

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### A RECLUSE!

We remember him very well. A tall man with a slow gait. He always seemed to be thinking as he went. Most "walks" in our days are almost on the run. You know the man is going to the station. He is only breathlessly thinking of a train. Not so in this case. You could see he was thinking deep, quiet thoughts as he went. He had a fine face, which might have been handsome when the man was young, but now it was marked and gnarled and weathered by time. It was almost rugged, and yet a quiet smile often came to light it up pleasantly. Even great rough hills lose their austerity with the morning light on them. Most people knew him as the editor of a local newspaper, a humdrum print. Some few recognised him as a poet. He had written, but by no means his best things. His "copy" had poetry in it; but he was a much better poet than that.

When first we remember him he lived at Mountain Hall. Why it was called Mountain Hall we never knew. There was nothing that even a liar could call a "mountain" within twenty miles of the old house. But there was a little garden, surrounded by a hedge in which the birds built, before the house, and some fine old trees which held out great sheltering arms around it. There was, too, what had been a farmyard, with barn and outhouses behind, and then nothing but fields—flowery fields—for a good half mile at least, when you would come upon some high-set woods in one direction, and some other dwellings on the town's outskirts in another. Here he lived his quiet life with books and with his heart. We had a theory, when we were young, that a man to be a poet must have been a lover; that to be gifted with a song throat, you must have had heart experience. Indeed, we would have argued, did not nature point to the same conclusions. It is not at the mating season the birds sing? "The merry birds are lovers," according to Burns, who certainly had his hot experiences of a turbulent heart. But whether our old friend ever had been in love, we know not. His youth was long past before we knew him. If he had been in love, it had only left a wholesome scar—for he was a man in whom there was no running sore. When we knew him he lived a quiet, happy life. Perhaps in these our busy days men would say he frittered away his existence. But no; he lived to the full, although he was a kind of recluse. He entertained a great many good books. But he was no pedant. He did not read much, but he read well. He seldom talked much about his books, and often talked much about nature. Not Nature as we have written it, with a big N, but the friendly, homely nature as he saw it round about him. He once took us to see a nest which a dainty little bird had built in the hedge of his garden. It seemed somehow his property as well as the bird's, and we had an impression that he knew every nest in the neighbourhood, and that the birds did not look upon his visits as an intrusion, so gentle was he.

He was full of bird lore, not gathered second hand from books, but first hand from the hedges and the bushes and the field. But it was not his quaint natural history that we meant to write about, but the man himself, although you would not understand him unless you understood something of his friends the robin and the swallow and the rest. There is a new-fangled kind of biography which asserts that the life of a man is meaningless unless you read with it the history of his times. It is upon this sound principle that we have in connection with our old friend let you hear the birds sing.

When he spoke of men or books, he had always something to say that was well worth listening to; and yet his shrewdness of insight always wore a scabbard of velvet, and his sword-strokes were genial. We could make our own pages interesting if

we could remember and put down some of the good things that he so quietly said. But that would be like robbing the dead. We remember once he said of the carpet bagger who was attempting to represent his city in Parliament, and who was a wind bagger as well. "He reminds me of a churn with some water and a little piece of soap in it. With diligent working it foams and froths until you would think that all the world was in the box; but it is only a little piece of soap after all." And that fairly described the platform oratory of the would-be M. P.

It is too frequently the fault of a man who is a poet or a play-writer, or indeed anything, that his estimates of those who are in the same line of business are inexorable. Who ever heard a singer praise a singer? Even the praise of such persons ends with a detraction; indeed the praise is given that the detraction may seem judicial. But this man did not seem to be jealous of any one. It is true that there was one man from the same country-side who had risen into the zenith of popular praise. He was uncouth, but strenuous; earnest, but crabbed. He had a following; and it is a following that turns even a strong head. It might well have been that our old friend might have girded at his contemporary. But no; all his judgments leaned to mercy's side. To him nothing that was human was strange and when he had no good word to say, he said nothing. He had made no serious effort to achieve fame, and he did not resent the success of others. Strange, too, in these questioning days, when creeds are on their trial, and when to deny is easier than to affirm, he did not seem to be racked with doubt, but worshipped in the same church, or at any rate in the same faith that he had been born into. Yet he, like others, must have passed through the tossing waters of unbelief; but he had come to land. He was serene in nothing, but the fervid usually overshoots the mark. He led a quiet, comely, not unhappy life, with great thoughts and deep feelings. Respect followed him at a distance. Of friends he had few, but every one in the neighborhood felt a sedate pride in having him in their midst. His existence kept the common times above contempt. And when in the fulness of time he passed away—dying as quietly as he had lived—he was followed by many to the grave; and although there was no hysterical sorrow at his funeral, there was a good deal of decent sadness, which was a tribute to his unpretentious reputation, and his calm days now calmly ended. That he had achieved nothing is not true. He had lived! It is not a man's destiny to produce pictures or books which are the darlings of an hour, although that does seem a superficial folk that goes to see to be "Man's chief end." After all, books and work are not in themselves noble, but they are the means by which a man may make himself noble. If you can be noble without them, so much the better. His contributions to the plethoric library of the world had been small, and were soon forgotten. He had scaled no great height of fame. He had not taken a gaping world by surprise, but he had lived worthily. He could look on life largely and still could smile; he had a wide soul and a gentle warm heart on rapport with Nature all his days, and he left behind him a memory which is more like a fragrance than a history. May our last days be like his!

