

The Catholic Record.

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

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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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MARKED DISSATISFACTION

Something that may, or may not, help to break the irreconcilable attitude of the Carsonia Cabinet is the marked dissatisfaction developed in Belfast over appointments to offices under the Carsonia Government. It appears that all the patronage is being bestowed upon the section of Belfast people whose bigotry has been well known. Now, it does not seem to be known that there is in Belfast an important element of the Protestant population which has held itself sternly aloof from the persecuting Catholics and the forcing of all Catholics out of employment—and has sometimes at dire risk to itself spoken against the unmanly and unchristian attitude of the Orange mob, and boldly condemned the pogroms. All of this element has been carefully excluded from a share in the spoils—and as a result the new Government has not now the over-enthusiastic support of all the Unionist element. It affects to flout the opinion of the decenter element—but it remains to be seen just how strong the Cabinet can prove itself to be, without such support.

Any of the decent Protestant element in Belfast which dared to be too outspoken against the Orange outrages, was accorded, by the same treatment meted out to the hunted papists. Many Protestant workmen, who aided their outraged Catholic fellows, were badly beaten, and deprived of their means of livelihood. And some of them, too, had their homes burned. One of the persecuted Protestants, Councillor James Baird, tells the English press that he and a number of other independent Protestants have had to subsist upon Catholic charity for the past year. In the course of a letter to the press he says: "The tolerant, easy-going Englishman will find it hard to believe that in the Belfast area almost 10,000 workers were on July 21, 1920, and on succeeding dates, driven out of the shipyards and other works, and have not since been allowed to resume. On the date referred to a number of men and boys armed with pieces of iron and other missiles entered a Castle liner in the course of construction, flung a number of men in the river, pelted them with bolts, washers, and the like as they were struggling in water 25 feet deep, and set up a reign of terror which made it impossible for any Roman Catholic to resume work since."

"It has been stated that only disloyal and seditious persons who had taken the place of loyal men who had enlisted were expelled, but amongst them were 1,000 ex-service men, many of whom had gone out with the First Expeditionary Force, heroes of Mons and the Marne, loyal enough to fight for England in her hour of need."

STATEMENT OF CASUALTIES

A detailed statement of the dead and wounded in the various Belfast pogroms of the past twelve months has been issued, which shows the following startling list of deaths and wounds inflicted on the hunted Catholic workers, by the Orange lambs who fear to be left at the mercy of an intolerant Dublin Parliament:

July 1920, 20 killed, 147 wounded.
Aug. 1920, 31 killed, 270 wounded.
Sept. 1920, 8 killed, 50 wounded.
Oct. 1920, 3 killed, 15 wounded.
June 1921, 7 killed, 40 wounded.
July 1921, 20 killed, 138 wounded.
Other dates 5 killed.
Total for Belfast, 94 killed, 669 wounded.

In Derry, May and June 1920, 20 killed, 90 wounded.
Grand total for two cities, 112 killed, 759 wounded.

This does not take into account the casualties in Lisburn, Banbridge, and other cities.

Awards for criminal injuries arising out of the Pogrom, made to date are, roughly:
Belfast 280,000 pounds.
Lisburn 281,000 pounds.

SHAMEFUL TRICKERY

Most Americans will not let themselves realize that Carsonia is little more than half of Ulster—that the excluded part of Ulster is overwhelmingly National—and that within the Northeast corner which constitutes Carsonia one-third of the population is National. And while the population of Carsonia is 2 Unionist to 1 Nationalist the Carsonists with the help of Lloyd George so jerry-mandered the constituencies as to manage to elect their members in the ratio of almost 3-1-2 to 1. Forty Unionist members were elected by 341,000 Unionist voters, while only 12 Nationalist members were elected by 164,000 Nationalist voters. (Thousands of Nationalist voters were beaten and driven back from the polling booths.) Derry City, which has more than 17,000 voters,

was deprived of the right of returning a member—because it had returned and would again return a Nationalist. On the other hand the Queens University, Belfast (a hotbed of Orangeism) was by this shameful trickery given the privilege of returning four members! Such is a sample of the methods of these men who tremble for fear of the intolerance of "Southern" Ireland!

DAIL EIREANN ISSUES STATISTICS

Appropos of the recent jail delivery of the Sinn Fein members of Parliament the following statistics have been issued by the Dail Eireann (Irish Parliament) regarding the treatment of the people's elected representatives at the hands of the English Government.

Of the 130 Republican members:
112 have served one term of imprisonment.

78 of these have been imprisoned twice.

41 have been imprisoned three times.

18 have been imprisoned four times.

8 have been imprisoned five times.

3 have been imprisoned seven times.

2 have been imprisoned eight times.

In addition:
15 have had sentence of death passed upon them.

11 have had their houses destroyed.

9 have had narrow escapes from deliberate attempts at assassination.

All have had their homes raided, and in thirty or forty cases their property looted.

In this connection it may be recorded that upwards of 4,000 Irishmen are interned (under conditions no better than ordinary imprisonment) there are awaiting trial 1,000 men and 20 women; 850 are undergoing prison sentences and 950 have been sent into penal servitude. The casualties of the civilian population, during the past seven months are (in rounded numbers) 1,000 killed, 2,000 wounded.

AN INTERESTING LETTER

The English propaganda, which, because of England's passionate love of justice, gives to the world the evil deeds of all its unfriends, has a neat knack of forgetting to make public the inconvenient items of news which might cause the world's tongue wag about itself. The big fact that Irish troops in India mutinied last year could not altogether be suppressed, but the big news was dismissed by short mention—succeeded by thick silence. A letter smuggled from one of the sentenced mutineering Connaught Rangers arrived in Ireland last month, and was made public by Young Ireland. It is very interesting in its disclosures of the sequel to the meeting. Here it is:

"At sea, on board S. S. Huntspill, Feb. 3, 1921.

"Dear Sir:—I expect you will be surprised when you get this letter, but as a countryman of mine I can take the liberty of writing to you without any offence.

"I am one of the 350 men of the Connaught Rangers who laid down arms at Jallundur, India, on the 2-4th June, 1920, as a protest against the way the Government was treating Ireland. Out of the 350 who laid down arms, the authorities picked 92 men who they thought were ringleaders and had them tried by mock court-martial. The remaining 258 returned to soldier. They tried to get us to surrender. They used every means in their power, so at last they told us it looked terrible had in the eyes of the natives of India, so they tried force. The South Wales Borderers used both bayonet and ball ammunition, but it was no use. We meant death before surrender. So they tried 62 of us to sentences ranging from death to 12 months imprisonment. Out of the 62, 14 were condemned, simply because we loved Ireland, the land of our birth. Out of the 14 men condemned to death 13 got reprieved, and the one—James Daly, from Tyrrellspass—paid the extreme penalty with his life, simply because he was a true Irishman. By Jove, he was an Irishman, every inch of him. The morning of the 2nd of November, 1920, when he walked out to die, the doctor wanted him to take morphine. Daly's last words were: 'I will take nothing of the sort, let me stand up and fall like a brave Irishman.' The bandage fell from his eyes and he asked permission for to leave it off. He was told orders were orders, so the priest advised him to let the murderers put it on again. I cooked his food up to the night before he died, and his favourite saying was, 'Revenge for Balbriggan.' The Colonel that carried out the execution said that he was the bravest man he ever met."

"They are taking us to some English prison to do our sentences, which is from 20 years down to 2. I, myself, got 5 years' penal servitude but they remitted 2 years.

"Sir, I hope you will let all the boys that love Ireland know that I

am with them in their fight. If ever God spares me to get free, I will open the eyes of the world as regards what I and my comrades have suffered, but it is all for Erin. I will now conclude hoping, sir, to be classed as an Irishman.

"JOSEPH WALSH,
"X Conn. Rangers."

P. S. What the authorities can't make out is this: While all the trouble was on, not one man was guilty of looting. Thank God, that can't be thrown in our faces.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

SCHOOLS IN AUSTRIA

STRUGGLE TO MAINTAIN IDEALS OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

By Dr. Frederick Funder

Vienna.—Far more dangerous and disastrous than the upheaval which the revolutions have brought about in Central Europe, is the methodical destruction of Christian institutions which has resulted from these changes. It becomes evident that the motive forces of the revolution were not only directed against the former European political constitutions, but just as much against the Christian religion and chiefly against the spiritual property of the Catholic Church.

The Catholic monarchy fell and the power of the Freemason's lodge triumphed not only over the throne but also over the altars. In Austria, this triumph is partially checked by the Christian Socialist movement of the people, which is still rather strong. Yet, it is a fierce struggle which is being fought here to defend Christian institutions. Especially with regard to education matters, violent conflicts are taking place. The issue will decide, whether or not the spirit of irreligion and of hostility to Christian faith is going to be victorious in the future structure of public life in Austria.

The school regulation of the old monarchy was based upon the principle that the "ethical-religious education" has to be a chief aim of the school. This principle has been one of the fundamental laws of the former State. When the Socialist assumed the leadership in the Austrian State after the breakdown of the monarchy, a so-called "school reform" was started at once, by the Socialist minister Glockel, who was at the head of the Board of Education. This "reform" typified the spirit of the modern doctrines of Socialism. The Church was to be deprived of the influence it hitherto had possessed in school education. The Catholic pupils in the longer were obliged to attend divine service at the school and take part in religious exercises.

SEEK TO SECULARIZE SCHOOLS

The Masonic press urged the abolition of all religious teaching in the schools. Under the title "More Light" a Viennese teacher asks in one of these publications:

"What reasons are there for hesitating in demanding the abolition of religious teaching? Are we not horrified in witnessing, at the present moment, how it was unable to prevent the moral breakdown of humanity? Have not the people of all States, engaged in this war, received religious teaching when they were children? What for? . . . Parents, fight all religious teaching!"

And the Socialist minister of public instruction, Glockel, made the following statement in the Austrian Parliament, at the sitting on July 25, 1919: "I shall, on no account give up fighting for the separation of church and school. This is a question not to be decided by experts, but only by the political proportion of forces."

Luckily for Austria, the new elections for the Austrian Parliament which took place in October 1920, changed this proportion of forces in such respect, that the Christian Socialists became the strongest party in Parliament. Yet, Socialism still has the greatest power in the State. Being masters of this town, they now try to realize here their plans concerning schools. Before the Socialist majority of Parliament was overturned, the Socialist Minister of Public Instruction enforced a complete alteration of the Austrian public instruction. A new method of teaching was set up. The child no longer was to have separate lessons of spelling, writing and arithmetic, but a so-called "general instruction" (Gesamtunterricht) was introduced, which is to enable the children to get in training in these matters by play, degrees and to some extent by play, also conjointly with lessons in handicraft and in the course of walks, etc. No separate lessons are fixed for spelling and writing any more, but all subjects are taken up at the same time and in one and the same lessons.

The chief object of the so-called reform is the separation of talented pupils. Up to now there were in

Austria public schools, secondary schools (seven to eight classes) which were the preparatory establishments for the University and the higher schools with different faculties. According to the reform, all pupils from the age of eleven to fourteen shall be bound to frequent a so-called united school (Einheitschule) where the teachers will be charged to separate the gifted pupils from those that are less talented.

Only the talented pupils shall be permitted to proceed into a secondary school, which is to have four classes, and, then, to the university. This means that the State takes it in hand to select the students destined to receive a higher training, thus depriving the parents of their right to influence the choice of profession of their children. A distinguished Catholic pedagogue, Father Heinrich Giese, S. V. D., director of the Catholic Training College for Teachers, made the following statement to your correspondent, concerning the importance of their reform:

"This new organization of the Austrian public instruction is an unlawful infringement upon the parents' rights. There is no doubt that talented students, among the poorer classes of the people, should be admitted to higher training, but these endeavors never must be carried so far as to exclude the parents entirely from exercising an influence over the choice of profession of their children. If it is entirely left to the teacher to decide which pupils are to be admitted to higher studies, the parents have nothing to say in this matter. And yet the gift, which the teacher has ascertained with regard to a pupil is not the only standard to be applied to his future fitness. It is a well-known principle, founded on the experiences of pedagogues, that students with extraordinary gifts often are very disappointing in their later life, whereas application, sound moral qualities, perseverance and strict discipline over oneself, are able to produce more capable men than inborn talents. The Socialist school reform ignores these factors of education altogether, which is fundamentally wrong. By trying to give the State exclusive power over our youth they are opposing fundamental Catholic principles. The right of the parents is sacred, and we must and shall fight for it."

CATHOLICS FIGHT FOR RIGHTS

The rectors of the Vienna University and the Christian teachers have offered resistance to these Socialist revolutionary reforms by vigorous manifestations. At present, the Minister of public instruction of the anti-socialist majority of parliament, which is led by the Christian Socialists, is trying to check this movement which his Socialist predecessor started. He has given orders that the new method of teaching has to be applied only in such cases where certain preliminary conditions exist and the consent of the parents has been obtained. It is a sad fact that just the city of Vienna is beyond the reach of his influence, so that the Socialist Government is exercising nearly full authority over public instruction. A fierce battle will be fought here between the Catholics and the Socialists for the schools.

These conflicts are a symptom of new Europe. A fanatical spirit, hostile to the Christian religion, wants to usurp the leadership of the masses. This is common to Austria, Czechoslovakia and Germany. Also the Catholics of Jugo-Slavia and Roumania have to fight hard for their supremacy in the schools. Though Bolshevism has not succeeded in breaking into Central Europe, another enemy just as dangerous for Christianity is trying to get control of the masses and to wipe out all that is left of the Christian character of the States. Hard times are threatening us and the union, organization and self-sacrifice of the Catholics will be needed. Thank God, the serious danger has been recognized in the Catholic camp and preparations are being made to meet it.

VOW TO SACRED HEART

On January 18, 1872, Cardinal Guibert, then Archbishop of Paris, granted his formal approval to the work of M. Lengentil and worked personally for its execution.

At the same time, Cardinal Guibert gave out the definite formula of the National Vow, which was pronounced by all subscribers. The vow was as follows: "We recognize that we have been guilty and justly chastised; and to make honorable amends for our sins and obtain from the infinite mercy of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord Jesus Christ pardon for our sins and the extraordinary help which alone can deliver the Sovereign Pontiff from his captivity and bring an end to the misfortune of France, we promise to contribute to the erection in Paris of a sanctuary dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

The thought of the Pope was thus united with that of France in the minds of the pious promoters of the Basilica, and the monument shortly to be completed, expresses the sentiments of all Christendom.

SITE OF ST. DENYS' MARTYRDOM

The site in the Butte Montmartre was then selected. The hill of Montmartre was sanctified in the early days of Christianity by the martyrdom of Saint Denys, first Bishop of Paris, which was then called Lutec. Since that time the hill, whose name means Mount of the Martyrs, has always been the object of pilgrimages for the faithful.

It is one of the dominant points of Paris, and has always been dear to the artists on account of its picturesque aspect and the extensive view which it affords of the great city and its environs. An old chronicler of ancient France said: "Montmartre is the eye and the heart of France."

When Cardinal Guibert had selected the site for the basilica on the highest part of the hill, he asked the National Assembly to pass a law recognizing the future church as a monument of public utility, and permitting the acquisition of the necessary land.

This law, known since as the Law of the National Vow, was passed

literary center in England. Here Pope, one of the greatest of the greatest of the English poets, had his villa, and gathered around him all the literary lights of the time.

Pope's name is still connected with many of the places in Twickenham. His villa disappeared some time last century, and on the site there now stands a large and flourishing convent of Catholic nuns and an academy. The grotto, or summer house, in which Pope wrote is still in the nun's garden.

HILL OF MARTYRS

PARIS CITY COUNCIL ORDERS NOBLE APPROACH TO BASILICA

The Municipal Council of Paris has just ordered work to be begun on the monumental flight of steps which is to lead from the foot of the Butte Montmartre directly to the portal of the Sacred Heart Basilica.

With the facade of the basilica this flight of steps will form a wonderful piece of architecture. The chief architect of the city, M. Formigal, who is the author of these plans, has devised a whole system of circular ramps, inclined planes, terraces of flowers, steps, and escaudes, covering that side of the hill which faces Paris.

BUILDING THIRTY-SIX YEARS

This approach to the basilica will be not less than 45 meters high, and is to be constructed at the expense of the municipality. The most important construction of the period, the building occupying the highest location in Paris will thus be completed by a monumental approach after thirty-six years of work.

The construction of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart was begun in 1875. The idea to which it owes its origin, and which was spread under the name of "National Vow," was conceived during the War of 1871 when French defeats had brought sorrow to all hearts.

A well-known Catholic, M. Alexandre Lengentil, was convinced that the defeat of France had a supernatural cause, and believed that God was punishing the nation for the numerous impious acts of which it had become guilty. He conceived the plan of a solemn reparation for these acts of impiety, to be manifested by public and national acts of piety and repentance.

In January 1871, in the cell of the Rev. Father Argand, of the Society of Jesus, M. Lengentil made a vow to promote this solemn act of reparation. He was aided in his propaganda campaign, which he undertook immediately, by several Catholics, and was encouraged by Rev. Father Jandel, General of the Dominicans. Pope Pius IX, immediately granted him his blessing.

