

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### LABOR'S DANGER

BY THE OBSERVER

It has been for many years a common criticism of political parties that they tended towards the very fault which destroyed in turn the two systems which preceded constitutional democratic government. Absolute monarchy, and, after that, government by an aristocratic and privileged class, went their way to the discard because under both, power was not sufficiently distributed, but held and wielded by too few persons.

Critics of our present political system have said that that system was in danger of going to pieces on the same rock; because the exigencies of party politics tended more and more towards party machines instead of parties; because small groups of men were beginning to exercise, as a matter of course, almost the whole power of the State.

There was, and is, some truth in that criticism. But the party system, with all its faults, is a system which can be made to reflect the virtues of a people as well as their faults; the sober sense of a people as well as their passions. And whether it reflects the best or the worst that is in a people, it reflects the virtues or the faults of the whole people with approximate accuracy.

Across the Atlantic, in England, in the past couple of weeks, we have seen a struggle; and the man must be very dull who cannot see the meaning of that struggle. A portion of the people, setting themselves apart, and calling themselves by what they think is a thoroughly distinctive name, are trying to bend to their will a government elected by the whole people, to represent and act for the whole people, only nine months ago.

The papers tell us that the British Constitution, the British system of Parliamentary government, are in danger. Not so. These will survive, this time. It is Labor—by which we mean the classes and interests represented by the Trades Unions—it is Labor that is in danger. And the danger in which Labor finds itself is in exact proportion to the influence now being exerted in its ranks by the most influential of its leaders. For the most influential and trusted of its leaders are Socialists. These leaders are urging and inciting the workingmen of England and Scotland and Ireland, to an attack on the British Constitution. There cannot be the smallest doubt of it. The abandonment of the Yorkshire mines to fill up with water and be ruined is followed now by a strike of railway workers of such proportions as to tie up land transportation, and so unnecessary as to call forth from Premier Lloyd-George, who has worked for Labor day and night for years, the strongest denunciation, and a passionate appeal to the general public to help him save England.

It is matter for wonderment how little is said in the press about the Socialist drive in the Trades Unions of England and in the Labor Unions of Canada and the United States. The popular phrase of the day in labor unions in all three countries, in speaking of the press, is, "the capitalist press." But so far is the press from being hostile to labor unions, that the wildest extravagances of speech and action of the unions, up to the present time, have been treated by the press, in general, in the mildest manner. Harsh things might be said; but they have not been said. Harsh criticisms of the labor union policies have often been in order; but the press criticisms have, in general, been very mild.

For instance, that very phrase, "the capitalist press," is an insult to journalists in general; a sweeping, unrestrained, coarse, and false accusation, in respect of nine of every ten papers in the Empire. How would it be if the press should retort on its accusers? The materials for return fire are not lacking. The very phrase, "the capitalist press" is of Socialist manufacture; but from the lips of the Blatchfords and the Hyndmans and the Wells, and the Welches, and the rest of the crew of

foul-mouthed teachers of lust and robbery who are furnishing, and have been furnishing, for years, the campaign literature by which the Trades Unions of Great Britain and the Labor Unions of North America, are to be weaned away from Christianity, the British Constitution and the Law, and welded into an engine of destruction which shall obliterate Christianity, the British Constitution and the Law off the earth.

These are plain, cold facts; and we shall prove them to be such. Who are the "Labor leaders" in England today? Who are the Ramsay MacDonalds, the Hendersons, the Clynes, the Thornes, the Graysons, the Blatchfords, the Tom Manns, the Ben Tillets? They are Socialists. Who are the Hyndmans, the Avelings, the Welches, the Blands, the Shaws, the Besants? They are Socialists. What is the Fabian Society, to which many of these worthies belong? It is a Society of able, unscrupulous, atheists, and teachers of free love; a society which is the brains of Socialism; and whose declared aim is to put Socialist leaders into every Trades Union in Great Britain, and Socialist ideas into every head in Great Britain; a society which has succeeded in that aim to such an extent that hardly do we see a Labor Union meeting in the quietest corner of Canada or of the United States, to say nothing of Great Britain, at which some local "leader," trusted and elected by his fellow unionists, who works while he talks, whisks his arms, and preaches some part of the Socialist creed.

What is being done? The workmen of Great Britain and Canada and the United States are being taught an old and false doctrine, in a new and attractive form; the old, false doctrine, that might is right. Look at the situation which arose in England a couple of weeks ago. The Railway workers of England had made an agreement with the Government for a scale of wages to run to December 31st, 1919. Negotiations had been going on for a scale to go in force at January 1st, 1920. These negotiations were not going on to the satisfaction of the unions. But, there were still three months to come to a settlement. Suddenly, a strike was called. A situation was created which has no precedent in British history. Society today cannot exist without railway trains, any more than it can exist without light or houses or coal. This strike was the boldest attempt to paralyze a nation that has ever been witnessed in the world.

We have just spent blood and treasure beyond the human mind to understand, to teach the lesson that might is not right; and now half a million Englishmen undertake to teach that might is right, and to cram that teaching down the throats of all their fellow countrymen. The Railway workers, with three months yet in which to negotiate with the Government, abruptly order the Government to do their will; the penalty for refusal to be paralysis of public social life.

Assuredly it is Labor, and Labor principally, which will suffer from this tremendous blunder.

TO BE CONTINUED

### A FEARFUL FALLACY

The contention of some of our separated brethren, that religion need not be given equal time and attention with reading, writing or arithmetic in school; that it can be taught sufficiently at home and at Sunday school, seems to be conclusively controverted by the condition resulting from the elimination of religion from the curriculum of public education. The following dispatch is taken from the Cincinnati Times-Star of last Friday:

Boston—There are only eight persons in every thousand in the State of Massachusetts who know the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments, according to a survey made by the International World Movement of the Churches. According to the survey made in New York, Massachusetts is ahead in the number of those who have heard of the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments. In New York the proportion is large of those who never heard of these two spiritual agencies.

This would seem to indicate two things: The Public Schools are really Godless; and the Catholic requirement, that religion be made a principal branch of the regular school curriculum, is practically vindicated.—Catholic Telegraph.

### CARDINAL MERCIER'S

#### SIMPLE RECITAL OF HEROIC FORTITUDE AND SUBLIME MORAL COURAGE

#### FEARLESSLY DEFINES PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN RIGHT

Philadelphia Standard and Times

His Eminence in his address at the Metropolitan Opera House deeply stirred his auditors with a recital of his grim experiences during the War. He said:

"If I were a man to answer his first impulse, I should come to you to speak only of you to you. 'Dr. Conwell gave you a splendid lecture on Belgium's history. He did it much better than I could have done myself.

"Your honored Mayor has invited me to speak of my country. I hear from him the voice of my people. They would accuse me of ingratitude if I met such a magnificent assemblage without at least telling you in some few words what we acknowledge to be indebted to you for. Well, first of all, we are indebted to you for the final triumph in our common cause. I remember that in 1917 I had a conversation with one of the highest German authorities. It was at the time when the Lusitania was sunk, and I said very candidly: 'What do you think of interference from the States in the war?' 'Oh,' he answered, 'the States have no army.' 'All right,' answered I, 'but two years ago England also had no army.' 'But,' he said, 'you cannot prepare an army for months and months, and before the American army can be ready our submarines will be in a position to prevent the conveying of the troops to the trenches and battlefields.' I said, 'Let us wait.'

Well we waited, and America prepared in less than one year, in fact in six or seven months, her splendid army. I was told by a friend when the American troops began to arrive that at 8 o'clock one morning 5,000 troops landed at Harve and on the same day at the same hour 5,000 landed at Bordeaux. That meant 10,000 of your men every day, or 300,000 every month, and after some months America gave to the War 2,000,000 valiant boys. We saw them at Saint Mihiel, in Flanders and on the Italian front. They astonished the world by their splendid action.

"I would be ungrateful if I came here without testifying the admiration for your army and for your navy, which conveyed those troops to the battlefields and undermined and destroyed those submarines that according to Germany's prophecy would have blown up your men and annihilated your armies.

#### PERISHING'S "GREAT MORAL ACT"

"I admire you and I thank you because of your great General Pershing, with whom I was so proud to shake hands some days ago in New York. Pershing did a great moral act, a splendid act of virtue. Instead of exalting himself and his troops as well, instead of claiming the high command, as was done by England and Italy, he accepted the command of general of another nation. Generalissimo Foch, and thus we got the unity of command which we had never had. I thank you. I thank Pershing and the generous people of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia. I thank you for your great work of charity for the armies, and especially towards our poor, distressed people of Belgium. I think that we had the relief for Belgium universalized through the States, which was owing to the great initiative of the liberty-loving city of Philadelphia. I want to thank you in my name and in the name of my own nation.

#### "WE SHALL REBUILD"

"Still I think I will best answer your wishes if I tell you about my personal experiences during the War. 'Your great and venerated and beloved Archbishop, during the luncheon today at noon recalled one of the most dreadful moments of my life, perhaps the most dreadful of all. We were at the Vatican, at the conference for the election of the Pope. At a moment of recreation I was talking to Cardinal Vico, my good friend, who consecrated me in Belgium. We were talking of the great events of the moment. He paused to glance at a paper and he said to me: 'The news is not good. I said, 'what is it about?' In the same paper at the same moment I saw that Louvain University was burned, reduced to ashes, and that my Cathedral at Malines and my Archbishop's home were bombarded. I never received such a violent blow. Still, Almighty God gave me the grace not to wail and after a moment of hesitation I said to Cardinal Vico, 'My church is perhaps destroyed, but we shall rebuild. These words, 'We shall rebuild,' we shall reconstruct,' were probably our only motto during the War, and the motto of our own making.

#### BELGIUM'S SUFFERING AND BELGIUM'S FORTITUDE

"The distress in Belgium was sorrowful. At this moment we have an enormous number of little children threatened with consumption.

The parents and the children themselves were without food, without milk, without the necessities of life. Still never did our people give way until the last year, 1918, when our population had worn out, and when I walked through my diocese I consoled their poor people, I heard sometimes their complaint, and I had but this word to say, to stimulate them: 'Shall we give in to the invader? Do you want peace at any cost? Do you want saw their expression change. 'No, Your Eminence! No, Monseigneur! First we must hold them down! Even during the days of the War many of her people reconstructed their houses which had been destroyed by the Germans. I will give you an example.

Between Malines and Louvain, on September 14, I dare say that three-fourths of the houses were destroyed. I think at this moment one-third are already rebuilt. So I am proud to say to you that when we ask our American brothers, our good and faithful allies, when we ask for your help, it is not with the idea of dispensing ourselves from work, it is only to give us the means of reconstruction, because we have the ambition, just as your eloquent Dr. Conwell said, 'We want Belgium, after some years, to become a Belgium finer, more vigorous and more prosperous than ever before.'

"Don't you think after what our people have suffered, their ambition is worthy of help? In accordance with our motto, we shall reconstruct. We suffered, but on the other hand we never were defeated.

"Still there was another moment in my life, which I consider as critical as the other in the full sense of the word. Some days before starting from Belgium to come here I met King Albert—Albert, we wonder whether we shall call him King Albert or Albert the Great. We met also our beloved Queen and our royal children. We met at Dinant. On August 23 we were commemorating the invasion of that little city. I visited Dinant twice during the War and a third time more recently. The state of the city is in perfect order. It was a city of 6,000 population. On August 15 one-half sought refuge in France and England. The other half remained there. Ladies and gentlemen, of these 3,000, 630 were killed innocently. In a suburb of Dinant of 1,100 inhabitants I went to visit the homes and to console the people and give comfort and relief to those poor families. The families did not exist any more. Of the 3,000 inhabitants there existed exactly nine men.

#### THE GENESIS OF THE FAMOUS PASTORAL

"The state of mind of the people during those two months of August and September was terrible. There were perpetual cruelties. After the burning of the University of Louvain, when I say to you that fifty-one of our priests innocently were shot, my judgment, were shot, were killed, can you realize the state of mind of our poor people terrorized? It was for me, the Bishop of Malines, a critical moment. What anxiety, reflecting, praying, interogating! Was I to expose them to new and perhaps more atrocious acts? Many called me down. Many said, 'Please keep quiet, keep quiet, they are stronger than you are, in any case inferior; we shall be trampled. Let us spare our people and give no pretext to new persecutions.' That was one voice. Another was this: 'Yes, but let your Bishop keep silent; your people are trembling, let them not be tempted to dark despair; they will be tempted to public revolt; better so, you are to feel other cruelties.' You may judge what was my anxiety. First of all, I remember especially the words of the Gospel of St. Matthew: 'Seek first of all the Kingdom of God and His justice and the rest will be added to you.' And I resolved that I would not lose a moment that I might defend my people. I gave myself into the hands of God, I gave my flock into His hands. Our Lord, after having seen our suffering, our sorrow, the anxiety of our priests, the distress of our people; after all, Almighty God gave us victory. I accept for my people, among the many praises, the one praise given them that by their faith and their steadfastness they gave the old world a great example of truth and beauty. And I am proud to repeat these words here in the Cradle of Liberty.

#### MIGHT BOWS TO FEARLESS CHAMPION OF RIGHT

"So I went on to the difficult moment. I tried in my pastoral letter of Christmas, 1914, to define the principles of Christian right when I said that injustice even supported by the colossus of Germany is always injustice. Our people, though terrorized, were nevertheless in their own intimate country, and they had to act only on one authority, the authority of our King. I shall tell you a little fact which I never told anybody here. You know the great Napoleon, when he had an order to give to his generals, usually sent the message by three different ways, to be sure that at least one would get to the head. Well, I thought that I could also send my letter to my friends in Holland, France and England, and finally to the States. One way was to send the text by a little

boy. Another was to ask a courageous young man to go to the frontier, exposing his liberty, perhaps his life, but the third is very interesting.

"I am sure you know Dutch cheese. The Belgians like Dutch cheese. I had a friend at the frontier who was selling Dutch cheese. I asked him whether he wouldn't use my paper, my pastoral, to wrap up the cheese. It was done. So the Belgians ate the cheese and the Dutch had to respect my pastor. A friend of mine, a priest, who was in Holland, a refugee, knew my intention. He sent as quickly as possible my letter to the Governments of France and England. In any case, whatever should happen, the priests must read my letter—one part on New Year's, which is a holiday in Belgium and the second on the Sunday following the New Year. Now it was Friday when they were to read the first part, and on Friday it was read in many places.