### ALL CALL ON GOD

It has often been said, that in the face of danger and death, there are no atheists. It was never said more effectively than recently by George Pattullo in The Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Pattullo wrote: "How many times I threw myself flat, I don't know. Now I was furiously tearing myself free from the bars; next I was down on the ground, dumbly praying to the Creator for protection, while in front, behind and all around the shells were lashing the earth. Twice the mud they threw covered me from head to foot. I'm not ashamed to admit that I prayed. What I am ashamed of is that I hadn't done such a thing before in fifteen years; and now, like a yellow dog, I turned to my Maker for help. But who

doesn't? I don't care who the man is or what his belief may be; I don't care what his pluck or what his part, or how atheistic his leanings—when all else fails him, in the agony of pain or fear of death, he will cry to a higher Power; he will make some sort of prayer to his God."—Extension Magazine.

## THE VATICAN AND THE ALLIES

### A NEW ATMOSPHERE

FROM A ROMAN CORRESPONDENT  
London, Eng., Daily Telegraph, Aug. 19, 1918.

Is the Pope of any importance in the world? If he is not, then we need not trouble about him, nor need anyone read what follows. But we have troubled about him ever since the War began; we have followed his words and actions with more interest than, perhaps, those of any other neutral in the world. In the earliest days of the War an influential group of English Non-conformists did not hesitate to express their recognition of the potential influence of the Vatican, with the hope that the Pope could speak clearly and the certainty that if he spoke his voice would be raised on the side of right—the side of the Allies. If representatives of Non-conformity, typical opponents of all things Catholic, recognized the importance of the Vatican, it may surely be taken that the world in general agrees in that view. The British Government seem to have shown agreement in sending a diplomatic mission to the Holy See. Indeed, the story of the War shows that the Vatican does count for something in the world. It is on that assumption that this article is written, to establish certain facts in their true light, and to suggest some thoughts arising from them touching the future of the British Empire, other civilized communities, and, in fact, the civilization of the world in general.

In considering the position, actions, influence of the Pope, the Holy See, the Vatican—use whatever term you will—I have attempted to put aside both partiality and prejudice. The reader is asked to do the same. It is equally foolish and harmful to start with the idea that the Pope is all powerful as that he is a negligible quantity. In the Middle Ages practically all Europe owed him spiritual obedience; interdicts and excommunications were regarded seriously; yet sovereigns not only disobeyed him, but went to war against him. He possessed temporal power and large estates, yet he was carried into captivity. But there would not be much result now—except to German Catholics—if the Pope were to accomplish the impossible and excommunicate the German Emperor. And now, too, he lives shut up in the Vatican, under a semi-confinement, inevitable even if generously exercised, of the Italian Government. On the other hand, the Holy See exists and will go on existing. The Pope does not leave the Vatican, but from it he controls spiritually the Catholic Church, and that control is effective in whole or part, in what are called "mixed" matters, even in some which would seem to be connected with the world alone. That being so, it is worth considering what this organization, the Catholic Church, is.