WELBECK ABBEY TO BE SOLD

Announcement by the Duke of Portland, one of the wealthiest members of the English nobility, that as a result of high taxes either he or his sons would be forced to dispose of Welbeck Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, is not without a certain interest to Catholics, inasmuch as the abbey was founded in 1154 as a religious establishment and is one of the great English manors that was confiscated by Henry VIII.

The Abbey was formerly the property of the Premonstratensian Order, whose monks used it as their headquarters for almost four hundred years, until dissolved by the edict of Henry dissolving the abbeys. The estate was purchased by Sir Charles Cavendish, of whom the present Duke of Portland is a descendant. Legend has it that even today the tombs of the old abbey church remain and that the Cuckoo's nest, who founded the order, and the bones of the early abbots still lie entombed behind the great walls and panels of the buildings.

"Unbearable taxation of land owners and the inordinately high death duties" are ascribed by the Duke of Portland, as reasons why it will be necessary eventually to dispose of his property, regarded as the Gibraltar of the great ancestral country estates which have played such an important part in English history and literature.

Welbeck Abbey includes, in the huge estates surrounding it, the Sherwood Forest of Robin Hood, and it was thought that its owners had sufficient wealth to maintain it intact for all time.

Belgium claims the honor of having produced the first printed newspaper, *Neuwe Tydinghen*, published at Antwerp in 1605 by Abraham Verhoeven, and preceding by 14 years the first English journal.

June 22, 1873, by 382 votes to 188. The French Government was thus officially associated in the homage rendered to God through the new building.

A few days later Pius IX, published a Brief, blessing in advance the monument "which will show to all, from age to age, that France, in the midst of trouble and hostility toward religion, has again consecrated herself to God by an act of general and solemn homage."

SEVENTY-EIGHT ARCHITECTS COMPETED

A competition was opened and seventy-eight architects presented plans. The plans selected were a masterly conception in the Romano-Byzantine style, drawn by the architect Abadie, a former pupil of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

The cornerstone was laid with solemn ceremony June 16, 1875. The Apostolic Nuncio was present, together with many bishops, priests and deputies.

The foundations of the monument required a vast amount of work, on account of the peculiar formation of the Montmartre hill, which is intersected with stone quarries. Eighty-three piles forty meters high had to be placed under the plateau.

The crypt was made in this sub-structure. It is nine meters high and comprises an oratory in which prayers may be said for the dead, an altar dedicated to Saint Peter, and numerous small chapels dedicated to other saints.

Propaganda for the construction of the Basilica received support and gained friends in every parish of France, and generous gifts never ceased to flow in. Certain persons and societies would promise to give a definite part of the Basilica; thus many of the huge stones are marked with the names of the donors, and the great bell is called the "Savoynard" because it was donated by the province of Savoy.

In October 17, 1899, the cross was placed on the great dome, eighty-three meters above the floor of the church. The bell tower, which is eighty-four meters high, and a separate part of the church, was completed April 16, 1912.

ALREADY HAS COST \$10,000,000

At last the great work was ended, and the consecration was to take place August 8, 1914. War was declared August 2, 1914, and the ceremony was postponed until after the armistice. It took place October 16, 1919, in the presence of Cardinal Vico, legate of the Holy See, one hundred and ten cardinals, archbishops and bishops, and a crowd of about twenty thousand persons. The total amount spent in the construction of the basilica up to the present time exceeds fifty million francs.

This monument, erected on one of the most famous sites of the Capital, is, through its importance and the efforts which it represents, the greatest manifestation of the faith of the French people, who have lifted up to God their Mount of the Martyrs, thus applying the letter of the Gospel.

SEPTEMBER 1921 MARKS THE SIXTH CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF THE GREAT POET, DANTE ALIGHIERI.

"The Catholic World Magazine," 120 West 60th Street, New York, will honor the centenary by making its September issue a special Dante number. Hilaire Belloc will present the period and show Dante's place in the stirring history of his time. Dante, the poet, will be treated by Margaret Munsterberg, the well-known litterateur. Charles Phillips, the California poet and writer, who, after his long war service is sojourning in Italy, writes from the scenes of Dante's life of Dante as the nature lover. This distinguished memorial will be a synthetic contribution to Dante literature, a volume no Dante lover, no literary student can afford to neglect. This great genius of all time, so eminently Catholic, will be presented from every angle by distinguished Catholic scholars of today.

New York, Aug. 15.—Another step forward will be taken in the social service programme for the Archdiocese of New York with the completion of the new \$900,000 home for Self-Dependent Women now being erected on the northwest corner of 199th Street and Grand Concourse. The home, which will be conducted by the Institute of Mercy, is a gift of Mrs. Susan Devin and will be especially for older women who are paying their own way. It will be operated at cost. The new building will be five stories in height and provision is being made for a large roof garden where the guests and their friends will be able to enjoy the cool breezes on hot nights. The home is the first of its kind to be erected in the Bronx, and if the venture is successful it is understood that others will follow.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Maryknoll, of the American Foreign Missions, is well known in the wireless world and has attracted attention abroad by the power and excellence of its receiving station at the seminary near Ossing, New York, where wireless messages are received daily.

Berlin, Aug. 2.—Dr. Christian Schreiber, formerly regent of the Fulda Seminary, has been selected by the Holy See to be the 42nd Bishop of the recently re-established See of Meissen. This Episcopal See, which had been abandoned for many years, is located at Bautzen in Saxony.

Paris, Aug. 4.—On a recent Sunday, the village of Saint-Christophe-le-Joyeux, in Normandy, saw the revival of a curious tradition which had become established before the outbreak of the World War: a pilgrimage of automobilists. The parish has a sanctuary dedicated to Saint Christopher, who is the patron saint of the commune, and also the patron saint of motorists.

Dr. James P. Harper, dean of the College of Dentistry of St. Louis University, has been advised by Frederic G. Hallett, O. B. E., Secretary of the examining board of the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, that the St. Louis University School of Dentistry has been added to the list of Dental Schools recognized for instruction for the license in England.

Paris, Aug. 1.—When Marshal Foch paid a visit on September 29, 1919, to the Hospital of Tarbes, he promised to send a souvenir of the War. He has kept his promise. M. Gabriel Foch, brother of the great Marshal, has just presented the Superior of the hospital with a beautiful French flag made of silk, on which has been embroidered the image of the Sacred Heart.

Dublin, Aug. 2.—There was much joy in Athlone, County Westmeath, when it was learned that Mrs. Curley, Golden Island, Athlone, had received a cablegram informing her that her second eldest son, Most Rev. Dr. Curley, Bishop of Florida, had been raised to the dignity of the Archbishopric of Baltimore in succession to the late Cardinal Gibbons. The new Archbishop, who is in his early forties, is probably the youngest Archbishop in the world.

Purchase of a large house in Seattle to serve as a residence for the Maryknoll Sisters and for the Japanese kindergarten, has been announced by the newly organized Maryknoll Club of Catholic men who acted for the Sisters. The house is large and modern in every respect and splendidly adapted for the use of Maryknoll. The property was formerly the home of the Young Men's Hebrew Association.

A solemn High Mass in honor of the twentieth anniversary of the first Mass offered in the United States for printers and night workers, was celebrated at 2:30 May 8th in old St. Andrew's Church, Duane Street and City Hall Place, New York. Mgr. L. J. Evers, the pastor who celebrated the first Mass twenty years ago, was the celebrant. Mgr. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, delivered the sermon.

September 1921 marks the sixth centenary of the death of the great poet, Dante Alighieri. "The Catholic World Magazine," 120 West 60th Street, New York, will honor the centenary by making its September issue a special Dante number. Hilaire Belloc will present the period and show Dante's place in the stirring history of his time. Dante, the poet, will be treated by Margaret Munsterberg, the well-known litterateur. Charles Phillips, the California poet and writer, who, after his long war service is sojourning in Italy, writes from the scenes of Dante's life of Dante as the nature lover. This distinguished memorial will be a synthetic contribution to Dante literature, a volume no Dante lover, no literary student can afford to neglect. This great genius of all time, so eminently Catholic, will be presented from every angle by distinguished Catholic scholars of today.

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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Whilst our old friends were thus engaged in this pleasant and cheerful reunion, another scene, quite as entertaining, was being enacted in a much humbler walk of life. Ryder and his faithful friend Leo arrived in due time at their destination.

The old servant had travelled much in his day, and was not in the least disconcerted at finding himself in a foreign city, with a strange jargon of tongues chattering loudly around him. With a small but stout leather bag held firmly in one hand and the other grasping the strong leash attached to the dog's collar, he pushed steadily on, deeply intent upon his own purpose. Both man and beast looked solemn and earnest, as though filled with the importance of the mission upon which they were bound. His dear little lady—his—Leo's—mistress was ill, and she should not die without knowing that her old servant had been faithful to her last charge. "Take care of Leo, dear old John," says she, "for I love him very much." Thus muttering to himself, and talking in a quiet undertone to the dog, the old man stopped at last before a butcher's shop, where, by means of pantomimic signs, he procured a piece of meat which he paid for and tucked carefully under his arm.

Presently he turned into a small inn, and calling the landlord, made him comprehend that he wished for a quiet place in which to feed and rest his dog. He was shown into a comfortable stable, and there Ryder first fed his favorite; and then, taking from his bag a strong brush and comb, groomed him down thoroughly. "She always loved to see your coat shine, didn't she, Leo?—and you and me'll look our best. Yes, that we will. Now, come, we must hurry up, old boy. You and me's not so young as we were; and it is getting late, it is! Bide here awhile, till I have a turn and freshen myself up a bit. Lie down and wait for me, d'ye hear? We're going to see Lady Beatrice by-and-by. Leo pricked his ears and seemed fully aware of all his master's wishes and plans. He shook himself pompously, then lay down to await further orders. He really seemed to understand, by some strange instinct between them, that something very unusual was about to take place, in which he and his old master were to take a prominent part.

Ryder hurried to the parlor, and having refreshed his inner man with some savoury French stew—the contents of which he felt extremely nervous about, and therefore, grumbled freely at—he brushed himself up and returned to the stable. "This late, I know," he murmured; "but she must not die till she's seen him, and me too, if it can be managed. Lord, don't I love her, almost more than if she were me own! And she has a tender spot in her heart for her father's old servant, I know she has!" Here he drew his sleeve across his eyes, and continued: "Come along, Leo, we're going to see Lady Beatrice—thine old mistress, dog. Goodness knows, she owns little enough of this world's goods now, but you bestill hers. I've taken care of ye for her; and you and me's not going to be daunted. It's a case of life and death, and no convent walls—no, nor iron bars, 'll stop us two, will they? Eh?"

The dog looked up with an expression of ready responsiveness in his fine old face. He was so accustomed to sharing the old man's ideas, and following out his notions, that a wonderful bond of union had grown up between them. Besides, during the journey, the old man had talked in a low, confidential tone to Leo about his mistress, and had frequently taken from his inner pocket a soiled but dainty lace handkerchief and a pair of small silk gloves, at the sight and perfume of which the animal had become quite excited. So he trotted freely by his master's side, neither of them heeding the desolation around, but both pondering the assurance that something important was about to occur.

Rat-a-tat-tat-tat. It was a loud and an imperious knock that Ryder levied at the convent door, and hearing it the timid little portress hurried, thinking it to be the doctor, or at least a visitor of importance—so flurried was she that she forgot to peep through the sliding panel—and opened the door at once.

With a set look of determination on his kind old face, Ryder stepped in; and the dog sprang forward. To the startled and terrified eyes of the Sister, Leo, in the gathering darkness, appeared like a huge lion; Ryder might be his keeper. Uttering a stifled cry of alarm, she endeavoured to fling the door to and fled for assistance. But they were safely inside, and it took Leo but an instant to decide in which room lay the object of their search. He sniffed below the parlor door; then whining excitedly, looked up, and hearing the animal's instinct, and hearing no voices within, Ryder opened the

door and followed the impatient beast into the room.

All was still. The evening air being chilly, a small stove had been lit, and by the light of a shaded lamp he discerned a small low bed with its head against the further end of the room, and thus left free and open at both sides. "Come back, Leo," he commanded in a stern whisper, for the dog was straining hard at his collar—"steady, old boy, wait a minute!" Sister Marguerite was lying wide awake, and hearing the unusual sounds, raised her head to divine their cause. Was it a delusion, a vision, that she saw in the dim light before her? The forms of those dear old friends—were they real? were they living?

Not for long did she wonder thus. Then the full knowledge of the faithful devotion of these two old creatures—who, hearing of her illness, had come swiftly to seek and find her—flooded her heart with joy and delight. "My Leo!" she cried, "am I dreaming, or is that you?"

Forward bounded the dog, for he knew her voice, and holding tightly to the leash—fearful of the consequences to her—dragged Ryder. The dog reached her, and rising, half encircled her with his fore-paws; then, rubbing his delighted head against her face, whined for joy. She put her wounded arms around his neck, and kissed his rough shaggy coat saying:

"Poor old Leo! I never thought to see you more. How did you find me? There now Ryder, take him down, for the old darling is heavy, and come nearer yourself, and tell me all about it. My precious beauty!" she continued, as the dog yielded very reluctantly to the old man's efforts to draw him down, "it is you sure enough; but tell me, John, how on earth did you get here?"

"How did we get here?" he repeated; and his jovial face was lit up with exquisite joy, as he strove to force the dog down and keep him quiet. "Oh, never you mind how we did it; but we only heard last night how ill you were; and did you think we could let die without seeing us once again—no, no! Be quiet, Leo; down with you, boy! Here's something coming. I'm ashamed of yemaking such a row."

True enough there was somebody coming, and more than one, too. In her alarm, the portress had flown to Ma Soeur, and in her excitement had pitched such a tale that it had startled the good lady into immediate action. Surely there had been enough rude work of late to have satisfied the most unruly? How was it, then, that ruffians should be allowed to intrude within the precincts of her convent at this hour of the evening? She rose from her seat and, drawing her figure up, walked silently but rapidly forward. Close behind her followed Sister Agnes, de Sales; and behind her again, in more or less alarm and dismay, came three more of the nuns. Oh, kind Heaven, what strange sounds were those which now issued from the interior of the parlor! The ruffians might have spared her patient—and for almost the first time in her life the good Superior's nerve failed her. Her face was as white as her *cornette* when she pushed open the door and forced herself forward. There, facing her stood the old coachman, a look of mingled defiance and exultation upon his fresh, ruddy face. His white hair—from which he had removed the silk hat with its bright cockade—shone in the dim light, and the bright gilt buttons on his handsome coat stood out and defined his many proportions. Leo, looking very large and formidable, took no notice of the intruding party, but sat upright close to the bedside, watching every look and movement of his dear old mistress. Was it some strolling showman with a dancing bear that had forced an entrance?

"Who are you? How dare you intrude here?" inquired Ma Soeur, as severely as her dry lips would permit. But Sister Francis de Sales, peering forward, took in the situation more correctly; she seemed to remember both man and beast, and whispered: "Don't fear, Ma Soeur! It is all right. No harm is done."

To the astonishment of her scared companions her voice almost shook with laughter as she went up to the "ruffian" and shook him by both hands. Then stooping, she feebly—nay, quite affectionately—patted the huge animal's neck; who in his turn appeared to recognize her, for he even turned his gaze away from his mistress's face and lifted one great paw into her hand.

The sensation of safety and security, following so rapidly upon the fright she received, made Ma Soeur long for someone upon whom to avenge her shaken nerves. Once more she drew herself up, and her eyes flashed with indignation as she inquired from John, in a stern voice what he meant by this bold and unseemly intrusion. But as her inquiry was couched in highly-flown French, it made no great impression upon the old man. He simply bowed, mentally resolving that, come what might, he would stand his ground; he had got the best of the bargain, and it would take more than a whole household of ladies like these to scare him.

"Pardon me, Ma Soeur, but this man is an old English servant of Earl de Woodville's and he does not understand French."

Sister Francis remembered well the character of the old coachman, and retired into obscurity, vainly endeavouring to stifle her amusement. By this time several more of the community had ventured into the room, and were looking on in wonder and astonishment.

"But wherefore do you intrude into a house like this without permission, and at this late hour?" inquired Ma Soeur, eyeing with cold displeasure the jovial culprit before her. She spoke English well, pronouncing each word and syllable very distinctly.

"Why, ma'am, if you'll only listen to me, I'll explain it all to you as simply and straightforwardly as possible," answered John quite calmly.

"Proceed! I am here to listen to your explanation."

"Why, ma'am," begun the old man, "it's just this how. As he proceeded he warmed to his subject and emphasized his meaning by striking one hand vigorously against the other. "Ye see, I heard tell yesterday that our young lady—Sister Marguerite, as you call her—was took very ill; and me heart failed me, it did indeed; when I thought that maybe she might die and never see me, nor her dog, no more. For though I know well enough you've took everything from her as once she had, still he's hers yet"—pointing to Leo—"and I can prove it, ma'am. For her father gave him to her as her very own, ye understand, and she lent him to me—lent him, mind ye!—to take care of for her. Well, when we thought of her ill and suffering, when we got it into our heads that she might die; I, for one, never slept a wink no more. Bless your heart, ma'am, why, her old father hisself, afore he died, told me to look after her. So says I to meself, 'She'd love to see that dog of hers, and he'd love to see her—to say nothing of me; and neither distance nor ocean shall stop us. Come on, Leo, me old friend, I says, 'let's make an effort to see her before she leaves us for ever. So off we sets; for the dog he knew as well as I did what we was up to; and, naturally enough, ma'am, we arrives at your door, because we knowed she was here."