"At 8:30 o'clock on Saturday morning a motor car came to Malines and went to the printer's, got my letter and confiscated all the copies. At 6 o'clock on Saturday morning I was in my chapel preparing myself to say Mass, when I heard a motor car. I went out and three officers came in the name of the German authorities and asked me why I had published that letter, especially the phrases: 'The authority of that power is no lawful authority. Therefore in soul and conscience you owe it neither respect nor attachment, nor yet obedience.' They asked me whether I was disposed to retract that phrase. I reflected that as I knew what I did and did it knowingly, I could not retract. 'Then,' he said, 'you will have to come to Brussels.' I said, 'All right, what for?' 'We shall tell you that when you are back in Brussels.' I answered, 'If you want me back today, I am not free; I can go on Monday but to-morrow I have a function in Antwerp and I could not go.' 'On going to Brussels the officer, I knew him personally, went to the Spanish Minister, a fine gentleman, and said: 'We intend to arrest the Cardinal of Malines.' The Minister then asked: 'If the Crown Prince committed an offense against your Government, what would you do; would you punish him?' 'No,' he said, 'we would send him to the Kaiser.' 'Then you must know that if the Cardinal, as a member of the royal court of Rome, the Cardinal of Malines did anything wrong, you should send him to the Pope.' He went away, but during that time the letter which was known in France and England, provoked excitement. The Germans were afraid of public opinion.

"Another officer came to meet me with enormous pages filled with German characters. He said: 'I am sent here with this message; you are to answer it and then we will decide what we are to do.' It was written in German characters. 'I cannot read German characters,' I said; 'write me down the same text in Latin or French characters.' It took three full days to prepare this, and when presented he wanted an answer right away. 'You took three days to prepare it; I want also time for my answer. Please, in the meantime, go back.' But he said, 'No! I received my orders and I may not leave your house for a moment.' 'Do you think that I shall run away?' I asked. He said: 'I have my orders and I'll stay.'

"In the afternoon at 5 o'clock I had my own time to write my answer. I remember I was going from my private apartment and I noticed the motor car which was in my grounds, with four soldiers. As soon as they saw me, they raised their guns, and death, it seemed, would be quick. Well, I said to him that I could not change anything in my letter. You must know that during the whole day of Saturday till the morning of Sunday all the motor cars were in movement. They were to go and get the letters. Of course, our priests were persecuted and many of them openly refused, so on Sunday in all of the parishes of my diocese the letter was read. Many were in prison. I said I was responsible for the deed of my clergy, that they had obeyed my orders. The Government succeeded my clergy; and finally they had promised that the letter would not be read. 'But the fact shows,' I said, 'that you are wrong; on Sunday in all the churches the letter was read.' From that moment, when the German authorities saw that I was decided not to yield, from that moment our battle was won. Then I was not the accused, but an accuser.

"When they came to me asking explanations, I used to look them in the face and I said: 'What are you doing in Belgium? Nobody called you here. Your German Empire is committing an injustice by invading our soil.' 'Well, if it is so, if you acknowledge that it is so, you who have protected your people should have protected them all around.' 'I say to you that you are guilty.' My word was always this: 'You are the strong arm, the colossus; I know it, I confess it, and we are the poor people, but I believe in the justice of God, and I am sure that the final victory will not be yours, but ours.'

### HISTORIC PRINCETON

#### CONFERS LL. D. DEGREE ON CARDINAL MERCIER

President Hibbin arose and addressed the Cardinal. In classic English Princeton's learned president warmly welcomed Princeton's eminent guest—himself a one-time professor and rector of famed Louvain. He spoke to the Cardinal as to a man wonderful in the field of thought and wonderful in the field of thought. He told of those brave deeds of Belgium's patriot which make him a majestic figure in the world of heroism; he told of those clear explications of truth of Louvain's professor which make him a brilliant figure in the world of ideas.

When Princeton's president had, in warm and elegant fashion, welcomed Louvain's most eminent son, Dean White presented for the University's honorary degree of doctor of laws, Desideratus Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium and Archbishop of Malines. The presentation was made in the pure Latin of Augustan Rome.

#### THE PRESENTATION ADDRESS

The translation follows: "It was a custom in Athens that those who had deserved well of the State in war should be honored in public assembly. Moreover, as we are not born for ourselves alone (so Plato nobly says), with far higher prizes should be honored in our public assembly, in the songs of poets and in the memorials of history who has deserved the best both of his own Belgian land and of the whole world. For the Belgian race, even when conquered and suffering martyrdom, knows not how to yield and resists unto blood for the cause of freedom.

"Generated servant of God, the Lord God heard thee in the day of trouble and gave thee, most valiant soldier of Christ, for thy struggle against vandal rulers of the darkness of this world the sword of the spirit and the shield of faith. With what patience in that conflict, as though seeing Him Who is invisible, thou didst bear a burden too heavy to be borne is known to Him alone, Who both laid and lifted thy burden and in His own time put down the mighty from their seats and exalted the lowly, To Him alone be glory.

"Wherefore, honored president, I name to you His Eminence Desire Joseph Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, Primate of Belgium, ever to be revered so long as men shall reverse honor, truth and freedom.

When Dean White finished his words of presentation Colonel Libbey placed upon the shoulders of the standing Cardinal the emblem of a doctor of laws of Princeton University. When the ceremony ended, the audience loudly and long acclaimed the learned prelate. The applause was delightfully colored by the heartily given college yell of the students.

#### THE CARDINAL'S RESPONSE

When the applause finally ceased the Cardinal spoke. He gratefully acknowledged the welcome expressed to him by President Hibbin, the presentation made by Dean White and the doctorate conferred upon him by the university.

He who, as professor of Louvain, had meditated, in the quiet of his study, upon the eternal principles of truth, and who, as Archbishop of Malines, has experienced in the confusion of the German invasion, the wild havoc of error, besought professor and student to be faithful in thought and in action to the high and divine principles of truth, of justice and of honor. He besought the men of Princeton, from whose ranks hundreds went forth to the recent War, men of Princeton University whose third president signed the Declaration of American Independence, to value liberty above life. He thanked Princeton for its spontaneous aid in rehabilitating Louvain's destroyed library and for the noble youth it sent forth to the War just ended.

#### CHURCHMAN, PATRIOT, SCHOLAR

We who looked on and listened to this tall distinguished figure, clad in the crimson robes of a Cardinal of the Church, had seen and heard him in the Cathedral, where he impressed us chiefly as a great churchman; had seen him and heard him at the Metropolitan Opera House, where he impressed us chiefly as a great patriot; here at Princeton he impressed us chiefly as a great scholar. We acclaimed him great by the threefold title of Religion, Patriotism and knowledge. We saw him, too, at prayer; saw him sweetly move among rich and poor and little children, and we acclaimed him great by another title, Saintliness. We thanked God for the blessing of having met such a man.

When the Cardinal finished his address the students sang 'Oid Nassau' with remarkable enthusiasm and the Cardinal, at the invitation of President Hibbin, gave his blessing.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Rome, Oct. 2.—Cardinal Gustinini received a tremendous religious welcome in the Holy Land, accompanied with the most courteous and most deferential attention from the Italian and British civil authorities.

Cambridge, Mass.—Abbe Dimet, Professor of English literature at the College Stanislaus, Paris, one of the great Catholic scholars of France, is Lowell lecturer at Harvard university for 1919. This is the highest honor that Harvard can pay anyone.

M. Imas Shinasch, first secretary of the Japanese embassy at Rome, has embraced the Catholic religion. He has been baptized by the Most Rev. Archbishop Cerretti, under secretary of State.

The Catholic Bishop of Ripon, England, has unveiled a wayside cross to imperial and Canadian soldiers, subscriptions for which came largely from Canadians. General Ormon, at the unveiling, mentioned the fact that 25,000 Canadians had passed through Ripon camp.

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An interesting item on the agenda list of the business to be got through by the S. Congregation of Rites was the cause of the twenty-two little negroes who were martyred for the Catholic faith in Central Africa, when the White Fathers first undertook the conversion of the natives.

Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J., has been appointed Archbishop of Bombay, India. Father Goodier, who is at present in England, is attached to St. Francis Xavier's College, Bombay. He is a great authority on India, and a firm advocate of the establishment of Catholic medical missions in that country.

During his visit to Albany, His Eminence Cardinal Mercier of Belgium was officially welcomed by Governor Smith at the State House and the University of the State of New York conferred upon the Cardinal the degree of doctors of laws, hitherto conferred upon only three persons.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society, at Maryknoll (on Hudson), Ossining, N. Y., reports a cablegram just received from the Rt. Rev. Bishop de Gabriant, of Canton, China, announcing the recent death, from a pneumonia, of Rev. Thomas F. Price, Superior of the Maryknoll Mission in Kwangtung.

For the first time in history Mass was celebrated Sunday, September 21, in historic Faneuil Hall, Boston, when Rev. J. W. Cullhane, of the Holy Cross Cathedral conducted services for the Catholic members of the State guard policing Boston. The hall was filled with guardsmen, and they were given good, sound advice regarding their duty to God and country by Father Cullhane in his short sermon.

The Supreme Board of Directors of the Knights of Columbus in executive session preliminary to the opening of the K. of C. peace convention, received request from England, Scotland, Norway, France, Chile, Peru, Argentina and Hawaii for the extension of the Knights of Columbus to those countries. It was decided to institute a council in Hawaii, while the matter of extension to the other countries was referred to a committee.

New Orleans, Sept. 19.—Rt. Rev. Joseph Pincly Bates, Bishop of the titular See of Faseli, who arrived here today, ill with fever, said he had been kept virtually a prisoner in Guatemala City because of plain talks in the Church of San Francisco there on political, moral and social conditions in the republic. A file of soldiers arrested him, he said, after these talks, and he was held two months before he obtained permission to leave the country. His luggage has been detained at Puerto Barrios.

Word from Johannesburg, South Africa, says that a British army officer recently purchased for 7½ shillings (\$1.80) in a Pretoria auction room a picture which art critics believe to be a missing Rembrandt—a work of priceless value. The picture, portraying the crucifixion, has been sent to advisers of the great art gallery at the Hague for examination. The theory is that the picture was brought to South Africa by a member of a family of Dutch noblemen, who were patrons of Rembrandt.

The plan of establishing a World Federation of Catholic Societies is progressing favorably according to a letter received by the Secretary of the Catholic Federation from Dr. Alphonse Steger of Holland. The project, Dr. Steger writes, has met with the approval of the Church authorities of England, France, Holland, Spain, Italy, and other countries and has the blessing of the Holy Father. The representatives of various countries will soon meet in Paris to perfect plans and launch what will be known as a Catholic 'League of Nations.'

WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER
CHAPTER XXXVII

Mildred, though feeling strangely fatigued, vainly courted sleep that night. She had not retired early, expecting that Cora, according to her habit, would come immediately to her on leaving her uncle; but the girl had gone to her own room, at which Miss Burchill was surprised, and yet relieved.

Now, as an hour after midnight, she tossed on her pillow, seeking some more comfortable position for her throbbing temples, she fancied she heard the sound of sobbing from her pupil's room. In a few minutes she was convinced of it. She rose hastily, and snatching up her morose Cora's chamber. She entered so lightly that the girl, face prone on the bed as if she were trying to smother the sound of her woe, did not hear her, and the governess bent over her and watched her for a second without speaking. She seemed to be convulsed with grief, for her whole form shook in such a manner that it made the bed tremble.

"What is the matter?" asked Mildred softly. The girl started up, and flinging her arms about Miss Burchill's neck, strained the latter to her long and passionately.

"It's about you," she said; "it's something I wanted to tell you to-night before I went to bed; it's something I felt I ought to tell you when I came from him, but I could not. That is the reason I did not go to your room when I came upstairs; but oh, if you knew how much I suffered, lying here and thinking about it all."

"Well, tell it to me now," said Miss Burchill, quietly, though secretly she was as much as agitated as Cora. Still the girl hesitated, and she resumed her embrace of the governess, as if by that means she vain would put off her answer. But Mildred would not be put off, and, while she gently unloosed the clinging arms, she insisted on an answer.

"My uncle sees spoofs, as he calls them," the girl burst out, as if, did she not plunge at once into the subject of her communication, she would be unable to make it at all. "He sees them every evening, and he said to-night, when he came out of his fright, that he'd be mighty glad when he was married, for then you'd have to take your turn with them. He didn't mean to say that to me, for he tried to take it back a minute after, and he laughed and said what he always does about his nerves. He was afraid I suppose, that I'd tell you. But I kept thinking about it, Miss Burchill, and about the strange way he gets into every evening when I'm with him, and I got thinking about you and what you said of marrying him from a sense of duty, and it seemed to be my duty to tell you all this; and then again it seemed to be better not to tell you, for if it were your duty to marry my uncle, why should I make your duty hard to perform by telling you this about him? I have never told you of the strange way he gets into every night, because I felt somehow that, as he was my uncle and good and kind to me, it would be mean and dishonorable on my part to tell anything about him which I alone saw, and that perhaps was a secret to everybody else. Then, too, he did not tell me the real cause of his acting so strangely every night, and I, though at first awfully frightened myself, believed what he told me about his being nervous and all that. But to-night he got into a more dreadful state than I ever saw him before, and he said something in his terror that made me know it all. I was so frightened, Miss Burchill, that I thought I should have fainted, and I expected to see the spook myself, but I didn't, I only saw uncle, though he looked bad enough to do for a spook."

"When I left him I wanted to rush right to your room to tell you all, but as I said before, something seemed to prevent me, and I came in here and just threw myself on the bed and hid my face lest I should see something awful. I didn't even dare to put out the light. And then, as I lay here, I thought of you married to uncle, and perhaps having to see what he saw, and I got nearly frantic. Do you understand it now, Miss Burchill? and have I done wrong?"

She lay back partially exhausted by her violent emotion. Mildred, agitated as she was by this weird account, was so deeply touched by the proof which it afforded of her pupil's general forbearance in her own behalf, that it strengthened her decision to sacrifice herself; and as she looked down at the flushed young face, and thought of the happiness it was in her power to bestow on the owner, every abhorrence and fear of her proposed marriage seemed to fly for an instant, but it was only for an instant, for all came back, even as she answered: "As there was no promised binding you to secrecy, you have not done wrong to tell me about your uncle, and you need not fear for me with regard to what Mr. Robinson imagines he sees. It is but imagination, produced, I have no doubt, by the state of his nervous system. That which surprises me most is your silly fear. Surely, in such an enlightened age as this is, a girl of your years must confess to secret shame at such childishness. Now I shall beg you to go to sleep and think no more of this, and I shall put out the light."