### CATHOLIC ORGANIZATION

To begin with, there are 800,000,000 people in it, and a homogeneous public opinion of 800,000,000 people counts. Then there is the executive, headed by the Pope, the College of Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops, Vicars and Prefects Apostolic, and the whole army of regular and secular priests working in every corner of the habitable globe. On the diplomatic side there are Nuncios and Internuncios; religio-diplomatic representatives are the Apostolic Delegates. Reaching downwards from the Pope there are (at the present moment) sixty-five Cardinals, twenty Patriarchal, 239 Archiepiscopal, 995 Episcopal Sees, thirteen Apostolic Delegations, 189 Apostolic Vicariates, seventy-three Prefectures. The holders of all these are on active service; the 563 titular Sees are not counted. On the diplomatic side the Holy See has nuncios in nine countries, Internuncios in six; sixteen States send representatives to Rome. The whole of the vast organization is controlled from the Vatican; supreme chief of the bureaucracy that controls it is the Pope. There it is, existing today as it has existed for centuries, and—let it be repeated, for there is no getting away from the fact—as it is going to go on existing, indeed growing, as the yearly records show.

The Allies have got to win this War. And they are going to win this War. A very highly placed Catholic prelate has said to me that his faith that Divine Providence could not allow the forces of evil to triumph over right in the present struggle for the future of the world was for him as strong as his faith in his Church, Justice and right must triumph so

surely the Allies must win this War. But surely our point of view must not be confined to the time of fighting. We must look forward to the day when, Germany has performed to accept the just and lasting peace on which the Allies are bent, and of which the Pope has spoken, too, and beyond that to world prosperity under its aegis. Possibly at the time of making peace, certainly in the years to follow, it is to the interest of the Allies and it is practicable to co-operate with the great organization outlined above. Per contra, if the Allies are not willing to co-operate with it, it may drift once more into German orbit. And surely the British Government do not want to see perpetual difficulties cropping up between them and the activity of that huge disorganised and the sentimentality of 800,000,000 people. The British authorities have been misunderstood in the past; Catholic opinion in Rome and in neutral countries has been against them, and their cause has suffered. This has now greatly, if not entirely, changed; the logic of facts has destroyed prejudice. The British Government can now do one of two things—recognize and take advantage of the change, or lose the position that the justice of their cause and the honesty of their actions has won for them among Catholics. They can let the Vatican alone. If they do that it may slide back into the arms of Germany and Austria, and then the position will be as in August, 1914.

### CHANGE IN OPINION

The change that has come about in Catholic opinion throughout the world is remarkable. In 1914 in neutral countries it went solidly against this country. Until Italy entered the War, such Catholic opinion as could be deduced from its press, was on the side of Germany and Austria. Ninety-five per cent. of the people in Italy are Catholics, and certainly the press did not represent their feeling. It did at that time represent the feeling of certain official Catholic organizations, which take their views from the Vatican. Now, Catholic opinion in Italy is unanimous with the Allies; Catholics—official "organised" Catholics, that is—are taking their full share in their country's struggle. There may still be found half a dozen people here and there who have not been able to "see across Ponte Molle," to raise their heads above the fog of ancient history and ancient prejudice, but they do not count in the life of the nation. It is true the Vatican does not discountenance them openly—it cannot do so, because that might seem like taking sides—but it certainly does not encourage them. American Catholics were, in a large majority, against this country; now they are wholly with their country and the Allies, and in the fighting ranks in numbers far above their proportion to the population. In August, 1914, an American prelate—a true American, not a German—said to the writer that he hoped France would not come out victorious, on account of the anti-Papal attitude of its Government. Now, American Catholics are fighting for France on the soil of France with that prelate's blessing. Catholic opinion in Spain is still largely under the influence of German poison propaganda, but it is far from being so anti-Ally as it was. In Switzerland, even among many of the German Swiss, facts, again, have had their effects.

There is no doubt about the change due to the destruction of ancient prejudice by straight facts. It was inevitable that in 1914 Germany and Austria should find favour in the eyes of Rome as against the Allies. Austria had the reputation of being a Catholic country; at any rate the Emperor was "his apostolic Majesty," and did excellent lip service. Further, he was the one great Catholic far above the rest, and was "his Most Catholic Majesty" of Spain not quite in the same class, but the spirit that animated Canalejas was believed to exist still in Spain, while legislation openly directed against the Church was unknown in Austria. And Germany had been cultivating the Vatican for years by methods which though contradictory and hypocritical in fact as we see them now, amply German—were effective here. Wilhelm came and paid court to the Pope with a show of State carriages and horses and gigantic cuirassiers brought specially from Berlin—and he had written only two years before to the Princess Anne of Hesse, who had become a Catholic: "I hate the religion you have embraced. . . . You have, men, joined that Roman superstition, the destruction of which regards as the supreme end of my life." He bought and presented to a Catholic community in Jerusalem the sacred site known as the Domitio Virginis; and he urged Mohammedans on a Holy War against Christianity. He visited Benedictine Monasteries in Germany, flatterer the inmates with words and gifts, and taking good care that Rome should be informed that the German Government systematically refused to allow any ordinance of the Pope, binding the whole Church, to have any force at all in Germany. A sweeping statement

this last, but true and easily documented.

### BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVE

The King of Prussia kept a very efficient representative in Rome, a Lutheran, a Jew, a smooth and at the same time a strong diplomat, and his efforts were well seconded by two Christians representing Austria and Bavaria. Their diplomatic activity was surprising. When the Secretary of State looks up now the records of August, 1914, and thereabouts, in the light of the revelations furnished by the War, it is more surprised than ever. But in those days Germany and Austria possessed the Vatican. There was no one to contradict anything they said. The Belgian representative was past his prime; the Russian did not count; the British Government had no one, nor had France. It was "Catholic Austria and semi-Catholic Germany" against "infidel France, Protestant England, and Schematized Russia;" and of the three the last was, in the eyes of the Vatican—and with some justice, for the Holy Synod's record as regards Catholics would not bear examination)—far and away the worst. "No one" is hardly right; but there was one person in Rome; and if the poison diffused by the German coterie did not sink deeper than was actually the case, England and the Allies owe that to the presence in Rome of that fearless and, happily, trusted pillar of truth, Cardinal Gasquet. At Christmas, 1914, Sir Henry Howard came, followed shortly afterwards by a representative of Belgium with a keen, logical mind, M. Vanden Heuvel. The atmosphere was changing even before the Germans and Austrians left when Italy went to war in May 1915; since then the light of truth has penetrated ever more and more through the fog of prejudice and lies. It has been aided by facts, blatant, historic, terrible facts, which damn the Central Empire.

The British Government did an extraordinarily sensible thing in sending to Rome as representative of the British Empire to the Holy See a big man like Sir Henry Howard. Rome knew already the name of Howard and the personality of Sir Henry. His strength and straightforwardness, coupled with unflinching tact and exquisite knowledge and observance of diplomatic etiquette, gained him not only a pre-eminent position, but, more valuable, the confidence of the Vatican. His successor, Count de Salis, has retained that confidence. Both the British representatives have had most difficult tasks; both have been fitted for them, and both have succeeded. Sir Henry Howard had to smash the atmosphere; "disipate" does not suggest the strength necessary for the operation—of prejudice and lies. He did it, and when he left received a gift such as Popes have never given to any departing diplomat. Count de Salis, too, has won through.

### NEW CONFIDENCE

When the official organ of the Vatican goes out of its way to express official pleasure at the news that he was shortly expected back in Rome, after a rather prolonged leave of absence—because some persons, either malevolent or stupid, had spread rumors that he was not coming back—then we know, even if we did not know from other signs, how the confidence of the Holy See in the British Empire. The Rome correspondent of the Tablet recorded in the issue of April 21, 1907, how "missionaries returning to Rome to report from districts where the Union Jack either rules or can be approached for protection, say: 'Leave us under England, for it is there we can get liberty.'" And he recalled that saying of a Roman Cardinal, and one commonly reckoned "intransigent," that all good Catholics should pray for the prosperity of the British Empire, for with it were bound up the prospects of the Catholic Church. What that Cardinal would have been one of a very few in saying then, would be the general verdict of the Vatican now. Here is the change of atmosphere; from the old "Protestant England" shibboleth to confidence in the British Empire. If that confidence is worth keeping, if the Pope counts for anything in the world then for the sake of England, for the Empire, for the Allied cause, for truth and justice, and for the civilisation of the world—let it be kept.

The Vatican has been prejudiced against England in the past, but is now coming to understand her. If we welcome that change of attitude, if we see value in it, that two great institutions, the Holy See and the British Empire, may work in harmony in future for the Christian civiliza-

tion of the world, neither asking for nor giving favors, each going on its own path without any rubbing of shoulders either in intimacy or, on the other hand, in friction—then it is worth our while that we should understand the Vatican.

