

The Catholic Record.

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

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SPRING

For some weeks those of us who are in any sort of touch with the framework of Nature, and whose senses are keen to detect outward changes that echo themselves within, have been conscious of mysterious movements that portend vast upheavals of repressed forces on every hand. Earth and sky have been in treaty on a scale that we have not observed for months. Hidden powers have been reasserting themselves in bush and brake. Soft lights have played upon the grass; warm sun-rays have searched out the nascent buds in the hollows and caressed the shoots which are as yet but prophesies of spreading boughs and rich foliage. The mornings have entered the eastern gates earlier day by day, and the evenings lingered a little longer over the western hills, almost as though the seasons were conspiring to mask their joint operations or successive reigns. Faint murmurs of brooding life overhang the copices, and a rhythm of delicate colour and sound seems to be heralding a new creation out of the old and outworn world. "Not dead, but sleeping," the legend runs, "and lo, the hour of awakening is nigh!" The annual miracle is being wrought. The transformation scene, which gave birth to so many bright forms in the Greek and Northern mythologies, is now in progress. Hermes is alert in the golden air; Apollo moves swiftly in his radiant car across the heavens; Persephone quits the sombre precincts of Hades and is restored to the yearning breast of Demeter—even as Brynhild, in the Scandinavian epic, shakes off the coils of the dragon when Sigurd wakes her from her long slumber. The toils of Hercules figure forth the gradual conquest of the harsh elemental forces by the Sun as his strength increases. The lengthening day envelops many charming and illusive forms—Daphne and Iole; Eudymion and Danaë, with Penelope the weaver of webs; and many another haunting presence of the enchanted land.

All this is but poetry, and an age that is naught if it be not practical easily brushes sentiment aside to make room for ambitious schemes of profit. To the dealer in real estate the market value of scenery is the chief thing. Yet there has never been a time when the metamorphoses of the material universe did not arrest the gaze of Earth's children. How sordid and bestial the career of our race would have been if the changeful phenomena of the days and years had not stimulated our early fathers to seek for hidden treasures of knowledge and pursue bright gleams of celestial fancy, while compelled to labor for the perishable goods that bare existence demands! But our mental fancies change with the rolling centuries, and those who employ the ancient classic symbols are a diminishing minority. Greek is ceasing to be a compulsory subject at many Universities, and though its vogue may be prolonged, the visionary universe of Hellas must at last give place to the kingdom mapped out by science. What then? Must we echo the lament of those who met the early invasion of the scientific spirit with scorn or fear—poets like Schiller, who grieved over a disenchanting earth and sky; or Keats, who cried, "Do not all charms fly at the mere touch of cold philosophy?" Not by any means! Our boys and girls are learning the fairy-tales of science, and the "fair humanities of old religion" give place to the instructed imagination. It would no longer get glimpses of the god Pan and his merry rout—breads in the dusky dells and Naiads in the rainbowed waterfalls—we are as close to Nature and may rejoice in her variegated disclosures of power, wisdom, and benevolence, greater far than those which haunted Mount Olympus in the olden time.

The spring-time brings new and bright possibilities to all wretched folk. A certain amount of lethargy creeps over all but the youngest and most vigorous when dull skies and sodden pathways make out door exer-

cise unattractive. Now the fireside relaxes its hold upon us. Though the trees and hedgerows are still only partly draped, there is an aerial tremor melting into a pearly haze that gives hints of coming change. The choir in the woods and gardens practises in the early hours. Every dawn now brightens the freshness of the morning; every sunset deepens the glow and enriches the dyes that bathe the earth in beauty. The mighty loom on which the seasons are woven is preparing the opening scene of the pageant which will once again make its appeal to our brooding fancy and lay its spell upon expectant hearts. The old distich reminds us that "March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers." Indeed we have not to wait so long for those lovely messengers of the Earth-Mother's bounty. Heralds of Spring have come from afar, lighting up our thoroughfares with the golden dandelion. But go out into the parks and suburbs; there you will find the grass vividly green, the fields bestrewn with galaxies of the "dear common flower" and the pussy willows nodding as you pass, while buds on trees and shrubs are bursting into leaf and blossom in tender tones of unspoiled loveliness. Go further still, and in the recesses of the hills and woodlands you will come upon the shy, fragrant May flower close by the "rathe primrose" of Milton's praise and Shakespeare's reverie, with here and there in some sheltered nook of a garden daffodils dancing in the wind as gaily as when Wordsworth sang their cheerful message by Grassmere's lake and Rotha's stream.

Happy are we if we can freely encounter wind and weather even when the moors and countryside are bleak and desolate, but when the returning sun awakens the slumbering earth the spirit of the town-dweller who wanders afield to greet the spring leaps out in response to the reviving breath of the quickening creation. A subtle perfume fills the air; the frogs croak melodiously in the pools and ponds, which are fringed with meadow sweet and other fragrant growths that promise speedy delight to the yearning senses. The crows are building fast; and the song birds will soon combine to give their charming demonstration of life's joy and fulness, matched by the wondrously variegated insect tribes, with moths and butterflies, those living flowers of the sunlit air. These and countless other beautiful harbingers of the Spring give their welcome to the outdoor pilgrim who finds new strength and access of cheerfulness in the field-paths, the woods, and the hills; to whom indeed no higher boon can be offered than a rebirth of the toil-worn soul and a renewal of that eternal friendship between nature and man, the sweet unconsciousness, the open mind and heart of childhood, ripened by growing fellowship with the unspooled handiwork of the Creator.

WITHOUT GOD

Just previous to the convening of the Peace Conference the writer, commenting on the neglect to invite a Papal representative to the table, ventured the opinion that the delegates would be the losers rather than the Holy Father. No consolation could be found for any Christian community in the make-up of the conference since those who were openly opposed to all forms of the faith, those who had fought it or those who had abandoned it wielded preponderant influence at the board. When the start was made some editors noted the contrast between the conduct of this gathering and the official meetings in our own country. Whereas we open all public reunions, political conventions and sessions of legislative bodies with invocation of divine aid, though the beliefs of our citizens vary widely, no prayer was recorded as prefacing the work of an assembly upon whose deliberations the destinies of mankind might hang for ages. The omission could not have been an oversight since the American and English delegates being accustomed to religious introduction, must have missed the traditional form of beginning discussion. It was intentional, therefore, and possibly forced by the enemies of God who, in their pride, thought to dismiss any intervention in their plans on the part of the Almighty. It may seem far fetched, but the difficulties that are being encountered in that famous conference may be the laughter of God, mocking

those that sought to do without His aid. Kings and princes have risen up before and devised schemes to ridicule the deity, while the Lord in His high heaven smiled derision at the futile plots. That the common man in this country begins to feel that something is afoot and is not quite so sure that it was a wise thing to eliminate God from the conference is indicated by a strong editorial in a trade paper which is now widely quoted. It is well when the laity have their eyes open to the realization that they who seek to build without God labor in vain.—F. in The Guardian.

THE CHURCH ADAMANT

BISHOP McNICHOLAS PICTURES IT AS HOPE OF CIVILIZATION IN THE CONFLICT WITH BOLSHEVISM

The three-day celebration of the fifth centenary of the birth of St. Vincent Ferrer was celebrated in the church of that name at Sixty-sixth Street and Lexington Avenue, Sunday April 6, with elaborate services, in which the Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York, took part as the celebrant of the solemn Pontifical High Mass. This was the first official appearance of the Archbishop in a church other than the cathedral since his elevation.

The sermon was delivered by the Right Rev. John T. McNicholas, Bishop of Duluth. After reviewing the career of the saint who had converted more than 300,000 Moors and others to Christianity, he said: "The Church stands as adamant against the violence, the injustice, the indescribable calamities which the destructive forces, rising from the ruins of the world, would now spread over Europe and the rest of the earth. Christianity and civilization would be destroyed by its program and its doctrines. The wrongs and injustices from which the poor and the laboring classes suffer would be increased a thousand-fold. Bolshevism can only bring greater evils upon the teeming masses of the world. No organized system of State morality can ever take the place of religion. There is a divinely organized system of morality in the world. It has a divine charter, a divine commission. No State, no Government can lawfully usurp it. No power on earth can substitute another code of morality for that which God has given. States and Governments, unaided by religion, can never put an end to the conflict of classes. Employers, employees, State and Church, must unite in the settlement, but in vain will be the attempt if the Church and religion are excluded.

"Material prosperity and material restraints cannot solve the problem. The forces of religion and morality alone have strength ultimately to restore the world." Bishop McNicholas argued that the war with the evils it had brought on, was not a failure of Christianity, but the failure of civilization which had sought to do without religion and which had rejected the moral code taught by religion.—N. Y. Times.

FAMOUS MANUSCRIPT SAVED

This is the story of an attempted theft at Liege that is extraordinary in its outcome, for the Germans were foiled in their attempt to carry off a precious manuscript of the Ninth Century. Incidentally it proves that the learned professors of the old German universities had nothing to learn from the German military thieves whose record for stealing has surpassed anything of the kind in the history of mankind.

The Archaeological Museum at Liege harbored—it still harbors—a prize in the shape of a most valuable manuscript of the ninth Century, Bishop Notger's copy of the Gospels which the Belgian antiquarians jealously guarded as a most precious legacy to the present generation from the wonderful past of the City. In 1915 German "scholars" resolved to possess themselves of this copy of the Gospels. They did not dare boldly to requisition the manuscript, deterred perhaps by a trace of decency, but they sent a grave professor, the learned Dr. Milkau, to reconnoitre with a view to acquiring the coveted treasure. But they had reckoned without the vigilance of the guardians who had hidden it away in a particularly safe place.

The trustees of the museum succeeded in creating the impression in the mind of the Teutonic professor that the manuscript was in safe deposit in England, but the peril was but temporarily averted. In August, 1918, at the very moment when the German defeat was beginning, Dr. Jeiger, the Kaiser's appointee as librarian of the University of Liege, made a demand on the communal authorities to deliver the manuscript to another professor, Dr. Julius Baum, of the University of Stuttgart.

