patron. Her Majesty inspected the School of Arts and Crafts attached to the monastery and displayed great interest in the various church ornaments, sculptures, the book binding and the embroidery in the process of execution.

CARSON HAS LOST HIS GRIP

London, Aug. 12.—A dispatch to the Evening News from Dublin reports a "significant split" in the ranks of the followers of Sir Edward Carson, leader of the Irish Unionist party.

It states that a strong deputation of Unionists has gone to London to see Mr. Lloyd George and inform him that a large proportion of their following is prepared to sink their old prejudices and advocate an immediate offer to Ireland of Dominion Home Rule.

Subject to Ireland remaining within the Empire, the message, these men are willing to pledge themselves are willing to pledge work for a united Ireland, with one parliament.

Words often deceive, but deeds show the reality of love.—St. Catherine of Siena

CATHOLIC NOTES

Paris.—At the meeting of the Committee for Assistance to the Devastated Churches of France, just held, it was shown by careful statistics that almost 1,400 French churches were destroyed, 1,250 seriously damaged, and 3,500 stripped of their ornaments during the War.

Washington, July 26.—One of the largest gatherings of Catholics ever seen in Washington, it is believed, will be that at the laying of the foundation stone of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, Sept. 23d. Cardinal Gibbons, in the presence of all the archbishops and bishops of the United States, assembled for the annual conference, will officiate at the ceremonies. The sermon will be preached by Rev. John T. McNicholas, O. P., D. D., Bishop of Duluth, Minn.

Dr. Brauns, a Catholic priest and a member of the German Center Party, has been offered the portfolio of Minister of Labor in the new German Cabinet. It is not yet definitely known whether Dr. Brauns will accept office. Dr. Brauns has played an important part in Catholic social and industrial work, and has long been recognized as one of the leaders of Catholic activity. He is also a director of the Catholic Association of Munich-Gladbach, one of the most active societies for the diffusion of Catholic knowledge in the world.

The Queen's Work for July contains the portraits of twenty-four Catholic Generals of the late War sent in by themselves in answer to the editor's request. Twelve are French and twelve are American. The American Catholic generals are Babbitt, Brewster, Cabel, Dugan, Gordon, Heaver, Johnson, McIntyre, McMahon, J. J. Ryan, J. F. O'Rynn and Winker. The French Catholic generals are Marshall Foch, General de Castelnau, Dailly, d'Esperey, Gouraud, Lebrun, Maegin, Mondesir, Nivale, Pau, Petain and De Ville. They constitute an honor roll that should not be forgotten by Catholic annals.

Speaking in the Spanish language, which he used fluently and in which he delights to talk when the occasion offers, Pope Benedict recently expressed to a group of 160 Spanish pilgrims his strongest hopes that the subversive campaign, signs of which had been seen in Spain, would not get any hold on that Catholic nation. Responding to the address of the leader of the pilgrims, His Holiness who was in Spain for some time with Cardinal Rampolla, spoke of his recollections of his stay in Madrid, recalling, among other things, the ordinary Spanish greeting which includes the name of God.

Responding to an invitation of the Grand Orient of Italy, which had called for an international Masonic Congress to be held in Rome on September 20, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope, William S. Farmer, grand master of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York, has declined to attend. The declination, according to the Rivista Masonica, which carries a report of the incident, is contained in a letter in which Mr. Farmer explains that New York cannot take part in an event the celebration of which "would be a premeditated offense against a great number of our fellow citizens with whom we have, in many matters, common aims."

New York, July 31.—One of the costliest sets of books ever printed and bound in this country arrived in New York last night to be placed on exhibition during the Knights of Columbus convention of the Knights of Columbus to be held in the Commodore Hotel. The books are for the private library of Pope Benedict XV. They are the first copies printed of "Knights of Columbus in Peace and War," the official history of the K. of C., by Maurice Francis Egan and John B. Kennedy. They are bound in white sheepskin and stamped in deep gold with their triple bars and the keys of St. Peter. They will be presented to the Pope by James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight, on August 29, when the K. of C. pilgrimage of 250 will be received at the Vatican.

In 1873 to symbolize the tragedy of a part of Lorraine being torn from France, a piece of the Cross of Lorraine on Zion Hill, near Nancy, was broken off and underneath the breakage was inscribed these words: "It is not forever." The broken piece, which passed into the possession of the people of the annexed Lorraine was carefully preserved in the Chapel at Zion. On St. John's Day, according to a Strasbourg correspondent of the London Times, 15,000 pilgrims from all parts of Alsace, Lorraine, the Vosges, and the breakage was in part in a great religious and patriotic ceremony when the broken piece was once more joined to the Cross, and M. Maurice Barres placed over the cross, decorated with the tricolor, a golden palm presented by the Ladies of Verdun.

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THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

CHAPTER III.

How quickly the days passed after this event. Even to Beatrice they appeared to fly; and the place had suddenly become dear to her. She worked hard at her studies, determined to be successful in them at least; that, she knew, would give pleasure to the dear ones at home. Poor old Mrs. Theresa seldom found fault with her now; and lately when the girl, as of old, tried in her wilful way to make jokes and amuse the old Sister, instead of receiving the usual rebuke, Beatrice would see a tear dimming the kind old eyes, and this affected her more than she cared to own to others. Marie's sweet face was calm and tranquil as the surface of a clear and beautiful lake. True, the days of her happy girlhood was fast fleeting by; and a new life was opening before her; but lately there had often when she heard the thought of all the poverty and misery she had witnessed amongst the poor at home, and she felt quite glad to think of the help and comfort she could soon be to them. And then she was not going to say goodbye to dear St. Benedict's Abbey! Oh no! She had her sweet little sister to console her. She was really more troubled about Madge than about herself just at present. Marie watched her closely, happy judged correctly that some cloud overshadowed the spirit of her friend; for the usually easy going girl, always so equal-tempered and merry, had lately shown a great desire for solitude, and paced rapidly the most secluded walks, engaged to all appearances in deep and anxious reflection, and often she was seen kneeling on the little prie-dieu in front of the sweet picture of the Mother of Sorrows. The fact was frequent of late, and through them all Madge thought she could detect a vein of silent suffering, and little by little the girl felt she was being prepared to find a great and sad change in all that once had constituted her home. As a child she had never troubled herself much about anything, content that others should will and think for her; but now the thought of her delicate, gentle mother suffering—for well she remembered how clearly her mother loved every day of her old home—crossed the feelings of Madge, and brought the unselfish side of her nature uppermost. "I will shield her from sorrow, if possible," she said to herself; "she shall find her little Madge much stronger than she ever dreamt of, and what she loses in others she shall gain in me." A look of quiet determination and energy settled upon her face, and gave new light to her eyes and character to her features. One day towards the end of June, as Marie was walking alone in the garden, she came suddenly upon Beatrice, who, seated upon a low bench, was staring into vacancy, whilst an open letter lay neglected on her knee. On hearing footsteps approach, she looked up suddenly and called, "O Marie, is that you! Do come here a moment and read this." "From whom is it?" said Marie, seating herself. "Suppose you read it to me, Bertie." "It is from my dear brother Percy; he has left college, and is now at home," and taking up the letter, Beatrice read as follows: "Baron's Court, 20th June. "Dear old Bertie,—Here I am back again at the old place, and write to wish my little sister many happy returns of her birthday. Do write soon, and tell me the exact date upon which sweet seventeen is really coming home. It is so dull without you. Reginald is not expected back from India until the first week of July, and there is no one to tease or torment. Daddie does not look as he should do. I cannot quite make out what is wrong with him; but he is not allowed to go out in the night air, and mother talks seriously about his catching cold so easily, and yet he seems in good spirits, and eats well. She looks first-rate, as handsome as ever. I was actually sorry to leave college when the time came, and the Prior has written a glowing account of my many virtues to daddie. Not a word of truth in the whole list of them; for if ever there was a fan or mischief on the go, you bet I was the leader of it; but a fellow would mould without a stir of some sort, and they'll miss me at the old place if it's only for the noise I make. "By the way, 'Lightbound' is too fat, wants exercise, so I gave him a good gallop round the park yesterday, but he does not go as freely as he used to do; but father has bought you a beautiful horse, bay, with black stockings and mane, quite young, and goes like the wind. I long to see you try him, but fear he will beat my homie 'Black Bear.' Do ask the nurse to hurry up and finish the old studies, so that you can come home. I am longing to have fun with you again. Leg is well, and saved one of the tenant's children from drowning the other day. Brave old dog! So he is to be presented with a grand silver collar, and your name is to be engraved upon it. I have so many things to show you, dear Bertie, and am fixing your room up so beautifully for you. Bottles of beetles and other insects and animals in different stages of decomposition,