Her decided manner produced, as it always did, the desired effect on Cora. She offered not a single remonstrance, and the governess, having extinguished the light, went to her own room.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Rodney in his office, diving amid a mass of papers with a corrugated brow and absorbed manner, was aroused from his occupation by the announcement of Thurston's name, the announcement being immediately followed by the young man's presence.

"Why Gerald, my boy, what on earth brings you on here now? Thought this was your busiest season? Anything the matter?" noticing the peculiar expression about the young man's mouth, which the lawyer had seen on other occasions, and which he knew so well how to interpret.

"I have given up my place at the factory, and I am going to travel for a year or two."

Rodney in his surprise, seemed to suspend for a moment the twinkling of his little sharp eyes.

"You don't tell me so!" he exclaimed. "Well, this is a world of surprises. I thought you held a life tenure there, and what's more, I was hoping that pretty, modest governess would have made you forget the treachery of that devilish little step-mother of yours."

"That pretty, modest governess," repeated Gerald, with some bitterness, "is the affianced of Mr. Robinson."

"What!" and Rodney sprang from his chair, and with his quill behind his ear and his mouth wide open, stood looking the picture of ludicrous amazement. But Gerald made no answer to the exclamation. He only stood with folded arms looking down at the floor.

Then other emotions than surprise roused in Rodney's mind. He pitied, acutely pitied, this poor young man, doomed a second time to be the victim of disappointed affection, for from the time he had seen Miss Burchill and had heard Gerald speak of her, he felt that the young fellow was fast learning to love the governess. He went up to Gerald, and putting his hand on his arm, said softly: "Gerald, I pity you from my soul. But how did such a thing come about? Was there anything to lead you to suspect that Miss Burchill liked Mr. Robinson, that—"

"Nothing," interrupted Gerald, impetuously, "more, indeed, to make me think the contrary; and the first intimation which I received of her engagement was her answer to my own proposal of marriage to her. She stated that she had already promised to marry Mr. Robinson. Then at dinner that same evening he announced the engagement. But, good God! Rodney; what has she—such as she seemed to me to be—in common with a man like Robinson, or are women all deceivers? Can they wear masks at will, and go about with hearts like whited sepulchres?" It sickened me, Rodney, and I felt as if I could not draw another easy breath in Eastbury. How I wish I had never seen the place!"

He averted his face for a moment, as if even from the lawyer he would conceal the agony which distorted his features. But Rodney would say another word in defence of Miss Burchill, whose gentle, unassuming manners had quite won him: "You delay your proposal too long, Gerald. How do you know what circumstances were brought to bear upon Miss Burchill's acceptance of this man's offer—her poverty, perhaps?"

"Nonsense," said Gerald. "She had promised to consider me her friend, to apply to me in any need. No, there is no use in talking about the matter now. Miss Burchill has made her choice, and in going so, she has given my heart a wrench such as I thought never would be given to it again, but I shall live through it."

"Yes, you will live through it," said Rodney, assuringly; "and one day, Gerald, you will meet the woman designed by heaven to bless and comfort you."

"Never!" said Thurston, through his set teeth; and then to end a theme on which he could not converse patiently, he began to talk of his future plans.

Rodney, however, would revert to the subject: "Did you have any parting interview with Miss Burchill?"

"No; I saw neither her nor any one else. I parted with Robinson in the factory. I did not even say goodbye to the hands."

"Umph!" ejaculated Rodney. "Pretty sudden business they must all think it. Well, perhaps it's all for the best, though I confess to a secret wish that you had stayed. I don't know why, Gerald, but I have a queer feeling about Miss Burchill's engagement to Robinson; the more I think of her and the character she seemed to evince, the more I feel that there is coercion in some way."

"Bahaw!" said Gerald, and then he turned away as if he would leave the office were the discussion not discontinued.

"What are your plans?" asked Rodney, willing at length to drop Miss Burchill.

"I have not matured them yet, further than to go abroad; to London immediately. I have decided to spend at least two years in travel."

"The best thing, Gerald, perhaps, under the circumstances, and you will come back with that manly spirit of yours quite restored. But when do you start?"

"To-morrow. I have engaged my passage, and I have only waited thus long to see you before I went."

"But you will let me hear from you," said Rodney, with so much solicitude in his tones that Gerald laughed, though he was also touched by the evidence of the little lawyer's regard.

"Oh, yes," he answered; "You shall have at least a line every few weeks, and in any case my bankers, Cramer & Co., will know where to find me." He turned again to depart, promising, however, to come back and spend the night with Rodney.

Immediately after Robinson had received Gerald's farewell in the factory, a ceremony which on Gerald's part comprised only the simplest words of adieu, and on Robinson's a somewhat constrained invitation to visit The Castle when he would, the factory owner repaired to his home and summoned Mildred. She obeyed immediately, anxious to have at once a communication the import of which her heart assured her would be—at least, in some measure—painful.

As she entered the wide hall leading to the study she came plump upon Mrs. Phillips entering by one of the numerous doors which led out to the broad piazza. The widow seemed as much surprised at the rencontre as the governess, and she drew back with a little real start, while the delicate flush in her cheeks deepened; but she recovered her self-possession in an instant, and, with an effrontery as daring as it was graceful, advanced to Mildred, saying: "Have I to thank Providence or accident, Miss Burchill, for this meeting? My heart has so yearned to see you, assuring me as it did that, if I could but speak to you, you would reconsider your determination of not permitting me to visit you any more. If you could but know how I have suffered, how I deplore the defects in my character which, I doubt not, have been the cause of such a resolution on your part."

And with head bent and eyes cast down she presented a most perfect picture of engaging humility and diffidence.

"I do not permit you to visit me any more," repeated Mildred, too much surprised to be much impressed by the widow's air. "I am not aware of any such determination on my part, and I do not understand you."

It was Mrs. Phillips' turn to be surprised, and she was in a secret rage well; for her jealousy knew no bounds that Thurston had taken so warm an interest in Miss Burchill as to send upon his own responsibility the note which requested the discontinuance of her visits. She was also angry with herself for having spoken in such a manner, since Mildred was not aware of the sending of the note. But feeling the instant necessity of withdrawing from the position she had assumed, and not willing for a moment to give Miss Burchill the gratification of knowing Thurston's interest in her behalf, she took shelter, as she always did on such occasions, in a subterfuge:

"Dear Miss Burchill, I was led to think you had formed such a determination from chance words dropped by Mr. Robinson; but only assure me now that I am mistaken and that you will receive me again, and I shall be so happy."

She extended her hands as she spoke, but Mildred did not take them. Instead she involuntarily recoiled, while she answered:

"I do not know upon what grounds Mr. Robinson could assert that I had formed such a determination. But since you now ask me to receive your visits again, I must decline to do so, Mrs. Phillips. I feel that we never could be heart friends, and life is too short to spend any portion of it in company which we neither benefit nor are benefited by. You have no possible need of me, Mrs. Phillips. Had you such need, and were it in my power to help you, then gladly would I do so, or should I in the future be able to help you in any way, I shall most cheerfully do so. For the present, I wish you every good, but I must decline all intimacy. Mr. Robinson, I believe, is waiting for me."

She bowed slightly, and was hurrying through the hall before Mrs. Phillips had recovered from the first glow of anger, hate, and mortification into which the last speech had thrown her.

Robinson was somewhat impatiently waiting, and Mildred explained to her detention was owing to Mrs. Phillips, adding also Mrs. Phillips' communication to herself with regard to the factory owner. He laughed until his yellow fangs showed like fangs.

"Mrs. Phillips is a deep un," he said. "She didn't tell you that Gerald wrote to her asking her not to keep up her visits to you; at least, I take it he wrote to her, because he told me he was going to. He'd been sort of watchin' you and I reckon, and he thought her visits wan't very agreeable to you."

Mildred sickened for an instant. Was the sacrifice to which she had pledged herself to be made more bitter by meeting new proofs of Gerald's regard for her?

"But I don't want to take up the time talking about her now," resumed the factory owner. "I sent for you to talk about Chester. Gerald's left the factory; gone for good."

TO BE CONTINUED

When the devil is not fishing he is mending his nets. A dreamer is not a man of action, and the work of the world is not done by critics.

SPRAYS OF SHAMROCK

(By Eleanor F. Kelly)

The early days of March had come with the keen, blustering winds and bright sunshine. The glad warm rays seemed to turn to gold the thatch of a little cottage which stood at the foot of a green Irish hill where the shamrocks grew in abundance. At the door of the cottage stood a grey haired woman, with a sweet, grave face and a little girl of about seven years of age with eyes which were bluer than the violet and hair which was darker than the raven's wing. It was not difficult to guess the relationship between them, for the child had a strong resemblance to her grandmother.

"Maureen," said the latter, addressing the little girl. "It is time to be gatherin' the shamrocks to be sendin' to your Aunt Bridget in America."

"Very well, Grannie," answered Maureen. "I know where there's a heap of them growin' together, and I won't be long gettin' enough of them to fill a box."

Off she went immediately in search of the wee trefoll, and returned in a short space with as plentiful a supply as her tiny pinafore could hold. Her grandmother proceeded at once to select the best and nicest sprays and place them in a small cardboard box which she had in readiness. When she had it neatly packed she gazed at the green leaves wistfully for a few moments, and, as she did so, a tear fell from her faded eye upon them which seemed to make them all stir in their tiny bed.

"May they bring a blessin' wherever they go, and make them that's gone away think of the old land and the friends they left behind them," said she as she closed the lid, and then tied the box with a piece of tiny green ribbon.

The prayer was heartfelt and perhaps the old woman would have been satisfied that it was heard had she known the part which some of the emerald sprays were destined to play in the great land beyond the sea.

A fortnight later one of them dropped accidentally by its wearer, was lying on the seat of a street car in New York. It caught the eye of a girl on the seat opposite, and she picked it up immediately.

"Just the very thing that poor Minnie will be so glad to get," she said to herself. "I guess she hasn't got any from Ireland, as she told me that her parents died soon after she came over, and that she was quite alone in the world. Poor Minnie! She was a grand chum to have. So sad that she is dying." The girl was an employee in one of the great factories of New York, and was on her way to one of the hospitals to see a friend of her Irish girl named Minnie Cassidy, who was dying of consumption. Between her and Minnie, who had been her special chum at the factory, a strong attachment existed, and whenever she had leisure she visited the sick girl. Not many years before poor Minnie had cheeks like the heart of a rose, and trod the green hills of Ireland with a bounding step. But her parents were poor and would have nothing to support them in their old age, so the girl, who was their only child, resolved to go to America, where she hoped to be able to earn enough to become the staff of their declining years. At most every letter she wrote home brought them something in the way of help, but alas! they grieved so intensely for their loved one that in less than a year after her departure they both died.

Minnie had found work in a factory and was paid fairly well, but very soon the unaccustomed confinement and the close atmosphere wrought havoc with her health. She bore up, however, for her parents' sake, for she knew that she was their only stay, but when the news of their death reached her her spirits gave way, and she was soon in the merciless grip of consumption.

Now she was lying gasping for breath in one of the wards of a New York hospital, with a hectic flush on her cheek and a post-natural brightness in her eyes. Her state was all the sadder that she was a stranger in a strange land. Yet she was not quite alone, for the one friend whom she had made at the factory, Mary Schumann, the girl now on her way to see her, and who had picked up the shamrock spray for her benefit, was staunch and true. Besides, the Sisters of Charity who visited the hospital took a particular interest in Minnie. They had told her that she was dying, but the poor girl found it hard to reconcile herself to death in a strange land.

"If only I could die at home in Ireland, among the people I knew from childhood, and be buried in the little churchyard on the hill with the shamrocks over my grave, I'd be happy to go. But over here among strangers! God help me! I cannot bear to think of it."

Mary Schumann had brought some flowers to cheer her friend, but poor Minnie was too ill to do more than press her hand in token of gratitude, and gaze at them with listless eyes. However, when she broached the shamrock spray which she had picked up in the street car, Minnie's eyes glistened. She stretched forth her weak hand, and, grasping it eagerly, pressed it to her lips.

"I knew you'd like to have it," said her friend. Irish people make so much of the shamrock and of St. Patrick's Day."

"Mary, you couldn't have brought me anything that I'd like half as well. It's like a sight of home," answered the dying girl.

When Mary Schumann was making her exit through the door of the ward she turned for a last look at her friend and saw that she was still gazing at the sprig of shamrock with a far away, yet peaceful and happy look in her eyes.

A short time after a Sister of Charity came to see her. "Sister, dear," she gasped. "I'll die happy if you promise me that you'll see that this little bit of shamrock is buried with me. It'll be like a bit of the old land."

The Sister promised. And when poor Minnie died they found a piece of faded shamrock in her hand.

CHAPTER II

In the dim light of the early morning, in a certain quarter of New York which had not a quite savory reputation, a man issued from a house where light might have been seen burning all night, had not the windows been so closely shuttered. A policeman who happened to be near looked at the building suspiciously and then watched the man closely for some minutes as he walked along the street with an unsteady gait. He seemed about to follow him, when presently he saw him stoop to pick up something which was lying on the pavement.

The article on the pavement which had attracted the man's eye was a small shamrock spray.

"St. Patrick's Day, of course—how un-patriotic of me to have forgotten it!"—said he, as he placed it in his hand.

And as he did so the little trefoll seemed to exercise some of the power of the magician's wand, for the sordid street vanished from the man's sight and in its place he saw a green Irish valley with a white-washed cottage at one end of it, close by which there ran a crystal, murmuring stream whose music he seemed to hear.

"I'm afraid I've been treating the old folks rather badly," said he to himself. "They must think I'm dead it's such a long time since I wrote home. I'm sure I've had more than a dozen letters from them during the last year, and I haven't written a word in reply." And Patrick Kavanaugh there and there resolved that he would write home that very day.

The young man's nature was not really bad, but on his first coming to New York without friends and without experience, he had the misfortune to fall in with a set who were in every way undesirable. They were addicted to drink and to gambling, and it was not long until they had thoroughly infected the uneducated Irishman with their own vices. He often played into the small hours of the morning and frequently went home the worse for drink and without a coin in his pocket, his bon companions having relieved him of his hardly earned wages. At first his conscience reproached him, but the grip of vice grew stronger, his better feelings became stifled, and he plunged deeper and deeper into dissipation. He forgot home and friends—the friends who loved him well, and to their earnest messages soliciting but a word to say if he were well, he turned a deaf ear.