All they wanted it for, it seemed, was to photograph it, German scholars not being thieves even under the rule of Frether von Falkenhayn.

That wish was quite easy to gratify, was the answer, as the University of Liege possessed photographs of the 180 pages of the Gospels which were quite at the disposal of these gentlemen. The latter, however, who had asked for the photographs as a pretext for theft, refused the offer, and thenceforth the negotiations took on a character which became more and more bitter. The directors of the archaeological institute, with the knowledge that what they had hidden was well hidden, resisted all the demands of the Germans, and the learned doctors, who were bent on stealing the manuscript, backed up their demands with threats.

And one fine day the German ultimatum was served on Mr. Marcel De Paydt, one of the most active supporters of the Archaeological Institute: "Unless an amicable decision can be arrived at, the German Government will be obliged to order the German secret police to interfere, which will find means to discover the whereabouts of the manuscript, and once in their hands, will not be returned." This was certainly frank. Mr. De Paydt inquired "in accordance with the provisions of the Hague Peace Conference no doubt?" But fortunately these threats were not carried out. Events moved too quickly. Foch was victoriously pressing his advantage. On the very day on which the learned professors had planned to force the surrender of the treasure—if they could—they were hot-footing it for Prussia.

The Bishop's Gospels, preserved from German scientific greed, will soon be restored to the cases of the Archaeological Museum, whose trustees deserve the gratitude of the country for their energy, resourcefulness and devotion.—Belgian Bulletin.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOL

Recently we listened to a minister lecturing on the "forward movement" contemplated by the Presbyterian Church in Canada. He said in passing that during the next few years the church would ask the people for three or four million dollars to carry the Gospel to where it was needed. We thought he was rather doubtful about getting the money, but not in the least in doubt about the necessity of getting it. It ran across our mind that his faith was little in comparison with that of the Finance Minister of the Dominion who asks for between three and four hundred million dollars this year for home expenses and will, he says, be "round by autumn asking in addition, for a loan of three or four hundred million dollars.

Another point dealt with by the preacher as belonging to the "forward movement" was to get religion taught in the Public schools. This was a difficult proposition, as the preacher had, he said, no solution of it. Probably the old adage comes in here about fools rushing in where angels fear to tread, a certain editor being prominent in the discourse of fools. However, the problem is not as hard of solution as it is for some people to get rid of prejudice and intolerance. As a fact, Presbyterian ministers and other good Presbyterian people were principally responsible for the setting up of these religious schools. They thought that if religion was put together out of the schools; or rather, if the common schools were set up without religion being taught, or practiced, it would do away with objections of the Roman Catholics to sending their children to them. But, as time drifted along in its proverbially tantalizing manner, it was seen that the Roman Catholic bird was too wary to be caught by such snares. Catholics soon realized that, though no Protestant doctrine was taught in the common schools, an atmosphere of infidelity had taken its place, an atmosphere which they dreaded even more than they did positive teaching of, say Presbyterian doctrine. Therefore, they kept away from the common schools as from a plague; and as a fact, where religion is concerned they are as dangerous as a plague.

What is the solution? Take New Glasgow as an instance. Our fellow citizens of the Roman Catholic faith pay their share of maintaining the Public schools of the town; but they will not send their children to them. Why? Because the religious education of the children is to them of even more importance than their secular education. Therefore, they own private schools where they teach their children their own religion, as well as the three "R's." The province and the town take the taxes of the Roman Catholics to maintain the irreligious Public schools; but the Roman Catholics at the same time pay all the costs of their private schools without assistance from any source. We have long regarded that as an unfair treatment of fellow citizens. If the case were reversed we would howl loud enough to be

heard from Fraser's Mountain to the top of Mount Thom. But why, it is retorted, do they maintain their own schools? Certainly from conscientious notions. They deem it their first duty is to teach their children the tenets of their religion. As certainly they could not expect that to be done in the Public schools.

The solution to our mind is to recognize the Catholic schools, give them their proportional share of the public money, county grant, provincial endowment of teachers, and town taxation. Apart from religious teaching we do not think that they would object to the public inspector in their schools. That with licensed teachers, in our opinion, is all that the State should insist upon.

The next step would be to introduce religious instruction into the Public schools. There would then be no bar or hindrance. In fact there is none now apart from the old notion. The Protestant consciences would be relieved by having done justice to their fellow Catholic citizens—a splendid conscience it is when not played upon by bigots.

Is there a necessity for teaching religion in the Public schools? The preacher showed that very clearly. If parents wish their religion to be held by their children they must teach it to them. The proof of that is shown by the way the Roman Catholics hold their children in their faith. If Presbyterians, Methodists and men of other Protestant churches wish to hold their children they will do with them what the Roman Catholics do with theirs. The preacher gave the figures of members of Sunday schools who arrived at the age of twenty without connecting themselves with the church of their parents, and the number was appalling. A Catholic priest once said to the writer: "We must hold on to the education of our children until they reach their first Communion. After that we feel that they may go out into the world with more safety." We had to acknowledge the justice of the statement, for if those children went into public schools at the age of five years, at the age of fifteen they would know, as far as the schools were concerned, no more of the Bible and the prayer book than they did of the Koran or the doctrine of Confucius. So far as Protestant children are concerned the common schools are generally Godless schools. If religion is the great thing in life that condition should be changed.

Ah, it will be charged, "You are in favor of separate schools." We reply that, if religion is as important as the Word of the Lord says it is, then if we cannot have it taught without separate schools, let us have them. We surely are not willing to sacrifice the children's eternal welfare for the sake of a system—a system that has signally failed to effect the purpose of its invention. If religion is not of importance, then we have nothing more to say—better still if we had said nothing.—The Eastern Chronicle, New Glasgow, N. S.

THE NEW SPIRIT

A special cable to the New York Times says that the changes contemplated by the conference of Capital and Labor which the British Government has set up involve almost an economic revolution. According to the programme outlined by the conference, the Government must establish a national industrial council, must undertake definite legislation on such matters as wages, hours and unemployment, and must order complete recognition of existing trade unions.

Coming on top of the declaration of the French Government in favor of an eight hour day, and the establishment of a commission by our own Government to investigate the feasibility of industrial councils, the declaration of the British conference is an unmistakable indication of an almost revolutionary change in the attitude of governments and people toward the question of Capital and Labor. The truth is that the war has swept away the old thinking on this subject. The world is coming to realize that the peace that has been purchased at so terrible a cost can only be maintained on the basis of social justice and contented peoples, and in order to ally the deep unrest so emphatically and so widely voiced among the masses everywhere, it is endeavoring to base a lasting settlement upon the basis of justice and Christian brotherhood. "Society," said Pope Leo XIII., "a great thinker and statesman as well as churchman" "can be healed in no other way than by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions." The truth of these words is more widely perceived today than when they were written in the famous encyclical of twenty-seven years ago.

Changes in our economic system will have only partial and feeble efficiency if they be not reinforced by the Christian view of work and wealth. The laborer must come to realize that he owes his employer and society an honest day's work in return for a fair wage, and that conditions cannot be substantially changed for good unless and until he roots out the

desire to get a maximum of return for a minimum of service. The employer must likewise get a new viewpoint. He needs to learn the long forgotten truth that wealth is stewardship, that profit-making is not the basic justification of business enterprise, and that there are such things as fair profits, fair interest and fair prices. Above and before all, he must learn to cultivate the truth which many of his class began to grasp for the first time during the war; namely, that the laborer is a human being, not merely an instrument of production; and that the laborer's right to a decent livelihood is the first moral charge upon industry. The employer has a right to get a reasonable profit out of his industry, but he has no right to interest on his investment until his employees have obtained at least a living wage.

This is the human, the Christian, in contrast to the purely commercial and pagan, ethics of industry; and the sooner the former code prevails in this country and in others the better it will be for all the world.—Ottawa Journal.

SOUND WORDS FROM MAYOR HYLAN

Whatever little divergencies have occasionally separated Mayor Hylan from numbers of fellow citizens, all Americans of this city will applaud his effort to stop the preaching of the gospel of destruction by the aliens whom we too hospitably shelter, to the injury and for the ruin of our form of government, of equal rights, and of ordered freedom. In a letter to the President of the Board of Aldermen, Mayor Hylan proposes the preparation and submission to that body of an ordinance to prevent the holding of meetings "conducted in a foreign language for the abuse of our Government, or by or under the auspices of any person or persons who are not citizens of the United States." This too tolerant and indulgent country, following still the old tradition that it is "an asylum for the oppressed of all nations," has become a camp meeting for foreign propagandists, who seek to destroy its political institutions, who have no sympathy with its free and generous policy, who seek by violence to overthrow democratic republican self-government and to set up in its place a monstrous, intolerant class autocracy. One may differ with the Mayor believing that these missionaries of disaster are "wild, crazy people." They are deliberate destructionists. Their wildness and their craziness are descriptive only of their theories, which contradict undoubted social and economic fact and the recorded experience of mankind.

In the dissemination of those theories, in the winning over of the ignorant, the discontented, the intellectually and morally weak elements of the community, they are far from being wild and crazy. They proceed with a deliberate plan and program. As Mayor Hylan says, including themselves and others with the belief that "they are the apostles of liberty" they "preach murder and destruction as a quick remedy for all the economic shortcomings of the human race." If they preached in English, the reasonable part of the population, the immense majority, would take notice of the poisonous and infect opinions poured out, would be indignant and alarmed, and would take the necessary measures for its protection. As it is, the city is invaded by aliens who come here to disturb it, to emit in a dozen foreign tongues the evangel of overturn and murder. These insolent aliens, spout revolution, and at the same time, our enemies, are the accomplices and abettors of Germany and Bolshevik Russia at home and abroad. Under the protection of our laws they work constantly for the subversion of those laws, of the Constitution, and for the birth and triumph here of a savage communism that would banish equality, justice, social tolerance, freedom, and establish a class despotism.