I have placed so prettily on your shelves. Juno has some lovely puppies, but I ordered Jerry not to destroy any of them until you had decided which you liked the best. Have you grown much? I have. I am five feet ten and a half. It is delightful to think you are not going back to France again. You can have messers at home, and I can teach my little sister myself; she has much to learn yet. Hope your pious little friend Marie is well. I hear that she and another companion are to travel with you as far as London. I shall be there to meet you. Fine fun to see these demure convent-girls together. Suppose you will be pray-ful all the way home. Goodbye, and bless you, my child. Write soon to your loving brother. PERCY DE WOODVILLE. "P. S.—If there is no one to meet your friends in London, I will gladly escort them to Liverpool. You can tell them I am an old married uncle of yours, but young looking for my years." "Saucy boy!" said Marie, laughing. "Many thanks to this aged uncle of yours, but Louis is to meet me in London, and my old servant of Mr. Fitzroy's is to meet Madge, and we are to travel to Liverpool together the next day, so we shall be all right, I trust." "Really it will be delightful to be at home again," resumed Beatrice; "but what does all this mean about dear father? He who was always so strong, dear old daddie! It would break my heart to think that there was anything really serious the matter with him. Why, Marie, you cannot think how dearly he loves me! I believe we understand each other perfectly, and we have exactly the same nature! Reginald, my eldest brother, is two-and-twenty; he is more like my mother, very handsome, very just, and so dignified; full of fun and mischief; but so very kind and tender-hearted. I can persuade him to do anything for me. He and I were almost inseparable before we went to school. Oh, the scrapes he led me into! and father would not allow me to be scolded for them; he always endeavored to shield me from mother who did not approve of her daughter making such exhibitions of herself!" and Beatrice laughed at the memory of some awful tragedies in which she had played a very prominent part. But the laugh quickly died from her lips, and an expression of almost fierce anxiety haunted her eyes, as she seized Marie's hand she exclaimed quickly, "What—oh tell me what you think all this can mean about my father's health! Do you think he can be really ill, Marie? Surely, surely not!" she almost gasped. "Oh no, dear, not seriously ill. Don't get so excited, Bertie; you have turned quite pale. Boys never know how to express themselves properly in a letter. No doubt he has a very bad cold. Read your letter once again and you will see that he sets well and is in good spirits, so he cannot be very bad." Beatrice's little hands trembled as she re-read her brother's letter; a sickening feeling of dread, and fear lest her father's health should be failing, overpowered her, and finding herself unable to endure it, she sprang quickly from her seat, and, crushing the letter in her hand, exclaimed, "Of course you are right, Marie. Percy has explained himself badly. My father is not ill; he must not, he shall not be ill. I cannot endure the thought." There was a willful and reckless tone and expression in the girl's voice and manner which caused her companion to look at her sorrowfully and earnestly; then she too rose, and putting her arm gently through that of Bertie, she said in a low, kind voice: "You should not speak quite in that way, should you, dear? Try and be brave, and school yourself to endure even a thing like this, for sooner or later your father, like every one else, is certain to be ill. Why get into such a state of excitement about it now, when I feel sure there are no grounds for fear or alarm." "I cannot account for the feeling that overcame me, Marie; and you have never known a parent's love and care, can surely never comprehend it! But, O Marie, I love my father so dearly," she said, clasping his hands tightly together, "that if anything happened to him I feel—I know that I should resent it." "Hush! hush, Bertie! I cannot bear to hear you speak in that manner. Come let us seek poor Madge; she says nothing, though her heart is very full, I fear. Have you not observed how much she walks about alone, and what a frightened, anxious expression lurks in her eyes now? I feel quite concerned and sorry for her, poor girl!" "Indeed, I have noticed all that, and more still; her sorrow seems so deep and sacred that I shrink from questioning her about it. Perhaps some money troubles are worrying her parents, and one does not question her ever so delicately upon such private affairs." "No," acquiesced her companion slowly, "but perhaps if we seek her kindly, and speak to her tenderly, she will see how much we feel for her, without our being obliged to tell her so; and that in itself must comfort her a little." And away they went in search of their friend. Jane was over, July already begun. The distribution of prizes was fixed for the sixth, and on the ninth the school must break up.

Beatrice found herself trembling with excitement; her papers had been sent in, but with what result she as yet knew not. It was whispered amongst the children that "the wreath" was won this year; and it did not require much skill to guess who would be the happy possessor of it. Now, the conditions requisite to gain this wreath were so difficult that for any girl to obtain it was a most unusual event. In the first place she must have won the prize for conduct five years in succession; in no single year must her bad marks have exceeded twenty in number; of course, she must be a Child of Mary, and the ballot in her favor from her companions must be unanimous. This much-prized wreath consisted of a filigree silver crown interwoven with delicately traced ivy leaves. It was a beautiful work of art, and was always prized dearly by the happy winner of it. The first prize for music and also that for singing were particularly elaborate this year. Lady Abbess had herself ordered them; perhaps she guessed into whose hands they would fall, and thought they might be useful in after years. They consisted of a numerous and beautiful selection of Beethoven's best sonatas, chiefly bound in thick morocco and gilt, and a similar collection of the best melodies and songs in a corresponding binding. There was a pretty easel, with all its requisites, as a first prize for drawing; and for languages, the reward consisted of a large and beautiful musical box in rosewood. Many and numerous were the other prizes, and well worth the winning; for Lady Abbess was proud of her children, and loved to encourage them when they had striven to do their best. All too rapidly for some of our little friends the 6th of July arrived. The handsome old classroom presented almost an imposing appearance, decked as it was with lovely ferns and plants. At the farthest end of it there was a raised platform, canopied with red and gold-colored curtains caught and looped up gracefully with cord and tassels to match; the floor and steps of it were covered by a crimson carpet; altogether it formed a pretty little stage, but had never been used as such, only recitations or such simple things being allowed at St. Benedict's. The spaces at either side of the platform were roomy and pretty, having the advantage of large bow-windows, which opened on the garden beyond. In these recesses were placed reserved seats as it were—the one on the right for the special use of Father Egbert and his friends; that upon the left for Lady Abbess, Mother Agatha, and those members of the Community who took the most prominent parts in the education of the young ladies. One handsomely carved oak chair, carefully decked by loving hands—each child having added a flower to the garlands with which it was festooned—stood conspicuously in the recess on the right, and strangers only wondered for whom it could be intended. Across the body of the room were the benches placed, leaving only a small space in the centre, down which the audience could pass. The many large windows were thrown open at the top, whilst a delicious scent of roses and mignonettes pervaded the room. At 2 o'clock precisely in trooped the merry girls, their faces aglow with bright smiles, in their simple, but so neatly made, and set off by the white lace collar and cuffs, looked quite picturesque as they took their allotted seats and nodded or whispered gaily to each other. Following them closely came the visitors—the parents and friends of the children, about thirty in number. They looked happy and pleased, for to many of the ladies St. Benedict's Abbey had been their own home once, and its very walls were dear to them. With bright smiles on their faces the white-veiled novices tripped lightly in; and after them came the elder nuns, to many of whom it seemed but a few years since they had occupied the places now filled by the little girls in front—so swiftly does time fly as we get into years. Father Egbert and about nine priests from the neighboring parishes walked in through the open French windows on the right of the platform. Pausing for a moment, the old priest smiled as he gazed upon the seat almost resembling an arched doorway prepared for him. "Poor children," he murmured, "what have they been doing?" then cheerfully seating himself, he was greeted by the joyful sound of girlish laughter accompanied by much clapping of hands. The Lady Abbess and her Sisters then took their places, and the cheering was once more renewed until a call for order from Mother Agatha restored peace instantly. It was arranged that before the distribution of prizes should take place, one or two girls out of each class should recite, play, or sing, or exhibit some superior work of art which was considered worthy of praise, and with which the parents and guests were sure to be delighted. The name of Beatrice de Woodville was the first to be called, and all eyes were turned upon the girl as she stepped from her place, her bright face flushed with excitement. Treading lightly up the crimson-carpeted steps to the platform, she turned and curtsied with an easy old-world grace, first to Father Egbert and his friends, then to Lady Abbess and her Sisters, and lastly to the audience. Then slowly and

impressively she recited in French prose the sorrowful story of the death of Mary Queen of Scots. The old priest strained his ears to catch every word, and his eyes followed each movement of his little favorite, as now her voice rose in just indignation, and then fell in heartily pity, as she related in tragic detail every incident of the death of the gentle, suffering queen. When the strong young voice ceased, there was silence for a moment, then Beatrice bowed once more and resumed her seat amidst the applause of all. Towards one side of the platform a piano was placed, and the next called upon to perform were Madge and a pretty little Italian girl. The latter took her seat at the piano, and played with great feeling and taste the accompaniment to a song which Madge sang with a soul in accord with her theme. Not only one, but every stranger present listened in utter astonishment to the clear full notes of Madge as her sweet voice rose in pathetic strains, then seemed to fade and die in the dim distance. "Encore! encore!" called out the delighted audience, for never out of the concert room had they heard such a voice; and once more she sang her song, the notes resounding here and there. Many were the inquiries that passed from month to month as to who the quiet-looking English girl could be that appeared so unassuming, and yet who sang like an angel. Lady Abbess caught the girl's eye, and Madge thought she looked proud and pleased with her. She was indeed both; and dearly the kind Abbess wished that her old friend Margaret could have known the pleasure every one received in listening to her little daughter Madge. Thus the first part of the afternoon passed, for many and varied were the accomplishments of the young ladies, and very much the kind audience seemed to appreciate them. Marie exhibited some magnificent pieces of lace, which had cost the little maker many an hour's patience and perseverance. They were really beautiful, and were to be presented to the poor little mission at home. Once more was Beatrice called forward this time to present a large painting, which she had most skillfully executed, of St. Benedict's Abbey and grounds, not forgetting to place in the foreground the well-known figure of Father Egbert as he stood evidently reminding one of three girlish figures standing in front of him. When the first part of the programme was concluded, to the complete satisfaction of every one, Lady Abbess beckoned to some of the girls and stood by them to carry Father Egbert's chair on to the platform. The "United Kingdom" rose and cheerfully lifted the gorgeous arbour. Well the old priest knew what he was required to do, for many years now he had distributed the prizes to his children, and he enjoyed the task. Lady Abbess next uncovered the table which held the precious treasures, and when she did so a loud murmur of admiration ran through the room; then she took her stand by the side of Father Egbert and read out in turn the names of the fortunate prize-winners. The heart of Marie beat loud and fast as she heard the name of "Marie Blake" called upon to receive the well-earned and much-coveted wreath for good conduct. Her pretty face was suffused with blushes as she walked with timid steps and knelt at the old priest's feet, whilst he kindly and gently pressed the pretty crown upon her fluffy silken hair. "God bless thee, my child!" he said. "It seems to me but yesterday since I saw thy young mother kneel as thou art kneeling now, and receive from the hands of our late Archbishop a wreath similar to the one I now give to thee. Take care of it and value it, my child, and as in after years thine eyes may fall upon it, let it remind thee to continue cheerfully in the practice of those virtues which have so strongly marked thy life at school. God bless thee always, dear child, and do thou also pray for me." "I will indeed, Father," said the half weeping girl, who faltered as she rose, seemingly unable to turn her face to her applauding companions. So enthusiastically did they cheer and praise her, that Mother Agatha, noticing her embarrassment, kindly came to her assistance, and taking the trembling girl's hand in here, led her gently to a reserved seat in the bay-window, where she hid her pretty head and wreath behind the convenient habits of the Sisters. When Beatrice received the handsome easel as a reward for her picture of "Sainta Benedict," Father Egbert jokingly told her he would sign it for her portrait whenever she had time to execute it. "You have already done so, Father," answered the girl merrily. "I have painted a large picture of St. Joseph, and have substituted your face for his; you have no idea how holy and venerable you look." The old priest laughed, as he shook his head and muttered the word "incorrigible." Of course, the beautiful music and song-books were carried off by Madge, the visitors being loud in their congratulations, and our reticent little Scotch lassie found herself very much against her will—the centre of attraction. I must not forget to mention that to Isabel was awarded the prize for improvement; and to the little Italian girl, spoken of before, was

awarded the general prize for good conduct. A sweet little child was she, with her large wondering eyes and their far away look. She bade fair to follow in the footsteps of, and even rival in goodness, our little Marie, whom she looked up to as the personification of all that was good and beautiful. But ere two more summer suns had shone on her own fair Italy, all that remained of the happy, bright-faced child was the sweet memory of her noble example and virtue, which lingered long in the hearts of all who had known her, and a small but beautiful grave, kept always fresh and green by the hand and love of tender parents. It surely was better so, for she knelt to receive her simple wreath of white roses Marie thought she looked more fit to be the companion of angels than of men; and yet had she foreseen the future the heart of the Irish girl would have sobbed sorely, for she loved the child dearly, and knew her to be the last descendant of an old and illustrious family.