"Well, I rapped, important like, and one of you ladies, answered; but she was somehow scared of us," chuckled the old man, "and away she flew! But ye must understand that these here breed o' dogs has wonderful instinct, and never forgets nobody; and no sooner did this one get a sniff into this 'ere domicile than he knowed well which room his mistress was in, wily-nilly fair dragged me to her room. I was forced to open this door to save a row," he said silyly, "with a wicked wink to himself, 'and here we are. And now nothing any of you ladies can say will make old John Ryder regretful of what he has done this day. For both me and Leo feels years younger now that we have seen our dear old mistress, and know that she's a bit better."

Ma Soeur was not only a kind, but a sensible woman; and long before John had finished his speech her face had relaxed, and all sign of displeasure had departed from it.

"Well, old man!" she said, looking quite kindly towards him, "it was a well-meant, but a bold action on your part; and though you may think that dear Sister Marguerite looks fairly well, I can assure you that she is very weak, and that excitement is not good for her; so you and your dog—"

"Her dog, ma'am!"

"Well,"—smiling—"her dog, then, must wish her good-night, and leave at once. But I shall not forbid you calling to see how she is tomorrow, if the doctors approve and all be well; and I promise you that none of us will be afraid of you any more."

"Good-night, my dear old mistress, then," he said, turning fondly and anxiously towards her. "Ye'll not be no worse for seeing old John, will ye?"

"Not at all!" she said heartily—"much better; for if I cannot sleep tonight I shall enjoy thinking of all your faithful love and kindness, and it will do me good, dear old John."

"See, I'll leave him here to take care of ye," whispered the old man as he bent over her. "Ye'll like to have him, and I'll feel a deal easier in my mind when I know that he's here beside ye. Good-night, and may God have ye in His safe keeping." He turned to leave the room.

"Poor old man!" said Ma Soeur in her kindest voice. "But see, call the big dog; you are forgetting him."

"Come on, Leo," said Ryder, in a half-hearted way; but the dog only crouched nearer to the bed, and took him away at once! "He must not stay here," insisted Ma Soeur, authoritatively.

"But what if he won't come? Neither I, nor any one can lift him. I tell ye he'll not leave this 'ere house till his mistress does. You've got to put up with him somehow!"

"But this is preposterous! Surely you can drag him out," Ryder made a great show of doing so; but Leo seemed so displeased, and growled so ominously, that the

old man pretended to shrink from him in terror.

"Now, look here, ma'am," he said seriously; "if you'll only let him alone, he'll let you alone and disturb nobody. He'll lie anywhere in this room as quiet as a lamb, so long as he thinks he's guarding her. And what's more," he chuckled, "I'll warrant ye no more burglars will dare to intrude, so long as he's here to protect ye. Think o' that!"

"But a dog, and such a huge monster, too, in a sick-room—it is outrageous. I cannot allow it. He will disturb my patient."

"Ah, I shall love to have him," came in a half-pouting, half-disappointed little voice from the bed. "There, now—there, now, didn't I tell ye so?" cried the old man, nodding his head exultingly. "Isn't it only accordin' to nater they'd like to be together again! O' course they would! And, begging your pardon, ma'am"—in a tone of injured pride—"he's not a monster. He's a gentleman, he is; and knows how to behave hisself as much. And"—waving his hand, and looking round with a lofty air of deprecating himself to assume a deal finer quarters than these!"

Here there was a sound of ill-disguised laughter from Sister Francis, and a very merry titter from amid the bed-clothes. But Ma Soeur was determined not to be beaten without one last effort. She felt that her dignity and the good order of the convent were at stake. So with a fluttering heart—for she was unaccustomed to, and naturally afraid of animals—she forced herself to assume a bold exterior and a steady voice. Then approaching the obstinate beast, she called out in her most imperious voice: "Go out, dog! go out at once! *Par la!*"

Leo, who had so far been seated with his back to the audience, upon which he had never cast a thought, roused by the words and voice of the Superior, rose slowly and with dignity; then turning, he backed towards the wall at the head of the bed, and with a self-dignified strut, and a steady eye, looked Ma Soeur up and down with an air of indignant astonishment that seemed to say: "Why all this noise? You mind your own business, and I'll mind mine!"

The Superior, baffled, could get grave no longer; even those of the nuns who had not been able to understand perfectly what had passed previously easily comprehended the present attitude of affairs. The unwilling attest and dogged intruder—and freely joined in the laugh; until Ma Soeur, desirous at last to compromise matters, turned to look for the old coachman. But seeing they were all preoccupied, he had seized the opportunity to make a quiet exit, and finding the door insecurely closed, after his own abrupt entrance, he let himself out quite easily.

Feeling very like a wicked school-boy, he trudged back to his inn in high spirits, delighted with the strategy and good luck that had enabled him to foil "those ladies' silly notions," and to leave those two, so dear to him, rejoicing in each other's society. "Lord, how happy they'll be!" he chuckled aloud. "Why, they'll have so much to say to each other! They've not met for two whole years—just think o' that. Why, the very sight o' that dog'll do her a world o' good."

"Poor little Sister Marguerite," said Ma Soeur, going as close to her as she dared. "I am terrified lest all this unfortunate disturbance may have upset you dreadfully."

"Oh, dear, no!" answered the little hypocrite, uncovering her merry countenance. "Forgive me, Ma Soeur, but I have not enjoyed anything so much for I don't know how long. There has been enough sorrow, sin, and trouble of late to break one's heart; that makes it all the more welcome the unselfish and faithful love of these dear old creatures; and knowing them as I do, the scene has been to me a right merry one. Leo is a love! He will do anything I command him to. Won't you, dear?" she asked fondly.

The Superior was silent. She watched the dog as he looked at his old mistress with eyes expressive of the most faithful canine affection; she saw him rub his great head so gently against her injured hands, as though fearful of hurting her; and heard him whine as though in answer to her words, as she addressed him in a fond language all her own. Alas! she feared she must let the intruder have his way.

"Well, Sister Marguerite," she remarked at last, shaking her head with playful disapproval, "you are a nice little nun to have so many steadfast friends. Just be kind enough to inform me in future, please, how many more of them you expect, that I may be better prepared for their accommodation."

TO BE CONTINUED

HOW TO READ A BOOK

Try to carry something from every book you read. If a book is worth reading, it is worth remembering. One cannot remember everything; to such person the things worth remembering will differ according to his tastes, and the amount of insight he brings with him.—The Catholic, Pittsburgh.

LITTLE BERRIE'S INHERITANCE

By Mother St. Jerome in Rosary Magazine

In the open doorway of a house, one in a long row of small dwellings in a dingy street, stood a small child, busily sucking a very dirty thumb and grasping the remnants of what had once been a doll. It was raining heavily, and her eyes were fixed in a fascinated gaze on the little spouts of rain that jumped up from the pavement in front of her as the heavy drops beat down. The spot she was staring at was suddenly invaded by a pair of stout and muddy boots, and her wondering eyes travelled up from them by way of the overcoat to the wet face of a messenger-boy, under a dripping sou'wester. He glanced up at the number over the lintel, and then, stepping inside, knocked sharply on the door. The child retreated further into a dim passage, and finally behind the skirts of a worn-looking woman, who came forward in answer to the summons.

"Mrs. Dingle, 6 Pork Street—that's right?" he snapped the boy.

The woman nodded, wiping the soap-suds from her arms on her apron. He thrust a paper at her.

"Haccident, number 16, haccident ward, General Orspital. Wants 'er kiddie."

The woman's face, already pallid, turned whiter as she took the message. "It's Jane," she gasped.

"That's right—Jane, in person or name given but yourn. You'll bring the child? There ain't no time to lose."

"Yes, I'll come," she said mechanically, and the boy whisked out into the rain leaving a small pool where he had stood.

Mrs. Dingle divested herself of her apron, took coat and hat from a peg in the kitchen and quickly dressed the child to go out. Then, under a doubtful umbrella, hurried down the long, wet street to take the car that passed the corner. It was a tedious journey to the General Hospital in quite a different quarter of the town, but it had stopped raining when they arrived within sight of their destination. The child had slept the latter part of the time and was fretful at being awakened.

"Come on, Berrie," said the woman, "we're going to Mama," and hurried the little thing along through the great square and up endless flights of steps. The nurse in charge met them at the door of the ward.

"Is that for No. 16? That's right—I'm glad you're in time. She won't cry, will she?"

But Berrie was too awed and interested to cry, as long as she had hold of Mrs. Dingle's hand. Her big brown eyes looked solemnly from under her bonnet, one or two stray locks of pale, silky hair falling over the small delicate featured face, and the thumb of her free hand again stuck in her mouth.

They went down the long ward to a bed in a corner, about which a screen had been drawn. Another nurse was seated by the bed, in which lay a thin young woman, her head enveloped in bandages and one of her eyes swollen and inflamed to the point of pain.

"Why, Jane, how did you get hurt like that?" asked Mrs. Dingle. "Here's Berrie come to see you," and she lifted the child on to the bedside.

The sick woman put her uninjured arm round the child and held her. "She was knocked down in the street," exclaimed the nurse, "by a motor, I think—it doesn't matter what—and was some time before she recovered enough to tell us where to send you."

"I'll soon be better," Jane said in a weak voice.

"You'll have to stay here a bit, I reckon," went on Mrs. Dingle. "I'll do what I can for Berrie—if it wasn't for that policy what it must be paid up."

A faint red tinged the other woman's thin cheek. She looked at the nurse piteously.

"There was a purse in the pocket of my coat," she whispered. "Come with me, Mrs. Dingle, a moment."

They disappeared and Jane turned her face to kiss Berrie. "Take off your bonnet," she murmured. The child obeyed and with infinite difficulty the woman put over her head and tucked into her clothes two little flannel or serve lappets, apparently small bags attached by double strings over the child's shoulders.

"You will always keep that Berrie," she said, "no one must ever take it away from you. . . . and be a good girlie to please Mammy."

When the nurse came back and looked at her patient, she hastily bade Mrs. Dingle take the child into the ward where she would find some biscuits and milk for her. Berrie never saw her mother again.

A few months later, the Board of Guardians for the district Union held their regular session in the big committee room of the institution. The chairman had apparently come to the end of the day's list when the clerk of the minutes intervened.

"There's that child—" he said dubiously.

"Oh, ah—I suppose she comes on to the rates. Read the report."

The clerk read the facts. A destitute female child, orphan,

handed over to the care of the public by a poor working woman (Dingle by name), who had cared for the infant since the death of the mother, resulting from a street accident.

"And why can't she remain in the Dingle?" asked a fat Guardian jocosely.

The clerk, a thin, prim person, disapproving of levity, replied severely:

"Mrs. Dingle is obliged to go out to work, instead of taking washing at home, and she can't keep the child any longer."

"Has no doubt done what she could," remarked the parson.

"Quite so," put in the chairman. "Notify the matron that the child will be taken into the House. What name?"

The clerk hesitated. "There was no name given. The mother is only spoken of as Jane, and the little girl as Berrie."

The chairman filled in the order to that effect.

"Berrie—well, it must be left blank," he observed.

"Miss Berrie Blank," said the clerk—"that's distinctive."

The next time he came to the Union he asked to see the girl with the distinctive name, and Berrie was stood up on a seat to be looked at, small, pale and puzzled.

"Do you know me, my dear?" he asked.

Berrie gazed with great dark eyes, and shook her head.

"You're not Joe Dingle—have you come to take me back to Mammy?"

The negative reply took all the joy out of the penny he gave her.

Neither of Miss Regina Tempest's names suited her, in person or character. She was the mildest and most even-tempered little lady, with nothing but the least quavery in her appearance. Her years were slipping towards the sixties and all her life had been spent in the service of others. She had been visitor at the work-house many years, and the permanent inmates were all her intimates, from the funny old ladies in frilled night-caps, sitting in armchairs, and the wizened old men, mostly to be found on a bench in a sunny corner, to the waif-and-stray babies whose careers she aided and watched with interest.

It did not take long to make friends with Berrie, in whom she recognized a different type from the usual dependent on their country's bounty. The child's reserve and aloofness appealed to her, and the want of any reliable information as to her antecedents struck a strain of romance hidden in her seemingly prosaic nature.

The thought had formed in her mind to look for a little girl to educate and care for, and as happens sometimes, the vague project took shape quite suddenly. A conversation with the Work-house matron as to the possible future for Berrie put a match to the ready-laid train, and one board-day she went into the committee room and laid her proposal before the Guardians. Needless to say there was no demur, with Mrs. Dingle's address as reference, and entered on a new phase of her existence.

Miss Tempest followed the Dingle trail with some trouble, as the family had moved, but eventually obtained such information as was available. Berrie's mother had applied for a room that was to be let in the house inhabited by Mrs. Dingle, who, finding the young woman apt at ironing and crimping, had taken her on to help in the laundry. She had never been known by any other name than Jane, had never spoken to any one belonging to her, but wore a wedding ring.

Jane's few possessions had fallen to Mrs. Dingle in return for her care of the child, and the only things remaining were the quaint little flannel bags to which Berrie had always tenaciously clung. These Miss Tempest found still on the child, and the idea of taking them from her, even to have them washed, roused such storms of tears and despair and wailing for "Mammy," that she contented herself with seeing them in clean covers every now and then.

They were happy years that followed, speeding only too quickly, and Miss Regina realized with a shock one day that Berrie was no longer a child but a pretty girl of some eighteen summers, with a very distinct personality of her own.

One night the girl had gone away to bed and Miss Regina prepared to follow. Her innate neatness made her unconsciously put in order the needle-work and books lying about in the sitting-room, and close to Berrie's desk that stood open. The little tray that fitted into the body of the desk was obstructed by something underneath that proved to be the small serge squares which Berrie had begun to put into new casings. Miss Tempest took them up tenderly, thinking of the dead mother, and the remarkable beauty of the little pale baby left adrift on the world. One edge of the serge was frayed and worn and a white lining or paper showed through. Quite suddenly it came to Regina Berrie's parentage. But dared she open it without the girl's knowledge? She sat thinking for some time. Why had she never thought of it before? And if there was a clue, it might be of a distressing, or a disappointing form, better withheld

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from the child of her adoption. At last, with shaking fingers, she carefully unsewed the edges of the double square of serge and drew out an envelope rubbed and creased but still intact. It contained three folded papers which she spread out before her. The first was an address.

"Grandfather's address—
"Walter Morrison, Esq.,
"Red Pine,
"Claverhurst."

The next, a duly attested and dated certificate of marriage, between Ralph Morrison, son of Walter Morrison and Ann Godfrey, his wife, and Armella Bird, daughter of the late Robert Bird, Q. C., and Armella, his wife. And last, the baptismal certificate of Beryl Armella Morrison, daughter of Ralph and Armella Morrison.

All sorts of thoughts coursed through Regina's mind. What had happened to destroy what seemed to be such a happy and complete union? But her practical good sense did not allow her merely to dream. She carefully copied all the three papers, restored them to their places, sewed up the little packet and replaced it in the desk. Then she went to bed.

Something outside herself seemed to take the shaping of events out of her hands. One day soon after her discovery she found she would be alone for some hours, and with one of those sudden decisions timid persons make, decided to go to Claverhurst and find Mr. Morrison. Fifteen years might have made many changes, but that seemed the most obvious step. She found "Red Pine" without difficulty, and learned that it was still occupied by Mr. Morrison, a wealthy man, judging by the beauty of the grounds and house.

She was shown into a little study where an old gentleman joined her immediately, her card in his hand. "I fear I must excuse my memory," he began politely.

"Please don't. You never saw or heard of me before," she said, "and I had not heard your name a week ago . . . but I come on an urgent matter."

He bowed and motioned her to a seat. Regina, alarmed and shy, plunged at once into the heart of the business.

"You have a son, I think, Ralph Morrison,"

"I had," he said quietly, "it is many years since he died."

"And he married . . ."

The old man's face grew hard. He raised a protesting hand to check what she was about to say. "Of that I have no knowledge," he said shortly. "As far as I am concerned, he never married."

Regina handed him the copies of the certificates.

"I am interested in the child," she said, "and am here to claim her rights. It is for you to satisfy yourself of the justice of her cause."

Then she told him all she knew of Berrie and her mother, adding that he could see the girl and the original papers when he wished. This, however, he would not promise to do, giving Miss Tempest to understand that the objection to the marriage had been the conversion of his son to the Catholic Church, and his marriage with a Catholic.

Upon her return home Miss Regina acquainted Berrie with the facts and together they waited, quite content to have gained a name for Berrie. Her religious instruction, on which she insisted, was of more interest to her than the possible hope of an inheritance. They had practically given up any hope of his moving into the house in a high wind, almost rushed into the arms of a gentleman at the corner of the square, her light scarf enveloping his head and neck and binding them securely together.

"I beg your pardon," she cried, laughing, "but it was not my fault."

Something in the merry brown eyes and frank smile of the face so near his own, made the old man pause.

"And I beg yours," he answered. "I was looking for Maple Villa."

"That is where I live," she said. "It is close-by."