"We must not tolerate," writes Mayor Hylan, "those who have not been in this country long enough to learn our language or who are not citizens, to abuse our hospitality by endeavoring to incite anarchy. The Constitution gives our citizens the right to assemble and speak freely, but I do not believe it was intended to protect aliens in an effort to tear down the Stars and Stripes." The ordinance advocated by Mayor Hylan ought to be passed, and it is a pleasure to find him one in purpose and feeling with the great body of his fellow-citizens.—N. Y. Times.

Life is a warfare; watch and prepare your armor. The soul which is founded on holy thoughts becomes invincible. The mind becomes strong in meditating upon the great truths of the faith; it is strengthened to resist the errors and troubles with which the devil assaults our understanding. Let your vigilance be founded upon a humble fear and sweet confidence in the goodness of our Lord.

CATHOLIC NOTES

On April 10 Right Reverend Edward D. Kelly, D. D., was installed as third Bishop of Grand Rapids, Mich. He succeeds Bishop Gallagher, now of Detroit.

Rev. Father Damasc Dandurand, O. M. I., of Winnipeg, who has just celebrated his hundredth birthday, received a cablegram from Pope Benedict, congratulating him on the occasion and blessing him. The venerable priest celebrated Mass at the Juniorate Chapel.

Rome, April 5.—Among those recently received in private audience was Dr. Yakin Behar, who has come to Rome specially to thank His Holiness for all that he has been able to do, through the means of Mgr. Dolci, Apostolic Delegate at Constantinople, for members of the Jewish community suffering from the war.

In the beautiful island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, a very touching custom is observed on Easter Day. The people bring aged birds to the church, and while the choir is singing about our risen Saviour's work of freeing "the souls in prison," the imprisoned songsters are set at liberty.

London, February 13.—A great Spanish Catholic noble has passed away in the person of the Duke of Santo Mauro, head of the household of Queen Victoria Eugenie, who died suddenly at Madrid on Friday of heart failure. He was a great patriot and one who upheld the dignity and splendor of the traditions of the grandees of his native land. A Catholic of ardent faith, all his life was ordered according to that faith. He was a daily communicant.

With opportunities for close consultation among themselves and with the Pope and the Papal Secretary of State, there were in Rome recently important representatives of the Oriental Church. Cardinal Bourne was also there just returned from his tour of the near East; and it is no secret that he is enthusiastic over what he has seen of the strength of Catholicism and the possibilities for the Church in the countries he has visited.—The Monitor.

London, April 3.—The Armenian Patriarch, expelled by Said Halim Pasha, has just returned to Constantinople. He was conveyed thither in a British warship; and Allied forces and the Greek community assisted in his welcome. Allied bluejackets formed a guard of honor as he left the ship, and Armenian boy scouts escorted him on shore. His first action was to visit the Cathedral of the Virgin, where he presided at a solemn service of thanksgiving and gave his blessing to all present at the close. The Patriarch tells frightful tales of the sufferings of his people and of the thousands who have been butchered in cold blood.

An Alsatian, Leon Bailey, writing in the Paris "Intransigent" says: "Although Alsace-Lorraine suffered cruelly, morally, under the Germans, materially it was well administered. Life there was easy. The laws regulating labor were of the most liberal character. Finally—and this is a capital fact—liberty of conscience was most scrupulously assured to all Catholics, Protestants and Jews." It is regrettable, therefore, that France should, as seems to be the case, begin her reoccupation of Alsace by inaugurating a regime of religious persecution. Catholic schools have already been placed in non-Catholic hands and school books, condemned by the Catholic authorities, forced upon pupils in Catholic schools.

The death of a noted convert to the Catholic Church in England has just taken place. Dr. John Charles Cox, who died in his 70th year, was a world famous antiquary and author, his books dealing with church history and related topics number more than fifty volumes. Dr. Cox had spent a long and honorable career as a clergyman of the Church of England, being successively Rector of Barton-le-Street and Holdaby. He was born in 1843, and in 1917 was received into the Catholic Church by the Benedictine monks at Downside Abbey, near Bath. Dr. Cox was a Justice of the Peace for Derbyshire, a member of the Royal Archaeological Institute, the British Archaeological Association, and various British and Continental learned societies.

London, March 13.—Things are coming to a crisis in the Church of England also. A vicar of a country parish has raised a grave issue this week by refusing to obey an injunction against having the ceremony of Benediction on the ground that the objection that Benediction is contrary to the usages and belief of the Church of England is a lay decision, and that he cannot accept lay control. As the Bishop also takes this control from the parliamentary body, to which the parson takes objection, it looks as though an impasse had been arrived at. Meanwhile, another English clergyman, the Chaplain of St. Barnabas Home, Seaford, has been better employed. He was received into the Church whilst on a sick bed, and died two days later, fortified with all the rites of the Holy Church.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER I

Eastbury folk gave to the sole living member of the Brower family the same high regard they had given to her once prominent father. The tradition of former wealth still clung to her and her own exclusiveness did the rest; also, that she was a young girl and a girl of unusual beauty, contributed much to the popular feeling for her in a country town where there were no rivals.

On this summer morning, seated on the low sill of the cottage window, she looked as fair and sweet as the roses which grew within touching distance in the garden below. She was strewing flower petals about her and humming a lively tune evidently in accord with her gay spirits. But the tune was suddenly stopped and she herself in some sense shocked as there sounded from the depths of the little room:

"And so you are going?" The speaker was a tall, masculine looking woman with a form that showed angles instead of curves—angles everywhere, as if they were wantonly made.

Her face matched her form; hard, pallid, cold, indented with lines which were not the effect of age, and made repellent by a wide, rigid mouth and scanty, straight, black hair. The only redeeming feature of this uncomely face were the eyes, but even they, black and lustrous as they were, caused fear and repulsion rather than admiration. Her voice was deeper than the ordinary feminine tones, and there was a slowness and distinctness about her words painfully unnatural, being in such strange contrast to her quick, nervous motions.

The girl sprang from her seat: "Yes, I am going, and why should I not go, Barbara Balk?" her face flushing hotly, and her whole manner showing disdainful defiance.

But Miss Balk did not depart from her uncompromising attitude, nor from her painfully slow and distinct tones.

"Because there is no legitimate reason for you to go, and because, if you do go, you will return more filled with vanity and folly than you are now. These are the reasons why you should not go, Helen Brower."

The girl laughed sarcastically. "Do you think I am going to resign the only chance I ever had, and perhaps ever shall have, of seeing a great city like New York? Don't be a fool, Barbara, and set up those antiquated notions of yours against the customs of civilization and good society. I expect to return knowing a good deal more than I know now, for you may be sure I shall keep my eyes and ears open, and what if I do come back with better taste about my own dress, and disposed to give even you some ideas about your ugly old costume?"

What do you say to that, Barbara?" and she laughed heartily.

Miss Balk waited in haughty silence for the mirth to subside; then, without a change in her countenance or the slightest alteration in her unnatural manner of speaking, she replied: "You are a vain fool, Helen Brower, and you'll come to grief through that vanity of yours before you die, mark my words. Where you're going now you'll run your head into a noose of your own making, and you'll break somebody's heart, but it won't be your own—oh, no! it will not be your own."

A grim smile played for an instant about Miss Balk's thin, pallid lips. Helen began to pout. "I do not know why you say such things to me; I am not beholden to you, Barbara Balk, and when my father died he did not charge you to be my mentor, and I shall not submit to such dictation," shaking her head and straightening her slight figure.

"Better for your father left somebody to be your mentor. But it makes little difference; your tetter will be short; faces like yours do too much mischief to reign long; and now, having told you to your face truths that other people will say behind your back, I should like to ask you a question on my own account. What do you intend shall become of me during your absence?"

"You?" with an accent of intense astonishment. "Why, you will stay here, of course, and keep house as usual."

"Oh, indeed! And entertain the rats, I suppose, that make nightly feasts in the garret over my head? Thank you, but I purpose doing no such thing. You have said you would be afraid to live here alone. I see no reason why I should have more courage."

"Why, Barbara, you are forty years old, and I am only nineteen, and you have lived here and kept house for papa ever so many years. Of what can you possibly be afraid?"

"Not of abduction, certainly, you would say if your prudence hadn't checked you," replied Miss Balk, with a sarcasm that made her naturally slow tones still more unfeminine and painful. "But, nevertheless, I decline to perform the part of hostess to myself, and during the half year of your absence I shall board with Mrs. Burchill."

"Mrs. Burchill!" There was amazement and dismay in Miss Brower's exclamation. "Yes; Mrs. Burchill. Does it astonish and displease you? Are you afraid that I shall tell Gerald Thurston disparaging things of you;

that I shall describe to him your vanity and selfishness; that I shall tell how your very gentleness of manner, which he and everybody else admires, is only another cloak of your vanity; that there is no genuine kindness in him, and that he'll never know until he marries you how little real heart you have? Bah! don't be afraid, I shall not tell him; if he is silly enough to be caught by your pretty face, let him put up with the consequence."

"If we were both men, Barbara Balk, I'd strike you where you stand," and the flaming cheeks and eyes and clinched hands of the speaker evinced a very desperate inclination to enforce her threat regardless of sex.

Miss Balk was not in the least dismayed. She folded her long, bony, scantily-covered arms, and looked down scornfully on the indignant young beauty. "Keep your wrath, Helen," she said; "you'll only waste it on me."

But the girl's sudden anger had changed as suddenly to passionate grief; she flung herself on the floor and sobbed.

"Oh, papa! why did you insist that I should keep this woman with me?"

Miss Balk was as little moved by the sight of her companion's tears as she had been by her anger, and waiting only for the sobs to become sufficiently subdued for her own voice to be heard, she said:

Your father insisted that I should remain with you because he knew that I was the only one who would tell you the truth about yourself. And now, you'd better not cry any more, but just face what you can't get away from; that's me. You'll never get away from me till one or the other of us is taken by death. If you attempt to leave me, I'll follow you; I'll haunt you, and I'll publish the story of your broken promise to your dying father until you are shamefully disgraced. I won't disturb you while you are on this visit, even if you should make it longer than the six months you say you will stay; but you must write regularly, and there's Gerald Thurston coming in."