In fact he was already far on the road to ruin, but the three-leaved message from Erin turned him back.

"It will be a great day with the Irish in New York today," said he to himself as he walked homewards. They're sure to have concerts and such like tonight. I think I'll go to one of them, for I should like to hear some of the old songs again. They'll be disappointed at the club when I don't turn up, but they can play without me for one night."

Is there anything that can thrill the heart or stir the spirit more than the patriotic songs of Ireland heard by her exiles in a strange land? Sunk as he was in vice, Patrick Kavanaugh was strangely moved as he listened to them. As he drank in their stirring music he seemed to breathe once more the free air of his native hills, and it made the stifling atmosphere of the gambling den so pulvise by comparison. That evening was a landmark in his life. He joined an Irish club, and the gambling den knew him no more. Soon he had his foot on the ladder of success, and as the years went by he prospered more and more, until eventually he became one of the leading men of the great city of the States.

On that particular St. Patrick's Day which saw the reformation in his life an old man and an old woman were standing at the door of the whitewashed cottage in the green Irish valley which his imagination had conjured up. They were both straining their eyes down the boreen which led to their little home. Every morning found them thus eagerly watching at the time the postman was due to pass along the high road, hoping that he would turn his footsteps in their direction, bringing them a letter from "Paddy." But alas! every morning brought them only disappointment, until at last their hearts became sick with hope deferred, and they began to fear that their son was no longer in the land of the living.

They inquired of their neighbors who had friends in America if anyone of them had seen their Paddy, but they could get no definite information. A vague rumor sometimes reached them that he had been seen somewhere in New York, and for weeks their hearts fed fondly on the hope that further news of him would follow, but the days passed and they heard nothing more concerning him. Perhaps the rumor was the invention

To the Voter

TO establish that the 2.51% beer to be voted on—the "Beer of the Ballot"—is not intoxicating, The Ontario Brewers' Association deposited \$5,000 with the Canada Permanent Trust Company on September 16th.

On September 19th, The Ontario Brewers' Association formally challenged the Referendum Committee through the Press to deposit an equal amount with the same Trust Company to support their contention that this beer is intoxicating.

That challenge has never been accepted—clear admittance by the Referendum Committee they do not consider that they have a case. It is too late now to make the tests and render a decision before the day of voting—October 20th—but the failure of the Referendum Committee to answer our challenge will not be overlooked by the man or woman who votes on facts and evidence, and not on sentiment or false statements.

We again assert that 2.51% beer—"The Beer of the Ballot"—is not intoxicating. Tests have only recently been made which prove this conclusively—we will mail a copy of the test to anyone sufficiently interested to write for it.

Moreover, while the "Beer of the Ballot" has an alcoholic strength of but 2.51%, official tests made by the laboratory of the Inland Revenue Department—published in Bulletin 196—showed that the beers on general sale before The Ontario Temperance Act and Prohibition were enacted, had an alcoholic content ranging as high as 7.33% by weight measure—practically three times as strong as the beer to be voted on October 20th. Even such American beers as were sold in Canada and always spoken of as "very light, non-intoxicating beers," were over fifty per cent. stronger than the "Beer of the Ballot."

The "Beer of the Ballot" is a mildly stimulating, healthful and refreshing beverage, brewed from a high grade of malt and hops—containing only sufficient alcohol to make it digestible and nourishing.

Ontario Brewers' Association

of some kindly neighbor who was touched by the poor creature's weary waiting for the letter that never came, and thought it no harm to say something which might cheer them up and prevent their hope from dying out. As they were watching for the postman on this particular St. Patrick's morning, the old man suddenly clutched his wife's arm as he exclaimed: "Look! Look! Kitty! There he is!"

With palpitating hearts they watched him come along hoping he would turn up their boreen with the long expected letter. For a moment it seemed as if he would, for he looked anxiously in their direction (he knew the poor things were always watching for him) and made a feint of going through his letters. But when he shook his head and walked on their hearts sank and hand in hand they turned dejectedly to their lonely hearth. Mutely they sat with bowed heads gazing with unseeing eyes into the fire. At last the man spoke: "Kitty, I'm thinkin' it must be dead poor Paddy is. Sure he's not lettin' Patrick's Day pass without writin' a line home he'd be, if he was alive to do it."

"God is good, Liam," she answered. "Maybe we'd hear from him yet."

But though her words were cheery, she was wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

On that very day, however, the little messenger from Erin wrought its magic spell, and soon the letter was speeding over the sea which was to bring joy to their weary hearts.

A week later the postman came up the boreen with no lagging footsteps waving a letter triumphantly in his hand. They ran to meet him.

"A letter from Paddy," said Kitty, in a scream of delight, as she pressed the missive to her heart. "Thanks be to God," said her husband raising his eyes to heaven.

And that letter but the precursor of many which brought them gladness to the very end of life.

CHAPTER III

"Must have been dropped by one of the servants," said David Langdon as he pried up a piece of shamrock from the leaf of a book from his luxurious furnished library. "I remember Letitia told me that the new parlor maid was Irish. I suppose it must have been she. Ah! well! well!"

And forgetting all about the book on mining which he had come to consult, he threw himself into an easy chair and gazed contemplatively at the little bit of trefail which he kept on fingering.

David Langdon was a man of immense wealth as every one about him proclaimed, from the palatial mansion in which he lived, to the priceless diamond which flashed on his finger. He was rather a mysterious figure in New York. Nobody seemed to know anything about him except the fact that he was a self made man, and had made his fortune in mining. He seemed to have no relations or connections, except his wife's. She had been a celebrated New York beauty—a penniless lass with a long pedigree. People said that she married him for his money, and that the love was all on his side. Whether that was the case or not she made him a most proper wife, though she often wished that she was less cold and haughty. Though she was now getting on in years her features were still handsome, but their beauty was somewhat marred by their proud expression, and her husband was still her lover though he stood not a little in awe of her.

As he now inclined in his luxurious chair, gazing at the little shamrock spray, memories of days long past came back with such overwhelming force that he could not choose but think of them. No longer did he see the picture-covered walls of his magnificent mansion, but a little Irish cabin perched on a green hillside. And no longer was he himself David Langdon, the famous millionaire, but a small boy called Davy Langan, running barefooted about the self-same cabin. But the picture which came most vividly before his mental vision was that of his parents, whose existence he had utterly ignored since he had become the husband of one of the haughtiest, though most beautiful women of the States. It would not do to let her know that he came of such humble stock, so he severed all connection with home and country and relegated them both to the limbo of forgotten things. But the little shamrock now told him all about them in a voice so small and still, but so marvellously penetrating that it seemed to vibrate through his whole being.

He seemed to hear again his mother's voice as he said "Good-bye" to her at the railway station.

"God bless you, my own Davy, and God be with you wherever you go," she said, as she folded him to her heart in a last embrace.

And he saw, too, his father's pathetic figure as he stood in deep thoughtless demonstrative grief on the platform, gazing wistfully after the train which was bearing his boy away from him.

How often had he accompanied them to early Mass on St. Patrick's Day, running before them in childish glee to pick up every bright shamrock sprig which caught his eye, and decorating his little coat with his green trophies. What a happy little lad he was then, and how kind and loving his parents were! But, alas! how had he treated them! And how were they now, or were they still in the land of the living?

The shamrock seemed to look at him with accusing eyes, and to shout

in his ear: "Go home! Go home and see!"

That very evening he told his wife, Letitia, that it would be necessary for him to go on urgent business to Europe the following day, and as there would not be sufficient time for her to prepare for the journey, that he would be obliged to leave her behind on this occasion. Letitia was secretly glad of the arrangement, for she disliked the discomforts of a sea voyage in cold weather.

The next day David Langdon boarded an Atlantic liner which was bound for Queenstown. A little more than a week later a well-dressed man alighted at a railway station in the West of Ireland in the late afternoon. He at once proceeded to the best hotel in the town, and after dinner walked along the road which led to the country and in the direction of a small village which lay a few miles from the town. He seemed to know his bearings thoroughly, for he never once paused to make inquiries of anyone as to his route. When he neared the village he stopped for some minutes and contemplated the scene before him, which seemed to affect him strangely. "Hardly a change in the whole place," he said to himself. "Seems to have remained stationary since I left five and twenty years ago. But I can hardly expect to find the people unchanged, too. I suppose most of them are dead, but I hope not my old folks." The shades of night were now falling and lights began to twinkle in the little windows. There were only a few people about—boys on their way to visit at neighbors' houses—and these looked curiously at the well-dressed stranger, as if they wondered what such as he could be doing in their native village.

"Looks like a Yank," said one.

"He's hardly one," answered another, "because we haven't heard of anyone comin' home."

"I'm thinkin' he must be one of those tourist people," said a companion. "They often come, you know, to have a look at the old castle on the hill beyond, though it's rather early in the year for them yet."

Unaware of these comments concerning him David Langdon—for it was he—made his way to the little cabin at the far end of the village where he was born. He noticed as he neared it that it was much more dilapidated looking than he remembered it, and that the small garden in front showed signs of neglect.

The flickering firelight shone through the uncurtained window of the small kitchen, and he resolved to have a peep into the interior before knocking at the door. A murmur of voices reached him as he walked towards it, and when he looked in he saw his parents—how grey and thin and withered they had grown—on their knees saying the Rosary, just as he remembered in the olden days. When they had finished it the old man prayed:

"An' may God bless an' prosper our Davy, the crature, wherever he is; an' if he is dead may God give him the light an' the glory of heaven."

"Amen!" answered his wife in a quivering voice, "God bless again an' again our Davy."

"Davy," with a well of emotion stirring in his heart, stood stock still gazing through the window like one spellbound.

When they had finished their prayers they sat each on a three-legged stool by the hearth.

"Mary," said the old man in a weak trembling voice, "I'm wonderin' what we'll be doin' at all, at all. I'm not strong enough to till the little garden this spring. I'm afeared it's to the work-house we'll have to be goin'."

"Don't say that, Tom avourneen," she answered. "Sure, God is good, an' I haven't told you that I was dhramin' about our Davy last night. Didn't I dhrame that he came home from Ameriky an' that he walked in the door to us, a great, rich man wid o' power o' money."

"Sure them dhrames is all nonsense, Mary. Don't be for mindin' them. Anyways they go by contraries and that would mane that our Davy—"

Here he was interrupted by the lifting of the latch and the entrance of a man fashionably and richly dressed, who clasped them both to his heart as he said:

"No, father; dreams don't always go by contraries, for here's your own Davy come back a rich man to make you both happy to the end of your lives. Thank God, he's not too late!" And to the last day of his life David Langdon thanked God for the finding of that little bit of shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, which reminded him so forcibly of home and friends and impelled him to do his long-neglected duty.

The old grandmother who had sent the shamrocks across the sea would have been well pleased had she known the magic they had wrought in Irish hearts.

As for the other shamrocks in her box—by far the larger number—they were all worn over true and loyal hearts which had never wavered in their allegiance to home and country and thank God, they, too, are in the overwhelming majority.

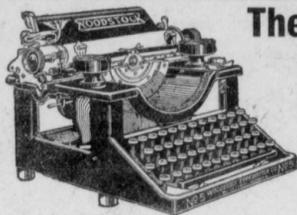
Nothing in life has any meaning except as it draws us further into God, and presses us more closely to Him. The word is no better than a complication of awkward riddles, or a gloomy storehouse of disquieting mysteries, unless we look at it by the light of this simple truth, that the Eternal God is the last and only end of every soul of man.—Fr. Faber.

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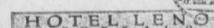
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**JIM** was a lineman before the war. It was difficult to find a uniform broad enough across the shoulders for him when he "joined up" in 1914.

Jim found army discipline hard at first, but picked up the "war business" very quickly. He was one of the first of the "trench raiders," a Canadian contribution to the art of warfare. Jim seemed to bear a charmed life. Time after time in the dead of night Jim jumped into a German trench, spreading fear and disaster, and returned safe and sound.

But one fell night his luck gave out. He stepped into a stream of machine gun bullets. When consciousness came to him again, far in the rear of our lines, he was horrified to find his right leg missing.

During the ensuing months Jim's progress was—Clearing Station,—Boulogne,—"Blighty" and Home—Canada!

The shock of the operation left Jim pretty weak for a time. He was content to sit idly in a chair in the sun. But this grew tiresome after a bit. When he began to think about

the poles he could learn to send the messages over the wire that the other fellow put up. So under the direction of the D.S.C.R. telegraph instructor Jim studied and perfected himself as an operator. This accomplished, the D.S.C.R. quickly found him a position.

Jim is all right now. He's contented as only a man who works can be contented. He is earning more money than before. His enthusiasm is high for the D.S.C.R., which gave him the training whereby he is again an independent and prosperous citizen. After all, it was for Canada that Jim fought and suffered—and Canada is only too eager to repay Jim and every man impaired in body or health through service to his country.

The record of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment contain endless details in the matter of re-training ex-soldiers—a disabled farm laborer is now a machinist; a carpenter who lost four fingers on his right hand is now a draughtsman at a good salary; a former plasterer is now a printer. So it goes—a long and interesting record of men

deprived of limbs or impaired in health—equipped with training and knowledge, now following new and suitable trades.

This great nation-wide organization of the D.S.C.R. requires a considerable expenditure. To meet its expenses a part of the Victory Loan 1919 is to be used. But its maintenance, until every disabled ex-soldier is fitted with a vocation enabling him to earn for himself an adequate and independent living, is one of the most sacred obligations that Canada has to discharge. Support to the limit of your ability—the

**Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment**  
Brief summary of the work to August 31st, 1919.

VOCATIONAL	
Total number of retraining courses undertaken	17,449
Variety of occupations taught	260
Total number of men now in training	11,494
Total number of graduates	5,955
Percentage of re-trained men placed in civil occupations	90.20%
Sick	3.23%
Discharged	8.3%
Unemployed	5.74%
	100.00%
MEDICAL	
Number of amputation cases fitted with free artificial limbs	3,744
Pairs of orthopedic boots supplied free	2,941
Number of amputation and orthopedic cases given free service	14,148
Number of tubercular patients treated	3,909
" " restored to gainful work	2,932
Average number of men receiving free medical attention per week	5,128
INFORMATION AND SERVICE	
Total number of applications for employment	68,673
" " placed in employment	61,278
" " enquiries answered re soldiers' benefits	245,103

At this critical juncture, the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment came forward and with knowledge and experience pointed the way out.