THE ATONEMENT OF FLORENCE

By Clara Hampton, in St. Anthony Messenger

Mother Frances laid down her blue lead pencil beside the neat pile of bills she had been checking over, adjusted her glasses, and said: "Come in." Enter Sister Innocentia, with stern face, pushing before her a pretty shame-faced girl of fifteen, whose rebellious chestnut curls were like her fun-loving nature, constantly escaping from the austere rules of comb and confining ribbon. "In trouble" again?" queried Mother Frances, looking inquiringly from one to the other. "Yes, and I must say this is going too far!" answered Sister Innocentia indignantly, displaying three black spots on her otherwise snowy temple. "Well, what have you done this time?" Mother Superior asked of the girl. Sister Innocentia answered for her. "It seemed that the part of the corridor, on which the refectory door opened, was rather dark, and on the door frame hung a small iron holy-water font. The girls, thinking into the refectory, wiped their fingers on the font and bleated themselves, as was their wont. Likewise the nuns, whose duties carried them there. It developed that Sister Innocentia reproved one of the girls for having a black spot on her forehead, when it was discovered that all had black spots, even Sister Innocentia herself—and not only on her head, but on her wrinkle. So also had the other Sisters. The girls having black freckles of course, nothing showed on them. But an investigation followed, with the result that the holy-water font was found to contain ink instead of the blessed water, and then the indignation of Sister Innocentia knew no bounds. "To think that anyone should be depraved enough to do so wicked a thing!" she said to her girls. Much questioning brought forth no solution of the mystery, until the other Sisters being likewise questioned, it further developed that Sister Angela, who was just coming up the stairs from the kitchen, saw a girl doing something at the refectory door, then darted away and disappeared. Now Sister Angela, whose domain was in the kitchen, did not know the girls by their names, but thought she could identify the guilty one if brought face to face. So that afternoon the girls were lined up for inspection, amidst an awed hush, and Sister Angela had promptly pointed to Florence Murray as the culprit. "That's the girl," she said. "I thought so much!" said Sister Innocentia. "Florence, come here." And straightway Florence was marched down to Mother Superior's office. "Florence," said Mother Frances, sadly, after Sister Innocentia had finished her indignant recital. "I'm astonished—really astonished, to think that you would stoop to make a joke of so holy a thing. Why, you have violated the very sign of the cross itself! Are you not afraid to stand up there, with our Lord looking at you, after having done so wicked a thing? Are you not afraid?" "This, and much more, Mother Frances told the girl, striving to awaken a train of repentant thoughts in her mind. And she probed so deeply, and cauterized the mischief-works so thoroughly with her words, that Florence broke down and wept. "Mother, I never thought of it that way! I did it without thinking!" "Yes, and it is this way the first time, I might still excuse you. But you have been down here time after time, and I warned you again and again, but it seems you are incorrigible. You remember what I told you last time? Once more, and out you go! Now, I will have to keep my promise, much as I hate to do it. You may pack your belongings this afternoon, and be ready for the 9.55 tomorrow morning." At this, Florence burst out crying afresh, and hung herself at the Superior's feet. "Oh Mother, not this time! Not this time! Give me one more chance! Just one more chance, and you'll see! I'll be so good! Oh! It would break Granny's heart if I would come home so. Please, please, Mother! For Granny's sake!" But Mother Frances was unmoved.

"I am very, very sorry for your Grandma, Florence, to think that she is spending her money on one, who values her kindness so little! You are the pride of her heart, the only one left to her out of all her children. For her sake, I am very sorry! But the discipline of the school must be upheld. If I were to excuse you again, it would soon have its effect on the other students, who would conclude that they might do almost anything, and it would be overlooked. No, no. You will have to be made an example of. You may go now, and report to me after Mass tomorrow morning." Saying which, she took up her pencil again, and turned to her former task. Florence knew it was final, and useless to beg any further, so wiping her eyes with her soaked handkerchief, she turned and went out, leaving the two nuns conversing in low tones together. At the door of the locker-room, she ran plump into Elizabeth Walls, her loyal chum, who had been waiting there for some time, anxious to know the outcome of the interview. "Well, what are they going to do to you?" she asked. For answer, Florence again burst into tears, and was promptly embraced in Elizabeth's arms, and allowed to sob on her loyal shoulder. "Aw, shucks!" she exclaimed, forgetting the rule against slang. "Sister Innocentia can't see a joke—never could see one. I always did say she was born an old maid, and no mistake. If I was as crusty as her, I'd—I'd crawl in a bag and—"

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"I don't care! I just wish they'd expel me too, and then we could go to some other school together."

"Don't wish that. You wouldn't be very glad when it happened?"

Florence knew her friend was only saying those things to be loyal.

"Any other Sister but ours would have hushed up the matter and punished it in her own class room."

"You're very good to say those things, but there's no excuse for me. It's my fault and I must suffer the consequences."

"Do you know what? I'm going down to Mother Superior's office and beg for you myself! You're not as black as Sister Innocentia paints you."

Elizabeth sprang up, but Florence detained her.

"It's no use, Betty, I tell you, she won't listen. It's no use!"

"Let go! She doesn't know what we girls know—how you gave that poor man all your pocket money, and did without candy for a month, and giving his wife one of your coats, and—"

"For Heaven's sake, Betty, don't tell her that! I'd be mortified to death—"

The door suddenly opened, and Sister Innocentia, terror of wrong doers, stood there.

"Elizabeth, who gave you leave to come here? Anyone?"

"No Sister," blushing.

"Go down to the study-room, and have ready before supper, 300 lines of Cesar's Commentaries, translated!"

"Sister, I—," began Elizabeth.

"Not a word! At once!"

When Elizabeth was gone, the nun inspected the packed trunk, and finding it satisfactory, drew a report card out of her sleeve, and handed it to Florence.

"You have at least one consolation," she said. "Your average for daily work and exam's is 98."

Florence received the card in silence. "That won't make Granny feel any better," was her inward comment.

"It surely is too bad," continued the Sister. Mother Superior would rather have kept you with such excellent scholarship."

"Then why doesn't she? I would try so hard!"

"It is too late. You've had your chance, and you threw it away. She cannot go back on her word. It would be bad policy in its effect on the other students."

Florence turned away. Bitter tears were again bubbling up to her eyes, from the sores of sore hearts.

Sister Innocentia was stern, but her heart was not of stone, and she yearned to make some reparation for the hurt she had given her pupil, some mortification to wipe out any possible stain to her austere soul, that might have accrued from her unbounded anger of the afternoon. She held out her hand to the girl.

"Florence," she said kindly, "you are not angry at me? Come, say good-bye. I may not have the chance again, as I will be in class tomorrow morning when you leave."

The grief-stricken girl turned, the tears streaming down her face, and unhesitatingly put her hand in that of the nun. She never harbored a grudge. Unable to repress herself, she exclaimed:

"Oh, why did you tell Mother Superior?"

"Because, my dear girl, it was my duty. Would you have me neglect my duty to gain popularity with the girls?"

"Duty! Always, Sister Innocentia had been a stickler for duty, thought Florence, and her sticking had brought her, Florence, to this pass. Yet somewhere in the nooks and crannies of her brain, a small voice was repeating: "Mea culpa! Mea culpa!" and it was unanswerable.

"Good-bye," said the nun.

"Good-bye," scarcely articulated Florence and the Sister went her way.

It was night, and one by one the convent lights went out, until the entire edifice, with its cluster of additions and out-buildings, stood, a dark pile on the hill, silhouetted against the starlit sky. Only in the chapel, a tiny pulse of throbbing flame hung suspended in mid-air, outlining a pale circle of light on the arched ceiling of the sanctuary, and throwing, through its ruby glass a faint red glow on the white and gold tabernacle, where Love's Captive dwelt, silent and alone.

Up in the fourth division dormitory, where rows of little white beds held the sleeping forms of some 40 or 50 girls, it was very dark and very silent, except for the soft breathing of the two-score and ten sleepers. Yet, one pillow held a restless head, and two brown eyes were wet with much weeping, and sleep refused to press down, with kindly force, the red, swollen lids.

Florence tossed from side to side, while the hours passed with slow, leaden feet, foreshadowed by endless repetition of her bitter thoughts, which refused to be banished. But suddenly she sat bolt upright and sniffed the air. Surely there was in it a suspicious, acrid odor! Climbing softly out of bed, she crossed the length of the dormitory, gliding like a shadow in her bare feet and gowns, and opened the door at the farther end. Even as she did, an overpowering wall of smoke burst upon her, and in one swift glance, she observed down at the end of the corridor where the stairs were, a dull, red, flickering glare, coming from below. Quickly she closed the door again upon the stifling fumes, and going to the Sister Guardian's bed, woke her

and explained the situation in a few words.

"Dress quickly, and then whisper to each girl to do the same. Don't alarm them," said the nun.

When all the girls were roused, they were marched in orderly file to the window, which Sister Guardian threw up, and without the least panic, they climbed out and down the fire escape.

But Florence was thinking of the others. Slipping out unnoticed, she crossed the corridor, and pounded on every door and gave their occupants warning, but seeing that the glare was every moment growing brighter, a quicker method must be used. Flying down the stairs, which were still safe, she pressed each hall bell as she passed, and then ran to the kitchen. Some were crying, some moved their lips in prayer, some were conversing in awed tones.