There had been no change in the tone of her voice, nor in her slow manner of speech, as she uttered the last words so that the weeping beauty on the floor did not immediately catch their purport; when she said, the old-fashioned knocker was already sounding, and Miss Balk had gone, with her heavy step, to open the door. Helen hastily gathered herself up, and fled into another room.

"Because there is no legitimate reason for you to go, and because, if you do go, you will return more filled with vanity and folly than you are now. These are the reasons why you should not go, Helen Brower."

The girl laughed sarcastically. "Do you think I am going to resign the only chance I ever had, and perhaps ever shall have, of seeing a great city like New York? Don't be a fool, Barbara, and set up those antiquated notions of yours against the customs of civilization and good society. I expect to return knowing a good deal more than I know now, for you may be sure I shall keep my eyes and ears open, and what if I do come back with better taste about my own dress, and disposed to give even you some ideas about your ugly old costume?"

What do you say to that, Barbara?" and she laughed heartily.

Miss Balk waited in haughty silence for the mirth to subside; then, without a change in her countenance or the slightest alteration in her unnatural manner of speaking, she replied: "You are a vain fool, Helen Brower, and you'll come to grief through that vanity of yours before you die, mark my words. Where you're going now you'll run your head into a noose of your own making, and you'll break somebody's heart, but it won't be your own—oh, no! it will not be your own."

A grim smile played for an instant about Miss Balk's thin, pallid lips. Helen began to pout. "I do not know why you say such things to me; I am not beholden to you, Barbara Balk, and when my father died he did not charge you to be my mentor, and I shall not submit to such dictation," shaking her head and straightening her slight figure.

"Better for your father left somebody to be your mentor. But it makes little difference; your tetter will be short; faces like yours do too much mischief to reign long; and now, having told you to your face truths that other people will say behind your back, I should like to ask you a question on my own account. What do you intend shall become of me during your absence?"

"You?" with an accent of intense astonishment. "Why, you will stay here, of course, and keep house as usual."

"Oh, indeed! And entertain the rats, I suppose, that make nightly feasts in the garret over my head? Thank you, but I purpose doing no such thing. You have said you would be afraid to live here alone. I see no reason why I should have more courage."

"Why, Barbara, you are forty years old, and I am only nineteen, and you have lived here and kept house for papa ever so many years. Of what can you possibly be afraid?"

"Not of abduction, certainly, you would say if your prudence hadn't checked you," replied Miss Balk, with a sarcasm that made her naturally slow tones still more unfeminine and painful. "But, nevertheless, I decline to perform the part of hostess to myself, and during the half year of your absence I shall board with Mrs. Burchill."

"Mrs. Burchill!" There was amazement and dismay in Miss Brower's exclamation. "Yes; Mrs. Burchill. Does it astonish and displease you? Are you afraid that I shall tell Gerald Thurston disparaging things of you;

made to your dying father was not meant to bind you after your marriage. Marry me now, before you go away, and Miss Balk—well I understand that she has sufficient means to provide another home for herself."

"Marry you, and papa dead only three months! Surely, Gerald, you cannot mean that?" year, at least, I must have; I could not put off my mourning sooner."

A strange feeling passed over the young fellow at her last words. Was his idol not all he painted her? Was this beautiful exterior, this gracious gentleness which made her so charming, only gliding after all? He released her hands and looked anxiously down at her. Never was there a more perfect picture of womanly beauty and modesty than she at that moment presented. The timid, downcast air she had assumed, the tears still upon her cheeks, the heaving of her breast as if from inward sobs, all combined to exert an influence which honest Gerald Thurston could no more resist than he could stem the tide of a madly rushing river.

"A year then, Helen," he said, taking her hands again. "But only a year, and for half that time, at least, you will be free from Barbara Balk. You told me the other night she was not going with you."

"No; she will board with Mrs. Burchill."

"With Mrs. Burchill! There will be the devil to pay! Beg your pardon, Helen, but I was surprised into the profanity. What, in the name of all that's wicked, put it into her head to go there?"

"I don't know, unless it is because you are there."

"I! Why, she hates me as his Satanic majesty is said to hate the sight of a cow!"

"Well, it's owing to some perversity of hers," said Helen a little impatiently, as if she was desirous of changing the subject; "though," she continued, "I shall be rid of her for six months and you, Gerald, will have her."

"Yes, with a vengeance. I wonder if Mrs. Burchill will have the bad taste to place her opposite me at table? I don't believe I could stand those eyes of hers; they'd have me riddled in less than half the time you are to be away."

"I thought you came over to talk about my journey? Here is a half hour gone, and you have not begun to discuss it yet."

She spoke in a light, playful tone, but even her lover detected the impatient and dissatisfaction for the concession of which that tone had been assumed.

"Yes," he said gravely. "I want to have my mind quite clear on every matter connected with you, yourself have given me this right to a knowledge of all your actions, have you not?" And he touched for an instant the ring which sparkled on her finger.

"Yes," she answered, archly; "to a knowledge, but not to a control of my actions yet."

Without seeming to notice her reply, he resumed "This family in New York, whom you are going to visit—comprising, I think you told me, the father, mother, and two daughters—are they wealthy?"

"Very. Magnificent house, their own carriage, yearly trip to Europe, and all that," manifesting an enthusiasm in her description which struck a sort of chill to her lover.

"How is it these people having such ample means of entertaining you—there was an almost imperceptible sarcasm in his tone; but, faint as it was, it somewhat disconcerted Helen, and dashed for a moment the glow with which she would have given further details—"have never tendered an invitation to you before?"

"They have. I thought I told you some time ago." Her eyes distended in astonishment at his ignorance of what, to do her justice, she really supposed he had known, and she continued, eagerly, "Why, Mr. Tilloston was the best friend papa ever had; they were at college together, and when papa became so reduced that he had to come here from Boston and live, right after the death of my mamma when I was a very little girl, Mr. Tilloston offered to place papa in business again, and to send me away to school with his own daughters; but papa was so spirited and proud he would not accept either offer; he preferred to live here in this plain way, and to educate me himself. The only thing that he regretted was that he couldn't send me abroad for a music, but even that he himself taught me very well; at least you, who have heard fine musicians, do not find fault with my execution."

"No; it pleases me," he answered, with a preoccupied air, and then he turned away and seemed to be looking very intently at the fragrant little garden lying almost on a level with the low open windows.

"Why don't you continue your catechism?" she asked, after waiting a moment, and watching him with a puzzled air.

He turned to her quickly. "All that you have told me is but a detail of Mr. Tilloston's kindness to your father; there is no account of courtesy to you from the ladies of the family."

"Oh!"—with a little affected start, but the affectation was not suspected by the honest fellow awaiting her reply—"I have forgotten. Invitations from the whole family to me came frequently whenever they were home from Europe; but papa's health would not suffer him to accompany me, and he would not permit me to go without him. This last invitation, which I have accepted

was sent immediately that they heard of papa's death, for, owing to their protracted stay in Europe, they did not hear of it until a fortnight ago. They are also the more urgent for my acceptance of this invitation, as both daughters are to be married in a couple of months, and I am, in some measure, to take their place for some time after their departure. I suppose if there was a son in the family you would like to forbid my going," she continued saucily.

"I should like to forbid it now," he said, very gravely, and placing his hand on her arm.

"I declare you are too bad, Gerald; you forget that I have never been to New York, and that I have no society here, and that—and that—"

Falling to find another cause of reproach, she was obliged to leave her sentence in its ambiguous, unfinished form, but he completed it: "And that you are pretty, and would like to have New York admirers. Yes, I know it all, Helen; and I suppose I ought to remember that you are a woman, and a very young woman at that, and I ought not to be too hard upon you—nor shall I; but listen to me, and bear with me if I speak very seriously."

He took her hands again, and tried to look into her eyes, but he could only see the white lids fringed by their long, dark lashes, for she kept her eyes down.

Mr. Robinson seems to be much pleased with me, and he hints of giving me a more responsible position than the one I now hold. He is hard and close with his employees, you know, and it requires peculiar management to suit him; but I have succeeded so far, and I have no doubt of continuing to do so, so long as I pursue a strictly honest and straightforward course. Then there is something else—a great hope which may be fulfilled; and if it should be, you as my wife shall be as rich as these Tillotsons are."

"What do you mean?"

He had no difficulty now in looking down into her eyes; they were lifted to his, bright with curiosity and expectation. Again he experienced that unpleasant feeling which had assailed him in the earlier part of the interview, a feeling akin to distrust of his beautiful betrothed, and again, as on that previous occasion, a longer look at the exquisite face disarmed him. He proceeded:

"I cannot tell you, nor must you seek to know, for it may be only a false hope after all. I can hardly tell why I spoke of it to you at this time unless I thought it might moderate your eagerness to go away just now. Helen—his tones changed, becoming quick and somewhat impassioned—"if you knew what I have suffered in my past life from the want of affection, you would hardly blame me for my apparently strange and unreasonable fears now. I have given my whole heart to you, and if you should prove false!"

As if in his imagination he were realizing that of which he spoke, he flung her hands from him and began to pace the room. Helen, surprised and alarmed, watched him. But his proxy of jealousy or distrust, or whatever it might have been, passed and he turned to her penitent and even a little humbled.

"Forgive me. I have frightened you; but when you know my past, as you shall know it one day, you will understand and pity me. There, look up, bonny love, and tell me when you shall start. I am to drive you to Boston, you know, and to see you safely on board the train; and you are to write every week; and you are to be very careful about those New York admirers. Do not let me know you are jealous; and you are to be very anxious about Miss Balk and myself as to how we shall get on in the same house together, and—"

"Stop! you are stunning me with this nonsense," and one little white hand was placed over his mouth. She was pacified and happy, and he was neither, but she did not know that.