"Then . . ." he hesitated, "you must be . . . er . . . my granddaughter, . . . My name is Morrison."

The girl recoiled a step looking at him doubtfully. Then she laughed. "I wonder which of us dreaded this meeting most," she said. "But as you are my prisoner, come in and see Aunt Regina."

They walked the short distance in silence, and on the doorstep Berrie turned and faced him again.

"Grandfather," she began gravely—and the name coming easily from her lips brought a tremor to the old man's stern face—"I would like to tell you at once that nothing on earth can ever induce me to give up the double inheritance that I recovered—my father's good name—[that is moral inheritance—and my parents' religion, a spiritual inheritance. I should like to claim your affection, too, but not at the price of losing the others."

Then, her head held as proudly as his, she led him into the house.

Gratitude for favors and gifts received is a thing loved and esteemed in Heaven and on earth.—St. Ignatius Loyola.

VISIT TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

By William Joseph Cahill in Catholic Standard and Times

What a marvelous display of firm, confident Catholic faith and filial piety is being shown by more than 3,000 pilgrims from every section of the North American continent at the world-famed, miracle-shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec, Canada, to-day, the feast of St. Anne.

This morning I boarded a train at Quebec, bound for the Shrine. Along side of me were some pilgrims from Racine, Wisconsin, who drew my attention to the piety of the passengers. Here in front of me was a young girl, fourteen years old, who had hobbled into the coach on crutches. She was reciting her beads in company with her sister. Many of the pilgrims were praying audibly. The scene reminded me more of a chapel car during the time of services than a passenger coach.

Our train traveled through a rich farming district, boarding on the St. Lawrence river. Finally, after an hour's ride, we reached the Shrine. Soon afterwards I was serving the Mass of a priest whom I had met on the boat coming from Montreal to Quebec. There were about fifty priests who celebrated Mass at the Basilica of St. Anne this morning.

AFFLICTED MAN WALKS

During the time of the Pontifical Mass, which was attended by Card. Begin, of Quebec, and many other prelates and priests, when the preacher raised his voice in prayer: "Good Saint Anne, pray for us," there was a commotion among the throng of worshippers and afflicted persons. From ear to ear there went forth the word "a miracle is being performed." How those mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, husbands and wives, and friends prayed that their beloved ones would be among those fortunate clients of the good St. Anne. Gray-haired, sober looking old men burst into tears—grateful tears—at the thought that God was now manifesting His divine power through the intercession of the good St. Anne. The person who had created such a commotion during the services, for everybody old and young, were alert, either to "see a miracle" or to have one performed on themselves, was Morris Callahan, 120 Centre street, Syracuse, New York. Before entering the church Mr. Callahan told me that he had been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for about five years, and that he was not able to walk. But I will walk to-day," he continued, "with a display of confidence in his voice. And Mr. Callahan walked. But let an eye witness tell the story. "I was sitting alongside of Mr. Callahan," narrated Mr. Arthur Burns, 461 South Broadway, Yonkers, New York, "in the Basilica during the Pontifical Mass. I noticed Mr. Callahan with beads in hand praying fervently, with his eyes fixed on the statue of St. Anne. When the sermon was almost finished, I noticed that Mr. Callahan's feet had dropped from his wheelchair. Then he sat up in his chair, and walked to the sanctuary of the church which he entered."

When asked to comment on the feat of Mr. Callahan, and those of other pilgrims who claimed to have been seemingly miraculously helped to-day, the Redemptorist Fathers, who are in charge of the Shrine, stated that they could not confirm these "miracles," but they will, as usual, study the circumstances and see whether there was really any divine intervention.

REMARKABLE FAITH AND DEVOTION

The fervor of the pilgrims during the Pontifical Mass and at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament reminded me of a scene in Naples, when the blood of St. Januarius liquefies annually on that saint's feast day. A Neapolitan told me that this miracle is hastened by the prayers of the adoring people. So to-day here at this Shrine, the Redemptorists state that there are more than 400 persons here to-day "who want miracles for themselves." Several thousands come with the hope of "seeing a miracle performed." Here today was seen an old, blind lady, perhaps over eighty years of age, led up the aisle by her devoted husband. Here was a mother with an infant child, who has been blind since birth. Here were victims of the World War, shell shock victims, some blind, some deaf; others with their minds unable to know what was being done for them through the faith of loving friends. Be the faith of those who were deaf, dumb and blind, I noticed pilgrims with withered hands, with broken arms or legs. Others were paralyzed, others were suffering from epilepsy and nervous diseases. One remarkable for her faith and devotion was Miss Letitia Scherer, daughter of Mr. John Scherer, 1418 Gerard avenue, North, Minneapolis, Minn. Although blind and paralyzed, Miss Scherer spent many hours today on her cot before the decorated altar of the Shrine. Although her case was judged as hopeless by the physicians of this world, she is confident of a cure from the Great Physician of physicians.

A visitor to St. Anne de Beaupre is given ample proof by the large stacks of canes, crutches, body supports, and other instruments to help the afflicted that the "age of miracles" is not passed. He talks with persons who are confident of being cured and yet their ailments are among the most hopeless in the eyes of the medical world.

PERSEVERES FOR TWENTY YEARS

Are any disappointed? Yes. Only a few of the large number who visit the Shrine are seemingly miraculously cured. Yet those who are not cured have the great privilege of rejoicing in the cures of their fellow pilgrims. And what a privilege it is to see the rejoicing sufferers congratulate some fortunate person upon whom God has bestowed the special favor of a wonderful cure. Hundreds left the Shrine tonight disappointed in not obtaining a cure and yet resigned to the will of God. "I have been coming here every year for twenty years," remarked a blind lady from Ontario, Canada, "and I still am confident that St. Anne will obtain the precious gift of sight for me."

What a story of human interest could be fashioned around every one of the pilgrims! I met here today an aged mother, who had saved her hard earned money for several years in order to bring her afflicted daughter half way across the continent to pray at the shrine of St. Anne. The mother of Michael J. Devine, a young lad of 70 Baird Street, Ottawa, Canada, left her son's leg braces at the altar with the firm faith that God would cure her son of paralysis. "I hope that God will work a miracle for me," remarked a blind woman from Massachusetts, "and yet I will rejoice if it will be for God's greater glory to let some other afflicted person benefit by my poor prayers rather than myself."

One of those who claimed to have been apparently miraculously helped at St. Anne de Beaupre is Miss Delia Cauley, daughter of Mrs. Anna Cauley, 150 Suffolk Street, Holyoke, Mass. She stated that she fell down stairs about five years ago, sustaining fractures at the knee, collarbone and hip. Dr. McAuslin, of Boston, a noted specialist, removed part of the bone of her arm and placed it in the injured knee. But the operation, which attracted country-wide notice, was pronounced unsuccessful. Miss Cauley stated that her knee was entirely stiff for several years until the morning of the feast of St. Anne when she knelt at the altar rail and received Holy Communion. Mrs. Eugene Tetreault, 110 King's Highway, West Springfield, Mass., told me that, after Miss Cauley returned to her room, she heard the bones around the knee of Miss Cauley crack at every movement.

THE SOUL OF OUR CIVILIZATION

A writer in the Century Magazine declares that with the Middle Ages "something passed out of life which we have ever since been trying to run down and capture—something vital and indispensable," and frankly confesses that our modern imposture of progress "is the measure of the spiritual emptiness which the disruption of the medieval world left behind it. Occasionally in these days of myopic specialism and historical materialism we happen upon such broad minded students who are keen enough to observe and honest enough to admit that what is wrong with our vaunted civilization and progress must be traced back to something that happened centuries ago.

Three centuries ago something vital and indispensable did pass out of life. The Middle Ages had a program for the whole of life, the results of which are seen in the religion, the art, and the literature of that period. Catholic civilization after a thousand years of preparation had blossomed into its full flowering in the thirteenth century. Religious devotion, chivalry, poetry, art, education, industrial emancipation, civil liberty—reached their highest culmination. Great kings, statesmen, popes, saints, philosophers, theologians, poets, sculptors, architects, painters, tradesmen, and contented workmen surge and contented workmen surge through that greatest of centuries. Civilization had a soul, and that soul was the Catholic Faith energizing, spiritualizing, vivifying the whole life of the period.

Then came the change. The Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Revolution instituted a revolt against the established order. Under the specious pretext of rebirth, reform, and restoration these three forces worked together to de-Catholicize Europe. They substituted pseudo-science for



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Faith, culture for religion, material progress for spiritual ideals. For the great absorbing ideal of the Middle Ages, the ideal of an eternal life beyond the grave, they set up another ideal, a composite of progress, of reason and of science. They left modern civilization a body without a soul, and made man's highest aim in life the quest of material advantage. The ideal of progress, of reason, and pseudo-science did not bring happiness. Men then tried to find happiness in riches, in knowledge, in power, in pleasure, in culture, in civilization. But none of these satisfied. And so came discontent, cynicism, and pessimism so prevalent today. This is the spiritual emptiness from which the world is now suffering.

The past though dead yet speaketh. For three centuries civilization has been travelling on the wrong path. To get back to the main road, to follow the course of progress, at the point where the so-called Reformation stopped it, is becoming the conviction of an increasing number of right thinking scholars outside the Church. Each contribution from their pens, that serves to call attention to the reevaluation of the Ages of Faith aids the Church and her leaders in their absorbing duty of bringing back civilization to the ideals of the Middle Ages. We must put back into life that vital and indispensable element which passed out of it three centuries ago, the Faith.—The Pilot.

Let us take things as we find them; let us not attempt to distort them into what they are not.—Newman.

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Where Golden Houses are. —JOYCE KILMER

CARUSO'S MESSAGE

"Tell them they must be willing to work, to wait, and to sacrifice."

That was the message which Caruso once sent to a group of students who had asked him the way to success. It is an excellent formula. The hand-fed, coddled generation of today needs it badly. Only the dullard believes that "things just happen," and the sluggard that success is mainly a matter of luck or chance. If one truth is clear in this groping world it is that temples do not build themselves, and that success is not a gift but an achievement secured only by hard work.

Caruso himself practised what he preached. He worked and sacrificed and was willing to wait. He had many natural faults, and some of them he never wholly overcame. But to the last day of his career he was trying to remedy them. By that time the faults were few. He had a full share of "temper," but very little of that weakness of will to which the pseudo-artist will to which the pseudo-artist refers with silly conceit as "temperament." Flipping linnets and other small birds might exempt themselves from the dull grind of a rehearsal. But not the greatest among them. He had a love for art which made any chance for perfection not a grind, but a precious opportunity. He was prodigal, almost reckless, of his vocal powers. He believed that his audience was entitled to the best he could give, but he also professed that old-fashioned reverence in an artist, alone or before thousands, was almost as shocking as carelessness. He gave his best always, whether he sang for thousands, or over the cradle of his baby daughter.

Caruso was a Catholic and died in the peace of the Church. To those

sands he gave a happiness and an exaltation that lifted to realms of peace. For his faults, let there be silence, or rather a prayer that the Creator of us all may have mercy on him, even as we, when we begin the dusty way to death, hope to end it in the loving arms of a Father who knows that man is weak.—America.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 27, 1921

BRAIN TESTERS

Thomas Edison and Hudson Maxim have turned catechists. Each has propounded a series of questions to the savants of America—questions which are designed to test the brain power of our citizenry in matters scientific. One precocious youth answered correctly about seventy five per cent. of the questionnaire which had been submitted by the "Wizard of Orange." This appears to have been an exceptional feat judging by the criticism given out by the daily press.

The questions submitted were, for the most part, directly related to commerce and science. All of Maxim's brain-testers were purely scientific.

It is a beautiful attainment for a person to know the intimate facts of Nature's origin and growth. Beautiful it is to have adorned one's mind with the principles and practices of Science and Art; with the teeming laws of Biology and Chemistry; with the astounding facts of Physics and Psychology. These acquirements are the possession of the two master minds who have presented us with their brain test.

However, there are other questions of more importance which were not included in the catechisms of the scientists referred to. Most certainly the questions omitted from their lists are more efficacious testing standards than those included. It is more important to know the correct answer to "Who Created Man?" than to the question of "Who colonized Cuba?" If Americans as a whole had the truthful answer to the Gospel query of "What Think Ye of Christ?" they would possess more "brain power," as Edison puts it, than if they could unravel the algebraic puzzles of Hudson Maxim.

This "brain test" movement is indicative of the times. In every case that has come under our observation the questions have related solely to materialistic affairs. The Godless school, the Christless church and the immoral press form a trinity which is educating the youth of the nation in materialistic science but which is despoiling him of the "one thing necessary." However, if knowledge of purely secular affairs is in one's possession; if practical disdain for eternal things is existing, the brain of the American is said to be normal.

THE CATHOLIC STUDENTS MISSION CRUSADE

Since 1918 there has been operative in both Canada and the United States an organization of students for the propagation of the Faith in foreign countries. This society has received the approbation of the Hierarchy of the Church and now flourishes in practically every college of the United States and in at least three colleges in Canada. Those familiar with the work know that the students are expected to contribute both in money and in prayers to the furthering of spreading the Gospel.

In one Canadian college which has enrolled 125 names in the society over seven hundred dollars has been contributed to the Divine work being carried on in the various fields of missionary work, and three philosophical students have signified their intention to join the noble band of missionary fathers for work in the Chinese missions. All this has been accomplished within two years.

Both Canadians and Americans have been greatly preoccupied with their own national and parochial needs. Little time has been afforded to devote towards foreign endeavors. However, the time has matured when this great torch of zeal is kindling the hearts of the younger generation with the apostolic spirit. The opportunity for us to participate in the work initiated by Saints Peter and Paul and their associates; in its development by Saints Patrick and Boniface and their contemporaries has arrived.

We know how ably the Methodists contribute towards this work of foreign missions. Sometimes, we surmise, they have led the way in modern times by their generous contributions for propagating their Methodism.

Although prayer and grace are more necessary than money in carrying on the apostolic work, nevertheless financial aid is imperative.

As a means for furthering this missionary spirit it is now possible for each parochial school to establish a unit of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade. By collecting stamps and tinfoil; by contributing a few pennies annually; by becoming interested in the life of St. Francis Xavier; and, above all, by their common prayer a wholesome interest in missionary endeavors will spring up in the present generation. This will become augmented in the future. Then the Church in this country will be able to take up the great work which awaits it.

If there are any parochial schools anxious to establish a unit of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade, information can be had from the Moderator of the Society at Assumption College.

SCHOOLS REOPEN

It is gratifying to note the number of parochial and separate school pupils who have been successful at the Entrance examinations. Every one interested in educational matters takes occasion to compliment the boys and girls on their splendid showing. And everyone interested in their welfare would like to see as many of our young people as possible take advantage of a High School education.

There is much talk current of "hard times." Some parents are liable to become panicky to such an extent that they will not consider making any financial sacrifice for the further education of their offspring. Despite the difficulties encountered modernly in making "ends meet," there is that persistent need of advancing the Catholic boys in higher studies.

It has been pointed out before in the CATHOLIC RECORD that Catholic laymen are not taking their place in public life in proportion to Catholic population. Some critics aver that Catholics are discriminated against; this, to their mind, is the sole reason for our not being sufficiently represented. Perhaps there is a modicum of truth in this statement. But this reason will not hold when we realize that there are not sufficient Catholic surgeons, lawyers and professional men.

Thus, if the parents can afford to have their boy attend a Catholic College, where he can be suitably prepared to become, if not a priest, at least a professional man, let them make the effort—provided the boy has the fit qualifications. If the expense is too great, there is the local High School to be considered. In many cases it will be found to be the logical place to school the boy.

When school reopens it is to be hoped that a full quota of Catholic boys will have their names enrolled.

Just at present the agitation for our own Separate High Schools has been ably opened by the Hierarchy of the Province of Ontario. To carry through this agitation; to obtain our rights which have been given us in the Constitutional legislation of the Dominion requires educated, public, Catholic laymen.

THE SPIRIT OF ANARCHY

Considerable prominence has been given of late to the Governor of Illinois, Mr. Small, for his efforts to resist arrest. Charged with having embezzled State funds, he tells the inferior authorities in the State that if they attempt to arrest him, he will summon the militia to aid him in resisting.

Mr. Small is a firm believer in the out worn slogan: "The King can do no wrong." He forgets that

in the days of moderate democracy he is but the servant of the people, subject to their will within the Constitution.

Not only in the lower ranks of society has this spirit of anarchy made itself obnoxious but it has crept into the upper ranks as well. Whenever legislators forget that they are but the servants of the people; whenever they become obsessed with the idea that the State exists above the governed and that the people exist for the State then they become Anarchists of the worst type.

An entire Government turning anarchical is a common thing today. We have the Federal Government of the United States spending slightly above fifty per cent. of all taxes in preparing for a war. Japan is at present setting aside seventy per cent. of her taxes for the next war. Despite her enormous debts and the degradation to which her currency has fallen, England is busied building more battleships than her purse will warrant.