Florence stood watching in one of these groups, her arm closely linked in that of her chum, Elizabeth, who held on to her as if she feared some danger to her beloved friend. Suddenly Elizabeth's finger pointed upward.

"Look! The chapel!" she cried.

Florence looked, and indeed, the beautiful stained glass windows were being lighted up by the dreadful flames within.

"Oh, Betty, the Blessed Sacrament!" she said excitedly. "Our Lord mustn't burn up! Where's Father Hayes?"

Saying which, she broke away from her friend, and sped between the buildings, across the moonlit campus, to the little cottage where dwelt the holy chaplain. To her intense disappointment, she was told that he was out on a sick call, so she ran back, with but one purpose.

"Our Lord must not be left alone!"

Avoiding the side where the huddled groups stood, she darted into a dark doorway, which led into the basement of the chapel. Feeling along the wall, she grasped the switch and turned it. Luckily the lights burned, and it was a matter of moments to reach the small stone room beneath the sanctuary, where the Mass wine was kept. From thence, a flight of rock steps led up to the sacristy. These she mounted, and entering the sacristy, looked hastily about. There on the wall hung an emergency tank of chemicals. This she took down, and turning on the valve, sprayed the sanctuary floor, the altar steps, even the altar itself, which were all of wood.

However, this was soon exhausted, and already the flames were devouring the pews, and creeping steadily toward the railing.

She did not know that in case of such dire extremity she might have taken the Blessed Sacrament in her own hands and carried it to a place of safety. She had always been the eager, extreme veneration for the Eucharist, and dared not touch it with her own unworthy hands. So there remained only one other thing to do, and that was, to keep the flames away until help came.

Abandoning the empty tank, she hunted about for something in which to put water. Rummaging in the sacristy lockers, where the vestments, altar vases, and flowers were kept, she discovered a glass pitcher. This she filled at the hydrant in the little room beyond, and drenched everything in the vicinity of the altar. Back and forth she sped, while the heat grew fiercer every moment. At last she was obliged to drench herself, to keep from being blistered. The smoke was becoming so dense, she breathed with difficulty. Wiping her handkerchief, she tied it beneath her eyes, with the aid of her hair ribbon, and this gave her some relief.

Every time the flames sought to encroach upon the sanctuary's holy ground, she dashed them back, momentarily only, for the fierce heat soon dried everything in sight, and the hungry tongues were soon lapping at their prey again. She was fast becoming exhausted by her strenuous task, and the steam and heat and smoke were making her deathly sick. Yet she stumbled on and on, back and forth, although she was waging a losing battle.

Suddenly, on one of her trips back for more water, she found the flames had burst out in the little room, cutting her off from the hydrant and her only means of escape, and were fast approaching the sacristy from both sides. Then there was nothing more to do. She might make a dash for it, and yet reach the stone steps, but as she stepped forward, and measured her chances, something unseen to draw her back. Wistfully she looked back at the tabernacle with its imprisoned captive.

"Can I bear to leave Him?" she asked herself. The fire-bells and sirens were very close now. Surely they would arrive in another moment.

Dragging forward a high stool, which the Sisters used in trimming

the altars, she placed it before the tabernacle, first shutting the heavy oak door of the sacristy to keep the flames away a little longer. That fifteen-minute battle seemed like years to her. Mounting the stool, she knelt, moving her lips in frantic prayer that help might come. Meanwhile the flames crept nearer and nearer, until they were licking the lower altar step, albeit the taste of the chemicals was not much to their liking. A great weakness suddenly overcame her, and she laid her head on the altar, and stretched one arm on either side of the tabernacle.

"Dear Jesus," she whispered, "I'm not very good, but before the flames devour Thee, they will have to take me!"

Black circles and little white lights began to dance bewilderingly before her eyes, and a great sound as of rushing waters was in her ears. Thinking her end at hand, she made an act of contrition aloud and then the black waves closed over her head, and she lay silent and motionless.

The sound of rushing waters that Florence thought she heard was not a myth, for in reality the firemen had arrived, and were pouring streams of water through the broken and blackened windows. The nuns were marshalling their charges into line, preparatory to marching to a place of safety. But suddenly a voice cried out:

"Florence! Where's Florence Murray?"

It was Elizabeth, who had waited vainly for her friend's return. Search was made, but she was nowhere to be found. Headless of the nun's protests, she ran back and sought among the crowd of curious on-lookers for the missing girl, but she was not there. Accosting the fire-chief, she begged him to search within the burning building for her friend.

"I'm sure you will find her there!" she said.

"Whereabouts?" he questioned. "Look in the chapel."

Without hesitation the chief ordered a ladder raised to one of the charred, gaping windows, now bereft of its beautiful legend in stained glass, and himself ascended. At the same time, Father Hayes was seen hastening to the scene, having just arrived. To him Elizabeth ran, and cried:

"Oh, Father, Florence Murray is missing! She was afraid the Blessed Sacrament would burn up, and ran to call you. But she hasn't returned, and we cannot find her."

Without a word, the priest followed the chief up the ladder, and climbed through the window. Already the flames were under control, and the chapel was a mass of steam and smoke and dying embers.

By the fatal light of the last flames in their death struggle, they found her. All about her was a black, smoking ruin, but the high altar was intact. Tenderly the chief lifted her in his arms, and picking his way carefully amid the charred ruins, climbed out, and descended the ladder.

Meanwhile, Father Hayes was taking out the Blessed Sacrament, with tears in his eyes, and his lips moving in prayer—of thanksgiving for her rescue, and anxiety for her well being.

Two weeks she lay in the infirmary, suffering from the effects of her experience, while nuns and girls alike stormed Heaven for her recovery. Her name was on every tongue, and the girls emptied their purses, and vied with each other in sending their offerings—small though they were—of flowers and candy and fruit and books.

Mother Francis stood over her when she regained consciousness, wept, and stroked her bandaged hand.

"Mother, have I atoned for my blasphemy?" she asked weakly.

"Surely, surely our Lord accepted it as such, my brave girl!"

Sister Innocentia was one of her most devoted visitors, and her tender anxiety for her late refractory pupil's welfare completely won Florence's heart. But the real story did not come out until, in exploring the ruins, they found the empty chemical tank on the sanctuary floor and the cracked glass pitcher on the altar steps. Being questioned, Florence said but little: "I did what I could to save Him,"—but the mute evidence spoke volumes.

At last, one balmy afternoon in early May, Sister Innocentia was seen in close conference with the Sister Infirmary. Soon she approached the girl, who had been watching her a little anxiously.

"Sister thinks you are pretty well mended," she said smiling, "so you may come down and unpack your trunk."

"Sister! Am I to remain?"

"Such are Mother Superior's orders."

Florence leaped up with some of her old impetuosity, grabbed Sister Innocentia about the waist and gave her a resounding kiss.

"Sister, I'm so happy, I could fly!"

Together they proceeded down to their class-room, where upon entering, the girls rose literally "as one man" and cheered.

But from that day, Florence was a changed girl. Never again did she require the smallest word of correction from her superiors.

Writing home to her grandmother of the disastrous fire, she told of the almost total destruction of the chapel, in consequence of which, several days later, Mother Francis found in her mail a check for \$2,000 toward the rebuilding of the chapel. The news of this donation spread,

with the result that numbers of others wrote home, and checks soon began coming in, helping materially toward the re-building of the destroyed parts.

Two years later, Florence graduated with the highest honors, and after the summer vacation was occupied by her beloved grandmother far away, and true to her early resolve, entered the novitiate in her well-loved convent of St. Mary of the Cedars.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE GERMANS

We imagine that, if he sees fit to preserve them all for future reference, the Cardinal Primate of Belgium will be obliged to set apart rather generous archives for the written tributes of esteem and appreciation of which, during the past few years, he has been the recipient. Those of German origin, would not it be safe to say, need any great space, yet it is interesting to note that they would not be altogether among the missing. In "Cardinal Mercier's Own Story," in which the author sets down his "experiences in their most tense and vivid reality," we find one document which gives evidence of the respect which the Belgian churchman commanded even from his political enemies. It is a note handed to the Cardinal on October 17, 1918, by Baron von der Lancken, in the name of the Governor General and the Berlin Government, and contains the following assurance: "You are in our estimation the incarnation of the virtues of Belgium, of which you are the venerated and trusted pastor. For this reason it is to you the Governor-General and my Government also commissioned me to come and to announce that when we evacuate your soil we wish to hand over to you unasked and of our own free will the political prisoners serving their time either in Belgium or in Germany, as well as those who have been deported."—Catholic Transcript.

TAUGHT BY THE SACRED HEART

On the subject of devotion to the Sacred Heart Cardinal Manning wrote: "If you love the Blessed Sacrament the Blessed Sacrament by its own light will teach you to know and love the Sacred Heart; and the Sacred Heart will open itself, and will teach us to know its own character. We shall know all its love—the love which is from eternity to eternity; the love ineffable, Divine fervour, of unrepeatable human tenderness; the Love that died for us. We shall know, too, the commandment of that Love when He was about to die for us. And we shall learn not only His love, but also His patience; for He abides in the midst of us. Sinners as we are—He still dwells in the midst of us in His humility, veiled, out of sight, eluded, and disbelieved, passed without a sign of recognition by the multitudes that go by Him. There He is, in His generosity, giving away grace after grace. We become bankrupt through our own fault and sin; we go back to Him; He restores to us the grace that we have lost; more than this, He pours down upon us even more grace than we have wasted; for His generosity is inexhaustible. He does not 'break the bruised reed' nor 'quench the smoking flax.' He has waited for you from childhood and in your youth and in your manhood; in all your wanderings He has been waiting for you still, trying to draw you toward Him, that some day, at last, you may come to true repentance, and that some day before you die you may be His disciple. And in all this I see what I may call His unspiciuousness. Friends suspect one another, they form rash judgments of one another, they are always harboring hard thoughts of each other; they draw to themselves pictures and characters of other men, and seldom in their favor. How does the Sacred Heart deal with us? He knows everything that is in us, and yet



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He speaks to us with the same unchangeable love and the same unalterable patience as if we were within altogether what we show ourselves without. What a perfect love, then, is this Divine and human love of our Master!