After long and earnest discussion, it was mutually decided that the nearest thing to his old trade was that of a telegrapher despatcher. If Jim couldn't any more string wires on

**VICTORY LOAN 1919**

"Every Dollar Spent in Canada"

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

The Catholic Record

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1919

CARDINAL MERCIER

When Cardinal Mercier issued his famous pastoral letter he "mobilized the spiritual resources of mankind."

These are not the words of emotional enthusiasm or irresponsible exaggeration, they are the deliberate verdict of one of the acutest and most judicial of American minds; and in this verdict Charles Evans Hughes, late Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States, "speaks for the American people."

In view of the great Cardinal's visit to Canada we have thought it well to give in this number of the CATHOLIC RECORD a glimpse of the reception accorded him in the States. We have accordingly made some judicious selections from our esteemed contemporary the Catholic Standard and Times' splendid account of His Eminence's visit to Philadelphia. What occurred in Philadelphia is, mutatis mutandis, what has occurred in every American city visited by the great patriot-bishop of heroic Belgium.

There is something touching, ennobling, inspiring in the spontaneous homage of a great free people to the fearless champion of freedom and Christian right against the ruthless, all-conquering might of omnipotent Prussianism.

All that is highest in the New World's idealism, all that is best in the New World's aspirations leaps forth in generous and full hearted recognition of the fact that this Old World prelate, under conditions that tested the fibre of men's souls, realized America's highest ideals and personified her best aspirations. In giving expression to this homage of a nation's soul to the living embodiment of that nation's best ideals America has been particularly fortunate. Whether Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, the Presidents of great Universities or the representatives of the less cultured masses, all spoke with peculiar fitness and appropriateness. Everywhere and always there is the ring of absolute sincerity. Perhaps it could not well be otherwise. The simple dignity, transparent sincerity and self-effacing humility of the great Cardinal should prove as disconcerting to the poseur as his fearless straightforwardness proved embarrassing to the Germans. Then, too, the sentiment to which the speakers gave voice was something too sacred and too sincere for exaggeration or rhetorical embellishment. Cardinal Mercier recognized this sincerity and said so:

"The American people impress me as being sincere, first, last and all the time. You helped Belgium not from any false sentiment but because you felt that the Belgian people were sincere in their love and defense of liberty."

The addresses to Cardinal Mercier suggest many trains of thought which may be left for development at another time.

Besides their evident sincerity there is a virility of expression worthy of a great nation's grateful recognition of a great man's service in humanity's darkest hour.

There is, too, and we should like to emphasize the point, a recognition of the undoubted fact that the man whose heroism they are honoring is also a priest of God. The Patriot-Prime of Belgium is one of the few, the very few men who in the estimation of the entire world fully measured up to their responsibilities and opportunities during the great world-convulsion. And yet the source of his strength and of his enlightenment

was not his patriotism, nor his statesmanlike vision, nor his great erudition; but his religion, his faith in the Providence of God. He himself, in his addresses, reported elsewhere in this paper, makes this unmistakably clear. So Mr. Bred, who presided at a luncheon where 2,500 members of the Merchants' Association of New York assembled to honor Cardinal Mercier, very aptly stated that the Cardinal's victory over the German invaders had demonstrated for all time that "the surest guide for men and nations in the hour of peril is a simple faith in a righteous God."

Charles Evans Hughes, from whom we quoted the remarkable sentence at the beginning of this article, in voicing America's greeting to Belgium's Hero-Priest, paid this tribute to his spiritual leadership:

"With unanimity of sentiment which effaces all differences of race or creed," declared ex-Justice Charles Evans Hughes, "with a profound sense of obligation as well as with esteem and sincere affection, we pay this tribute to this champion of humanity, this exponent of invincible courage and undying faith. We have met here not merely to recognize achievement, but to pay our tribute to heroism, to the victory of an intrepid spiritual leadership."

"It is the moral strength of Belgium that furnished one of the greatest resources at the command of the Allies in the late War. That moral strength was not an abstraction; it was the strength of men and women willing to endure and to suffer. It was the strength of a people willing to die rather than to be dishonored. But that strength needed a voice in the midst of the reign of brute force; justice needed a voice in that awful carnival of lust and rapine; humanity needed a voice. At a time when wickedness was doing its worst religion needed a voice. It was Cardinal Mercier that spoke for justice and humanity. The guns of the Huns could silence Antwerp, but they could not silence Mercier. Physical force can meet and overthrow physical force, but physical force cannot meet and overthrow spiritual force deriving its constant sustenance from faith in an ever living God who makes for righteousness."

Justice Hughes declared that when Cardinal Mercier issued his pastoral letter "he mobilized the spiritual resources of mankind." From then on, he said, "it was only a question of time when America should realize her duty and cast the deciding vote in that conflict for civilization."

"Herein," he continued, "lies the great lesson of Belgium and the necessary appreciation of Belgium's contribution to progress and to the establishment in the world of justice, and herein lies the lesson of the extraordinary importance of the work that was wrought by our distinguished guest. It is the lesson of no compromise with brute force."

"This victory is priceless because it has reinforced our confidence in the eternal verities. It was at a time when our confidence was weak. It was at a time of the gravest peril when this noble man of God, unflinching, with the benignity of character which he so obviously illustrates and yet with that power of soul and courage which no soldier in arms ever surpassed; it was in that time of peril that he brought all the great ability that he possessed, the results of his important experience in so many lines of activity, and he restored the confidence of his own people, succored the distressed, threw down a defiance to the Huns and revealed the cause of the Allies to a world only waiting to be convinced of its righteousness to insure a complete victory."

Even in the Pennsylvania's historic seat of learning when Princeton's President honored himself and Princeton in honoring the President of Louvain, it was not his world-famous scholarship but his sublime devotion and heroic fortitude as Chief Pastor of his stricken flock that was emphasized; and there is no uncertainty as to the well-spring of this devotion and fortitude.

The Dean of Princeton said: "Venerated servant of God, the Lord God heard thee in the day of trouble and gave thee, most valiant soldier of Christ, for thy struggle against vandal rulers of the darkness of this world 'the sword of the spirit and the shield of faith. With white patience in that conflict, as though seeing Him Who is invisible, thou didst bear a burden too heavy to be borne is known to Him alone. Who both laid and lifted thy burden and in His own time put down the mighty from their seats and exalted the lowly. To Him alone be glory."

The basis and fountain of all that which in Mercier's character, life, and conduct during the War, commands universal homage, receives the same recognition from Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler in conferring Columbia's degree on the Belgian Cardinal:

"Columbia University, founded for the advancement of public good and the glory of the Almighty God, hails in you the spiritual hero of the greatest of wars. You turned upon physical danger, upon brutal malice, and upon inhuman outrage of every kind the proud contempt of a pure and lofty spirit and sublime Christian faith. Military power, until

then unmatched in history, quailed before your burning words of exhortation and defiance. Your pen was mightier than the sword of the German armies. The heart of all America goes out to you and hails you as a worthy Prince of the Christian Church and a captain of the human spirit."

"The ancient battle-cry of the Templars was 'God and my right.' The Vice-President of the United States regrets that this did not come down through the ages as the battle-cry of mankind in its striving for better things. But humanity, particularly among English speaking peoples, clipped the Templars motto into just 'my right.' Had the full motto 'God and my right' inspired human strivings for better things Mr. Marshall thinks that instead of the selfish modern interpretation we might now realize that 'my right' is rather my duty to so adjust my aims and my efforts as to produce harmony in civil society."

Now when the very foundations of organized society are threatened by the clashing of selfish rights, when God and duty are left out of consideration, when a war as real and as terrible as that through which we have just passed again menaces civilization there is good reason to think that the Governor of Pennsylvania is right in expressing his belief that the visit of Cardinal Mercier may bring a blessing to America.

"I cannot help but think," said Governor Sprout, "that his presence here and the welcome he is getting from our people will help us to a spiritual awakening in the United States which we need very much to-day." Certain it is that everywhere and at all times the personality of the Hero-Priest of the World War, not less than his simple dignity and self-effacing humility of his spoken message, is an eloquent rebuke to the selfish and self-seeking spirit which threatens us with the horrors of a class war. Religion, despised and assailed by the fomentors of class hatred, shines out in Cardinal Mercier as the source of all that has compelled the world's admiration.

And his presence amongst us must in a thousand ways tend to discredit the disrupting motto of pagan selfishness—"my right;" and bring into favor the unifying motto of Christian civilization—"God and my right."

It will never be quite so easy again to disparage or misrepresent the religion which inspired and sustained a Mercier in the darkest hour of civilization's history.

PROHIBITION

Regarding the ethics of Prohibition and its manifest dangers our readers know the position of the CATHOLIC RECORD. At the request of many esteemed friends we reprint elsewhere in this issue our own article on the subject which in view of the impending plebiscite assumes an immediate and urgent importance. Here we shall devote a little consideration to the questions which the Referendum ballot places before each and every voter to answer according to his conscience and best judgment.

1. Are you in favor of the repeal of the Ontario Temperance Act?

It has been stated very emphatically that to vote "Yes" to this question is to vote for the return of the open bar throughout the province. This might be read into the vote were this the only question on the ballot; then the issue before the people would be the Ontario Temperance Act or the open bar. As a matter of undeniable fact such vote would not automatically bring back the license system and the open bar. That would require Government action and Government legislation. Mr. Hearst is quoted as holding that a vote to repeal the Ontario Temperance Act is a vote for license as it was before the enactment of the Ontario Temperance Act. There is no justification for such a view no matter who holds it. There is no demand for the open bar; there is a distinct and definite repudiation on the part of the great majority of those opposed to the Ontario Temperance Act of any such interpretation. No Government would be justified in assuming the restoration of the license system as it was before merely because the majority answered "Yes" to the first question; they are bound to be guided by the answers to all four questions as well as by the open professions of opponents to the Ontario Temperance Act. If an affirmative vote on the first question were susceptible of such interpretation it would be absurd to invalidate the

ballot where all four questions are not answered.

On the other hand we find in the Globe news columns that Mr. Dewar on the public platform declares emphatically,

"That if the Liberal party is returned to power, no matter what may be the verdict of the people on the referendum, there will be absolutely no danger of the return of the open bar in this Province, while the party would in other respects carry out to the letter the will of the people."

That is clear, definite and unequivocal. There is, therefore, no danger whatever of the return of the open bar, unless Sir William Hearst persists in his determination to regard a majority in favor of repealing the Ontario Temperance Act as a mandate to him if returned to power to restore the open bar. Sir William should declare himself on this important phase of the question.

But if there be any room for doubt on this question the voter opposed to the open bar may vote "No" to the first question and secure rational modifications of the Act by voting "Yes" to any or all of the other questions.

A cross in the "Yes" column opposite the second question is a vote in favor of the sale of light beer by Government agencies; opposite the third question it is a vote that such light beer be sold in standard hotels, but in no way interferes with the rights of municipalities under Local Option; neither does it in any measure restore to hotels the right to sell whiskey or other strong drinks.

A "Yes" vote to the fourth question will place the sale of whiskey and other strong drinks under the direct control of Government agencies, but will bring them within the reach of those desiring them for medicinal or beverage purposes without a doctor's certificate.

We are frankly and unequivocally in favor of an affirmative vote in the last two questions; the only reason for voting to place light beer under the control of Government agencies would be the possibility of a negative majority on question three; so that to question two an affirmative answer should also be given.

The Act as it is at present is class legislation of the most invidious, and in view of the serious social unrest of the most dangerous kind. As we write the newspapers inform us that the Government at Ottawa was compelled suddenly to adjourn the House and summon a special caucus of its followers to discuss the Temperance legislation already announced. That is the Doherty bill designed to enable a Prohibition province to prevent importation of liquor. And, one member is quoted by the Globe correspondent as saying that he knew hundreds who were prepared to vote four "No's" on the referendum who would not do so if the new Dominion legislation were persisted in. One of the headings in the Globe is "The Cellar Vote Again in Evidence." The threatened revolt was quieted by the assurance to the recalcitrant members from Ontario and to others that under the proposed legislation there would be a period of indefinite length following the ratification of peace, when intoxicating liquors can be manufactured and imported into the homes of any Province in the Dominion.

So, as everybody knew before, there are many enthusiastic Prohibitionists prepared to vote No for the other fellow provided it will not interfere with the stocking up of their own cellars. There is so much parasitism and moral cowardice and political pandering to fanaticism in connection with Prohibition that this in itself discredits the whole movement. In the actual working out of prohibitive legislation it is doubtful if the abuse of alcoholic beverages is materially lessened; and certain it is that tens of thousands of citizens are daily breaking the law, and with no sense of shame or guilt in its violation. Thus is all law being brought into contempt. We are convinced that the evils of Prohibition far outweigh any good it may accomplish.

Be not deceived by the dishonest argument that the alternative to the Ontario Temperance Act is the open bar or led to believe that unless you vote four "No's"—like the enthusiastic "Cellar Vote" in the Federal Parliament—you vote to restore the old license system. Vote according to your conscience and best judgment—but vote intelligently.

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"Genius may compel a man to like the disagreeable things he has to do."

LOVE, RESPECT, GRATITUDE

By THE GLEANER

The above motto which met my eye on visiting a religious institution recently, conveys a message that many of our modern Catholics might well take to heart. This is a selfish age. Selfishness manifests itself even among devout Catholics in their relations to Almighty God, His Church and His Sacraments. People go to confession because it is a remedy for sin which makes them unhappy, but they give little thought to the fact that it is the blood of Our Saviour that cleanses them from their spiritual leprosy. They forget like the ungrateful nine to return and give thanks to God. People go to Communion because it helps them to be virtuous, but often the loving affection that prompted Our Lord to unite Himself so intimately with them is but coldly reciprocated. Catholics adhere to the Church because they know that she is their best friend in the day of sorrow and need, because they know that they cannot save their souls without her, but many of them are little moved by the dangers that threaten her children and very loath to make even a slight sacrifice in proof of their love for her or their loyalty to her.

In a couple of recent articles I pointed out how the poison of heresy infests even our Catholic life. Apropos of this it is interesting to note some of the characteristics of latter day heretics as laid down by St. Paul in his second epistle to Timothy: "In the last days men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud, disobedient to parents, ungrateful, without affection, without kindness, stubborn, puffed up, lovers of pleasures more than of God, having the appearance indeed of piety but denying the power thereof."