Now this is practical anarchy. When nations spend nearly half of their energy in preparing to shoot and kill each other, the functions of the States seem to be operative in the wrong direction. The Brotherhood of man, universal peace and all such empty phrases are merely the traps to catch the uninitiated. Until the eye of the Governors sees straight with the eye of the peace-loving people; until the principles of Christianity are preferred and practiced instead of the Mammon principles of commercial supremacy, a spirit of anarchy will be prevalent in all classes.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

EVER SOLICITOUS for the welfare of his world-wide flock, however poor or oppressed, the Holy Father is especially watchful of the best interests of Italian emigrants. The latest evidence of this is the appointment of a bishop for their special needs, and in the person of Mgr. Corradi, who was Vicar Castrens during the War, he appears to have chosen one with very special qualifications for the office. Another evidence of the Pope's interest lies in the founding of a seminary for the training of chaplains for the emigrants, which will be under the jurisdiction of the Bishop.

THE IMPORTANT work inaugurated in the United States by the Bishop of Trenton, having in view the same purpose of safeguarding the religious and moral interests of the Italian immigrant, has also attracted the interest of the Holy Father. The Bishop is forming an Italian colony in his diocese, with church and institutions of its own. This has been made possible by the generosity of a wealthy New Yorker, Mr. William Brady, who has given a splendid house for the purpose. The Pope has written an affectionate letter to the Bishop, warmly commending his undertaking and assuring him of cordial cooperation and support. It is an experiment that will be watched with interest everywhere.

SOME REMARKS in these columns a few weeks ago regarding Louis de Rougemont, the "romancer," who died recently in a London poor-house, have had an interesting sequel. As our readers may recall we indulged in some reflections upon the harshness shown in branding the unfortunate as the "greatest fakir of the age" in view of the fact that others whose operations were not dissimilar were accorded the plaudits of the multitude. The truth, however, is that Rougemont (or, Redmond, as some claimed, was his real name) had so completely taken in a very wide reading public who when it transpired that it was being simply fooled, turned in wrath upon him and would now rend his reputation (since his poor mortal frame is now beyond them) into tatters.

A WRITER in one of the big dailies whose drift in this matter appears to be with the multitude, nevertheless recalls several precedents for his method, showing at the same time how the newspapers which profited were rather proud of the achievement than otherwise. The chief consideration was, did they increase the sales of the paper. For example:

"In 1835 the New York Sun printed a circumstantial account of a wonderful telescope invented by

Sir John Herschel which enabled him to study the inhabitants of the moon. They were minutely described, even to the copper-colored hair that covered them. At the time Sir John Herschel was in Cape Colony, and it was some time before he could issue a denial of the whole yarn. The Cardiff giant was another noted hoax. It was the effigy of a man cleverly carved out of gypsum, and deceived many scientists. In 1844 a New York paper announced that the Atlantic had been crossed in three days. American newspaper readers did not resent these hoaxes. Whether true or not they provided them with thrilling reading, and the writers who had ingenuously enough to invent a reasonable fake were much esteemed in the profession."

WE REPEAT, then, that since poor Louis de Rougemont, whose wonderful "adventures" kept a whole world entertained, and made a mint of money for the magazine that printed them, it does not seem fair that he alone should be singled out for the opprobrious epithet while his predecessors in the field are "much esteemed in the profession." Barnum certainly would not have so demeaned himself. He was too great an adept in the game.

THAT a big metropolitan daily, the Mail and Empire to wit, should devote its chief editorial, as it did in a recent issue, to a panegyric of that notorious scoffer and unbeliever, the late Col. "Bob" Ingersoll, is an object lesson in the tendencies of the times. Just as the Globe has under its present management taken on more than ever the character of a Presbyterian organ, so may the Mail be characterized as a sort of mouthpiece of Anglicanism. The Ingersoll article should give a jolt to adherents of that body—especially to the "High" element who make such free use of its columns for controversial purposes. As for Col. Ingersoll, he may have been the prince of good fellows as the Mail says he was, but Father Lambert, when he had done with him, left him exposed as the shallow and vulgar scoffer that he in truth was.

BOY LIFE

WHAT SCOUTING IS

It is a game in which elder brothers can give their younger brothers healthy environment and encourage them to healthy activities such as will help them to develop citizenship.

Its strongest appeal is through nature study and woodcraft. It deals with the individual, not with the Company. It raises intellectual as well as purely physical or purely moral qualities.

Happy citizenship developed through the impulse from within rather than through impression from without, individual efficiency encouraged and then harnessed for the good of the community—that is the scheme. At first Scouting used to hope for these ends—now by experience we know that, where properly handled, it gains them.

Perhaps the best exponent of the aims and methods of Scouting has been Dean Russell, Professor of Education at Columbia University. He writes thus:

"By encouraging your Scouts in a healthy, cheery, and not in a sanctimonious looking-for-a-reward spirit to do good turns as a first step and to do service for the community as a development, you can do more for them even than by encouraging their proficiency or their discipline or their knowledge, because you are teaching them not how to get a living so much as how to live.

"Our schools are long in their ability to give information—knowledge which shall be of worth to future citizens; they are competent to go a long way in the matter of stirring the right feeling and developing the right appreciation on the part of the citizens; but they are all too short when it comes to fixing those habits and developing and encouraging activities without which the individual may be a pretty poor and even a very dangerous citizen. It is right at this point that the Scouting program supplements the work of the schools. Its curriculum is adjusted in such a way that the more you study it and the further you go into it, you who are schoolmasters, the more you must be convinced that there was a discovery made when it was put forth.

"The program of the Boy Scouts is the man's job cut down to boy's size. It appeals to the boy not merely because he is a boy, but because he is a man in the making. And it is just at this point that the program of so many organizations for boys and girls breaks down. It is an easy thing, as every teacher knows, to appeal to a flitting fancy of the adolescent age. There is a time when the boy is delighted with a tomahawk and feathers and buckskin leggings. And you can put over a very considerable program based on that kind of symbolism. One of the great organizations for girls has made, it seems to me, an irretrievable mistake in appealing to just that kind of passing fancy. The Scouting program, however, changes that squarely. It does not ask of the boy anything that the man does not do; but step by step it takes him from the place where he is until he reaches the place where he would be. . . .

"It is not the curriculum of Scouting that is the most striking feature, but it is the method. And on the method of Scouting I venture to say there is something we have not seen elsewhere in our day. There is nothing comparable to it, so far as I know, that has been turned out in three or four centuries past. As a systematic scheme in leading boys to do the right thing and to inculcate right habits it is almost ideal. In the doing, two things stand out—the one is that habits are fixed; the other is that it affords an opportunity for initiative, self-control, self-reliance, and self-direction. And these two ends are implicit in all our educational efforts. . . .

"There is of course nothing in life better than good habits. There is no drag in life compared with a bad habit. To the extent, therefore, that the Scout leader can develop right habits he is performing a service of inestimable value, the kind of service that every parent wants, the kind of service to which every teacher would gladly contribute; the kind of service that is needed in this life towards which our boys are headed. At the same time, Scouting does not over-emphasize this fixation of habits. Here again is where the genius of the man who planned it shines forth, I think, most brilliantly. I could designate to you, and perhaps you will recall spontaneously, great schemes which have worked out in such a way as to restrict freedom of action of the individual by fixing habits which later become a hindrance to the development of a citizen in a free republic.

"In the development of initiative Scouting depends not merely on its program of work for the boy, but in a marvellous way it also utilizes its machinery of administration. In the administering scheme a splendid opportunity is given to break away from any incrusting method. It comes about in the Patrol and in the troop. It teaches the boys to work together in teams. It secures co-operative effort for a common end; that is a democratic thing in and of itself. My friends, as a schoolmaster, I want to tell you that it is my honest conviction that our schools in America supported by the public for the public good will not be equal to the task of the next generation unless we incorporate into them as much as possible of the Scouting spirit and the Scouting method, and in addition to that, fill up just as many as is possible of the leisure hours of the boy with the out and out program of Scouting. We have no examination in college or school for moral character or patriotism or good citizenship. We have not yet developed an instrument for measuring those habits that make for righteousness in a democratic state. Here is an instrument and a program which directs itself to that end specifically. I am confident therefore that when schoolmasters realize their obligation to the State, when they understand what the public want and must eventually have, when they sound the depths of their own patriotism and realize that upon them, more than perhaps upon any other class of American, depends the future welfare of this country, they will not leave untested and untried an instrument that makes for so much good."

WHAT SCOUTING IS NOT

Experience in different fields shows that there are certain shoals to be avoided in launching Scouting, lest it get stranded in commercialism or diverted into dead-end

channels that never lead to the open sea.

Here, then, are some of the things that Scouting is not:

It is not a charity organization for people in society to run for the benefit of the poor children.

It is not a school having a definite curriculum and standards of examination.

It is not a brigade of officers and privates for drilling manliness into boys and girls.

It is not a messenger agency for the convenience of the public.

It is not a show where surface results are gained through payment in merit badges, medals, etc.

These all come from without, whereas the Scout training all comes from within.

ALVARO OREGON AND HIS POLICY

By E. J. DIBON, In The Nation

In the course of a varied experience in most parts of the globe during the long span of time between the close of the Franco-Prussian War and the Paris Peace Conference I have come into contact with most of the statesmen, rulers, and leaders of men whose deeds and endeavors have made contemporary history. The list includes Bismarck, Gambetta, Gladstone, Crispien, Chamberlain, President Kruger, the Marquis Ito, Disraeli, Roosevelt, and Venizelos, and most of the prominent public workers of the present day. And I can honestly say that none of them impressed me so powerfully or so favorably from the point of view of leadership, single-mindedness, and that elusive quality which occasionally goes by the name of grandeur as the Mexican reformer of whose existence and aims the people of the United States are only now beginning to have a vague inkling.

Alvaro Oregon is a born leader with whom love of justice is a consuming passion, and duty the highest law. A man of sterling character and of a humane and sympathetic temper, he combines the fervor of the idealist with the capacity of the organizer, and his solicitude for the well-being of his public and private activities. His words are acts and his promise the beginning of achievement. His respect for truth in all its Protean shapes and singular surroundings is almost tantamount to worship.

Before I had the advantage of meeting Oregon I had heard much about him from eminent Americans—experts all of them on Mexican affairs—to whom the principal sources of information public and private were easily accessible. And the portrait which I drew from the data thus liberally supplied was the reverse of attractive. Later on when I came to know him as he is I perceived that the data were fabrications and the portrait a sorry caricature. . . .

My first visit to Oregon took place while I still believed that he was one of the least reputable types of the class ridiculed in the United States as the Mexican bandit general. Primed with this idea I called on him one afternoon at his hotel in Mexico City. His ante-chamber was filled with typical representatives of the despised poverty-stricken masses with whom he was hail fellow well met. He inquired what he could do for me. I answered, "I merely wish to know how you intend to deal with the problems of recognition, of Mexico's debts, of foreign claims for losses, and kindred matters, when, as now appears certain, you will have entered upon the duties of President." "My answer is simple," he replied laughingly. "Mexico will pay all her debts and satisfy all the just claims of foreigners. As for recognition, I cannot admit that that is a Mexican problem. Foreign states will recognize the lawful government of the Republic in accordance with the law of nations. That is all. You would not suggest, would you, that any of them will make a new departure?" I arose, said that I would not trespass further on his time, thanked him for his reply, wished him good afternoon, and left. . . .

The next day I received an invitation to accompany him on his journey to Nogales and after a few hours' deliberation I accepted it.

On that journey and on our many subsequent travels I had a rare opportunity to study General Oregon in the various lights shed by adventures pleasant and unpleasant, exhilarating and depressing. I saw him in his native place surrounded by his family and his kindred. I conversed with his earliest teachers and his schoolmates. I observed him as a candidate for the Presidency and listened to over a hundred of his electoral addresses, always with a keen sense of aesthetic enjoyment and at times with admiration for his fairness and generosity as an antagonist. . . .

Oregon is a man of the people, a proletarian of the proletariat, a lack-all who worked his way up from the lowest rung of the social ladder to the highest by dint of intense painstaking while preserving his "scutehon from blot or stain. Whatever he set his hand to, that he persevered in until he accomplished the task. As a simple

workman he labored with might and main to the satisfaction of his employers, who soon gave him a post of trust and responsibility. As a farm hand and farmer he acquainted himself with agriculture in most of its branches until his qualifications enabled him to render a lasting service to the whole State in which he was born. Combining mechanics with agricultural industry, he invented a sowing machine which is employed today in various States of the Republic. Political conditions—constraining him to abandon his peaceful existence and his ideal family life, he became a soldier and applied himself so intensely to the requirements of his new profession that he finally ended this uncongenial career with the triumph of the popular cause and the well-deserved reputation of a general military strategist as well as a most successful organizer.

Oregon is one of the very few men I have met—Venizelos is another—on whom power and rank have no further effect than that of sharpening their sense of responsibility. In all other respects he is as he was. Kerensky, the Russian lawyer whom the turn of fortune's wheel raised to the highest post in Russia, had his head turned dizzy and his estimate of values upset by the all too sudden change. In the Czar's luxurious apartments he is said to have attired himself in magnificent costumes and to have striven to add a cubit to his mental and moral stature by the aid of the cast-off finery of the former autocrat. Oregon is a man of a wholly different cast of mind and type of character. He owes everything to himself, nothing to artifice. In virtue of his unbroken military successes, his moral rectitude, and his transparent sincerity he wields an extraordinary sway over the spirits of his countrymen; and he uses this for the purpose of inculcating among them faith in the great emancipating principles of right and wrong, respect for law and individual right, and a striving after freedom with order and administration with integrity.

These aims underlie Oregon's foreign and domestic policy, and nothing that he undertakes or achieves will be found to run counter to any of them. His fiscal measures, his political program, his attitude toward the State Department in Washington are all practical corollaries of these principles and aspirations. In this way he has imparted to the new generation of his countrymen a powerful impulse in the direction of substituting veracity and moral rectitude for old-world politics and diplomacy. He knows better than any of his contemporaries the nature and gravity of Mexico's wounds and infirmities and also the efficacious remedies which he is ready to apply. That knowledge embraces the entire problem and includes every detail. He perceives the needs of each district and their relation to those of the entire State, those of each State and their relation to the Republic, and those of the entire Republic in the frame of the community of nations. In a word, he is endowed with the gift of seeing things in true perspective, in which they are seldom, if ever, surveyed nowadays on this or any other continent. . . .

As an orator he deserves high rank for qualities which are innate and are therefore often belittled by those who lack them. He discards the usual artifice aids and speaks briefly, simply, and to the point. His every discourse is a message. He has the knack of imparting to his hearers a direct interest in the matter dealt with. And however homely the subject, he views it with a mind permeated with a sense of the larger issues of which it is an integral part. Oregon knows the crowd much better than the individual. None the less he is often strikingly right in his judgment of individuals, which is mostly intuitive, but when dealing with personal friends his intuition is sometimes paralyzed. He is then blind to defects that are almost obvious. . . .

One afternoon in Tehuacan General Oregon and I had a long talk about his plans of reconstruction and the principles that would govern them. And here a concise note of the conversation which I jotted down immediately after for future reference:

He is resolved to substitute morality for politics. Recognizes power only as a means to an end—the end to be the good of the community. The making of laws is easy and the belief is common that by statutes you can right every wrong. But what counts more than the wording of an act of Congress is the integrity of those who interpret and administer it. Never hesitate in a crisis. If you take a resolution carry it out with might and main. If you are dubious give it up altogether, and if convinced that it is the right thing to do tackle it even though you have no hope of achieving it and persevere even though failure should stare you in the face, for it is not only what you have actually done but also what you would do that counts. . . .

Mexico will find her right position, not through aloofness from world affairs, but rather by recognizing the essential unity of humankind and the need of developing the resources of each country for the benefit not only of the nation that owns them but also of human-

ity. Hatred of foreigners is a curse to the people who indulge in it, as history shows. Foreigners are the needed cooperators of Mexicans and should therefore be cordially welcomed.

Such in brief is the man who is striving to reconstruct the southern Republic today. During the few months that have elapsed since he entered upon his official duties he has accomplished much and has prepared the ground for much more. For the first time in history Mexico is now on the right road. Revolution has ceased and peace is firmly established. The factions that for years kept the country plunged in chaos are appeased. The outlook is most promising. The only lever by which the Republic can at present be thrust back into the quagmire of meaningless strife is of foreign origin. And this is the apparent motive for using this fatal lever is a crazy infatuation for a hollow form.

General Obregon cannot purchase recognition by a treaty. He can and will discuss a treaty when he is recognized. To sign a political compact would be to violate the constitution and his oath, and to insist that he shall be a law-breaker and a perjurer in order to qualify himself for recognition is hardly in accordance with President Harding's public professions. President Harding said, "I want America to stop and turn its face forward not only for the achievements which we may bring ourselves, but also that we may play our part in showing the world the way to a righteous settlement."

Now, there is apparently little righteousness in a demand which would make President Obregon a criminal, divorce him from his people, and establish and sanction a foreign veto on the domestic legislation of his country.

Side by side with this incitement to a breach of the constitution comes the demand of the oil interests that the State Department withhold recognition on the ground that the President is not observing the constitution as they interpret it in the matter of taxation. They contend that by levying the recent tax on oil exports he is violating their reading of that charter. Thus he is at one and the same time called upon to violate the constitution in one of its prescriptions at the demand of the State Department and to accept the oil companies' interpretation of another of its injunctions and adjust his policy to that.