Lily Drake, sixteen, pretty, bright and affectionate, although not of the household of a father not a Catholic school teacher her mother liked the gentle, refined manners of the Sisters. Some years before a great sorrow had befallen her home; she had lost her father, not by death, but by a quiet separation of her parents. There was only Howard, her eighteen-year-old brother, and herself; and now her father had sent the boy to college.

Pretty Mrs. Drake went out constantly and entertained a great deal. Lily realized that it was her mother's extravagance and love of pleasure that had caused the quarrel ending in the separation. It was all so queer, so lonely! Why could they not be together again? Her mother was a prominent figure in society, but poor Lily was thinking just now that she would just as soon have a plain mother like Mrs. Donagan, Jennie's mother, who could keep her husband and the four Donagan boys and the three Donagan girls all together at home.

Lily was looking out of the window that day after class, and all at once the thought of her lonely home, and the longing for her dear father, overcame her. She laid her head down on the desk. The sound of her stifled sobs came to Sister Agnes at the end of the room, where she

was correcting exercises. The Sister looked up. Then she rose and came to the weeping girl. Some echo of the family trouble of the Drakes had reached her through the other pupils, but she did not like to speak of it until Lily herself should bring up the subject. So she merely soothed the child until the paroxysm had passed.

"Sister Agnes," the girl said, lifting her tear-stained face to the gentle one above her, "you Catholics ask St. Anthony to find what you lose. Oh, I have lost something so dear to me." The voice broke again into sobs. "Would he bring it back to me if you and the girls would ask him? He would not listen to me, because I am not a Catholic, but he could not refuse you—nobody could ever refuse you anything!"

Sister Agnes smiled indulgently at the naive compliment. "But you must ask him yourself, Lily. Of course the girls and I will join you, and it is for your good—your real good—St. Anthony will certainly find for you what you have lost."

"Oh, Sister Agnes, it must be for my good. I can never again be happy if I do not find—Oh, don't you know? Can't St. Anthony bring my father back? Doesn't he ever find the people we love—who go away just as if they were lost?"

Sister Agnes drew the golden head down upon her shoulder. Out of the past came a memory of her own childhood—the death of her beloved father, the lifelong grief of her devoted mother. There would be no "finding" of him ever again in this world. It would be only in the Great Reunion that loved ones would be found again.

Sister Agnes went to the little cup-board in the corner of the room and brought out a pretty statuette of St. Anthony. "Lily, dear, suppose you take this home and put it in your room, and every day ask St. Anthony to find your father and bring him home. All the girls, and I, too, will ask of him the same favor. And surely, with so many pleading to him, he will grant your wish."

When Lily reached home there was sound of much chatter and laughter in the house, for her mother was holding a high tea. The girl went quietly to her room and, unwrapping the brown-clad saint, placed him upon the mantle. On the table she found a letter from Howard.

"It's fierce, Sis," the boy wrote, "not to have any home to go to any more. All the other fellows have homes. What is the matter with us anyhow? When I want to see Dad, I have to go to a dingy hotel, of course it's a good one, but it's not home. Dad is worried about his business and I don't blame him for trying to keep down expenses and paying his debts. It don't look right to owe money and keep up so much style. Anyhow, Dad is staying here at a hotel and I am going to see him soon. Just think of it—visiting your father at a hotel when you aren't an orphan or a foreigner! It's ghastly."

"Little Sis, Dad misses you so much that I sometimes wish the terms of the separation gave you to him and me to Mater. Of course, any decent fellow will respect his mother; but I wish ours wasn't so daffy on style and all that sort of stuff. I took supper the other night with Jimmy Rhodes and he has the sweetest mother and jolliest home. He wanted me to stay there for vacation, but when I spoke of it Dad seemed like he was hurt and said I was leaving him, too; so I guess I'll just go to the hotel. I know the Mater keeps the house full of company, but I think you would rather have Dad and me than all the rest. Jimmy Rhodes hasn't got near as fine a home as ours, and his father is only a clerk, but it's a real home anyhow."

Lily laid down the letter and, going over to the mantle sobbed out to the brown-clad saint: "Oh, St. Anthony! I don't belong to your Church; I am a Protestant; but I do want my father. You find so many things for the girls—please bring me back my father!"

Even to a woman as worldly as Mrs. Drake, the mother love is given and the thought of her fine, many son without a home was disquieting. Then Lily, her "pretty Lily," as she liked to think of her, was growing pale and was very "ill," it's the Sisters who were making Lily so serious," Mrs. Drake told herself. "They are very nice, of course, but after all a girl who is to enter society needs the training of a fashionable school. After this year Lily must leave the Sisters."

A few days later the girl sat writing to her brother, to whom she could always pour out her heart in these strange, lonely days: "And Howard, I have something to tell you, and you must not laugh, for it means a great deal to me. The Catholic girls at school all pray to St. Anthony when they lose anything and he helps them to find it. He even helps them with their lessons. So Sister Agnes gave me a statue of St. Anthony and I am begging him to find my father and bring him back to me."

Now, whether St. Anthony helps people to make mistakes for his own purposes and for their own benefit, I am not enough of a theologian to say; but at any rate he caused Lily Drake, but at any rate he caused Lily Drake, who had trusted her case to him, to place her letter to her brother in the envelope addressed to her father; and as Howard was in a way his client, also, sharing in his sister's wish, he made the boy put the letter intended for Lily in his mother's envelope. Because, you see, on account of the young girl's confidence in him, St. Anthony was direct-

ing all these people to help his own ends. It was after dinner next day that Mr. Drake, in his lonely room at the hotel, opened Lily's letter. He saw at once that it was intended for her brother, but he read it, the while a great longing came over him to see his little girl. As he read, he saw Lily, tearfully pleading with the good saint to bring her father back to her. He put the letter in his pocket and sat thinking. Business had begun to grow better. Perhaps after all his wife's extravagances were not so harmful. Perhaps if he went home— "I'll put it up to Ethel to make friends for the children's sake. I'll do it! Lily will soon be grown and she will need her father. Howard, too, should have a home. How he loves Lily, and how devoted she is to him! They should certainly be together in a home. I'll just make the advances and make up with Ethel. It certainly did make me sore though to have her scattering my money on a lot of foolish people when I was staring failure in the face!"

Before the bright grate fire in her pretty room Mrs. Drake sat reading her son's letter, which was really intended for Lily. She had been holding a high tea and was very tired. Somehow everything was growing tiresome. The laughter and the chatter of the crowds who frequented her house were beginning to pall upon her. She thought of the evenings at home when her husband and children were with her, and a great wave of loneliness swept over her. Then she recalled bitterly a remark she had overheard at the function that afternoon that was not intended for her ears. Perhaps St. Anthony made her listen, and like all listeners, she heard no good of herself. One guest expressed her surprise to another that Mrs. Drake should be entertaining so lavishly when her husband was known to be on the verge of bankruptcy. Mrs. Drake smiled bitterly as she recalled the words. Her supposed friends had partaken of her hospitality and then had censured her. She recalled all these things as she read and reread her boy's letter to his sister.

"Sis, that must be a very jolly saint—your St. Anthony—if you are asking him to find your father for you and bring him back home, St. Anthony! Seems like I have heard of him before. And you have a statue of him and you are asking him every day to bring back dear old Dad! If he does that, I'll never forget him. But you are better off than I am for Dad and I have only a school to stay at when I am out of school, and after all you are at home."

Home! Mrs. Drake laid down the letter. Home! The pretty home her husband had provided for her! And she had driven him away, and his children were longing for him! Lily was grieving for her father's love and Howard was longing to come home. And it was all because of her own selfishness and extravagance. Her friends had said that her husband was on the verge of bankruptcy—failing failure and without wife or children or home!

Mrs. Drake went to the telephone. She called for a messenger and sent off a telegram: "Come home. The children want you." She hesitated before signing her name. She wanted to add, "And I want you, too." But she sent it off as it was.

Then she went to Lily's room. The young girl was spending the evening with a friend. Mrs. Drake looked at the mantle. "So this is the 'jolly saint'!" she said as she saw the brown-clad plaster statue. "Well, I, too, will ask a favor of you—that you bring my husband back. If you can find little things for other people you can find our lost love for us."

Mrs. Drake was still standing before St. Anthony when Lily came in. The girl shrank from the ridicule which she expected to receive and was surprised when her mother said softly:

"I read Howard's letter to you. He made a mistake and addressed it to me. So you asked this St. Anthony to find our father for you! Well, I am not St. Anthony, but I sent a telegram this evening to your father asking him to come back to us. I told him that you and Howard wanted him."

"And you want him, too—you know you do, mother."

Mrs. Drake drew Lily into her arms without a word, but it was answer enough.

Howard Drake was preparing for a visit to his father. He was thinking of Lily, of his mother and of the pretty home, where henceforth he would only be a visitor.

"It's fierce—that's what it is!" he muttered. What had he done that he had no home when both his father and his mother were living?—Why, Dad was not so poor, and lots of the boys in school poorer than he, had homes to go to, and he and dear old Dad had just to stay alone at a hotel! "O hark! is all!" the boy cried, impatiently wiping something like a tear from his brown cheek.

Mrs. Drake began preparations for returning to his home immediately upon the arrival of his wife's telegram. He smiled as he thought of the boy's happiness when he should learn the great news. Without waiting for the elevator, Howard bounded up the stairs and into the room after his knock at the door had been answered.

"Why, where are you going, Dad?" with a fall in his eager voice. Was Dad, too, about to leave him?

His father pushed him into a chair. "Where would you like best to go, my son?"

Howard looked up. The answer that came to his lips he hesitated to give.

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"Well, my boy, we are going home, you and I."

"O Dad! dear old Dad!" was all Howard could say.

"Well, come on now and have dinner, and we will leave on the nine o'clock train."

"O Dad! dear old Dad!" "Well, you see, Howard, I had just about decided that I must go home when your mother telegraphed that you children wanted me."

"The maid gave a gasp of surprise, then a cry of joy at the sight of the kind master who had been gone so long."