While not contending that it may be due to any taint of heresy, there is no gainsaying the fact that much of the above description applies to a large number of Catholics who set much store upon their piety. These people are found not so frequently in out-missions as in well organized parishes whose pastors are zealously solicitous for the spiritual welfare of their flocks. Selfishness would seem to be the underlying motive of their actions, even of their devotions. The most important object of prayer "to adore God, to bless His Holy Name, to praise His goodness and to return Him thanks for His benefits" does not appeal to them. Generally speaking prayer in their case is simply a petition to God for the things that they want. Instead of being lovers of God they are lovers of themselves. The attitude of these people towards God is very much like the attitude of many of the children of today towards their parents. These spoiled children are always looking for some favor from their father or mother. They give little thought to the sacrifices that their parents have made for them, and it seldom occurs to them to show by some outward mark their affection and gratitude. The motto referred to "love, respect, gratitude," conveys the very antithesis of their attitude not only to their parents but to the other representatives whom God has placed over them viz., their teachers and their priests.

It is true that the keeping of God's commandments is the best proof of our love for Him, for He has said, "If any man love Me he will keep My word." But just as we would not class as an ideal son one who while never disobeying his parents in a grievous matter seldom gives any outward manifestation of his affection for them, so he can scarcely be considered an ideal Catholic who lives up to the letter of the law but is cold and indifferent to the interests of his loving Saviour, who goes to Mass because to miss it would be a mortal sin, but who is never present at Benediction, who pays his pew rent because he must but will give little more than the price of a cigar to bring to others less favored than he the blessings of faith that he himself enjoys.

There are three considerations which those Catholics who are lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, ungrateful to and critical of their own priests, puffed up with their own importance and devoid of affection, should ponder over. First of all they should realize that Our Saviour has a human heart that appreciates gratitude on the part of those for whom He has done so much, more than does any earthly mother who has made sacrifices for her children. Again in the day of trouble and affliction there is very little consolation for the man or woman whose religion has cost him or her nothing and who consequently does not feel deserving of any special consideration. Lastly, they should remember that the appearance of piety and even the exact observance of God's laws and of the precepts of the Church cannot merit for them the gift of final perseverance, that the greatest of all graces is a purely gratuitous gift of God, Who is most likely to bestow it upon those who serve Him not in a grudging spirit with the metergram of a hireling, but with a loving, generous and grateful heart.

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PROHIBITION

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

Reprinted from CATHOLIC RECORD, March 25.

In the plebiscite which the Government proposes to take next Fall on Prohibition in this province two questions, according to the information given out, seem to be decided upon: (1) Are you in favor of the Ontario Temperance Act? (2) Are you in favor of the sale of beer and wine? To these the newspapers supporting the Government have intimated may be added a third: Are you in favor of allowing alcoholic beverages in private homes?

Let us try to get at the underlying principle on which such a question is referred to such a tribunal and to see what the acceptance of this principle involves. It is quite possible to do this dispassionately though the whole question of Prohibition—and for that matter nearly every political question on which the people's verdict is sought—is made an appeal to the emotions, the passions, the prejudices or the self interest of the voter rather than an appeal to his reasoned judgment and natural sense of equity and justice.

The principle of restriction and regulation of the traffic in alcoholic beverages has long been admitted as one justified by considerations of public order and the general social welfare; and Prohibition within certain limits may be considered as the extreme application of that principle strained to the breaking point; absolute Prohibition departs altogether from the principle of restriction and bases itself on entirely different grounds.

Why ask the people whether or not they are in favor of alcoholic beverages in private homes? Why give a moment's consideration to the consultation of the people on a purely private matter? It is evident that there is opposition to such a course, but it is equally evident that such a course must be advocated.

There is a tendency to give a meaning to democracy which is as subversive of all true liberty as is any other form of absolutism. Have the people or a majority of them a right to command whatever they please? Are they the ultimate tribunal in matters of private conduct? The right to command involves the corresponding duty of obedience. Are we in conscience bound to obey whatever it may be their good pleasure to ordain? If so, where is individual liberty? or liberty of conscience? or any other form of liberty that is worth while? If we concede this right to the people or a majority of them then the people taken collectively are the absolute master of every man taken individually. Now this is absolutism, and absolutism is incompatible with individual liberty.

Under a monarchy the monarch is the State. "L'Etat c'est moi," "I am the State," said Louis XIV, and he expressed the whole theory of absolute monarchy. Under an aristocracy the nobility are the State and consequently if the State is absolute the nobles, the junkers, the aristocrats are also absolute. If they require the many to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to them, the many must feel it their duty to be. Here, for the many, is absolutism as much as under absolute king, kaiser or czar. Everybody admits this. But is it less true under a democracy where the people in their associated capacity are held to be absolute? The people are the State, and the State is absolute. Is not this freedom? Yes, for the State, just as the State was free under Louis XIV., under the Kaiser, the junkers, the Magyar aristocracy or the Czar. But for the individual is it freedom? There are no kings, no kaisers, no junkers, no czars, but the people, in this perverted conception of democratic liberty, may exercise all the power over the individual that kings, kaisers or junkers ever had or desired to have. It may not be quite so easy to get a majority in a democratic State; but if there is no limit to the power of the majority the democratic State becomes as absolute as that of the monarch who declares "L'Etat cest moi." And the tyranny of the absolute majority is the more odious and insufferable because it is practised in the name of liberty and democracy. Whatever has been done under the most absolute monarchy or the most lawless aristocracy may be reenacted under a pure democracy if it be once laid down in principle that the majority has the absolute right to govern.

It is not the physical force of the majority that is to be dreaded, but the doctrine that legitimates every act the majority may choose to perform; and therefore teaches them to look for no standard of right or wrong beyond their own will. To the physical force of numbers may be opposed the moral force of right. The tendency, all too evidently the growing tendency, to make the majority of the people the ultimate tribunal legitimates every act for which a majority of voters may be obtained. Flatterers of the people take the place of the old time flatterers of the kings; and the demagogue is as unlovely as the egyptophantic courtier. "You have absolute power, use it thus and so" is just as dangerous, just as immoral when addressed to the sovereign people as when it used to be addressed to the sovereign king ruling by "divine right."

No civil power can be absolute, whether it be that of king, aristocracy or democracy. Every form of government must be limited by justice, for all power is from God Who is absolute Justice. When civil power is not thus limited whether it be democratic, aristocratic or royal we have the rule of arbitrary human will instead of the reign of justice. Not Americans only but every individual has the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The State, except for grave and sufficient reasons may not interfere with the liberty of the individual. The State was made for man, not man for the State. The State no matter how democratic in form can never be regarded as absolute without reducing the individual to slavery. As in days gone by liberty-loving subjects withstood the tyranny of kings so in our day we need public-spirited and enlightened citizens who have the courage to withstand the tyranny of the majority of the people, to withstand the very essence of all tyranny, the absolutism of the State.

To come back to the Prohibition plebiscite. The question for the Government to decide is not whether undue and unwarranted interference with individual liberty in the matter of alcoholic beverages will command a majority of votes but whether the State has any right to interfere beyond the requirements of public order and social welfare. Not whether the proposed legislation is popular but whether it is right and just and based on a principle universal in its application.

It is an old heresy that wine is evil. Abstinence from the use of wine was one of the tenets of Gnosticism in the second century. Tatian, the founder of the sect known as the Eucratians forbade the use of wine, and his adherents refused to make use of it even in the Sacrament of the Altar; in its place they used water. These heretics mentioned by St. Irenaeus (Adv. Haer., I, xxx) are known as Hydroparastae, Aquarians, and Eucratians. The great Manichaean heresy followed a few years later, professing the greatest possible aversion to wine as one of the sources of sin. They made use of water in the celebration of Mass.—(Cath. Encyc.)

In the life of Cosmas, 54th Patriarch of Alexandria, we read that the Egyptian Church had much to suffer at the hands of the Mohammedans. Among other things, the Arabs, themselves total abstainers since the days of Mohammed, forbade the use of wine under any pretext whatever, so that it could neither be bought or sold. The consequence was that the Christians were deprived of one of the essential requisites for the celebration of the divine mysteries. ("The Scriptural use of the word wine." Eccl. Rev. Feb. 1915.)

Now the revival of these old heresies in modern times would not concern us very greatly—heresies have a habit of recurring—were it not for the revival at the same time of the pagan idea of the absolute state. If the people are the ultimate tribunal in this matter of Prohibition what is to hinder a plebiscite being asked for and granted on the question: "Are you in favor of absolute wine for sacramental purposes?" And if the majority should decide that Prohibition should be absolute, bone-dry, with no exceptions; then it would be a crime to celebrate Mass. More, if we admit the modern, liberty-destroying interpretation of democracy, it would be treason against the sovereign will of the majority of the people.

A principle must hold good in all cases; it must be of universal application. The horrors of Bolshevism would not be lessened a particle if the Soviet Governments of Russia had the majority of the people behind them. The principle that the majority have the absolute right to impose their will on all the people is the very essence of tyranny, and is essential Bolshevism as well.

Mohammedans, Manichaeans or Methodists may hold to total abstinence from all alcoholic beverages as a religious tenet if they choose; but when they are in the majority or get the majority to their way of thinking on this matter, if they impose their religious tenet or honest moral conviction on others by civil enactment, they are as intolerant as the Arabs of the ninth century.

It may be said that there is no fear of such an eventuality; this is a flimsy assurance if we surrender the very fundamental principle of democratic liberty to the advocates of democratic absolutism. The choice does not lie between the abuses of the old license system and Prohibition; there are many alternatives. But there is a matter of principle involved in Prohibition; a principle which profoundly affects civil, religious and individual liberty.

CARDINAL MERCIER

TELLS OF CATHOLICS' SPECIAL MISSION IN THE WORLD

Responding to the gracious words of the Rector of St. Charles' Seminary His Eminence spoke as follows: "My dear friends: After last night, when we came into your city, and after the large meeting of reception, the Governor of the State said: 'Now go and rest; tomorrow you may keep silence.' I had hoped to be able to listen to the admonition and keep silence, but after the beautiful discourse of your rector, the splendid exposition of the issue just passed through, I could not prevent myself from saying to you two words—the Archbishops in America claim when they are asked to say anything, they do it in two words. This time it will be only two words. One word is the fact that when I was listening to the discourse of the heroism of Belgium, I thought that during the War, during that trial we passed through, when we lived the events day by day we were always anxious of what the people had to suffer and tried to console them; so I had no chance to philosophize. I never felt it then, but in hearing your rector today, and after one year of peace, of armistice at least, I realize better what the action of the Belgian people was during the War. In fact, we were all and the Bishops more than any others, the instruments in the Hand of God.

"I realize now that the Catholic people had a special mission to fulfill in the world. Our people are deeply Catholic, and never had they done any wrong to the enemy. We were good friends with Germany, lived in sympathy with Germany, and I remember that my first letter on the day of the invasion of Belgium was a letter to my priests, and through them to my people, that we were sorry to be constrained to call Germany our enemy. But enemies they were, and enemies, they would be towards us; so by their very actions we were constrained during the War to be enemies to them.

"Through all there was an emotion deep in the soul of the people, and in the moment when our great King declared that he could not accept the breaking of our treaty. Germany's invasion, our whole country stood up and as one man opposed it. That meant a feeling of justice and liberty. You who have been through the War can feel what I mean. They could own people had to sacrifice all that they had and all that they were for the defense of their liberty and they did it during four years of intense suffering, and now are only to be admired. Notwithstanding all they had to suffer, the Belgians would accept the same sacrifices again for the same cause.

"Our Lord gave me the grace to believe in Him, in His justice, in His mercy. I told them we must strive for justice and mercy, that if we were to expiate our faults, we should suffer in patience and then we would have a claim to God's mercy, who would forgive us our sins; but also we had a claim to His justice. Why should our people and priests have been unjustly massacred? In Belgium we had fifty-one priests massacred, and I tell you that not one of them had committed the least sin against Germany. They were guilty only of being the defenders and protectors of their people, and such they are before the entire world.

"During the War the deep feeling of the foe against our priests was not because they had anything against the priests but because they knew that the priests and the Bishops were the first defenders of patriotism. Some years before the War, I wrote a letter to my people, 'La Piste Patriotique'—'The Piste of Patriotism.' I pointed out in that letter that, according to the principles of Saint Thomas, each man belongs to three parties—the family, the country and the Church to which he is attached by his baptism. There is a triple generation, a triple affiliation, and therefore we are obliged, just as your rector said, by human feeling and by piety to be attached to our country as we are attached to our families on the one side and our Church on the other side.

"Our priests have always commanded of our people the respect for the country and love of patriotism. The Germans told us we were merely defenders of our rights. And in mentioning this, I might add that although there has been so much suffering and sorrow in Belgium, there is not one priest in my diocese and very few laymen who would not say that if they had to accept a second time the sacrifices they did accept they would accept them. They are deeply convinced that in all their interests, whether economic, international or political, there is something higher than them all; that truth, justice and right are so many things to be desired from the God of Love, Who is ruling the world with wisdom and fortitude.

RABBI KRAUSKOPF

DEEPLY STIRS ALL HEARTS

SEES IN MERCIER THE COURAGE OF PROPHETS OF GOD  
Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, in his speech at the luncheon in Philadelphia said: "I trust that I shall not be accused of indulging in fulsome flattery when I say that in the presence of His Emi-

nence Cardinal Mercier, I feel as if standing on holy ground. One might indulge in flatteries in the presence of gilded fops and titled fools—never in the presence of the greatest apostle of righteousness of modern times.

"As I look upon his face, a face that bears the imprint of God's celestial workshop, I no longer wonder what the prophets of ancient Israel or the martyr saints of the Church looked like. When I think of him facing the brutal and insolent invader burning with righteous indignation: 'It is not only a war against Belgium you are waging; you are attacking all humanity.' 'Right violated by wrong is still right; injustice supported by force is still injustice.' 'If you will not obey the law of man, you shall obey the law of God.' 'You may slay me if you will, but you cannot slay the Spirit of God that is within me, that bids me say to my people: 'You must not and shall not bend your necks to the invader of your land, to the desecrator of your rights, to the murderer of your helpless wives and innocent children.'"

When of these words of Cardinal Mercier I think, I seem to hear at the same time the ancient prophets' bitter denunciation of the tyrants of their day, I seem to hear Moses calling with flaming voice unto Pharaoh, 'Remove thy cruel hand from off my people. It is the will of God that Israel shall be free!'