In order to comply with these conflicting dictates a constitution ought to be specially framed for the behoof of foreign investors and its interpretation left to their judgment. Mexico's role would be to listen and obey.

A comment on President Obregon's telegram to the World, June 18, 1921, attributed by the press to Mr. E. L. Doheny is worth noting as indicative of the singular method of reasoning by which President Obregon's refusal to sign a treaty before recognition is assailed. What Mr. Hughes, Mr. Fall, and Mr. Doheny allege is that assurances given by Obregon that the rights of American citizens will be protected would bind only General Obregon. Therefore they are valueless. And yet Mr. Doheny in his comment says: "The question for Mr. Obregon to answer is: Do you intend to confiscate the rights of American citizens? If not, by what course of reasoning can you refuse to state publicly and over your own signature before recognition of your Government by the United States Government?" The obvious reply is—by the simplest and most forcible method of reasoning known to the logician. If Alvaro Obregon were to make and sign that statement before recognition it would bind Alvaro Obregon and nobody else. Another reason, as Mr. Doheny knows, is that a good deal more than that simple statement has been and is being demanded by the State Department. Among other conditions President Obregon is summoned to violate the constitution and to be false to his oath.

And these conditions are unacceptable.

ANGLICANS PLAN CHURCH NEWS SERVICE

London, England.—Apparently the Church of England has heard about the National Catholic Welfare Council, because it has decided to inaugurate a Church of England press service, on the ground that the Catholics are already doing the same thing.

Offices have already been taken in Westminster, near the Abbey, where a press service will be started shortly for giving out Anglican church news to the newspapers.

There is, however, some sort of difficulty in the matter, which the Bishop of Durham brought forward when the proposed press service was being discussed at the Anglican National Assembly, an organization that has recently been brought into being with the consent of the Parliament.

The Bishop of Durham, who is a Liberal in politics and a super-liberal in dogmatic affairs, said that the Church of England was organized on widely different lines to the Catholic Church. The Bishop's point was that the Anglican Church is a deeply divided concern, with points of view which differ one from the other.

Therefore, the Bishop concluded, could a press service of the Church of England speak to the public by a single mouthpiece? What the Bishop meant was whether the Anglican press service could speak to the public from the Anglo-Catholic point of view, which is in a sense Roman Catholic without the Pope. Or should it speak for the High Churchmen, who like a moderate ritual and who believe in the Prayer Book; or the Broad Churchmen, who like respectability in religion without giving offence by being too dogmatic; or the Low Churchmen, who celebrate the Holy Communion in the evening with black Geneva gowns and believe that the Pope is Anti-Christ.

These are only a few of the difficulties in the way of the proposed Anglican press service, which will find it difficult to convince the public that a body of clergymen who celebrate the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in London really do belong to the same Church as the clergyman who denies the Virgin Birth of Christ from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey.

THE CHANGES IN MANNERS

ARCHBISHOP REVIEWS TEND OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

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

The changes in the manners, customs, and living standards of the American people in the last twenty-five years have been decidedly marked, according to Archbishop John J. Glennon, of St. Louis, who was ordained a bishop in Kansas City, June 29, 1893, in an interview recently published in the Milwaukee Journal.

The Archbishop also has found a diminution of religious bigotry in the quarter century of his episcopate and an increase in reverence.

"Today the average citizen may not be more religious than he was twenty-five years ago," Archbishop Glennon said, "but he is at least more sensible and more reverent."

"There is, however, a noticeable decrease in the imparting of technical religious instruction, with the result that, today, many of our people, while not unbelievers, are uncertain in regard to what they believe, or what they ought to believe."

But it is the great change in the manners and morals of the people that the Archbishop stresses.

"While twenty-five years ago there was evident a tendency towards a greater freedom, if not laxity, yet that tendency has quickly accelerated until, in the War, it reached a flood tide.

"MORAL STANDARD LOWER

"Twenty-five years ago they did observe certain forms in meeting, greeting, eating, conversation, etc. You had men and women who were distinguished by their manners. But in the course of years this 'form' appears to have vanished; and today it is but mildly stating it to say that our manners are largely 'informal.' Perhaps, as with other things the lack of form may be compensated for by a note of greater honesty and sincerity."

"Speaking of morals, I am entering on a more difficult subject."

"Both the manners and morals of young people in every age and generation have been the subject of adverse criticism on the part of the older folks. That was true twenty-five years ago; and with some reason then; and it is true today, and probably with more reason."

"So much is left to the discretion of the young people themselves, so little of supervision is either offered or admitted, and so reckless and insurgent is the attitude both of old and young, that morals, as we understand them, must necessarily be degenerating. It makes no matter what sphere you enter, whether the club, the theatre, or the dance hall—these but reflect the manners and morals of the age."

"You will find that in twenty-five years the standard has been lowered; and that things are said and done for the amusement of supposedly respectable people which, twenty-five years ago would have brought the perpetrators before the courts of criminal correction."

"There are some who, in apology for these things, suggest that it is more honest and more democratic to so please the public even in this inferior way, than to have the public resort to the obscurities that veiled the vices of other years. But I do not believe either in the ingenuousness or the sufficiency of the apology. We should have a standard of morals; and we should have some one to uphold and protect that standard. And a censorship on public exhibitions, established by law, is, I believe, a logical necessity. Also, there should be a larger measure of protection thrown around our younger people."

"During the last twenty-five years we have enacted and added to the constitution two amendments, which are deserving of a passing notice. Perhaps they are not long enough in operation to give them a fair trial."

DISAPPOINTMENT IN SUFFRAGE

"Regarding the woman suffrage amendment, I would say that there is a certain fitness in its enactment, because it has to do with the rights and responsibilities of the people, and makes equal our citizenship; but in its application and operation it is doubtful if it will achieve all

that was expected of it. It will add, it is true, to the numbers of voters; but in very rare instances will there be a change of verdict on the issues presented. The women voters will eventually follow party lines. They may or may not improve the party; but the women who hope by an independent movement to reform all things are doomed to disappointment."

"As to the other amendment, while I agree that every lawful means should be taken to abolish drunkenness and the American saloon, and while I believe the prohibition movement so far has accomplished much good, I am not convinced that its place is in our national constitution, since it does not deal with the fundamental rights or duties of our citizenship. It is rather a moral issue to be dealt with through local laws, police courts and general education."

MODEL WELFARE CENTRE

Los Angeles.—A record of humane achievement that no figures can cover will be written between the lines in the semi-annual report now being prepared of the Santa Rita Centre, the most important and flourishing of the Immigrant Welfare agencies conducted under Catholic auspices in this city, and one which is rapidly becoming famed as a model for efficient work among foreign elements.

Santa Rita's has been established little more than a year, for although formally blessed by the Right Rev. John J. Cantwell on February 22, 1920, it was several months before it became generally recognized as the friendly place to which the sick, the sorrowing, the distressed and unemployed could turn for comfort and aid.

It is located in the centre of a district where 80% of the families are Mexican and only 2% American—Austrians, Poles, Spaniards, Armenians, Scotch, Irish, French, Germans and natives of Finland, Cuba and Arabia are numbered on its enrollment cards.

Over the entrance to the settlement is the emblem of the National Catholic Welfare Council—symbolizing faith and all-embracing service. This emblem suggests the aims of the settlement: to give to the foreign population opportunities for a better appreciation and practice of their religion, to furnish them with means of wholesome recreation, to hold up to them the best American standards of living and to be a friend in time of trial and sorrow.

Already scores of thousands of men, women and children have been benefited through the Santa Rita.

The building itself is not pretentious. Constructed of California redwood at a cost of \$15,000, it includes on its main floor an auditorium, used for religious services and community gatherings, a sacristy kitchen, two small offices and two larger rooms used by clubs and classes and clinical patients.

There is a built-in altar back of the stage, hidden by folding doors when not in use. Folding doors make it possible to convert the entire first floor into a commodious auditorium where Mass may be heard.

WORK OF FREE CLINIC

There are two important branches of the work of Santa Rita Settlement. One is that the Clinic, which does not merely cover the immediate neighborhood of the Settlement, but which attracts the sick and needy from all parts of Los Angeles.

Thirty experienced doctors make up the volunteer staff assembled by the Rev. William E. Corr, who as director of the Bureau of Catholic Charities has charge of the Settlement activities. These thirty medical men conduct general examinations on Monday and Thursday mornings at the clinic, which is situated in the rear of the present settlement edifice, occupying a structure once used when the Santa Rita Centre was known as "El Hagar Feliz," a modest gathering place for immigrants conducted by Catholic women and from which, in a sense, the present institution has grown.

Every age and condition is represented among the patients who assemble at the clinic, from babes in arms to their grandparents. Here is a young Mexican mother with her youngest child to her breast and another, just able to walk, hanging to her skirts. Next to her is an old Italian woman afflicted with rheumatism, who in turn is followed by a tall young man suffering from a painful disease of the throat. Two brown-eyed twins, ready for examination before being admitted to an orphanage, are brought in by a young woman member of the Volunteer Motor Corps of the Bureau of Catholic Charities and next comes a freckled-faced youngster who confides to the world that "Sister Francis" at school held his mother. "I was always sitting with my mouth open" and it was best to see a doctor. His mother, he further reveals, works in a laundry and couldn't come with him.

Through the signal tube comes the information that the clinic is ready for ten patients and they are conducted to the adjoining building, where the specialists on their various ailments—for each patient by this time has been skill-

fully indexed—await them. If able to do so, the patient pays twenty-five cents on the first visit and ten cents on each subsequent visit.

SETTLEMENT WORK

The settlement work conducted at Santa Rita is mostly for children and young men and women. In the rear of the buildings is a large playground provided with two powerful arc lights where the older boys congregate each evening for baseball. There are two teams, the Santa Rita Srs. and the Santa Rita Jrs. Basketball teams also are being re-organized for the coming season and another step has been taken in the formation of the Santa Rita Social Club for young men, which meets weekly.

The Girls' Club, composed of Italian women over sixteen years of age, meet on Tuesday evenings for sewing, volleyball or informal singing about the piano. On that evening the young men are invited in from the playground and dancing is enjoyed till nine o'clock. Carefully selected picture-shows are given twice a week for the general public.

Dressmaking classes, a home-making class under Red Cross auspices, children's sewing classes, night school in English, citizenship and American history as well as gymnasium work, folk dancing, boxing and story-telling sessions are included in the programme of the settlement. A Thrift Shop, where repaired garments are sold at small prices, is maintained and one of the most recent innovations is the preparation of layettes for expectant mothers.

A twenty-four piece brass band is now being organized and will soon make its initial public appearance.

Under the direction of Father Corr, there is a staff of eight workers, including a district visitor, attached to the Santa Rita. These comprise three men and five women. But scores of volunteers aid in the programme. These include the medical staff, members of the Volunteer Motor Corps, clinical workers, Sunday school and Catechism teachers, sewing teachers, supervisors of the Thrift Shop and Red Cross home nursing instructors.

"Santa Rita" is indeed a real center to the people of the neighborhood. While it is open to all, the population of the district is mostly Catholic, and Santa Rita brings home to them the fact that the Church is interested in their material as well as their spiritual and physical well-being.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING

From The Christian Guardian of August 3rd, 1921, we clip the following:

The total missionary income of the General Missionary Board given in the ordinary way through the local churches, reaches the splendid total of \$1,034,891.90. To this sum is to be added various miscellaneous receipts amounting to \$29,578.95, and certain amounts received as interest on legacies totaling \$18,479.88. This gives us a total current income for the year just closed of \$1,082,950.73.

The income from Conferences, or the sums given in the ordinary gifts of the people through the local churches, amounts this year to the splendid figure of \$1,031,831.30, which is an increase of \$63,448.01 over the receipts from the same sources one year ago."

The official organ of our Methodist contemporaries points out that it is the first time in the history of the Canadian Church that the receipts were over one million dollars. This large sum was collected from the Methodists in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda, and is the result of last year's work for missionary purposes alone.

HOW MANY ARE DOING IT?—THEIR TOTAL WORK

It will be interesting to note another point, viz., the number of people who took part in this great Protestant effort. Here is what The Christian Guardian tells us:

The total full membership of the Church reported is 400,739, showing an increase of 5,306. In addition to this total there are 16,366 Catechumens not included therein. The increase of 5,130 noted above is purely that of members received into full connection, while there is, in addition to that, an increase of 13,099 received into the Sunday school, making a complete increase of 18,229. Nor does this indicate the full progress accomplished during the year. Had it not been for the losses for death, etc., etc., the membership would have been some 16,388 more. Hence, the actual numbers added during the year would equal 34,621. This indicates extension of work on the part of the people. The number of baptisms show an increase of 1,957, marriages show a decrease of 548 and burials a decrease of 960.

In the matter of finance, the year has been one of the best, perhaps the best, in the history of the Church. The total raised for all purposes was \$11,311,259 as against \$3,656,388 for last year, an increase to every department of Church work. Receipts of the Missionary Society from Circuits will show an increase of over

\$80,000 over last year. The amounts reported to the Missionary Department already are approximately \$1,034,900. The Woman's Missionary Society report shows an increase of \$51,851. A splendid advance has been made in the matter of Ministerial Salary to which special attention was given by the Ministerial Salaries Committee. The amount raised was \$2,711,077, an increase of \$117,828 or 4.2% over last year. The Methodist National Campaign has received \$8,620,230.40 or 74.2% of the amount contributed. The Sunday schools raised \$78,153, an increase of \$128,500. The Young People's Societies increased in membership 14,145, total 117,135. They raised for all purposes \$278,977, an increase of \$71,265."

AN IMPORTANT CONCLUSION

We have no desire, in placing these figures before our Catholic readers, to imply criticism of their work. Last year, for Extension purposes, the sum of \$160,000 was donated to the various appeals we made through the press and the collections taken up in twelve dioceses. It does not take very long to estimate just how little is being done by the individual Catholic to strengthen the Church beyond the actual confines of his own parish or diocese. The Methodists collected over a million dollars. We got less than one sixth of their total. But of course the explanation is easily found; only a small portion of our Catholic people contributed. Those who did do missionary work, did well and can be proud of the results when we consider that they had to provide for schools, hospitals, orphanages, etc., with very little help. But the point is this, can we not get behind this great Extension movement the power and influence of our whole Catholic body? We can do this eventually if each individual will do his share. Have you done yours?

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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NANCY PASSION PLAY

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

Paris.—The "Theatre de la Passion", of Nancy has now resumed the performance of its famous Passion Play. A performance will be given every Sunday during July, August and September. The performance is quite long. The curtain rises at 9 a. m. At 11 a. m. there is an interval of two hours and a half for Mass and lunch. At 1:30 p. m. the performance is resumed and continues throughout the afternoon. Sometimes the play starts at 4:30 in the afternoon and continues until midnight, with an interval of an hour and a half for dinner.

The play has no less than sixty different scenes, each given in a different setting and there are 700 actors.

This theatre, which is drawing crowds of spectators from all parts of France, is the creation of a priest and the work of a whole parish. The priest is Canon Petit, and the parish is the parish of Saint Joseph, of Nancy.

Canon Petit's aim was to provide for the Catholics of Nancy and Lorraine a Christian theatre, and the same time to establish in France a Passion Play similar to that which won celebrity for Oberammergau. The proceeds were to be used to build a beautiful new church.

He prepared the execution of his plans with the greatest care, visiting all the museums of Europe to study texts, settings and costumes, and consulting an endless number of documents. He also consulted the Oberammergau players and obtained their authorization to borrow their text, which he used in large part. Their authorization was afterwards withdrawn, however, just before the War, and a new text was written, based exclusively on the Gospels.

SUCCESSFUL FROM START

The first performances were given in 1901, all parts being played by the faithful of St. Joseph's parish. They were successful from the start, and in ten years they had been witnessed by thousands.

Canon Petit thus saw his three objects accomplished. The proceeds enabled him to build in the new quarter of Nancy, where his parish of 12,000 faithful was located, a magnificent church dedicated to St. Joseph. The church is built in the Byzantine style, lavishly adorned with fine marble and gold. After the church, clubs, schools and vacation colonies were established.

Then came the War. The actors were mobilized and went to the front, and some never to return. Nancy, only a few kilometers from the battlefields was bombarded by guns and airplanes. The "Theatre de la Passion" was not spared. It was struck by a bomb one night and demolished, and Canon Petit,

in the rectory next door to it, was nearly killed.

Everything, therefore, had to be built anew. After the return of peace, the Nancy parish gradually resumed its normal life. The faithful and their pastor were moved by a common impulse: to rebuild the Theatre, "their" Theatre.

The new auditorium has two thousand comfortable armchairs. The stage is twenty-two meters wide, and the musicians' pit will accommodate easily the fifty musicians, all professors or teachers of the Nancy Conservatory, who furnish the music for the "Mystery" play. The music consists chiefly of fragments of Bach, Mendelssohn and Cesar Franck.

The seamstresses then set to work to cut out and make the beautiful costumes worn by the artists. They are all women of the parish, who met in a large sewing room near the theatre, where they worked for days, without a salary.

LOCAL TALENT SOLELY

The seven hundred actors are also members of Saint Joseph's Parish. Many of them are workmen and office employees. The Christ and Pilate are book-keepers in a factory; Calphas is a retired employee of a large electric plant; among the members of the Sanhedrin are a captain of the gendarmerie and several knights of the Legion of Honor. Judas is chief clerk in a dairy and Saint Peter was formerly the greatly feared leader of a large labor union. As for the singers, many of them are persons who won first prizes at the Nancy Conservatory of Music.