"Now, let's see your jolly friend!" he said, when the emotional strain became too great for his boyish reserve.

"Howard, dear, I could not do less than join his church, could I?"

"Sure thing, if that's all he wants."

"Well, then, I have accepted St. Anthony's faith, and some day may be you and father and mother will follow me. We owe so much to St. Anthony."

Outside of their reunited circle no one was happier over the father's return than Sister Agnes. There was no longer any thought of sending Lily to a fashionable school.

Drake grew less worldly, and when, six years later, Lily entered the convent as Sister Antonia, her mother made no opposition.

The brown-clad saint still stands serene upon the mantel of Lily's old room, and his memory is cherished by all the household.—M. E. Henry-Ruffin, L. H. D.

CHRIST PROVIDED AGAINST FORCES OF ERROR

Right here, dearly beloved brethren, we enter upon the latest phase of the conflict between Jesus Christ and this world. For in this continuing conflict, it is not Jesus Christ who is forever being driven from His rightful place in the human heart by all these forces of error?

GOD STILL REIGNS

(REV. B. X. O'REILLY)

An international diplomacy that ignores God is doomed to failure. Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

BISHOP SHAHAN WARNS AGAINST FALSE TEACHERS

"It is not to a false philosophy the Great War owes its origin, its supreme ferocity and its results that transcend all calculations."

Is it not to a false philosophy that the Great War owes its origin, its supreme ferocity and its results that transcend all calculations?

Man is only matter, nature alone exists, and human reason is supreme, independent and self-responsible.

After all is it not a doctrine which holds the world in suspense in this very hour? And are not the eyes of mankind fastened upon the apostle nation of this final intellectual phase of modern materialism?

Christ provided against forces of error. Right here, dearly beloved brethren, we enter upon the latest phase of the conflict between Jesus Christ and this world.

Christ provided against forces of error. Right here, dearly beloved brethren, we enter upon the latest phase of the conflict between Jesus Christ and this world.

Many proofs have been brought to prove the existence of God. Each is

not distinct in itself but rather different phases of the same proof. Argument is based on the validity of the principle of cause and effect.

This Being which existed before all other things, which is the primal cause of all motion must be a person. There is an element today who will admit the existence of a Supreme Being in a vague and general way but deny the existence of a personal God.

There could be none to make a law that would govern Him, none to rule over Him. The author of the universe is intelligent and free. He is a personal God.

Of more practical interest to us, particularly at this time when we are trying to readjust the civilization of the world, is the knowledge that God not only brought the universe into existence, but that He still rules over it. In every religion, whether Christian or pagan, we find a belief in Divine Providence.

Washington, himself, was nearly exhausted when he finally reached the shore, with the safe, though un-conscious, child.

It is impossible to describe the gratitude of that mother when her child was at length sleeping sweetly in her arms.

"God will reward you," she said to Washington. "He will do great things for you in return for this day's work, and the blessings of thousands besides mine will be yours!"

This mother's words were a true prophecy. In later years Washington plunged into the turbulent waves of war which threatened the very existence of the American colonies.

Washington, himself, was nearly exhausted when he finally reached the shore, with the safe, though un-conscious, child.

It is impossible to describe the gratitude of that mother when her child was at length sleeping sweetly in her arms.

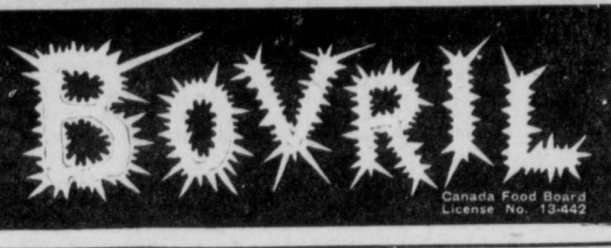
"God will reward you," she said to Washington. "He will do great things for you in return for this day's work, and the blessings of thousands besides mine will be yours!"

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threw off his coat and leaped into the roaring rapids.

"Thank God! He will save my boy," cried the mother. "Oh, my boy, my darling child!"

At times it would seem that he would surely be dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks.

Again the sharp current would bear him under till he would be lost to sight.

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responsible for his crimes. Therefore, the dear woman visit the crook of the thug in his prison, and bring him candy and fruit and flowers, and their own sweet sympathy; and the sap-head sociologists make his confinement so tolerable, that the sanction of the law loses about all its deterrent effect upon him.

What can be expected from such methods of education and penology? Human nature, in its fallen state, is prone to evil; and it must be restrained from wrongdoing by the fear of punishment.

We are not minimizing the value of moral suasion. It is undoubtedly great and should be utilized; but to expect that respect for authority, and obedience to law can be maintained by recourse to moral suasion alone is nothing short of folly.

In the light of these considerations would it not be well to return to the old sensible discipline, which insisted that "if a child does not mind, he should be made to mind?"

This is the way to effect a radical cure of Bolshevism. Stop the rearing of embryonic Bolsheviks in the schools; insist upon the development of habits of respect for authority, and of obedience to law.

Some time ago we stated that Marshal Petain of the French army is a Catholic. A number of papers affirmed that he is an agnostic.

Permit me to say that the statement about Marshal Petain's being an agnostic is unfounded. I have been of late painfully surprised to notice in certain newspapers a very decided trend to belittle nearly all the glories of France, and I think that responsible editors should accept only with great reserve rumors which are spread everywhere by thoughtless people who seem unable to realize the harm they do.

As head chaplain of the 66th Division of Alpine Chasseurs, as member of the French High Commission in the United States, I deem it my duty to protest against the above assertion.

Go to the root. To stay the entire civilized world stands in fear of Bolshevism. People and Governments alike dread the anarchy, which threatens to override all law, and to deluge every country on earth with chaos, cruelty and crime.

When at the behest of hair-brained theorists, corporal punishment was entirely abolished in the schools, the seeds of anarchy were planted far and wide.

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Do not imagine that you are too humble and insignificant to be a co-worker with God. We are all partakers in His work, as, if we be faithful, we shall be sharers in His glory.

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Hotel Lenox advertisement. Located at North St. and Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. A modern, fireproof and distinctive hotel of 250 all outside rooms. Includes a tariff table and contact information for C. A. Miner, Managing Director.

Grand Atlantic Atlantic City, N. J. advertisement. Steel Pier and all the attractions. The largest hotel directly on the Boardwalk, on the highest point in the resort. Capacity 600. Includes a tariff table and contact information for W. F. Shaw.

Alamac Hotel advertisement. Ocean front with heart to Atlantic City. American and European plans. Hot and cold sea water baths, grill, orchestra dancing, garage, Mack Lutz Co. Includes a tariff table and contact information for Geo. H. O'Neill.

The King Edward Hotel advertisement. A delightful place to bring wife and family when visiting Toronto on business. The best New York prices are coming to the theatres. Includes a tariff table and contact information for L. S. Muldoon and V. G. Cady.

Hotel Tuller advertisement. Detroit, Michigan. Offers special inducements to out-of-town guests. Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Includes a tariff table and contact information for Geo. H. O'Neill.

remark to come from a privy councillor of His Majesty.

AFTERMATH OF THE CONTROVERSY

ROBERT E. SPEER SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF

Editor Free Press: Readers of The Free Press have read my copy of letters which appeared in the Free Press of March 21 and April 1, 1919, in which a number of misstatements are made about myself.

1. Your correspondent says: "Speer's specialty was the vilification of the Catholics of the whole South American continent—no small undertaking; and, incidentally the collection of funds from the gullible victims of his falsehoods—an easier and more profitable operation."

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3. In another place your correspondent says I quoted a pastoral of the Archbishop of Venezuela. I presume he means "the Archbishop of Caracas and Venezuela."

4. Your correspondent says: "On April 27, 1910, the Rev. Robert E. Speer delivered a lecture before a missionary convention in Cincinnati on 'Our Duty to our Enlightened Brethren of South America.'"

5. Your correspondent says: "The point to be kept in mind is that Speer was found out, and that he did not announce the discovery himself. The whole correspondence was published by the Rev. Father Martin, of Cleveland, who after following Speer relentlessly for more than two years, finally forced him to admit that the documents in question were forgeries."

6. Your correspondent says: "Speer is a self-confessed peddler of malicious forgery against the Catholics of South America, and, as such, might easily be left to the luxury of his own reflections. But his authority was dragged into a local controversy, and he has not me to blame for the exposure of his shortcomings as a historian. I propose to show that Mr. Speer has not improved his position by his latest communication, and for that purpose I shall deal with it in paragraphs 'explicitly, one by one.'"

7. Mr. Speer reproaches me with a lack of courtesy and invokes the words of Dean Stanley: "Let us never impute to our opponents intentions which they themselves disclaim, nor fasten upon them opprobrious names, which they themselves repudiate."

8. Mr. Speer says: "I have never collected any funds from those who heard these addresses or read these publications, or from anyone else. Mr. Speer is the secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, with headquarters in New York."

paper, La Lasi, October 24, 1897. A friend in Santiago, Chile, followed up the matter there and at length discovered the author. I at once published all the facts.

9. Your correspondent says: "With a delicate consideration for the forger Speer did not disclose his name." At his request I keep his name secret. He even went the length of intensifying his offense and further justifying himself, by offering the testimony of the undisclosed forger in a final effort to substantiate his calumnies.

10. Your correspondent says: "There are other misstatements in these letters, but it is not necessary now to deal further with them. Nor do I need to deal at all with the unworthy and untrue insinuations in the communications. It is enough to say that in your correspondent's letters not one sentence which refers to me is free from error or untruth."

ROBERT E. SPEER. New York, April 10, 1919.

BISHOP FALLON REPLIES TO ROBERT E. SPEER

Editor of The Free Press: The letter of Mr. Robert E. Speer which you published this morning is an exquisite specimen of a neat rivulet of quibbling fact-meandering through a meadow of cunning equivocation.

1.—Mr. Speer says: "I am not the Rev. Mr. Speer. I am a layman. I accept the correction, and apologize to Mr. Speer for my error. I likewise apologize to the clergy for having included him in their number."