"But if we love Him, we must bear fruits that are like Him. 'The fruit of the Spirit is charity, joy, peace.' (Gal. v. 22) These are the fruits of the Sacred Heart. The Heart He bears to us we must bear to our neighbors. Our whole mind must be to our neighbor what His mind is to us. And to this we must add a love of the cross, for that was the crowning perfection of the Sacred Heart. It is not easy to love contradictions, slights, sorrows, anxieties, failures, vexations. We who murmur and repine and strive and fret all the day long, if anything goes wrong, call ourselves disciples of the Sacred Heart, and yet we have not as much as the will to bear the cross, much less to love it. We must learn to be forgiving, to be patient, to be severe against the least sin, not in others—we must bear with them in charity, hoping for their salvation—but in ourselves. Be as sharp as you will with yourselves, and do not bear with the least in your own temper; give no impunity to yourselves or to your own faults. These are the tokens of the true disciples of the Sacred Heart."—Catholic Bulletin.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1920

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

The welcoming of a new religious community into our midst is indeed a pleasing duty, particularly so, in view of the fact that the community in question is none other than that of the "Brothers of the Christian Schools," so favorably known in the field of Catholic education.

Once again the answer was given that lack of numbers prevented the Brothers from acquiring in Father Point's desire. "Send us good novices," wrote Bishop de Charbonnel, "and you shall have our Brothers."

As the conducting of such an institution was outside the proper sphere of the Brothers, they were not placed in charge when the College of the Assumption was inaugurated in 1857. Sandwich was not the only centre which sought the services of the Brothers.

It is interesting to note that the disunion among the Irish people, is simply a falsehood, the untruth of which is established by the foregoing figures. An interesting occurrence, bearing upon the much discussed question of immodesty of female attire, is to be found in the account of Bishop Plessis of his confirmation tour in Ontario in 1916.

they hesitate not to come before the Holy of Holies and approach the sacred table in such scant apparel as must needs make the angels veil their faces with their wings. We have seriously debated with ourselves whether we are not bound in conscience to exclude such women from the House of God.

He doesn't know what he means by God; whether spirit or matter or what else; he merely recognizes that there is a beneficent force of some sort. Holding so little of the truth, one is not surprised to find him go very far astray in conduct.

part of the stars of heaven." Tabulating evidence of the truth of the saying may be found in Gordon-Gorman's "Converts to Rome," a book which to generations to come will bear increasing testimony to the profound and far-reaching influence of the man who when everything is said and done ranks among the very greatest of his age.

it may at least be accepted as testimony further to Washington's friendliness to Catholics, and gives added significance to the priestly ordination of one of his collateral descendants in the fifth generation. A GOOD story has recently been told of Pope Leo XIII. It appears that an article of questionable ability in that direction had secured the privilege of painting the Pope's portrait.

REIGN OF VIOLENCE

UTTER FAILURE OF BRITISH RULE IN IRELAND

One would suppose, to judge from the Irish news day by day in the papers, that the three most important authorities in Ireland were all agreed on one point—the desirability of civil war.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT DOES NOT STAND FOR ORDER

If Sinn Fein does not stand for anarchy neither does the British

Government in Ireland, as at present conducted, stand for order, as order is understood by free men.

The law, as an instrument for just and impartial government, has been respected as little by the Government as by the rebels in Ireland.

Government cannot discharge first duty in any case the fact stands out that the Government cannot discharge the first duty of a Government which is to prevent its own officers from breaking the law.

EVILS OF SOCIETY POPE WARNS AGAINST NATURALISM WHICH threatens disruption of family

the basis of Christian life, says the Holy Father. He exhorts Bishops to foster devotion to St. Joseph among the faithful at all times, especially in the hour of death, and to celebrate within the year from next December 8 solemn functions in honor of St. Joseph.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

France is in the throes of a domestic discussion on her relations with the Vatican. The formal decision on the subject has been postponed till October, when the question of establishing—or rather re-establishing—a French Embassy at the Vatican will be decided.

Former diplomatic relations Formerly France had its representative at the Vatican, and the Vatican had its representative in Paris. Then came the anti-clerical spell, culminating with the enactments originated by the Combes Ministry over which relations between the Vatican and France were suspended.

ATTEMPT TO BRASIANISE THE CHURCH IN FRANCE

To oppose a blank and unreasoned negative to the proposals of the French Ministry would probably prove ineffective, so the anti-clericalists resort to a more wily plan—they insist on the French Ministry demanding terms from the Vatican, and they insist that the terms should be such as the Vatican cannot possibly concede.

When Combes broke with the Vatican it was over this very scheme. He endeavored to Brasianise the Catholic Church in France. Pops Pius X, of holy memory, would listen to no such proposal.

THE PURPOSE OF THE "ASSOCIATIONS CULTUELLES"

Under the Combes scheme every district in France was to form an Association Cultuelle—which was to be a sort of committee of control composed of laymen but having charge of the religious activities of the district.

WHENCE FRENCH PRIESTS WERE PAID

Up till then the Catholic clergy of France had received (rather than from the State a payment upon which they depended mainly for maintenance. This payment was not derived from funds provided by the State, but rather from funds provided by the pious avarice of centuries of bequest and grants to the Church by the generous faithful.

CHOSE THE BETTER PART

The curé abandoned his State subvention rather than disobey the directions of the Pope and of the French Bishops, and bravely began to maintain himself by the labor of his own hands.

A BASELESS RUMOR The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian quoting from

some secularist Paris papers says that the Pope was disposed at first to go back on the decision of Pius X, and allow Catholics to form and operate "Associations Cultuelles," but that on the advice of the Cardinals the Holy Father abandoned the idea.

COMPROMISE CONCEIVABLE ON NON-ESSENTIALS

In mere material matters—questions of structure or finance—the Pope might quite conceivably compromise, for these do not touch the essentials of faith. But whatever other Churches may please to do in choosing their ministers by plébeite, it is impossible in the Catholic Church that the papal shall ever control the pulpit, and Catholics should be devoutly thankful if it is so.

THE DIVINE COMMISSION OF THE PRIEST

The Catholic priest does not preach because he receives—as the Protestant ministers do—a "call" from a congregation which chooses its own clergy, but because he is called to preach by God, and his office is not his own to dispose of as he pleases.

LENIN SOLVES MANY DIFFICULTIES

BY CONNOTING THE SUPREMACY OF THE STATE

Editor, Citizen:—Bolshevism is much too large a subject to discuss in a newspaper letter. But there are two points in the Bolshevist program as to which a few words may be of interest to your readers:

(1) Lenin has deprived land-owners of their properties and has handed them over by way of government lease, to the occupiers. That, to my mind is a gross and indefensible violation of private rights.

(2) Lenin makes people work. He applies conscription to the laborer as well as to the soldier. We in Canada are completely at a loss as to what to do with the recalcitrant laborer. He suddenly makes demands for increased pay. Either we grant the demand or go to arbitration with it. If the award is in his favor, he accepts it; but if it is against him, he either refuses to return to work, or if he resumes, strikes again in a very short period. We do not know what to do with him. We feel ourselves helpless. We are willing that he should be treated fairly, even generously, but we know that he has the whip hand, and that, through his organization, he can beat us every time.

Lenin, on the other hand, points his way very clearly. He declares that society depends for its proper functioning upon everyone doing his duty. He undertakes that laboring men shall be fairly treated, but at the same time, he says to the laboring man, you shall not make the functioning of the State impossible. He therefore says to the man. Go on with your work—do not merely the doing of it, but the doing of it properly. Under heavy penalties, amounting even to the death sentence, the man obey the law.

The present situation in Canada and elsewhere has brought into serious question the validity of our time-honored conception of the sovereignty of the State. Heretofore, led by Austin, Dicey, and others, we have continued to believe that parliament was supreme—that parliament was sovereign in the sense that it had power not merely to make the laws but to enforce obedience. Mr. Harold Laski has pointed out that a great many of us are members of different, and sometimes antagonistic, associations. We are all members of the political State, and at the same time, we are members of economic, religious, and other associations which sometimes come into conflict with the political State.

of the organizations than of the Government.

Lenin is hampered by no such difficulties. He has his theory that men engaged in performances of their part in the social operations must not, by sudden interruptions, throw the machinery out of gear.

But once admit the absolute supremacy of the State anything and everything the State decrees is right, including the confiscation of private property. And that is precisely the political heresy toward which we are drifting.

"NATIONALIZATION OF WOMEN"

A PIECE OF LYING PROPAGANDA DEFINITELY REFUTED

To the Editor of The New York Times: I question the fact of nationalization of women in Soviet Russia, which was insinuated in your Rotogravure Section of July 18 last. As against the nationalization decree of the city of Saratov, read into the record of the United States Senate Judiciary Committee, February, 1919, I offer the following:

The United States State Department officially denied the story, Feb. 28, 1919—more than sixteen months ago. Jerome Davis of the American Red Cross denied it from first-hand knowledge, in The Independent, March 15, 1919—sixteen months ago. Oliver M. Saylor, an American official, who was in Saratov at the time, says the "decree" was invented by some irresponsible individual, and signed "The Free Association of Anarchists of Saratov"—a forgery—to discredit the Anarchists. The Anarchists were never in power; the Bolshevists hated them, and had jailed several hundred of them. Mr. Saylor presented these facts in The New Republic, March 15, 1919—sixteen months ago.

The Central Soviet Government published on May 18, 1918, a decision imposing a fine of 25,000 rubles on the Moscow comic paper, Evening Life for printing a defamatory nationalization decree on May 3, and suppressed the paper.

The New Europe, which first published the nationalization story, made a full retraction and apology. Harold Williams, who sent the story to England, also apologized.

Mrs. Catherine Brashkovsky, the "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution" and an ardent opponent of Bolshevism, denied that Russian women have been nationalized, or have any governmental compulsion put upon them in such matters. I am not a Bolshevist, an Anarchist, a Socialist, or anything of the kind. I believe that Bolshevism is a tragic folly. But I also believe that it is an axiom of justice that accused persons shall be deemed innocent until proved guilty.

HENRY C. EDGAR, Easton, Pa., July 21, 1920.

THE SUPPRESSION OF TRUTH

It is a well-observed physical phenomenon that drops of water working their way into a solid stone foundation may send it apart and wreck the proud edifice which rests upon the crumbling basis. The same holds good of suppressed truth. A case that is built upon the suppression of facts is doomed to failure. It is bad-tempered policy to ignore unpleasant truths. A suppressed truth has a way of bobbing up at a fatal moment and upsetting the most carefully laid schemes. Facts will get to the surface sooner or later and confront those that deemed them buried deep under the earth.