No one is paid. "We are united by a family spirit," says Canon Petit, "and sustained by faith; that is sufficient. For it would be foolish to deny here the action of faith. We will commune in a single thought."

As the great majority of the actors and helpers are working people, the performances can only be given on Sunday. The same applies for rehearsals, which were conducted for three months before the Passion Play could be produced.

A series of performances was given in the summer of 1920. The spectators came in thousands. Cardinal Mercier, Cardinal Luçon, ministers, great generals were among them, and over ten thousand persons who wrote for tickets had to be refused.

This year the enthusiasm is just as great, and many distinguished visitors are expected. Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, was present at the performance given on July 10.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.
FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

THE CERTAINTY OF DEATH

"And when He came nigh to the gate of the city, He held a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother; and she was a widow, and a great multitude of the city was with her, with weeping and lamentation, being moved with pity towards her. He said to her: Weep not. (Luke vii, 12, 13.)

The prophets of old cried out that the world was desolate of spiritual wealth, because people did not think within their hearts. In modern times, if a prophet lived, perhaps he would not lament over the world's lack of thought, but over the kind of thought in which it indulges. Nowadays people think even more than they did in the times of which the inspired of God spoke, but they think of things alien to those of God. No one will deny that the world is more strenuous today than ever before in the history of mankind. With the advances of science has come increased thought; with improved methods of communication, thought has also increased; with new enterprises, new thought has developed. We are more methodical today than our ancestors ever dreamed of being. All our traffic and travel is carried on in a systematic way. System rules more or less everywhere. The world realizes that without order, success is uncertain and progress impossible. Only a slight glance at the modern world will convince one of this method existing everywhere.

But this order in all things has not come about by chance. It has cost lives of energy and thought. Men have labored incessantly in its accomplishment; others have continued where their predecessors left off, until rules have been laid down that are inviolable. The work has not stopped, nor will it ever cease. With the knowledge that has been gained and the successful methods that have been adopted, the life of the world's order and system will last till time is no more. It will be improved upon, added to, and perhaps carried out differently; but the fundamental idea always will remain the same. Men have created something in worldly order that for us and our successors is and will be inevitable. The consequence is that he who conforms to this established order will, as a rule, meet with success; he who fails to conform will meet with disaster, or at least failure. Sometimes failure will come even when all order has been complied with, but this is because no works of man are infallible. We enter a train with confidence that we shall reach our destination. As a rule we do reach it, but occasionally we are disappointed. Perhaps the train brings some to their ultimate destination—to eternity. We go aboard one of the mighty ocean liners, expecting that we shall reach the shores of the land beyond the seas; but sometimes we are disappointed, though generally, safety is our lot. So in all things, human and in the order of all man's works, there is a great degree of certainty but no infallible security. However, the more this order is observed, the more certain is a successful issue assured.

In the great order of God, there is a certainty in His mind and established laws that are infallible. What appears to us as defects are but exceptions to His order. He intended these variations when forming the world and establishing the order thereof. These defects or inflections may be permitted to punish man, or they simply may be to teach him that he has not here a lasting city. If everything in life succeeded to our complete satisfaction, and nature always acted to our liking, we would never have a desire for a better land. We would be of the world, and completely worldly. An all-wise God has not only given us commands, but He has prepared for us a way of keeping them. The surroundings in which we are placed, since the fall of Adam and Eve, are blessings to us. We are not to remain here. Why then should we have everything for which the heart yearns? Not only are we not to continue on earth always, but while here we must prepare for another place, and this preparation is carried on better the less we have to do with the world, and, as a rule, the less our worldly success.

How few people think of this order of God, certain to us as to execution but uncertain as to time and manner! People go forward, meeting success when it comes, and facing failure when it is inevitable. This must be, we admit. Success will come sometimes, and at other times failure. But whether success or failure be our lot, we should gain. The plain truth is, however, we often merit it neither. Why? Because we have not thought within our hearts; because we have not, in our intention and by our efforts, submitted to the infallible law of God. In other words, we have not had that spirit of resignation demanded of us by God, and even taught us by experience. And this spirit of resignation will come only to those who think out the truth of God's established order. What a disappointment death generally is to those who are dear to the one who is stricken! We have an example of it in today's Gospel, but we may believe the widow was not giving way to unavailing grief, as Christ deemed

her worthy of His pity and assistance. This helps us to form a true idea of death and some of its consequences. At the sin of our first parents, God decreed that man must die. This decree is infallible, but the time of its fulfillment in each individual is not certain. How much, then, should we realize the certainty of death and feel that at any moment it could come to us or to our dear ones! Naturally, it may cause the pangs of sorrow to enter the human heart, but in the depth of the soul of the faithful Christian there will be found conformity to God's will and patient resignation to His infallible decrees.

Would that the world would think more of this great truth, and that people would hold themselves always prepared for it! Let us not wait until the danger appears, to make our preparation; and let us remember that once death has come, if we are not prepared to meet it ourselves, nor to see our dear ones meet it, the consequences in either case will be lamentable. Today we live, tomorrow we may die; let us live today as if we were to die tomorrow.

THE ABUSED JACKASS

To the Editor of America:

Speaking of jackasses one might well be quite conversant on the subject and not be entirely embarrassed in interpreting this good-hearted and whimsical beast to himself or to the world at large. One of the most companionable friends I have ever had was a jackass, while in the Colorado Rockies. I almost felt equal to him in intelligence and in his noble responsiveness to kind treatment and picturesque abhorrence to unnecessary labor. My attachment to animals in general, but to this jackass in particular, has made me feel that our British Admiral did not fail to pay bleating Ireland a fine compliment. One thing certain is our own (or England's, who knows?) British Admiral is no jackass, nor is the England which he loves one! Although the little jingle adorns the weekly John Bull: "This world is a bundle of hay, Mankind are the asses that pull, each pulls in a different way, and the greatest of all is John Bull."

The world may indeed be a bundle of hay; very, very likely mankind are the asses pulling and struggling, but I take exception to the last line. I think too much of jackasses which ever received the Divine recognition of goodness and worth; that the story of Palm Sunday reveals. The patient, humble animal will ever have friends even though it should always feel the menacing pressure of mightier and stronger beasts of prey.

Yes, the Admiral was right, and may the jackasses ever be with us. The jackass has no lust for conquest. He is not interesting in punishing sheep or cats. He is content and keeps a friendly distance from unnecessary provocations to kick or to work. But altogether Lord Northcliffe's own paper would persuade us that the British lion is just a harmless and care-free jackass, yet that savage assault on India in 1754 which so horrified the world that the House of Lords brought Lord Clive to impeachment proceedings bears not the marks of a jackass. One can almost be certain of the red tooth and claw. A jackass would never have trotted down to South Africa for diamonds and wrenched liberty from the peaceful, God-fearing, jackass-like Boers. The hungry, prowling lion might have done such, but never the jackass. And if anyone feels that the Black and Tans simply represent the innocent ramblings and cavortings of a jackass, he does not know the species and he has never studied the nature of wilder beasts.

Nature of wilder beasts. But Admiral Sims agrees with us that Ireland is a jackass, and we, her sympathizers, are of the species, but he would have us make friends with the lion, pet him and believe him quite jolly and harmless, and we feel inclined good-naturedly to believe him and accept the lion until we observe his claws buried in the vitals of our innocent beast. Then our respect for lions becomes a hopeless blow. We say to the savage beast's admirer: First release this ass and then we can talk lions.

Suppose the Catholic Church had or was using Black and Tans to save souls; then would Protestant Lloyd George think the end justified the means? Suppose Italy just took the Sicily Isles as England has Catholic and Italian Malta would not the cry go up? Suppose Spain held Dover? Yet is not Spain the jackass, too, for Gibraltar is held by the lion, and the lion was not a bit polite in the manner of its seizure. Is it an accident that Catholic France Canada lost her freedom? Or did the lion only come after much coaxing? Surely

Washington and Franklin were jackasses, in fact super-jackasses, for they are the only ones of the breed ever known to kick discreetly enough to make the lion literally fly over the border! Yes, in those days they knew how to breed jackasses with TNT kicks attached to them. Also, these jackasses for anyone who would not be fooled by the lion or who would dare cross him must be such, for the Admiral tells us that it is our duty to ride and drive the lion to the completion of world domination—where would the Eagle be in such company? I had a distinguished British General in the patriot jackass forces of 1777. How Arnold served his country, every jackass knows. It has taken the navy more than a century to develop the unique type which the army never since cared to duplicate. Benedict Arnold believed the lion the proper guardian of our liberties, self-respect and whole future existence.

I feel that the lowly jackass is indeed not without grateful and loyal friends, even though he may lack great qualities of more powerful beasts. But it is a good breeding time for jackasses, and jackass Ireland will yet wag ears with liberty-loving jackasses the world around, and the braying of the hounded and beloved jackass may not be so distinct in our ears, for the angry lion will be roaring on his way to his own very beautiful little island home and then, I know, the good-natured jackass will not send Black and Tans to hound or tease him, but will gladly call quits.

HAROLD J. SWEENEY, Rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Elizabeth N. J.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sun., Aug. 21.—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, who offered her life to the Mother of God at an early age, when a worldly-minded governor attempted to have her marry a Protestant. She married the Baron de Chantal and lived a model life until after the death of her husband, her sister and two children. Despite the entreaties of her friends and the grief of her son, she decided to leave the world and founded with the assistance of St. Frances de Sales, the Visitation Order. Despite sickness, opposition, want and the death of her children and friends, eighty-seven houses of the Visitation rose under her hand. She died at the age of seventy and St. Vincent de Paul saw her soul, as a ball of fire, ascend to heaven.

Mon., Aug. 22.—St. Symphorian, who suffered martyrdom at Autun, France in 180. He was urged on by his mother, who stood on the walls of the city and exhorted him to die for Christ.

Tues., Aug. 23.—St. Philip Benizi, who was born in Florence, the Feast of the Assumption, 1238, the same day that the Order of Servites was founded. As a babe at the breast he burst into speech and begged his mother to give alms to the religious. He entered the order and soon became its general. His preaching aided in restoring peace in the country, and he escaped on the night of Pope only by flight. He is said never to have committed mortal sin, but continued the strict practice of penance until his death in 1285.

Wed., Aug. 24.—St. Bartholomew, one of the twelve apostles, who carried the gospel into the remotest India. He was martyred in Great Armenia.

Thurs., Aug. 25.—St. Louis, King of France, the first, the best and the bravest of the Christian knights of the thirteenth century. He led two crusades against the infidels. His mother told him she would rather see him die than commit a mortal sin and he never forgot these words, living an exemplary life, raising up many great cathedrals, and reciting the divine office and hearing two Masses daily. He succumbed to a fever in Tunis in 1270.

Fri., Aug. 26.—St. Zephyrinus, Pope and martyr, who succeeded Victor in the Pontificate in 198 and reigned seventeen years, dying in 217.

Sat., Aug. 27.—St. Joseph Calanctus, born in Aragon in 1556. He was only five years old, he led a troop of children through the streets to find the devil and kill him. He went to Rome and founded the Order of the Clerks Regular of the Pious School, for work among the poor children. He suffered many trials and at the age of eighty-six was imprisoned on false charges. His order was reduced to a congregation before his death, but later restored.

MOTHERS OF PRIESTS

In reviewing an interesting study on "The Mothers of Saints" by a French author, one of our Catholic editors brought out these points that ought not, we think, be lost on the mothers who are moulding the hearts and souls of their growing children. It is the hearts of their mothers that have moulded saints. Take, for instance, St. Louis. When he was in Egypt he learned of the death of his mother, and his grief broke forth in the tender passionate cry: "I thank Thee, Lord, for the good mother I loved so well. It has pleased Thee to take her from me. Thy holy will be done." We all know of the mother of St. Augustine, how she prayed and stormed

Heaven for her son's conversion, and how tenderly St. Augustine loved her is seen in his writings. There is St. Frances of Sales, who loved his mother with deep tenderness, and who has said more than once in his writings that it was she, after God, who had made him what he was.

In his treatise on the priesthood, St. John Chrysostom has immortalized his mother. Left a widow at an early age, she refused to remarry in order to educate and inspire her son with the desire of being a priest, to which she had consecrated him while yet unborn. And what a priest in his success! What an athlete of the faith! And what a noble mother! . . . It is for those deep and intrepid women, mothers of strong faith to fill the hearts of their sons with their own deep love of God, with enthusiasm for souls, and to make the sacrifice with a strong heart. Why should these mothers do their best to merit for their sons a priestly vocation, remembering by so doing they will assuredly bring down on themselves the choicest blessings of God and deepen their sons love for their mother? Her other children may forget her after death, not so her son, who is a priest?—Catholic Transcript.

KU KLUX KLAN MAY BE PROBED

TEXAS CITIZENS CONDEMN MANY LAWLESS ACTS OF CLANSMEN

By N. C. W. G. News Service

Austin, Tex., July 22.—A resolution proposing a probe of the Ku Klux Klan in Texas is to be introduced on the opening day of the State legislature, according to Representative Leo J. Rountree, of Brazos County. The resolution will call for legislative investigation of the Klan and its activities in Texas and will seek to ascertain what the organization is doing and what its aims and purposes are.

The resolution is to be signed by Representatives Moore, of Hunt, and McKean, of Caldwell County, and is the result of a series of demonstrations which has aroused the indignation of citizens in many communities.

Recently in Dallas, lights were suddenly extinguished in the streets and immediately the clansmen began parading in their white uniforms and spiked caps, mounted on caparisoned horses. Demonstrations of a similar character have been held in numerous other towns, among them Wallis, where the clansmen plastered the Catholic Church with posters forbidding the use of any foreign language and ordered every man who did not support the Public school to leave town.

BEE COUNTY PROTESTS

A protest against the activities of the Klan has been launched by the citizens of Beeville in Bee County, where a mass meeting was called for Saturday, July 16, in the courthouse in order that citizens might express themselves with reference to the enforcement of the laws.

A statement signed by fifty representative citizens has been issued, reading as follows:

"We, the undersigned citizens of Bee County, have reason to believe that the Ku Klux Klan are organizing in Bee County. We do not criticize the organization nor impugn the motives of its members, but in view of the wave of mob violence sweeping over the State, we deem it proper and timely for us, as law-abiding citizens of the country, having the peace and harmony of our people and the good name of the county at heart, to declare ourselves as follows:

"Our government has existed for nearly a century and a half. It has its imperfections, as have all human institutions, but is nevertheless the best government for freemen ever devised by man.

"Under the laws of our country, no person can be punished for any offense unless the same is defined as a crime and the punishment therefor fixed by law, and he has been accused by indictment, information or complaint, and has had a fair and public trial in the courts of the country, before a jury of his countrymen should he so desire. These laws must be upheld in Bee County.

KLAN POLICY CONDEMNED

"We hold it to be self-evident that those who seek to stop lawlessness by committing lawless acts themselves are but adding fuel to flames; this country cannot exist half law-abiding and half mob; two systems for punishing crime, the one public and in the courts of the country and the other secret and through a combination of individuals acting on their own initiative, cannot exist side by side in the same country—the one or the other will gain the ascendancy in time and rule supreme.

"An organization the members of which act secretly and under the cover of darkness, with masks on their faces, and upon their own initiative and independently of the courts, and in violation of the laws of the country, and which inflicts punishment on persons, is 100% un-American and wholly un-Christian and will not be tolerated in Bee County.

"Every man, woman and child in Bee County, regardless of creed, color or condition in life, is entitled to the protection of the laws of the

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country, and if any one of them is punished for a crime it must be only after a public trial and conviction in the courts and under the laws of the country."

POPE'S ENCYCLICAL ON ST. DOMINIC

On the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., issued an Encyclical Letter on the seventh centenary of the death of St. Dominic. The Holy Father first speaks of his own devotion to St. Dominic, and then pays a tribute to the work the Dominican Order following in the footsteps of its saintly founder has accomplished in spreading the faith and in studying and preaching its doctrines. The two salient characteristics of St. Dominic's life as exemplified in his preaching, according to the Holy Father, were his loyalty to the Holy See, and his intense devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

The first characteristic Pope Benedict illustrates by the early records of St. Dominic and his first followers. To them largely is due the credit that a powerful and insidious heresy did not spread throughout all Europe. "From its very beginnings the special office of the Dominican Order was to show the remedy for doctrinal errors and spread the light of Christian truth." The purity of the faith thus preached and practised was conjoined to devotion to the Holy See, as illustrated by the establishment of the Third Order, thus laying at the feet of Pope Innocent III, a strong arm of an educated laity for the defence of the Church. Particularly noteworthy among the activities of this Order was the heroic effort of St. Catherine of Sienna in bringing the Holy See back to Rome after the so-called Babylonian Captivity.

The second characteristic of St. Dominic, his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, was shown by the action of Pope St. Pius V. of the Order, in calling upon the Mother of God, to avert the Ottoman peril. Through the saintly Pontiff's inspiration the victory of Lepanto, that saved Europe once and for all from the Moslem invasion resulted from the Christians of the world reciting the Rosary. The Rosary too, Our Lady's gift to St. Dominic, was instrumental in crushing the Albigensian heresy, and in being perpetually instrumental in the salvation of souls.