2.—Mr. Speer says: "I have never collected any funds from those who heard these addresses or read these publications, or from anyone else. Mr. Speer is the secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, with headquarters in New York."

3.—It took Mr. Speer only a few months to discover the defects of the Catholicity of the whole continent of South America. He needed, however, more than two years of prodding before publicly admitting that he was engaged in the industrious circulation of fraudulent documents.

4.—Mr. Speer avails himself of a similar unworthy subterfuge with regard to the concealment of the name of the forger. He is technically right, but he is shamefully wrong.

Q. What is then pray to the crucifix or to the images or relics of the Saints?

It is true that he is not originally responsible for the failure to reveal the name of the author of the rotten forgery which he circulated. He merely co-operated effectually in the concealment.

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In handing to the former the authority and symbol of his new distinction, Bishop Fallon spoke in glowing terms of Father O'Connor's services in this diocese.

"I would be frank enough to say that knowing him as I know him I did not dare to speak to him of my intention to ask the Holy Father when I visited Rome last August to confer this honor upon him. I knew how much he shrank from public notice and from the advertising of his acts of charity and of his acts of devotion to the Catholic Church."

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

HOME PRODUCTS

One, among many of the important duties of a bishop is to provide for a zealous and efficient body of priests for his diocese.

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Memorial Tablets. To such Churches, Colleges, Clubs, Lodges, Corporations or individuals as may have under consideration the erection of Bronze Memorial Tablets, to perpetuate the memory of their fallen brave, we will be glad to submit designs and estimates without placing them under any obligation whatever.

and table, and you will find no people who have been more steadfast in their loyalty to the cause of freedom of nations," continued Mr. Biley.

He apologized the Irish patriots, who, generation after generation, have striven and suffered for liberty. He predicted that Ireland would yet take her place among the nations of the earth, and that Emmet's epitaph would at last be written.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND. Almonto, Ontario. Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests.

I propose the following burse for subscription.

Previously acknowledged... \$2,576 68. Peter Hope Sunday School... 4 00. Port Canning, Presque... 2 00.

Man wants but little here below—but he wants it quick. Lots of men do a thing twice in order to get it done once.

GOOD-WILL. LONDON, APRIL 8, 1919. FROM A FORMER HIGH CHURCHMAN. Toronto, April 11th, 1919. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

Dear Sir,—I have read with great interest the letter of "High Churchman" written from Woodstock to the Free Press, and incorporated with editorial remarks, in the current number of your excellent journal.

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A GENEROUS CATHOLIC BROAD-MINDED PROVISION FOR HOSPITAL

Leaving an estate of about \$6,000,000, Thomas O'Neil, the well known merchant and real estate developer, after provisions for his widow, has planned in his will for the establishment of one of the most unique hospitals ever founded in this country.

LOYOLA'S GREAT GIFT. All the bequests made by Mr. O'Neil show an unusual interest in seeing that his fortune after his death should go for the real comfort and betterment of his fellow-men.

His earnest desire is expressed to have his great retail store turned into a corporation, in which his employees will become stockholders, and carry on the business which he built up in his lifetime.

At Mrs. O'Neil's death he gives to his executors one-third of the residue of his estate to enable them to form a corporation to which are to be invited the following:

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BISHOP INVESTS TWO LONDONERS

Following the celebration of Solemn Pontifical Mass at St. Peter's Cathedral yesterday morning, His Lordship Bishop Fallon conducted the formal investiture of Right Rev. D. O'Connor, Vicar-General of the Diocese of London and director of St. Peter's Seminary, and of Mr. Philip Pocock, chairman of the London Public Utilities Commission.

Q. What is forbidden by the First Commandment?

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B.
LOW SUNDAY

GOD OR THE WORLD?

"The friendship of this world is an enemy of God." (1 John II, 15)

St. Augustine tells us that there are two loves, which make two different cities or kingdoms—the love of God, spiritual and infused, which makes the city of God, the Church of the elect; the love of the world and of self, so centred as to exclude God, that makes the city of the wicked, which is the kingdom of the devil, by whom it is possessed and ruled. "Know you not that the friendship of this world is the enemy of God? Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of this world becometh an enemy of God." (James IV, 4) This is the friendship that makes men inordinately disobedient, and displeasing to God. "Love not the world," says St. John, "nor the things which are in the world. If any man love the world, the charity of the Father is not in him." (1 John II, 15)

But let us beware of unreality and exaggeration; instead of doing good they do harm. So let us see plainly and exactly what is meant by the world and the friendship of the world. By the world here is meant vain and vicious men, who love carnal, transitory, and earthly things inordinately—that is, to the exclusion of God—and these very things themselves, which such men seek and desire, grasp and cling to, that they may be enriched, praised, and exalted in this short life.

Here is the evil and danger of it all. We are in the world, and have to be in the world and mix with the world; where is the evil, then, in loving the things of the world? God's love has to be first and foremost in our hearts, and wherever and whenever things of the world seek to take this first place, there is the evil and the danger. Therefore duty to God constantly calls upon us to despise, break with, and even to hate the things and friendships of this world, inasmuch as they hinder us, or actually prevent us, from seeking and loving God. "For all that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, which is not of the Father, but of the world." (1 John II, 16) We must, then, thus far overcome the world that shall not allow it or any creature friend of it so to entice us that, for the desire or love of it, we shall transgress the law of God.

As the friendship of this world is an enemy of God, as the text tells us, we see plainly that we cannot be friends with both. God and the world have nothing in common; their ends are diametrically opposed to each other. The world bows down to wealth, influence, success; Christ blesses poverty, meekness, persecution. The world makes the most of the present and the things of life, for it knows in its heart that it passeth away. Christ bids us remember that we are pilgrims and way-farers here, to rejoice if the world hates us, for our true home is heaven, whither we are tending. "Wonder not, brethren, if the world hate you," (1 John III, 13)

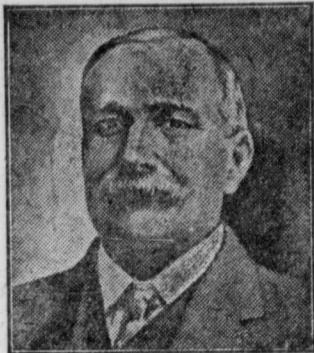
A twofold attack does the world advance against the servants of Christ. Adversity threatens that we may lose courage, and through fear be induced to sin. The world tried this for three hundred years of persecution in the early ages; it has tried it again in later times in many countries, and especially in England and in Ireland. And the glorious martyrs gave a triumphant answer, and gladly laid down their lives for the love of God. And the martyrs of more recent times vied in courage and alacrity with the martyrs of the olden days. The children of the Church had not changed with the lapse of centuries. In the same blessed choir of martyrs we behold Ignatius of Antioch and Fisher of Rochester, Cyprian and Thomas More, Lawrence and Campion the Jesuit!

And the second mode of attack is an insidious one—the seductions of pleasure and prosperity, amusements and love, to entice and attack, to deceive and ensnare the hearts of the unwary and imprudent. This is the attack to which, in our days, so many especially the young and impulsive, fall victims. Too self-willed to heed warnings, resenting interference, they are swept on with the crowds of pleasure-seekers, forgetful of God and their souls; the love of the world slowly but surely possessing itself of their heart and ruling it. He alone can withstand this attack who, with the eye of faith, looks up to God, and for His love and honor despises and rejects the blandishments of all created things.

St. John tells us what power it is that overcomes the world—our faith: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith" (1 John V, 4) the faith that tells us Jesus Christ is our Saviour and our Judge, and therefore that our lives and hearts should be all for Him. A lively, strenuous faith pleases God so much! It is above all riches and honors and the substance of this world. It is the gift of God, but we can pray for it, and pray for more and more of it. The Gospels bid us do it. And Jesus saith, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." And immediately crying out, with tears, he said, I do believe, Lord: help my unbelief." (Mark IX, 22, 23) "And Jesus saith, Have the faith of God. . . . Whatever you ask when ye pray, believe that you shall receive; and they shall come unto you." (Mark XI, 22, 24)

ACUTE NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

All Treatments Proved Useless Until He Tried "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



MR. JAS. S. DELGATY.

R.R. No. 4, Gilbert Plains, Man. "In the year 1910, I had *Nervous Prostration* in its worst form; was reduced in weight from 170 pounds to 115 pounds. The doctors had no hope of my recovery, and every medicine I tried proved useless until a friend induced me to take "Fruit-a-tives". I began to mend almost at once; and after using this fruit medicine for 3 or 4 months, I was back to my normal state of health. I never had such good health for twenty years as I have enjoyed the past six years. We are never without a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' in the house". JAS. S. DELGATY.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

THE RECONSTRUCTION COUNCIL

'Reconstruction' is getting started before we have had a taste of it just because it has been so much in our ears and on our tongues. Still we must not turn our mind away from it. It represents a practical and momentous issue of the present day. Not any mending of society is reconstruction, but only such a change as will bring it back to its lost, or perhaps never yet attained, ideal. Now who will tell us what that ideal is? It is, briefly told, the well-being of the community. But again, by what means is that well-being brought about? If we had a certain answer to this question we should have a definite program for the reconstruction of society. Amidst the Babel of conflicting views and theories it is a matter of congratulation for us Catholics that the National Catholic War Council, which rendered such fine service to the country during the war, has constituted itself into what might be called a National Catholic Reconstruction Council. Through the bishops composing it are not in their usual role of religious teachers and interpreters of God's word still their pronouncements represent the wisdom of a Church that has an experience of twenty centuries of a Church of which Woodrow Wilson said in his New Freedom (as quoted in our last issue): "The only reason why government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic system which then prevailed, was that most of the men who were efficient instruments of government were drawn from the Church—from that great religious body which was then the only Church, that body which is now distinguished from other religious bodies as the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church was then, as it is now, a great democracy."