It appears that the Interchurch Movement came to grief over a split on the publication of the report on the steel strike. The report, as is quite evident now, was unfavorable to certain interests that predominated in the councils of the movement. In fact, it is a severe indictment of the methods pursued by the captains of certain industries with regard to labor. If these interests had accepted the report, expressed regret for the methods employed and disavowed them for the future, their action would have deserved praise. But that they suppressed the incriminating evidence implied that they were not willing to admit the error of their ways and that they have no intention of changing their policies in the future.

Big business is not excluded from the Church, but it must mend its ways. No self-respecting Christian denomination can afford to converse with the proverbial cloak of charity, the policies that are still indulged in by certain industrial groups. Philanthropy is good, but it must not be suffered to blind us against extortion and injustice. The days of paternalism have passed.

Labor has come of age. It is no longer satisfied with welfare work. It simply wants its fair share of the industrial output and then look out for itself.

The report published by the Interchurch Commission was very instructive. It verifies in many respects the position we have taken with reference to the steel strike. Right was very much on the side of labor. The civil powers have been tricked into taking sides with the steel companies. The cry of Bolshevism and radicalism has been raised without sufficient reason. The prejudice against the foreign labor element has been unfairly exploited in behalf of the steel operators.

An industry that fears publicity and that gives biased reports to the newspapers evidently has something to conceal. For all concerned it will be best if all the facts and the whole truth are known. If the light of publicity continues to beat mercilessly upon the unsatisfactory conditions which still prevail in the steel industry, the steel magnates will have to swing in line with the general march of progress. The steel industry seems to be the last stronghold of industrial feudalism. But it also will give way, for nothing can resist the triumphant march of industrial democracy. Only it will be better if the change from feudalistic control of industry to democratic organization comes about by mutual understanding and compromise, rather than by a clash and a measuring of forces.

NEW HOLY LAND MENACE

By N. C. W. C. News Service

London, July 24.—According to the latest and most reliable information to hand, there is every reason for believing that trouble is brewing in Palestine; whether that trouble will be religious, political or economic is hard to say at the present moment.

The Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem, Dr. Ronnie MacInnes, who has just returned to London from his cathedral in Jerusalem, has uttered a very grave warning against what he considers the dangers of Zionism. This is all the more remarkable, because the Anglican Bishop is a man of the broadest sympathies, and far from being an alarmist.

According to Dr. MacInnes very few reputable Jews are arriving in Palestine from other countries. There is a wild statement that is coming from Russia, Poland and Rumania, and all, or nearly all, are pronounced Bolshevists. These have got beyond the control of the Zionist Commission, and already they are behaving as though the country belonged to them. It is this attitude which Dr. MacInnes thinks constitutes the gravest danger to the future well-being of Palestine and it is also one which, on account of the strength of the Zionist organization, will be the most difficult to guard against.

To attack other men's faults is to do the devil's work; to do God's work is to attack our own.—Fabar. Mary is like one of the great scientific truths, whose full import we never master except by long meditation and by studying its bearings on a system, and then at last the fertility and grandeur of the truth seem endless. So it is with the Mother of God. She teaches us God as we never could else have learned Him.—Father Faber.

"NON POSSUMUS"

This was the answer of Pope Clement VII. denying to King Henry VIII. a divorce from his wife. "We cannot!" and the words lost England to the Church. Clement could foresee the issue, and in the hope that time might temper the passion of the King, his answer was long delayed. But it was never in doubt. Not the Pope, but God, made the law that binds till very death; and were England all the world, and Clement a thousand times a Pope, he could only answer as he did: "Non possumus."

How foolish, then, was the Associated Press dispatch from Vienna, published a few months ago in some of our less discriminating secular papers, stating that "marriage of divorcees will be instituted in Austrian Catholic Churches this month, according to announcement authorized by the Pope. Fears have been entertained here (Vienna) that Catholic divorcees would leave the Church altogether because at present priests are directing them to remarry before registrars." The inventor of this dispatch did not know that those whom he calls Catholic divorcees have already left the Church "altogether" unless before applying for a divorce they promised their bishop not to attempt to remarry. He did not know that even if they were free to marry, the ceremony before a registrar would be invalid, and such an attempt to marry would itself be leaving the Church "altogether."

But the attitude of the Church toward the remarriage of divorced persons is historic, and even a connoisseur of news dispatches ought to know it, and knowing it, know that it cannot be changed by Pope, Council or Congress, or by all the living members of the Church speaking as in one voice. "Non possumus" was true in the first century as in the sixteenth. It will be true until the Son of God changes His divine law that what God has joined together no man can put asunder, which binds Popes with the same unbending rigor that it binds the least among men. How many mistakes would be avoided if only our separated friends did not so often think that the Pope is an autocrat, a law unto himself, instead of being as he is, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth and bound in the strictest sense conceivable to do Christ's will, and teach all nations "to observe whatsoever I have commanded."

As for the rest, he must always answer: "Non possumus."

WONDERFUL CURE AT MARTYR'S SHRINE IN WALES

Recently, during the evening service at St. Winefride's Wall, Holywell, Wales, Father Ryan, S. J., asked the processionists to join in thanksgiving for a cure that had occurred that morning. Mr. Daniel Flynn, mayor of Douglas, L. O. M., was cured of a spinal trouble which for more than a year had eluded the science and resisted the skill of the doctors.

While Mr. Flynn was at last Mass he was suddenly conscious of an unusual heat about the affected part. This was immediately followed by profuse perspiration. "My God! am I cured?" he exclaimed. He left his seat and walked down the church and then realized to his unpeakable relief that his distressing ailment had left him.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS Bishop McNally recently requested the President of the Catholic Church Extension Society to further vocations for religious life in view of the great and growing demands of the West. Schools are badly needed. Catholics in the West are in some cases well established and have excellent organizations to supply all their needs. But for the most part Catholic schools are not nearly sufficient for the needs of the Church.

In Alberta and Saskatchewan the law for Catholics is on the whole very favorable but even with this the Catholics are far from having such conditions as will make it possible to found the faith in the souls of the young. To make the system adequate religious teachers must be found. The pastors are not infrequently handicapped with careles and indifferent congregations. The new atmosphere into which the people have gone, the traditions of the patria with its wild and free life, have in many cases been fatal to the growth or even maintaining of faith. Because there is a change the new Westerner believes often that it should be a total one, and though not antagonistic to religion or religious customs often fancies that they have not for him that great importance which old and long established communities know from experience they ought to possess. To overcome this spirit of carelessness, religious schools are an absolute need. True, in many communities, secular teachers are giving excellent service but they are neither numerous enough nor able to cope with the

great demands of faith. The children need religious teachers.

To our Eastern friends the old familiar cry for schools will sound like a monotonous refrain, but like the beauty praised by St. Augustine it is ever old, ever new. "O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways!" exclaims the Great Apostle. With all its drudgery tedious the study of divine truth? In the opening of the young mind to the divine light which enlightens every man who cometh into this world there is a hidden pleasure known only to those who perform that sacred duty.

The poor have the gospel preached to them" this was the sign which Our Divine Lord gave to the disciples of John to prove that in Him the prophecy were being fulfilled. Today the Church carries on with the self same spirit founding in the midst of the poor her teaching institutions that the faith of Christ may be implanted in their souls and heal them of sin.

This necessitates on the part of teachers a total abnegation and self sacrifice. It also demands on the part of the Church a twofold appeal. We must appeal to the piety of those who have the gift of faith that in the spirit of God and self sacrifice they devoted their lives and fortunes to the needs of the Church. To preach the Gospel to the poor is to cooperate directly with Christ Himself. Are you ready to hear as thousands of others have heard the call of God to devote your life and talents to such service? It is needless to add that in such service your own chances for salvation are greatly augmented.

Further the Church must appeal to her members for the necessary means to aid this work. She preaches to the poor who have little to give. Happily they are accustomed to demand little and are satisfied easily. But the essentials are needed.

We appeal to the zealous pastors when speaking of the missions to not forget that one of our greatest works is to develop religious vocations for our teaching orders. Contributions may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont. DONATIONS: Previously acknowledged \$9,638 08. M. J. Farrell, Woodstock 1 60.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

There are four hundred million people in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take a year and a month for them all to go by! Thirty-three thousand of them die daily un baptized! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to their rescue. China Mission College, Almonte Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already fourteen students, and many more are applying for admittance. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them? The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His justice the Pope blesses benefactors, and the students pray for them daily.

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Only what thou art in thyself determines thy value; not what thou hast.—Auerbach.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON
BY REV. M. BOSSAERT
FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

WHAT DETERS MANY FROM SEEKING THE KINGDOM OF GOD

In their anxiety about the things of this life, many people forget all that lies beyond it, and act in a way altogether contrary to our Lord's doctrine that we read in today's Gospel. He bids us "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all other things shall be added unto you." That we may avoid the mistake made by such deluded persons, let us consider what it is that deters men from seeking the kingdom of God. There are two chief things, very unlike one another, viz., avarice and an excessive love of ease. They are diametrically opposed, and yet produce the same result, for both hinder men from seeking the kingdom of God. We must be careful to steer our way so as to avoid both dangers, as either would be enough to prevent us from ever reaching our goal.

1. We must be on our guard against avarice; for the Saviour says: "You cannot serve God and Mammon." An avaricious person is always thinking of his temporal possessions and of money-making. His heart cleaves to earth and cannot rise towards heaven. He takes no interest in prayer, has no good intentions, does not offer up his works and occupations to God and is careless about hearing Mass. He reads no spiritual books and takes part in no religious conversation, all his thoughts and words are devoted to money-making and hoarding. He is too worldly minded to pray or attend public worship frequently, and when he attempts to pray, his heart is so full of his temporal concerns that he pronounces the words with his lips, thinking nothing of their import, or he is present in body at Mass, whilst his mind is occupied with plans and anxieties connected with his business. How blind and foolish he is! How will he fare when his earthly life is over? He will look back at his wealth and the excessive pains spent upon its acquisition, pains which left him no time for serving God, and he will have to acknowledge that all has been in vain. Let us never be so blind! Let us never permit such fatal avarice and love of money to take root in our hearts, but let us rather seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, knowing that then all else will be added to us.