The example of the saintly Dominic, his virtues and the work of his Third Order gives the Holy Father an opportunity to recommend to all Catholics these same virtues. Today the Church needs loyal and devoted sons and daughters, the Faith needs valiant defenders, and the Christian life needs the help of the Mother of God. In St. Dominic's glorious example, and in the work of his heroic followers, we will find remedies for unbelief, for indifference and for heresy.

The Holy Father desires to see even a more intense practice of saying the Rosary. His words will be heard with pleasure by the millions of devout clients of Mary, who have such a tender attachment to the Rosary. The power of the beads to encourage, to strengthen, to solace, and to bring copious blessings has not been neglected by pious Catholics, to whom the mere carrying of the beads is a sacramental.

The occasion of the seventh centenary of the death of St. Jerome

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has given the Holy Father another opportunity to add to the numerous helpful and illuminating contributions he has already made to the restoration of the social order and to the reinstatement of Christ in modern society.—The Pilot.

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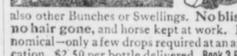
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

COURAGE

When you're lonesome and blue and sad-like
And things seem to go all awry,
Don't loosen your hold on your courage
Don't give up the battle and cry.
But buckle your armor about you
And look for the bright things in life,
They will creep from the shadows around you,
To lighten your sorrow and strife.
Each one has his sunshine, and sadness
Each one has his smile, and his tears
We all have our sorrow, and gladness
To darken, and brighten the years.
From the depths of each woe, scale the Mount
Of Faith, and of Hope, and of Love,
And your sorrow will change into gladness
And be wafted as incense above,
Yes—your sorrow will change into gladness
Dark night will be turned into day,
So buckle your armor around you,
Around you for ever and aye.

MAKE EACH DAY COUNT

A famous man once asked for the secret of his success. He was modest, as all great men are, and replied: "Of course, I am still far from the goal I am striving for, but what success I have attained did not come suddenly, but by perseverance, and making each day count."
Success sometimes seems to come suddenly; but, if we investigate, we usually find that it is a climax rather than the result of one action or effort alone. Days of preparation, of struggle, of seeming failure, but all of growth, and the seizing of every opportunity as it comes, generally precede it.
The only way, then, to prepare for success is to make each day count. One day, one hour, one minute, is all we have. Unless we make use of it, put our best into it, we can never attain our goal.
"A day is a little life," one writes. How many possibilities, how many opportunities, how many lessons, how many blessings, each day holds for us! Have you ever counted them at the end of a day? Do you begin each day by looking forward to the blessings, the opportunities, the lessons that may come? It will put new life into you if you do.
Be on the lookout for the blessings. If you count them, each one as it comes, you will be surprised when night arrives to find how much you have to be thankful for, how many blessings, unlooked for, come to you in the course of even the most monotonous day.
Watch for the lessons. Not a day passes but we may learn something. It may be from a mistake. It may come in the form of a trial, a disappointment, sometimes a sorrow; but, if we seek to obtain the lesson from each, it removes half the sting, and we go on so much stronger and wiser than before.
It has been said: "You can upset a person for the whole day by the harsh way in which you may call him in the morning, or you may give him a beautiful start by the cheerfulness of your greetings."
Try to manage some good reading each day. Have some good, uplifting book on your desk or your work-table, or in your bedroom, and read, if only a paragraph or a page, so as to get new thought, good thought, over which you can ponder while your hands may be busy over mechanical tasks. Make it a habit to read some good, improving, uplifting thought every day of your life, to ponder over it, and to act upon it. This is one of the greatest means of growth. It is said that Elihu Burritt learned twenty-one languages while he pumped the forge.
Make up your mind each day that you are going to do your work better than you have ever done it before, that you are going to put more interest into it, that you are going to do it "heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men." You will then be "a workman that needeth not be ashamed." You will find new interest, new beauty, in your work. You will enjoy doing it, and you will do it better and better and find it a stepping-stone to your goal.—The Tablet.

WHY THEY CLASH

Young men are often puzzled by the attitude of older men, toward them, which seems to them to be one of insufferable contempt. But for a just appreciation, several things must be taken into account. Young physicians, young lawyers, young engineers, young business men, sometimes think that older men of the same occupations are "down on them" or are intolerant of them merely because they are young. But there are many things to be considered. It is true that after a man is past fifty he begins to feel that change is personally significant for him; begins to realize that he is getting older, is sorry to think so; and is therefore the more inclined to resent, to resist, change in anything. A man of fifty begins to look backward; and as he casts longing glances back toward his lost youth, he begins to exaggerate

a bit and to imagine that all was well then; from which he begins to argue, by comparison, that everything is going to the devil. For men fully realize the change that is taking place in themselves; and it is not uncommon to hear men find fault with young people for holding views which they held themselves when they were young.
Besides that, men who are past middle age are naturally impatient at seeing young men making the same mistakes they made when they were young and at the same time hearing those young men assert the old errors as new wisdom and calling the older men "old fogies" because they try to counsel them. People don't want to thresh over again the old straw they disposed of thirty years ago.
But, age makes its mistakes, as well as youth. Young men sometimes have something to teach; sometimes to make discoveries; and older men ought to be ready to acknowledge and admit when truth requires it. They do not always do so. It is never, at any age, pleasant to admit mistakes; and some men can never do so gracefully; but the older a man gets the harder he finds it to change his opinions, and to admit he has been wrong, and it is the more unpleasant when the correction comes from a much younger man. Age does sometimes resent youth merely because it is youth; but this is seldom done consciously.
On the other hand, youth, only too often regards age as backward, behind the times, "not up to date," and this is usually done consciously, and quite confidently. It is one of the commonest errors of youth to undervalue experience. One must have had it; it is not possible to judge its value beforehand.
Moreover, there is the physical side of the thing. Twenty years ago we saw a judge fly into a rage at the careless slamming of a court-room door; and we remember remarking to a man of our own age how hard it was to understand a man getting so angry over so small a matter. We did not know then that we had nerves, but we know now; and should someone slam a door now when we have our thinking-cap on, the judge who astonished us twenty years ago would have nothing on us.
And so the attitude of old men toward young men is in part reasonable and in part unreasonable; it is partly rational and partly sentimental; it is in part an assertion of experience and of settled knowledge against the inexperience and the theories of youth; it is partly wisdom and partly intolerance of what is fresh and new. And partly it is envy; envy of those who have what we can never have again—youth, and the world before us.
So we would say to young men: Youth is a time of fresh hopes, of ideals, and of some illusions; a time of glorious possibilities; a time of overconfidence and vanity too. Lucky is the young man who can guess at the worth of experience, and who is not too ready to despise older men merely because they are past their youth and have grown out of their enthusiasms and high hopes.
And blessed indeed is the man who when no longer young, can fully understand and sympathize with youth.—The Casket.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her slave and toil,
While you sit a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead
Sprinkle silver in her hair?
Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her bake and broil;
Through the long, bright summer hours—
Share with her the heavy toil.
See! her eye has lost its brightness,
Faded from her cheek the glow,
And the step that once was buoyant
Now is feeble, tired, and slow.
Daughter, don't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long;
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waking from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless,
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sods above her press.
Daughter, don't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother,
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from care and earthly pain;
To the home so sad without her
Never to return again. —Selected.

TRY TO GIVE A HELPING HAND

"Why does the gas burn in such a crooked flame?" asked little Marguerite, who was trying to read in the library. "Won't you see what is the matter, father—see how it burns in two forks?"
Well, there's plenty of gas to burn," said papa, "and it wants to get out and blaze, but there must be dust or something else in the way that clog the burner."
Then father turned off the gas from the burner, and drew a thread through the slit in the tip from which the gas came.
After doing this two or three times he again lighted the gas and it burned with a steady, full flame. Marguerite then found no difficulty in reading, but now she was thinking.
It was such a little thing we could not even see it," she said, "but just because it was there, the gas would not burn straight," she remarked to her father. And father had been thinking too.
"Yes," he said, "and it is just the same way with people sometimes. The light is really in them. They truly wish to do right and to be helpful and good. Yet, somehow, some little thing gets in the way. Maybe it's a bit of selfishness. It is certain to be sin of some sort—self-will or carelessness, or something like that; and thus the light cannot possibly get through it, or over it, and there is not the full shining that there ought to be. People are not helped as they should be, always."
Marguerite had listened to her father, she understood him and knew what he meant.
"But how shall these little things be gotten out if we can't see them?" she asked, seriously.
"We can sometimes feel them if we really seek for them; but it is true we can no more get rid of them ourselves than the gas jet could clear itself of the clogging of dust. When we want sin taken away, ever so little sins, we must ask help from One higher than ourselves."
WHEN THE JUDGE REMEMBERED
The old farmer died suddenly; so when Judge Gilroy, his only son, received the telegram, he could do nothing but go to the farm for the funeral. It was difficult to do even that, for the judge was the leading lawyer in X—, and every hour was worth many dollars.
As he sat with bent head in the grimy little train which lumbered through the farms, he could not keep the details of his cases out of his mind.
He had never given his father a heartache and the old man died full of years and virtues, "a shock of corn fully ripe." The phrase pleased him.
"I wish to tell you," said the doctor gravely, "that your father's thoughts were all of you. He was ill but an hour, but his cry was for 'John! John!' unceasingly."
"If I could have been with him!" said the judge.
"He was greatly disappointed that you missed your half-yearly visit last spring. Your visits were the events of his life," said the doctor.
"Last spring? Oh, yes; I took my family then to California."
"I urged him to run down and see you on your return, but he would not go."
"No, he never felt at home in the city."
The judge remembered that he had not asked his father to come down. Ted was ashamed of his grandfather's wide collars, and Jessie, who was a fine musician, scowled when she was asked to sing the "Portuguese Hymn" every night. The judge humored his children and had ceased to ask his father into his house.
The farm-house was in order and scrupulously clean, but its bareness gave a chill to the judge, whose own home was luxurious. The deaf old woman who had been his father's servant sat grim and tearless by the side of the coffin, and Martha was faithful, whispering the doctor, "but she's deaf. His life was very solitary. The neighbors were young. He belonged to another generation."
He reverently uncovered the coffin and then with Martha went out and closed the door. The judge was alone with his dead.
Strangely enough, his thought was still of the cold bareness of the room. Those hacked wooden chairs were there when he was a boy. It would have been so easy for him to have made the house comfortable—to have hung some pictures on the wall! How his father had delighted in his engravings and poured over them.
Looking now into the kind old face, with the white hair lying motionless on it, he found something in it which he had never taken time to notice—a sagacity, a nature fine and sensitive. He was the friend, the comrade, whom he had needed so often! He had left him with deaf old Martha for his sole companion.
There hung upon the wall the photograph of a young man with an eager, strong face, looking proudly at a chubby boy on his knee. The judge saw the strength in the face.
"My father should have played a high part in my life," he thought.
"There is more promise in his face than in mine."
In the desk was a bundle of old account books with records of years of hard drudgery on the farm; of working winter and summer and often late at night, to pay John's school bills and to send him to Harvard. One patch of ground after another was sold while he waited for practice, to give him clothes and luxuries which other young men in town had, until but a meagre portion of the farm was left.
John Gilroy suddenly closed the book. "And this is the end!" he said. "The boy for whom he lived and worked won fortune and position—and how did he repay him?"

FRAGRANCE —The aroma of

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The man knelt on the bare floor and shed bitter tears on the quiet old face. "O father! father!" he cried. But there was no smile on the quiet face. He was too late.—Youth's Companion.

the arrogance of the rich, to curb the powerful, to strengthen the weak and to give sanity and poise to all, nothing is better than prayer, and particularly family prayer. "Where two or more are gathered together in My name," said Jesus Christ, "there am I in the midst of them." And where He is, are peace and purity and love and sweet content. But where He is not are harshness and vice and arrogance and hatred and discord.—Catholic Columbian.

DECLINE OF FAMILY PRAYER

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreamt of," says Tennyson. And he tells us why, in the words: "for so this great round world is everywhere bound by gold chains about the feet of God." That of course is only a result of prayer, not the reason why great things are wrought by prayer. The reason is, as Our Lord Himself tells us: "If you ask anything of the Father in My name, it shall be granted unto you." And again: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."
Catholics of course are familiar with the power of prayer. To them it is the atmosphere they breathe—the vital element of their religion, for religion without prayer is inconceivable. Prayer is a lifting up of the heart and soul to God, and religion is a recognition of that God and of our dependence on Him. So that faith in God necessarily implies prayer as an act of loyalty, thanksgiving, dependence and petition to God.
Family prayer is a chief mark of good Catholics, but alas! it is very much in abeyance nowadays. The lure of the world—the distraction of the movies and the automobile, of the nude theatre, the lascivious vaudeville and the latest in indecent dancing and salacious literature—is too much for the modern family. As Wordsworth says, "The world is too much with us; late and soon, getting and spending we lay waste our lives." As a consequence God is forgotten. How our old Irish or German or French fathers and mothers would turn in their graves, could they revisit the average Catholic home of today, especially in our cities and towns! They would not find the rosary recited in common by all before retiring for the night, with the father or mother leading the Paters and Aves, as in the sane and sweet old days. And assuredly in most homes they would not find the beautiful old Catholic custom of grace before and after meals.
Modern society, the modern home, modern life needs prayer more than ever it was needed before. Prayer alone can save the world from the abyss of destruction to which it is headed by its gross follies, sins, wickedness, impurity and paganism. As a modern writer well says, to cure social unrest, to ally class consciousness, to temper

IRISH NUNS GET FINE NEW HOME

EXILE OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS ENDS

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)
The return of the Irish Benedictine Ladies to their own land, after an exile of more than two hundred years, is being hailed with great satisfaction in Dublin, especially in Connemara, where they have acquired the beautiful castle of Kylesmore, near Galway. This edifice, erected fifty years ago by Mitchell Henry, an American millionaire, promises to be a center from which the spirit of the ancient educational and artistic traditions of the Benedictines, adapted to modern life, will radiate throughout the west of Ireland.
The property acquired by the order, at the cost of about \$200,000 extends over 10,000 acres. The greater part of it will be sold and distributed to the poor people of Connemara. It comprises mountains, lakes and streams unrivalled for their scenic beauty. In order to acquire the property, the order was obliged to contract an obligation of almost \$175,000 and in their first year in their new home will face serious financial difficulties.
For close to two hundred and fifty years the Irish Benedictines were located in the quaint Flemish town of Ypres, where a small band of nuns had originally established a community in 1656. At the invitation of James II, they had moved to Dublin in 1687, but the revolution and subsequent penal laws had compelled them to flee their native land and settle again in Ypres, where the abbey stood for more than two and a half centuries before being battered to ruins by the shells of the contending armies. The Benedictine convent was the only religious house in all Flanders that had weathered the storms of the Austrian, French and Dutch invasions.
Following their flight from Ypres, the nuns took refuge for a time in England, and subsequently were given a gift of Merton House in County Wexford. John Redmond and Barry O'Brien were among their benefactors and the work of

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higher education, to which the nuns have devoted their lives was again taken up. The increasing number of vocations to the community soon necessitated more pretentious quarters and Macmine Castle was secured. The location proved to be so unhealthy however that the nuns have been forced to look for more favorable accommodations. The acquisition of Kylesmore promises to mean much, not only to the community but to the surrounding country, which is largely unsettled. Kylesmore Castle is Gothic in structure and stands bordering one of the eight beautiful lakes included in the newly-acquired property. Its majestic battlements and tower make it particularly imposing. Already the girls and young women of Ireland are flocking to its doors and if the nuns can survive the first few years in their home a glorious future in the new Ireland is predicted for them.

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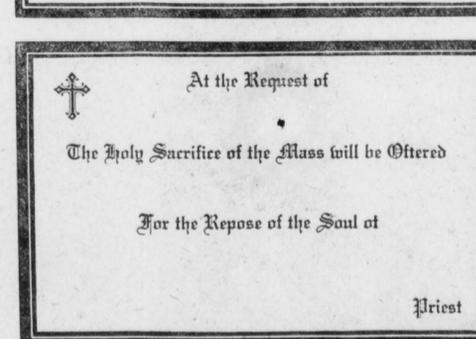
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But no matter what size or model of furnace you may need to successfully heat your home, or what kind of fuel you may burn, there is a Sunshine Furnace that will heat your home without fail.
There are two reasons why you are absolutely assured of satisfaction in a McClary's Sunshine Furnace (Pipe or One-Register):—
1. Because the dealer knows and will recommend to you the correct model of Sunshine furnace for your fuel and plan of house.
2. Because the furnace will be installed on correct principles by an expert chosen by McClary's who know that he understands his business. Only such dealers can get McClary's Sunshine Furnaces to sell.
McClary's stand back of every Sunshine Furnace and guarantee it to do its work, so they see to it that it is correctly installed.
It is not enough for McClary's that the Sunshine Furnace is well built, but it must be correctly set up in order to radiate and deliver the required amount of heat to each room in the house.
Every dealer who sells McClary's Sunshine Furnace is thoroughly qualified to advise you on your heating problem and to install a McClary's Sunshine so that it will give you the utmost satisfaction.
Write for descriptive booklet to any branch.

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