From this great historical democracy the world in throes for the birth of true democracy may well take advice. Especially the poor and do n-trodden have a friend in the Catholic Church. As long as her voice was dominant in the councils of the nations there was no labour problem. The latter began to develop at the time of the Reformation when her influence became circumscribed. And if now-days the Church is powerless to carry out her good intentions in behalf of the labouring class it is because the laborers themselves, deluded by false hopes of an earthly Paradise, refuse to stand by her in her battle for universal justice. Should the miracle happen that the laborers all over the world would choose Pope Benedict XV, for their Moses, we have no doubt that he would lead them out of Egypt with a mighty hand and conduct them to a land flowing with milk and honey.

At any rate the first among the reconstruction pamphlets issued by

the National Catholic Council has made a favorable impression on labor elements outside of the Church. The *World Tomorrow* (as quoted in America of March 22nd) regards it as a comprehensive pronouncement in favour of a variety of radical legislative and administrative measures 'to better the conditions of labor, and says in particular:

"What is of still more significance, Bishop Muldoon's report calls for an increasing share of self government in industry. This Board of Catholic Bishops indorses specifically the right of labor not only to organize, but to receive what the English group of Quaker employers have called the industrial part of business management'. Some of our leading newspapers have tried to destroy the effect of these far-seeing proposals upon the public mind by announcing that they are intended to 'combat Bolshevism'. For ourselves we reject the implication that the Catholic Church is animated solely by this unworthy fear. Without doubt there is a section of the clergy and laity within the Roman Church who have both the wisdom and the intimate contact with plain people to make them sincerely desirous to have the Church stand squarely in the new era with labor rather than with the great vested interests." If there are any among the Catholic clergy or laity who do not stand squarely with labor in all its just and reasonable demands they certainly have not the mind of the Church.—S. in The Guardian.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

I. THE CALL
In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below,
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you we go for help and aid,
The torch, the banner, and the sword,
The gun, our brains, and our own blood;
To your bright hands we transfer the de-
vice,
To your fair ranks on Marching go,
In Flanders fields.

II. THE PLEDGE
In Flanders fields the cannon boom
And flut flut flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well.
Sleep peacefully, for all is well,
Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it thru,
To crush the foe or sleep with you
In Flanders fields.

III. THE FULFILLMENT
In Flanders fields the poppies bloom
Above your lowly, hallowed tomb.
That your brave deeds may never die
The torch of Freedom lifted high
Shall shine forever where you lie.
No more in Flanders fields will grow
The crosses, endless row on row,
For crushed and conquered lies the foe,
We kept the faith, we've seen it thru,
Our myriad brave lie dead with you
In Flanders fields.

Sweet be your rest! Our task is done;
The tramp of armies, boom of gun
And furious cry of savage Hun
Are silent now. The victory's won
In Flanders fields.

—REV. J. A. WILLIAMS,
Lennox, South Dakota.

"IN FLANDERS FIELDS"

I. All the world knows the story of the physician of Montreal, Canada, who enlisted at the very beginning of the war and was assigned to the medical corps. The devastation of Belgium, with every field a burial ground, so deeply moved him that in April, 1915, while the second battle of Ypres was in progress, he wrote this poem. Speaking for the Belgian dead he calls upon the outside world to avenge her wrongs. It attracted immediate attention and has made its author's name immortal. He died in Flanders, January 28, 1918.

II. A reply to Col. McRae's poem was written in the same year, 1915, by the state librarian of Ohio. It is significant that before his own nation had gotten into the war or had recognized any moral responsibility this writer had the prophetic vision to pledge to Belgium that the world would go the utmost limit in her defense. It is a gallant response to the urgent appeal of a stricken land.

III. In the autumn of 1918, with Germany defeated and suppliant, a priest in a small Dakota town penned the third of this series, in which he commemorates the completion of the great task. It appropriately rounds out and completes the theme—Call, Pledge, Fulfillment. This unique trilogy of verse by different writers is one of the noted literary products of the war.—S. H., in True Voice.

HER VIEWS OF FEMININITY

Among the many things which he admires in the Catholic Church, and which he thinks the Protestant bodies might very well imitate, the Rev. Dr. Moffatt enumerates the following seven: "First, emphasis of the sanctity of the marriage vow; second, the pomp and dignity and parade of the Church; third, the central unifying authority of the Church; fourth, the tone of conviction; fifth, femininity, as exemplified in the honor paid the Blessed Virgin Mary; sixth, purgatory; and lastly, 'confession.' The position of the Church with regard to woman, her dignity and her worth, forms two of the points which the Protestant doctor thinks worthy not only of admiration, but of imitation as well. As viewed from the accepted Protestant standpoint, the Catholic position is considered extreme. As compared with the program of the Bolshevik, who, according to latest reports, are to be the advocates of free love, such a position is the extreme of the extreme. The Bolsheviks would go to the opposite pole, and abolish marriage altogether. The Doctor quoted above points out the authority to which all lovers of decency and civilization must look, if maiden, wife and mother are to hold the high place which has been theirs. The Bolshevik may find sympathizers among other bodies, when they advocate that ruinous system with which they are charged. Against such a doctrine they may expect to find the Catholic Church unalterably and uncompromisingly opposed.—Catholic Transcript.

THE POPE'S MESSAGE TO LABOR

At a recent audience granted to the delegates of a Catholic organization, largely constituted of working-men, the Holy Father, according to a wireless received by the New York World, expressed his sympathy with the aspirations of labor throughout the world. Of particular interest is the promise he is said to have given that he would help to obtain a better state of labor conditions, which he realized must be the special task of the next few years. "I intend," he said, "to follow the policy of Leo XIII, and will disclose my program later, meanwhile I want the workers of the entire world to know that I am their friend." These expressions are interpreted as signifying the Pope's determination to lead the new spirit of the age in aiding to make a better world by bettering labor conditions.—America.

If you hate another, it is slow suicide for yourself.

Some men sow seeds of kindness and expect to reap their reward with a mowing machine.

SELDOM SEE

A big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat.

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG'D. U.S. PAT. OFF.
will clean it off without laying up the horse. No blister, no hair gone. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Describe the ailment, attach the Absorbine, Jr., the best septic liniment for man, dog, horse, cat, dog, etc. Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Burns, Pains and Inflammation. Price \$1.25 a bottle at drugists or delivered. Liberal trial bottle postpaid for 5c. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 429, Lowell, Mass., Montreal, Can.

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The tramp of armies, boom of gun
And furious cry of savage Hun
Are silent now. The victory's won
In Flanders fields.

—REV. J. A. WILLIAMS,
Lennox, South Dakota.

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NOTICE NEW TAX ON MATCHES

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE THINGS WE DO

It isn't the thing you do, dear; It's the thing you leave undone...

The little acts of kindness, So easily out of mind; Those chances to be angels...

For life is all too short, dear, And sorrow is all too great; So suffer our great compassion...

THE ACTIVE MIND

Age and life are very relative terms. Many men are old at thirty and youth smiles from the eyes...

Comparatively few men who succeed markedly or exhibit high qualities of resource in a crisis are grooves men...

The great inventors have been all their lives wide awake to every small happening in inanimate nature...

The masters of souls, the men by whose instrumentality miracles of grace have been performed...

The attitude in each case is the same, one of vigilant expectation. The conclusion of yesterday may at any moment be modified...

We are often bored by the insatiable curiosity of children. In a measure it is a faculty we all had, but killed by neglect...

With age the habit of exaggeration grows apace. At school the practice is particularly in evidence. A child who comes to school on one occasion with a torn dress is referred to at home as the girl who always comes to school with torn clothes...

It is a girl has an appointment with a girl friend and arrives a few minutes late, she is greeted with the reproach, "You always keep me waiting for ages."

The report on marriage and divorce prepared by the bureau of the census for 1916 shows that 112,036 divorces were granted during that year in the United States...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TO A LITTLE GIRL

A rosebud 'neath the gentle sun Will be a rose ere June is done. The tiny song bird in the nest In time will sing its prettiest...

When all your girlhood days are through; What wondrous beauties I shall find When you have left these charms behind...

Oh, little girl upon my knee, How many charms I cannot see; Are hidden deep within your heart? How many smiles are there to start...

FOCH AND CLEMENCEAU

The Lutheran, which cannot be accused of Catholic bias, says: "No two men could stand further apart than Foch and Clemenceau..."

It is the duty of all to cultivate a spirit of graciousness, to remember their friends in a graceful way. It is the manner in which the deed is done rather than the deed itself...

EXAGGERATIONS OF SPEECH Why is it so many things are exaggerated, distorted and falsified? It is not to be denied that frequently persons who are regarded as good and honest, and who at heart are really sincere, have no scruples of conscience in that matter of twisting facts or presenting their own inventions as truths...

A SHAMEFUL RECORD The report on marriage and divorce prepared by the bureau of the census for 1916 shows that 112,036 divorces were granted during that year in the United States...

These are really harmless samples of exaggerations for the sake of effect. More serious are such excesses of speech when they injure the reputation of a neighbor or compromise his honor...

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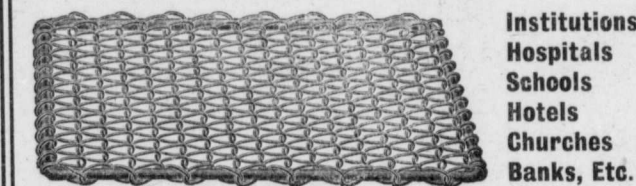
out-draws and out-classes all other teas. "This is no idle claim"

of the report. Lack of children seems to accompany looseness of the marriage tie. Perhaps it explains it to some extent.

These are really harmless samples of exaggerations for the sake of effect. More serious are such excesses of speech when they injure the reputation of a neighbor or compromise his honor...

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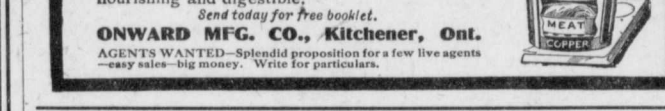
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at heart the welfare of our country are becoming alarmed over the situation. It is a shameful record that we have made in this respect during the past quarter of a century.

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