2. Secondly, we must be on our guard against covetous desire of ease and amusement. Where such a desire exists, there is no thought of God, no prayer, no attendance at instructions and no reception of the Sacraments. The more you care for luxury, the more you turn your attention to the places of eating and drinking, to fine clothes, to entertainments and dances, the less interest will you take in the things of God, and the less pleasure will you find in His worship. No man can serve two masters, and he who is a friend to this world, is God's enemy.

How many Christians are infected with this evil love of luxury, and aim at nothing but material comfort, enjoyment and amusement, and the gratification of their sensual desires! Their hearts refuse to admit any serious or religious thought, being filled with love of the world and its delights. Sunday is to them no longer the Lord's day, but a holiday, set apart for merry-making. If they go to church, it is not to pray and worship God, the Lord of heaven and earth, but to show themselves in their fine clothes, which are often very unsuitable or even impudic. During Mass they think only of the vanities and amusements in which they intend to indulge later in the day. They spend as little time as possible at church, and grumble at having to go there at all, whereas they stay as long as they can at places of amusement, and are very loath to come away.

You, who love the vain and perishable joys of this world so passionately as to forget God, and even to dislike the very thought of Him, how great is your folly! Your joys will pass away like smoke, your bodies will decay like fading flowers, and your life will soon be over, like a dream in the night. When you awaken from it you will have to stand before the judgment seat of God—and what excuse will you plead then? No one will enter the kingdom of God who has not sought it here on earth. Let us therefore refrain from everything that might hinder us from seeking it; let us put aside all attachment to worldly delights, and serve God with quiet perseverance and zeal. He will not let us want for happiness; and that which He bestows is far better, truer, sweeter and purer than any enjoyed by the lovers of the world. Amen.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON SIN

Sin is one of those things which refuses to be fully identified or revealed. It is a grievous offence against the laws of God. It is an affront to the Creator. It closes the gates of heaven and opens wide the doors of hell. Sin in the light of such a terrifying and shocking fact, does not unveil its essence. "We do not know what sin is," says Newman, "because we do not know what God is; we have no standard with which to compare it,

"till we know what God is. Only God's glories, His perfection, His holiness, His mastery, His beauty, can teach us by the contrast how to think of sin, and since we do not see God here, 'till we see Him, we cannot form a just judgment of what sin is; 'till we enter heaven, we must take what God tells us of sin, mainly on faith."

EDUCATION

ARE CATHOLICS INTERESTED?

One glance at the parish schools would indicate an affirmative answer. Quietly, without the noise and rush of a "drive," but at the cost of much sacrifice, Catholics annually provide about \$95,000,000 for the support of schools which allow that Jesus Christ has inalienable rights over the child. Nor is the parish system the end. Every city of any size has its Catholic high school or academy. Nearly every State has at least one Catholic college or university. We are striving hard to provide educational facilities for the blind, and we are beginning to take a practical interest in the training of physically or mentally defective children. It is a glorious work for God, for the State, for the individual, a superb example of American energy in private enterprise, for nowhere does the Catholic school or college ask one penny from the public purse.

Yet there is another side to the picture. More than half our children are in non-Catholic schools of elementary grade. Until we reverse this shocking condition we have no justification for self-congratulation. It means that of every five Catholic children, three are receiving their training during the most impressionable period of their lives, in schools which either scoff at, or quietly ignore all that Catholics hold sacred. And our colleges! Are there more Catholic boys and girls in Catholic colleges than in non-Catholic institutions? A complete census would probably reveal us. State and city colleges and universities can offer tuition at a nominal cost or at no cost whatever. The great colleges and universities under private control are not much given to free tuition; still, they have scholarships by the dozen where the Catholic college has but one. And, of course, there is an element among us that will seek a non-Catholic school at all costs. An institution of this kind, filled with boot-leggers whose operations culminated in the brutal murder of one student by another, is also filled with Catholics.

The unhappy truth seems to be that Catholics are not particularly interested in the Catholic high school and college. If they were, Catholics who have wealth would select the Catholic college as the object of their beneficence. Catholic parents would insist that their children receive at least a high-school education before "going to work." But of late, Catholics in great numbers have shown an alarming indifference to this necessary training for their children. The result will surely be that the places of Catholics in the professions will soon be taken by non-Catholics, while Catholics will be the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for a contemptuous community. This thought was strongly expressed by a lawyer of experience, the Honorable Alfred J. Talley, in his address to the graduates of Fordham University:

"If our Catholic people have lost ground in this great city in the last quarter of a century, if they have ceased to be the mighty influence they once were, it is attributable to one cause, and that cause, in my opinion, is the neglect to give our boys and girls a higher education. We have failed to take advantage of the educational opportunities that are about us. Our Catholic colleges number their students by hundreds where there should be thousands. And while endowments that reach into the millions are given to secular universities, ours must struggle along upon the totally inadequate fees paid for tuition—so inadequate that the doors could not remain open were it not for the fact that our teachers and professors serve without compensation, and labor only for the greater glory of God."

"The result is the dominance in business and in professional life, of that element which goes in for education wherever it may be obtained, while others unwilling to strive and to sacrifice, stand by to cavil and complain. The fault is ours. We do not insist that our youth remain at school. Children of fifteen or sixteen, with the lure of a few dollars a week in some employment, with the desire to substitute nights at inane 'movies' for nights of intelligent study, impose upon indulgent and neglectful parents, give up their education, and go out unformed and uninformed, immature, and wholly unable to cope with trained minds."

"The result is inevitable. Our people are becoming the employees, the clerks, the laborers for hire, while those who have taken advantage of opportunities which were equally ours but which we passed in scorn are the men who pay the wages."

This is a strong indictment, but not too strong. We have a present opportunity to offer a partial remedy. During the summer months many of our boys and girls take up some form of gainful employment. Too many of them, urged on by inclin-

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ation or by selfish parents who sacrifice the futures of their children for a present pittance, fail to return to school. Let every Catholic, from the pastor in the parish to the latest social worker, do his best to get these boys and girls back to the classroom in September. Unless, as Mr. Talley points out, we are willing to become the day-laborers of the future, we must educate our children, whatever be the present sacrifice.—America.

INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM SOLVED BY CHURCH

The charge has been made by witnesses at senatorial hearings that religion has not used its mighty influence to bring labor and capital together. As far as the Church is concerned this assumption is unwarranted and the charge false. The Church has solved the industrial question as it arose in varying guise in every age of the world. She is doing her best today to persuade men to accept her teaching, by utilizing all the forces of her Divine organization from the Popes with their encyclicals and the Bishops with their pastorals to the humblest priest and laymen with their expositions and practice of Christian principles.

The teaching of the Church on labor is so obvious and clear that it is surprising that it is not better known to those who write so much about economics. The Church teaches in the first place that God has placed the duty of labor upon all men. Without labor man's individual needs could not be met, his social life sustained, or his moral life safeguarded. God, whose essence is to act, made man to His own image and likeness to be a worker. The duty of labor existed before the primal command of God to sinful Adam to "earn his bread in the sweat of his brow." This did not impose the obligation, it rendered it more arduous and painful. A man who does not need to labor with his hands must give society some return for what it gives him. He must give some time to philanthropy, government, or to other activities that promote the welfare of his fellow-men. There is no such useless appendage to society as an idle man allowed in the Christian philosophy of life. "If a man will not work," says St. Paul, "let him not eat."

The Church teaches in the second place that labor is honorable. Man did not dignify labor. Christ, the God-man, dignified it by taking the trade of a carpenter. The Church sanctified labor, when her first missionaries taught the rude barbarian to till the soil, reclaim waste places, make the barren hillside fertile with vines, and crown the summits of almost every eminence in Europe with monasteries, cathedrals, and universities. To labor is to pray was the maxim she inculcated.

The Church teaches in the third place that the rights of the working-man must be defended. She has defended them against all encroachments, and will continue to defend them until the end of time. For she has received from God the truth that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and of it the rich possessors are only stewards not masters. Each man has a right to live, and in order to live he has a right to share in the bounty of God's earth. If he does not possess land he is entitled to a proportionate share of the earth's goods which his labor helps to produce. Since this return is given in wages, he has a right to a living wage, that will sus-

tain him and his family in frugal comfort. The Church defends the right of workers to combine to defend their rights and to better their conditions. They cannot combine to promote injustice, to destroy property or to injure the lawful interests of their employers.

Hence the solution of the industrial problem according to Catholic teaching lies in the further diffusion of ownership, in cooperation, and in partnership in industry. The Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. says that "the law should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the humbler class to become owners." The Catholic ideal consists "not in all men owning all property but in all men owning some property." The Reconstruction pamphlet of the National Catholic Welfare Council and the Pastoral Letter of the Bishops of the country set these principles lucidly and forcibly before the country. It is high time that thinkers and writers outside the Church who prate so glibly about Christian principles and the failure of religion to solve the social question should open their eyes to the fact that in the teaching of the Church as briefly outlined here they have the true solution and the only solution of the industrial problem.—The Pilot.

GRACE IN A CAFETERIA

A little group of people went into a restaurant—one of these modern self-serve affairs, a non-Catholic contemporary of the West reports. There was father, mother, a son, and two smaller children.

The family took its place in the long line in front of the counters where the food is served, and moved along gradually, making their selection. When the members reached the cashier's desk, and each had upon his plate the food he or she had selected, the father paused and the family bowed their heads. There in the public place with busy people all around, the father returned thanks to God for the good of which they were about to partake, audibly, with a firm voice, with great respect, with humility and thankfulness in his tone.

But the little family were not the only ones who bowed their heads. The long line of busy people paused in selecting their food; each bowed his or her head, and waited the end of the blessing. There was never a murmur of disapproval, never a frown, or a look of discontent, and everybody in the long line felt better. Each felt that there was something in the thanks offered up that helped wonderfully in this prosy old world.

Returning thanks before partaking of the daily food is going "out of style," it seems, but it ought not to go out of style. It ought to be practiced in every home. We are getting away from too many of the sacred things and pious customs of a generation ago.—The Echo.

Let us calmly, gracefully, sweetly, joyously go forth to fulfil our various offices; and in a subdued, peaceful and happy temper to encounter our trials. So shall largeness of mind, abhorrence of strife, clemency of criticism, absence of suspicion, tenderness of compassion and love of the brotherhood be to us a tower of strength and a fount of consolation now, in death, and in the day of eternity.—Cardinal Newman.