"I seem to see the prophet Nathan pointing his finger of scorn at King David, the perpetrator of a heinous crime, and saying unto him: 'Thou art the man who has done this wicked deed.' I seem to hear the prophet Elijah saying unto King Ahab, 'Thou art he who troubleth Israel.' I seem to see the prophet Daniel facing King Belshazzar and saying unto him: 'Thou hast been weighed and found wanting. Thy days are numbered. Thy kingdom will be divided and given to the Medes and Persians.'

THE COURAGE OF THE GOD-INSPIRED  
"Oh, the courage it took to say these words when and where they were said! The merest word or sign of them whom these tribunes of the people denounced would have sufficed to cause a dozen executioners to rush upon them, and to silence them forever. What better illustration of the fear which the courage of God-inspired men strikes in the hearts of malefactors?

"What general dared touch a hair on Cardinal Mercier's head? Armed with right, he was mightier than the whole invading army. Armed with right, he was mightier than emperor, sultan and king. They could destroy the beautiful Cathedral of Rheims; they could lay the University and library of Louvain in ashes; they could not silence the hero-priest of Malines.

"Cardinal Mercier lives because he was not afraid to die. Cardinal Mercier finds a world smiling upon him to-day because he was not ashamed to weep with his people in the days of their sorest trials. Cardinal Mercier is one of the most honored men today, because he did not shrink from draining, with his bleeding and downtrodden people, the cup of shame and humiliation. Cardinal Mercier wears to-day a crown of glory, because in the days of his country's affliction he earned a crown of martyrdom.

ALL CREDES REVERENCE HIM  
"His brave words and fearless deeds stamp him a son of every creed. Protestant vies with Jew, and both with Catholic, in doing him honor. Nations offer him citizenships, universities confer upon him degrees of honor. His journey through our land is a triumphal march. A heartier welcome than the one that is extended to him has not been offered by the American people to a stranger since Lafayette's visit to our shores.

"And his passing through our land will prove a fruitful journey. It will awaken a new spirit in the hearts of men; it will awaken a new zeal among the men of the Church. It will show what must be said and must be done, what must be dared and what must be suffered, if the thousand tyrannies that still afflict mankind shall be overcome.

"A thousand thanks to you distinguished son of a distinguished Church for what you have done. A thousand additional thanks for the yet greater blessings which your heroic example will confer upon all humanity."

GOVERNOR SPROUL'S WELCOME

TO "GREAT HERO OF CHURCH OF GOD"

In a magnificent address, which provoked frequent outbursts of applause, Governor Sproul cordially welcomed Cardinal Mercier to Philadelphia, to Pennsylvania, to the Metropolitan Opera House. "Great hero of the Church of God," he styled His Eminence, whom he eulogized as one of the greatest characters of the ages. The Governor spoke as follows:

"It is with a great deal of pride that I accept the honor of presiding at this welcome by the people of Philadelphia to one of the great outstanding characters of the world. The tremendous events of the last five years have brought out a number of great characters, whose lives and whose deeds will shine through many generations, but none, military, national or other character, will stand before that of this great hero of the Church of God.

"I know it is gratifying for him to have seen today Philadelphia's welcome to him on the streets and

everywhere that he has been. It has been explained to him, although he already knew it, that Philadelphia, founded by William Penn as the home for the persecuted of all races and all creeds, has grown to be the finest, most liberal and most patriotic city of this country or anywhere. And this splendid character, seeing it all, wondered why it was.

"He said: 'The people talk about what I did for my distressed country, what I did for my suffering people. What else could I do as a citizen? What else could I do as a citizen of Belgium?' That was his answer.

"It was hard for us over here, although we made sacrifices, to realize what happened in Belgium. We made sacrifices and sent our boys abroad to help the world, but there in that little area the real stress of war and sorrow and suffering were everywhere; and there he stood, four square against all the winds which blew, the protector of his people. Think of it! You might lay Belgium down in Pennsylvania, east of the Susquehanna river and south of the North Branch, only one quarter of the area of this State, but with as many people, before the War as Pennsylvania has.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD OF HIS HARASSED FLOCK

"The tremendous onslaught of the enemy came across Belgium seemingly like a resistless wave, and yet that little nation stood there, holding fast to save civilization, and enabled us here in America to hold meetings such as this, to go about our usual course of life and to be what we are today a great nation. After making the greatest defense known in history, the Belgian army was driven back so that only a narrow strip remained in the north-western corner. The Government itself and all of the able-bodied men had gone leaving only the women and children and the aged under the care of this great prince of the people, who stood there to defend them. He stood there with a courage the like of which you cannot find even in the romance of history. And, my friends, it may be hard to realize, but here is a character in flesh and blood before us who, one thousand years from now, will be talked about and will stand out with the great characters in history, whom we hardly realize ever lived.

WILL HELP SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

"I am not flattering him; I admire him too much to flatter him, but it is a great honor and a great joy to us, your Eminence, to have you here in Pennsylvania and here in Philadelphia, the heart of Americanism.

"Doesn't he look the part, doesn't he look the part of the spiritual leader of a people who didn't forsake them in time of peril, but who staked all, his life, everything to help save them from destruction?

"I cannot help but think that in his visit to this country he is still in the service of his people; he is still in the service of those people who have been desolated by war as no other people have been, but I think that in that service of coming here he is giving us a blessing, too. I cannot help but think that his presence here and the welcome which he is getting from our people will help us in a spiritual awakening in the United States, which we need very much today. At a time like this, when not only our institutions, not only our democracy, not only the things which our fathers raised for us in this country and in which we take so much pride and satisfaction, which meant so much to us in the rebuilding of this great nation, are threatened by those who do not believe in them nor believe in us, and when this, the faith of our fathers, is being assailed by those who think it stands in the way of their unfair plan, it is a good thing to have an exalted prince of the Church of God to come here and perhaps bring about a spirit of awakening in America.

"Therefore I welcome you with all my heart, Cardinal Mercier, to Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. We are indebted to you for coming here. We hope that your stay among us may be agreeable to you, and that we, as well as yourself, may gain much from your visit."

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## MEMBERS of the Women's Christian Temperance Union did their best to prevent cigarettes being sent to Canadian soldiers in the trenches.

Field secretaries of the Anti-cigarette League have been working all summer organizing a national campaign to banish all forms of tobacco. It is predicted the movies will be the next to be attacked.

Professional reformers are in the ascendancy—and "the Devil loves nothing better than the intolerance of reformers".

Now is the time to check the spirit of rabid intolerance and interference with personal rights. "Hell is paved with good intentions".

Join with the Citizens' Liberty League in its honest, sincere endeavor to obtain a fair and just solution to Ontario's vexed temperance problem—the repeal of the unsatisfactory Ontario Temperance Act and the enactment of new legislation that will permit the sale of light beer and wine generally and the sale of pure spirituous liquors through Government agencies only.

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Mark your ballot with an X. Any other marking will spoil it. Remember, also—every voter must vote on every question or his ballot will be spoiled.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. M. FOSSAERT

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

WHY MANY ARE NOT SAVED

Dear brethren: God desires that all men be saved; hence He sent His own Divine Son down upon earth that the world may be saved, that no man who believes in Him be lost, but may gain eternal life.

This reason, why many will not be saved, was pointed out by our Divine Saviour in the parable of today's Gospel, especially in the example of the man who appears without a wedding garment.

(1) Who is referred to in the example of the man without a wedding garment? He who professes the Christian faith yet leads an un-Christian life. Dear Brethren, when the Jewish people contemptuously rejected the invitation to the kingdom of God, the Apostles went among the Samaritans and heathens, and offered to them the boon which the hard-hearted Jews refused to accept.

(2) Among the heathens, however, who accepted the Christian faith, there were unfortunately such who were not worthy of joining the Christian community, many of them retained their pagan customs and habits, and although professedly Christians, they practically remained pagans.

(3) What will be the fate of unworthy Christians? Their fate is plainly described in the Gospel in the words, "When the King went in to see the guests, he saw there a man who had not on a wedding garment, and he sayeth to him: 'Friend, how camest thou in here, not having on a wedding garment?'"

IGNORANCE

Ignorance has never been a helpful ally of Catholicity; it is, on the contrary, her greatest enemy. Misrepresentation of her doctrine, the falsification of her history, the too faithful tradition of misstatements and fabrications, are the weapons of the

demon of darkness that have, alas! succeeded only too well in making God's Church an object of suspicion, and even hatred, to the many thousands in this land, who, if they only knew her as she is, her perfect teaching, her high motives, her glorious history, and her Christ-like work for souls, could not withhold from her their admiration and allegiance.

We live in the midst of revelations. We are continually receiving what we call inspirations. There is hardly ever a complete silence in our souls. God is whispering to us well nigh incessantly. Whenever the sounds of the world die out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear these whisperings of God.—Father Faber.

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Canadian National Railways

AMIABILITY

Amiability is grace of manner, easy deportment, a peaceful countenance, the kindly glance which communicates itself even from one member of the family to all the others, as the

perfume of a single flower extends over all the meadow where it blooms.

Amiability is in its nature excessively contagious; with an amiable person we necessarily become amiable, or we fly from her and hide ourselves.

Amiability is not a virtue apart; either it supposes all other virtues, or the constant practice of it gradually attracts and preserves them in the amiable soul.—Golden Sands.

Advertisement for 'What to do - Send a Post Card - That's all' featuring a postcard image and a coupon for 'The Hallam Fur Fashion Book'.

Advertisement for 'How to say "No!"' featuring a ballot table and instructions for the Ontario Referendum Committee.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MY BEADS

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part With one of you for richest gem That gleams in kindly diadem; Ye know the history of my beads. For I have told you every grief In all the days of twenty years, And I have moistened you with tears, And in your decades found relief. Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed, And joys have died; but in my needs Ye were my friends, my blessed beads! And ye consoled me when I wailed. For many and many a time, in grief, My weary fingers wandered round Thy circled chain, and always found In some Hall Mary sweet relief. How many a story you might tell Of inner life, to all unknown; I trusted you and you alone, But ah! ye keep my secrets well. Ye are the only chain I wear— A sign that I am but the slave, In life, in death, beyond the grave, Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

READ

Read! The long cool autumn evenings have come and winter will soon be here. Spend several nights a week in reading. It will be rather dry at first, but you will be surprised to see how soon you will begin to love it. With what a feeling of satisfaction you will lie down to sleep at the thought that you have spent the evening in cultivating your mind instead of wasting the precious hours in empty amusements!

Read! Don't read everything. There are many things in print that degrade the mind and brutalize the heart. Use care in selecting what you read. Choose almost exclusively good Catholic literature. A few solid Catholic papers and magazines, a limited amount of Catholic fiction, but principally books that will give you a clear understanding of the doctrines and history of Holy Church, the beauty of those doctrines, and the arguments by which you can defend them. Then you will not need to hang your head and shrink away whenever a loud-mouthed bigot begins to vomit forth columnies against your faith. You will become a champion fit to make the Catholic religion known and respected. Read Catholic teaching in its most practical and most attractive form—that is, in the lives of the noble men and women in every age and country and condition of life who became great and noble and helpful to individuals and society precisely because they reduced Catholic doctrines to daily practice. How your mind will expand and your character become more and more noble under the influence of such reading.

Read! Make yourself useful to yourself and others. We are all in this world for a serious purpose—not merely to play pool and watch dramas.—The Liguorian.

BACK FROM CITY TO FARM

A lad of perhaps nineteen walked into the office of a prominent banker and broker and asked to see the "boss." The clerk at the desk was evidently surprised not only at the way in which the request was made but also in the appearance of the visitor. He was very different from the type of callers who came to that office for an interview with the man in the room, but his earnestness and honest manner charmed the clerk of any suspicions that he might be a beggar or peddler.

"What do you want to see Mr. Smith about?" inquired the clerk.

"I want to get a job," replied the boy.

The clerk shook his head in a discouraging way, but entered the inner office. He soon reappeared and told the lad to go in.

At a large mahogany desk sat a middle-aged man who bore all the earmarks of worldly prosperity. He waved his hand toward a vacant chair and told the boy to sit down.

"You want a job, I understand," said the banker, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, sir."

"What can you do, and what have you done?"

"I have worked on a farm all my life, sir," replied the boy, "but there's no money in it and I want to get into something that will get me somewhere."

The next morning the boy started to work at his new job in the bank. The chief had just happened to need a clerk for a minor position and, having been brought up on a farm himself was predisposed toward the lad, for he was glad to get a man fresh from the fields. He was a good judge of human nature and was willing to take a chance on the honesty of a boy who could look him straight in the face with clear eyes.

Six months passed, during which time the boy never lost a minute at his work. He did his duties well and carefully and he gave satisfaction in every particular; so much so, in fact, that his name was mentioned for the next increase in wages. But on the last day of his six-months' experience the banker found upon his desk a letter which read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Smith: I am sorry, but I must leave. I don't like to leave you this way, but I can't stand it any longer. I thought I wanted to

get into the city when I first came to you, but now I know better. Thank you for your kindness. Very truly yours—"

On the same evening the boy walked up the old familiar lane to the farm. In reality, it was the same lane and the same trees and blue sky and fresh air, but actually they were all new and wonderful. He walked to the house and found his father sitting on the porch. The parting had not been pleasant. His father had been deeply disappointed that his son had forsaken the farm. It had taken from him the incentive to work as hard as he always had for he saw nothing ahead worth working for.

He watched the boy walk slowly up to the house and thought that he had come home for a short visit.

"How are you, son?" he asked, as the lad seated himself by his father and literally drank in the perfume of the evening air.

"Better than I have ever been in my life, dad," was the reply. "How's the calf?"

All right, but the important thing is, how's the banking business?"

"Dead and buried, Dad," replied the boy enthusiastically. "When I went away from here I thought I knew what I wanted. The automobile parties going by on the road made me wonder why I didn't have one with plenty of time to run it and all the pleasures and money that those people seem to have. So I decided to get them for myself. But, dad, I have seen what it means to get those things and it isn't worth while. One day here is worth a month there, and I have made up my mind to go to the agricultural college at Amherst, learn how to farm right and then come back here and have nothing more to do with banks except to put my money in them."

"My son, that trip you made was the greatest thing that ever happened to you," replied the father, thankfully.—The Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AN IRISH ROSARY

'Tis Rosary Time in Ireland, And looking across the years, A picture unfolds before me, ('Tis dimmed with a mist of tears) For sure it lacks gorgeous setting, No wealth of color it boasts, But Rosary time in Ireland Is envied by angel hosts.