Men are to be educated by wholesome habit, not by rewards and punishments.—John Ruskin.

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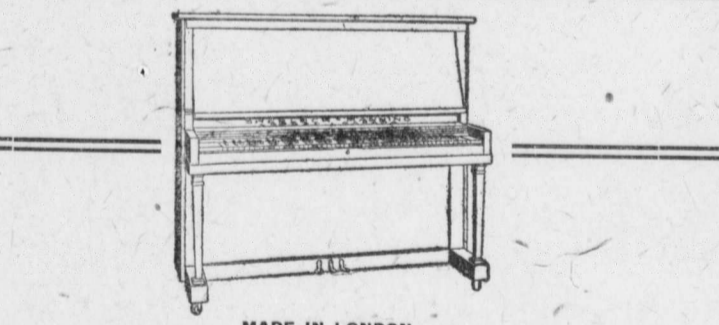
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Advertisement for ENO's Fruit Salt, featuring a bottle illustration and text: KEEP in tune with the bright new morn by drinking from the well of health that lies in ENO'S FRUIT SALT

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VACATION TIME

It seems to me I'd like to go Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow, Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound, And I'd have stillness all around.

HIDDEN HERO

"Can you tell me," I asked of a farmer's boy whom I passed in my morning walk during my summer outing in the country, "who lives in that singular looking house up there on the hill?"

THRIFT

Ultimately, the wealth and the well-being of a nation depend upon the character of the people. Even the most plentiful resources can be exhausted. But character remains. Thrift can create plenty out of dearth. It can use what others

MORE MONEY AND LESS WORK

In its convention at Montreal, the American Federation of Labor refused to condemn the eight-hour day. Yet its support will be given to any local organization which proposes to reduce the number of working-hours, even though the standard be lowered to six. This attitude is, to speak mildly, unfortunate.

WILL POWER

Some things are so serious that we say we cannot allow them to go on any longer; and that it is amazing what the power of our wills can do.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

Incorporated by Act of the Dominion Parliament. Adequate Rates, Whole Life and 20 and 30 Years Assessment Policies.

Over \$8,000,000 Paid To Families of Deceased Members

For further information address J. E. H. HOWISON GRAND SECRETARY KINGSTON, ONT.

Major Stewart, ma'am. I had read of the bravery of a Captain Donald Stewart who during the Spanish-American war, then just concluded, had fought till nearly all his men had been killed, then had fired a cannon himself. I happened to read an account of it published soon after the occurrence, and it attracted my attention.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

811

MODERN KNIGHTS AND PILGRIMS

Delegates of the Knights of Columbus from every State in the Union, as well as from Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico, Cuba, Panama, Porto Rico, the Philippines and Hawaii, are assembled in New York City for the thirty-eighth annual Supreme Convention of their order.

We bid a hearty Godspeed to these worthy representatives of the American Catholic laity on their mission of amity to the mother continent beyond the Atlantic.

The War gave the Knights of Columbus their great opportunity. And they improved it, as Americans and as Catholics. Those in the best position to know are our witnesses.

In the wake of the War came many problems. Chief among these was the need of education and of employment. Even before the armistice, with fine vision, the Knights had taken thought of these difficulties.

Some years ago a governmental bureau issued a circular which counseled the people of the country against overwork, fretting, enmity, despondency, and other like ailments.

It is well indeed if the significance, even in part, of this transatlantic voyage could be brought home not only to our co-religionists, but also to our fellow-nationalists generally.

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Distinguished French prelates will formally receive the pilgrims at several points on their way; government officials of the highest rank will extend a greeting to them and conduct them as their guests to the French battlefields made dear to us by American blood.

that this peace pilgrimage, inspired by the twin motives of patriotism and religion, is stamped with a quasi-diplomatic character. In the twofold aspect of the expression of American national good will to a sister Republic, and of American Catholic attachment to our Supreme Chief in things spiritual. It is obvious that this twentieth century pilgrimage merits a place in the best columns of our dailies and above all in our thoughts.

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the Church herself are built upon solid Catholic principles that have stood the test of time and the acceptance of which would profit both employer and employed. They are built upon justice and justice is not a respecter of persons.

We are reminded of an incident that occurred recently at the investigation before the Senate Committee on Labor and Education. Mr. William Jennings Bryan had declared that "the Church has not used its mighty influence to bring the employer and the employee together in harmonizing and securing co-operation."

The management of the Western Fair are making active preparations for their 1920 Exhibition. Already space is all taken in some of the buildings and the others are filling up rapidly.

OTHER AMERICANS AT CHATEAU THIERRY

A recent number of La Croix contains a letter of the late Mgr. Pechner, giving an account of an after-war battle that is carried on by American sects against the Faith in France.

In this state of affairs it behooves our Catholic people to be mindful of the injunction of Divine wisdom. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice."

A DEPENDABLE SYSTEM

The generosity and self-sacrifice of our Catholic people are proverbial. When Our Lord sent His Apostles into the world without script or staff, to subsist on the charity of the faithful, He laid the foundation for the growth and subsistence of His Church in all ages.

THE ONE GREAT EXCEPTION

The industrial problem is filled with perplexities which the unwary wrest to their own confusion. Recently there has been advertised a series of articles soon to appear in which the religious organizations are to be taken to task for not considering sufficiently the employer's standpoint in the settlement of industrial disputes.

A reading of the immortal encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII. would show such writers how unwarranted as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, their charges really are. In his episcopal pronouncement on the Condition of the Working Classes the great Pope Leo XIII. pronounced principles to guide both the worker and his employer.

Writing in the Educational Review Father Spalding, S. J., declares that "thousands of schools in the country are idle because there is no money to pay teachers, and millions of children are being taught by those from untrained ranks."

universities are approaching the 3,000 mark. There has been no curtailment of work owing to the stress of financial conditions. On the contrary there has been everywhere a steady growth.

RESOLUTION PASSED BY S. E. I. L. ON ARREST AND DETENTION OF ARCHBISHOP MANNIX

The National Executive of the Self-Determination for Ireland League of Canada condemns as an unwarranted interference with the liberties of an Australian citizen the arrest and detention of Archbishop Mannix by the British Government, and desires the Archbishop and all whom it may concern, of the determination of the Irish race in Canada to continue the fight for the right of the people of Ireland to choose freely their own governmental institutions, and their relationship with other nations and peoples, without coercion or dictation from outside.

PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE AUG. 29 TO SEPT. 4

The final Pilgrimage under the personal direction of J. J. Callaghan, will leave the Yonge St. Wharf, Toronto, on Sunday, Aug. 29th, at 8.30 p.m. (daylight saving time). Mr. Callaghan will be on the Steamer "Toronto" at 2.30 to furnish tickets to those desiring to avail themselves of this opportunity of visiting the world-famous Shrine.

WANTED

ST. JOSEPH'S SANITARIUM

WANTED A RELIABLE PERSON FOR general housework.

WANTED QUALIFIED CATHOLIC TEACHER

WANTED qualified teacher for Stanleyville Separate School, No. 2, N. Burgess.

WANTED qualified teacher holding 2nd class professional certificate, experienced, for C. S. S. No. 9, Kearney, term beginning Sept. 1st. Salary \$700.

WANTED an experienced qualified Normal trained teacher or S. S. No. 7, Dupont.

WANTED second class professional teacher for S. S. No. 5, Percy.

WANTED teacher for Catholic Separate school, No. 4, Raleigh.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA The nucleus of every independent fortune is a Savings Account. Investments can only be made with capital and capital can only be acquired by saving from earnings

BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA London [394 Richmond Street] Offices [1445 Dundas St. East] Thirteen Offices in District: BELTON DELAWARE ILDERTON IONA STATION KOMKA LAWRENCE STATION MELBOURNE MIDDLEMISS THORNDALE WALKERS

To Purchasers of 1934 Victory Bonds Some people who bought 1934 Maturity Victory Bonds have, for various reasons, sold them.

Wood, Gundy & Company Toronto Montreal Saskatoon New York London, Eng

The Simplest Way to Order Victory Bonds Yielding from 5.40% to 6% These Bonds, offering the best security obtainable, and yielding from 5.40% to 6%, are now available at unusually favorable prices, with a good choice of short or long term maturities.

WANTED PRIEST'S housekeeper wanted for a country parish. Must be good cook and accustomed to country life.

WANTED A Graduate Nurse, Catholic for position as Head Nurse in a Catholic hospital.

WANTED young man or girl in a printing office with a few years general experience in printing.

DE LA SALLE COLLEGE, AURORA, ONT. CONDUCTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS OF ONTARIO

MEMORIAL WINDOWS ENGLISH STAINED GLASS LYON GLASS CO. 4143 CHURCH ST. TORONTO ONT.

PROTECTION AND PROFIT When money is in a Savings Account in The Merchants Bank, it is absolutely safe from loss, as far as you are concerned.

THE MERCHANTS BANK Head Office: Montreal, OFFICE OF CANADA Established 1864. With its 119 branches in Ontario, 47 branches in Quebec, 1 branch in New Brunswick, 3 branches in Nova Scotia, 44 branches in Manitoba, 14 branches in Saskatchewan, 57 branches in Alberta and 11 branches in British Columbia, serves rural Canada most effectively.

Several of the Reverend Clergy ask this Question— "Why should a child be required to learn a Catechism answer he cannot understand, when the doctrine it contains can be expressed just as well in language he does understand?"

Mission Supplies A SPECIALTY CANDELABRA 3 LIGHT ADJUSTABLE \$15 PAIR Censers \$15 Each J. J. M. LANDY Catholic Church Goods 405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Votive Candles To the Clergy: Why pay the American Candle Manufacturer 45c. per set for Votive Candles when you can purchase from a purely Canadian Factory an equally good Candle for 34c. per set.

Mission Goods and Catholic Church Supplies W. E. Blake & Son, Limited 125 Church St., Toronto, Canada

Irish Orators and Oratory Edited by Alfred Percival Graves, M. A., William Magennis, M. A., Douglas Hyde, LL.D. With an Introduction by Professor T. M. Kettle

SPEECHES BY Edmund Burke (1730-1797) Henry Flood (1732-1791) Walter Hussey Burgh (1742-1788)

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