Ab, never was rank or station, Or fame of glorious deeds, As done as this scene in Ireland, When mother took down the beads; And readily would I barter The trophies the years have won, To kneel by that hallowed fireside When the day's rough task is done.

I care not for stately temples, Or glamor of service grand, I'd rather one prayer in Ireland, For isn't it God's own land! The smell of the turf for incense, And Love for the sacred light— Ah, Rosary time in Ireland! My heart is with you tonight.

—REV. D. A. CASEY

THE CATHOLIC WORKING GIRL AND HER INSPIRATION

The Catholic working girl is not only a representative of Catholicism; she is also one of its best apostles. She brings the Church into notice where no pulpit preacher can get a hearing. She moves in a sphere where oftentimes no other Catholic influence can enter. Especially does she bring before the world the Church's attributes of sanctity.

The Church's unity is a fact visible to all. So, too, is its Catholicity or world-wide existence. But its sanctity is an attribute not so easily discerned. But our Catholic working girls bring it into view. Their honesty, their purity, their piety are easily recognized, as the outcome of their religion. The Church's sanctity is manifested through the sanctity of her children.

But Catholic working girls in their own lives have much for which to be proud to the Church, their mother. She gives them a faith which is the marvel of the world, and is "the one pearl of priceless value" in their lives. She gives them the Sacraments that enable them to resist temptation and persevere in the grace and friendship of God. She gives them the tribunal of Penance, with all its wise restraints and saving counsels. She gives them the Feast of the Immaculate Lamb to support them in the battle for purity of soul and body. She gives them all those Catholic devotions that set around them a wall of strength, protection and security. But especially does she instill into their hearts a deep and tender devotion to the Virgin Mother of God. And with this devotion there comes into the Catholic girl's life a source of strength and inspiration of which the world must live forever unaware.

The lily maid of Nazareth had to work. Though born of the royal house of David, she had to work. Though Mother of the King of kings, she had to work. And her work and the work of her Divine Son in Nazareth made work beautiful and honorable forever. With these examples constantly set before her, the Catholic working girl feels no envy for "the idle rich," nor aspires to the emptiness of the life they lead.

But she is not a dreamer, this Catholic working girl. She has her ambitions. First among them, perhaps, is the ambition to secure the approval of her employer. She is right in this. But she will secure it by her fidelity, her accuracy and her attention to duty.—Rev. P. H. Casey.

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The Author of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse and the pen he wrote it with Waterman's Fountain Pen

A friend of mine told me that he has called your attention to the Waterman's Fountain Pen held in my hand in one of my pictures. I bought it in Buenos Aires eight years ago when I was travelling in South America giving literary lectures, and since then I have written with it my novels, Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Our Sea, and actually the last one, entitled The Enemies of the Woman. Furthermore, I have written with it hundreds of articles for the newspapers in favor of the Allied cause and the ten big volumes of my History of the War of 1914. As you see the point pen has worked well. For this reason, it is a little old and tired, but continues to serve me. Best regards from VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ

Reproduced above is the original letter from Senor Vicente Blasco Ibañez and the translation.



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Registered and approved by the Regents at Albany, offers exceptional advantages to young women who wish to enter the Nursing Profession. Several vacancies are offered at present to Applicants having one or more years in High School.

Address Sister Superior, Mount St. Mary's Hospital, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Advertisement for Hallam's Paste Animal Bait. Text: TRAPPERS AND HUNTERS For highest prices ship your RAW FURS direct to John Hallam Limited. We will send you a FREE SAMPLE of Hallam's Paste Animal Bait. This is an entirely new and much improved form of Animal bait—it is made in a paste form and put up in tubes (like tooth paste). While possessing all the excellent qualities of the liquid bait it lasts longer and is unexcelled for attracting all flesh eating animals, such as Mink, Fox, Wolf, Lynx, Skunk, etc. It is easy to carry, economical and handy to use, (simply squeeze out enough for your set each time)—not affected by snow or rain. You can have a FREE sample for the asking (enough for 2 or 3 sets). We will also send you Hallam's Trappers and Sportsmen Supply Catalogue, 48 pages, in English and French showing traps of all kinds, guns, rifles, ammunition, fish nets, shotguns etc., at very moderate prices. Hallam's Raw Fur News contains latest information on Raw Fur prices and market conditions, sent free on request. WRITE TO-DAY SURE Address in full as below John Hallam Limited 323 Hallam Building, TORONTO, THE LARGEST IN OUR LINE IN CANADA. Hallam's Fur Fashion Book 1920 Edition illustrating 200 beautiful fur garments in latest styles, free on request.

Advertisement for Pedlar's Perfect Metal Ceilings and Walls. Text: PEDLAR'S PERFECT METAL CEILINGS AND WALLS. Why spend money on paper every spring? Why go to all the bother and expense of redecorating? Far better as an artistic interior finish are Pedlar's Perfect Metal Ceilings and Walls. They are made from sheet metal, modelled into many artistic designs. Once in place they cannot crack or fall away. They will never burn. They make rooms so pretty and cozy and snug. There are special designs for all rooms—kitchen, dining-room, parlor, bedroom, halls, etc. And they are so easy to put on. All you need is a hammer and some nails—then go ahead. Simplicity itself! Fix your house up this way and it will last your lifetime. No more soiled paper, or broken plaster. All walls always in good condition and giving a great increase in protection from fire. Write for Ceiling Book R. E. THE PEDLAR PEOPLE LIMITED (Established 1861) Executive Office and Factory—Oshawa, Ont. Branches: Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

"HE CAME UNTO HIS OWN"

THE WORLD HERO BECOMES THE SOGGARTH AROON

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times Philadelphia's tribute of love and homage to the greatest outstanding figure of modern civilization, His Eminence Desideratus Cardinal Mercier...

With wild acclaim, such as has seldom been vouchsafed any distinguished personage as guest of this municipality, the heroic prelate was greeted that evening in the tremendous mass meeting and reception at the Metropolitan Opera House...

Through lined the principal streets of the city and thoroughfares leading to the Main Line suburban towns to catch a glimpse of His Eminence. Cheers told of his approach and salvos rent the air as he departed...

Friday and Saturday all loyal citizens, regardless of race or creed, vied in paying homage to Philadelphia's distinguished guest. On Sunday, however, it seemed that the faithful claimed him for their very own.

As priest and prelate was he hailed; Ambassador of Christ and successor of the Apostles. By the "breaking of Bread," as was His Master at Emmaus, was he recognized.

ANNUAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

OF THE DIOCESE OF LONDON, AT TILBURY, ONTARIO

Many people from the Border Cities, the parishes of Woodlee, Belle River, Stony Point, St. Peter's, Chatham, St. Joachim, Maidstone, Tecumseh, Leamington and Staples were in Tilbury on Wednesday, October 1st, to attend the eighth annual Eucharistic Congress of the Diocese of London...

After the singing of the Gospel Rev. Father D. Pinsonneault, McGregor, Ont., preached in French on the Real Presence, explaining the promises of Christ and the teachings of the Church on this matter. Rev. Father Coughlin, C. S. B., of Sandwich College, followed with a sermon in English on the Holy Sacrifice, a manifestation of Jesus' Love, for He loved His own and loved them unto the end...

Thongs lined the principal streets of the city and thoroughfares leading to the Main Line suburban towns to catch a glimpse of His Eminence. Cheers told of his approach and salvos rent the air as he departed...

Friday and Saturday all loyal citizens, regardless of race or creed, vied in paying homage to Philadelphia's distinguished guest. On Sunday, however, it seemed that the faithful claimed him for their very own.

REVERENCE AND DEVOTION SUNDAY

Hero of the world War will Cardinal Mercier ever remain as long as man lives and honor, truth and virtue are revered. Patriot and scholar, his name and fame will be treasured throughout the ages. Patriot and scholar he undoubtedly is, but underlying all he is the churchman and saintly gentleman.

Point, preached, using for his text "My Child give me Thy Heart," and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Father Parent of Sherbrooke, a nephew of the Rt. Rev. Pastor. He was assisted by Fathers Jos. Emery and J. R. Quigley as deacon and sub-deacon. His Lordship the Bishop addressed a few words to the congregation congratulating them and thanking them. The clergy were entertained at dinner and supper in the hall of the Separate school by the ladies of the parish. May Our Eucharistic Lord bless Rt. Reverend Monsignor Parent and his parishioners.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

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Point, preached, using for his text "My Child give me Thy Heart," and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Father Parent of Sherbrooke, a nephew of the Rt. Rev. Pastor. He was assisted by Fathers Jos. Emery and J. R. Quigley as deacon and sub-deacon. His Lordship the Bishop addressed a few words to the congregation congratulating them and thanking them.

"GUILD OF THE LITTLE FLOWER"

Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus has been appointed Queen of his large Diocese, Alaska, by the Right Reverend Bishop Crimont, S. J. In that vast region of 600,000 square miles, the largest missionary field in the world, there are only twenty priests. Think of a Father walking 600 miles in summer, his "Chapel" on his back, a little food to sustain him, depending on the water in the streams for drink, covered with mosquitoes. What an opportunity for the "Little Flower" to fulfill her promise to "spend her heaven in doing good on earth."

DIED

GAITSHEER.—At Merriton, Ont., August 5, 1919, Bernard J. Gaitsheer, aged seventy-eight years. May his soul rest in peace.

IN MEMORIAM

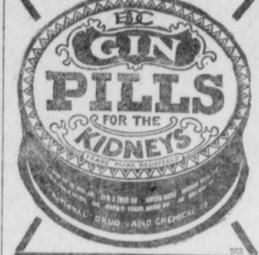
In memory of our dear brother, Corp. Frank Heffernan, who was killed in action Sept. 28th, 1918, after nearly four years of service at the front.

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CATHOLIC HOMES WANTED FOR THE following children: Sister and brother, three and three years; Sister and brother, twelve and five years. Three brothers, nine, five and four years. We would like, if possible, in these instances, to place children of one family in the same home. The girl twelve and boy five years of age are especially nice children and it is particularly desirable that they be placed together. Applications received by Miss O'Connor, Children's Branch, 163 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. 2157-4

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HOTEL DIEU, ST. JOSEPH, WINDSOR, Ont. These vacancies in our Training School, Young women desiring to enter as pupil-nurses, Address Sister Superintendent, Hotel Dieu, St. Joseph, Windsor, Ont. 2110-42

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for Nurses, offers exceptional educational opportunities for competent and ambitious young women. Applicants must be eighteen years of age and have one year of High School or its equivalent. Pupils may enter at the greatest educational requirement is at least one year of High School, or its equivalent address to the Superintendent of Nurses, St. John's Hospital, 2135-4

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School of Nursing, Far Rockaway, New York. Conducted by Sisters of St. Joseph, affiliated with Long Island College Hospital, offers a two and one-half year course in general nursing. Must have one year High School or equivalent. Allowance fifteen dollars per month. Separate Nurses home. - Classes formed in October. 2155-5

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The Navy League of Canada Its Vital Work for Canada

THE Navy League of Canada fosters the splendid spirit that made the British the greatest of maritime nations. It organizes loyal Canadians so that practical work may be accomplished for the development of Canada's direct interests at sea.

The human side of Canada's Mercantile Marine is the League's especial interest—training Canadian boys to become the sturdy type of British manhood that won its laurels again and again in the great war—relieving distress among victims of the submarine warfare—and giving the sailor ashore an alternative place for rest and recreation to the places of doubtful entertainment that abound in port.

Why the \$500,000 is needed

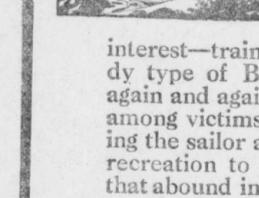
On Nelson Day, October 21st, starts a 3-day campaign throughout the Dominion to raise \$500,000 necessary to finance the coming year's work of the Navy League of Canada. Help the work by giving liberally. As a nation whose expanding trade will depend on exports, we must educate our boys to the highest type of seamanship so that they will be equipped to man our ships to carry our exports to foreign markets.

You will do your part in this work by contributing liberally to the support of the Boy's Navy Brigades, the organizations by which the Navy League trains boys for our merchant marine.

Every dollar subscribed will be used to further the work of the Navy League in Canada—the work in which you are personally interested as a patriotic citizen. Help by giving.

NELSON DAY CAMPAIGN for \$500,000 October 21-22-23

"Canadians Must Sail The Seas" Campaign Committee for the Province of Ontario Chairman: Sir John C. Eaton Vice-Chairman: A. M. Hobblerlia Hon. Treasurer: Sir Edmund Walker Asst. Treasurer: N. L. Martin 34 King Street West, Toronto 15



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EXPERIENCED CATHOLIC TEACHER wanted for S. S. 1, Ruthven; second class professional certificate. Salary \$700 per annum. Duties to begin at once. Apply to Fr. R. de Landre, Killarney, Ont. 2159-5

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER, HOLDING a 2nd class professional certificate, for the English Parochial school, Little Current, Manitowish, Ont. Apply stating salary and experience to Laurent Leage, Sec. Little Current, Ont. 2158-47

LADY TEACHER WANTED: HOLDING first class certificate. Salary \$600. Address Rev. I. G. Hoffarth, Walkerton, Ont. 2159-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school, Section No. 7, Sydenham. Duties to commence Nov. 1st, 1919. Apply stating salary and qualification, to Michael J. Durazo, Sec. Treas., Annan, R. R. 1, P. O., Ont., Grey Co. 2149-2

MAID WANTED BY CATHOLIC FAMILY in Toronto. Good home and considerate treatment. Apply stating wages required to Box 115, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2159-4

HELP WANTED COOK GENERAL WANTED FOR FAMILY residing in Hamilton, Ont. Good wages. Applications may be addressed to No. 6 Ardagh Apartments, London, Ont., or 276 Aberdeen St., Hamilton, Ont. 2158-2

WANTED AT ONCE A MARRIED MAN TO manage or lease a farm of about 125 acres at Niagara Falls that is well equipped and stocked. On the grounds a large furnished house having all modern improvements, also gas, electric and water supply. This is a rare opportunity and terms made to suit the right party. If desired farm may be run on a percentage basis. A French-Canadian or Belgian family preferred. Schools and church adjoining grounds. For further information apply to Rev. B. J. O'Neill, O. C. C., Hospice of Mt. Carmel, Niagara Falls, Ont. 2149-4

WANTED FIRST CLASS SHOE REPAIR man. Catholic preferred. Must be steady, commission. Apply Box 146, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2158-5

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