### THE POPE'S IMPARTIALITY

For such as are conscientiously convinced that the Roman Catholic religion is an evil thing, association with which can bring no good, it is too much to ask these to try and understand. But there must be millions who would be glad to sweep away prejudice from their minds—if they were convinced that it was really prejudice, not truth; and it seems that judgment of the attitude of the Holy See, of the actions of the Pope in everything relating to the War, is still swayed to some extent by prejudice. It is not necessary to agree with all the Pope has done—though all the good Catholics entirely disagree with many of his political actions—but judgment should at least be based on true facts. And the facts have not always been plainly stated, and have frequently been misunderstood. You can, for instance, base your judgment of the Pope on the supposition that he is pro-Austrian; you can argue from that that he must necessarily be pro-German; and then you can so interpret facts as to build up a damning indictment against him—always on the original supposition for which you have sought no proof. Similarly, and with exactly the same facts in their minds, some Germans will be throwing mud at him because they have based their judgment on the equally erroneous notion that he is pro-Ally. And he is in the middle, beset, but endeavouring to be impartial.

### TO BE CONTINUED

## A GRATEFUL WOMAN'S TRIBUTE

The New York Sun relates the following touching incident which happened whilst the mortal remains of Cardinal Farley were lying in state awaiting burial:

Sisters of Mercy, kneeling in this room had prayed the night through, and the Conductor Bishop and the Monsignor had entered from time to time in the dark hours to invoke that mercy of God which must be invoked for prince as for pauper. These had scarcely withdrawn with noiseless step when a faint and timorous ring at the ball of the Cardinal's house summoned an attendant, who opened the door to a woman, old and very frail. She carried, with almost painful solicitude, a single rose whose warmth of color could not be hidden by the tissue in which it was wrapped.

### A WOMAN WHO DID NOT FORGET

It was early to admit the people—too early—but the appeal in the woman's face induced the attendant to summon one of the Monsignori, who after hearing her story bowed with the grace for which he is famous and escorted her in person to the room where the pictured face of Benedict XV. looked down upon the mortal remains of John Cardinal Farley. And this was the story as the Monsignor gave it last evening to a reporter for the Sun.

"Many years ago, Monsignor, I had come to a pass in life that was all misery and misfortune. I had no money. I could not get employment. I could not find solace in prayer. At this time, when I hoped that the good God would end a life so unbearable, there was a priest of my Church who heard of my trouble. He came to me, talked to me, restored my faith, refreshed my strength, gave me his blessing and went away. And after he went I found upon the table in the room where we had talked a check for \$100. This check, Monsignor, was signed 'John M. Farley.'"

"With that money and with the new spirit that Father Farley had put into my heart I maintained myself cheerfully until I had the means to grow flowers and to achieve independence. Every morning and every night of my life I have offered prayer for this priest and now I have brought to lay upon his bier the last of my beautiful roses. You will grant me that happiness?"

"And I," said the Monsignor last evening, "considered it an honor to myself to be privileged to lead her to the room and to see her place a beautiful red rose upon the bier. These things, my son, spring only out of the hearts of the people in response to genuine gratitude."

The Holy Father has decreed that Catholic soldiers, who have been mutilated in the War and are, therefore, unable to bend their knees or bow their heads when praying before the Blessed Sacrament, shall not for this reason be deprived of the indulgence which they could otherwise gain. His Holiness grants that soldiers, so impeded, may gain the indulgence merely by reciting the prayers, that, under ordinary circumstances, are indulged in combination with these acts.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

The film, "Frata Sole"—Brother Sun—of which St. Francis of Assisi is the leading figure, is drawing great crowds of people in Rome, among them Cardinals and other ecclesiastics high in dignity. In Rome, St. Francis is today the most popular saint; intellectual, ecclesiastical and civil Rome are attracted to him.

The Italian Marine Authorities ordered the city of Florence to cut down all the available trees in the magnificent and historic forest of Alverno—a forest in which is located the Mountain on which St. Francis received the Stigmata for ship-building, but the order aroused such consternation and opposition especially from the city of Florence, that the Government was forced to rescind the obnoxious order.

A young French officer, Captain Pierson, who met his death in an aviation accident, had crossed the Channel by aeroplanes more than a hundred times since the outbreak of war, and had been appointed a member of the French Military Commission on Aviation in England. His premature death recalls a great memory, for the deceased officer's mother was a daughter of Louis Veuillot, the great Catholic journalist whose name (as Pope Pius X. said) is gloriously fixed in history.

At the Benedictine monastery of Nostra Señora de Cogullada, near Saragosa, Spain, the Society of Our Lady of Peace has been successfully founded under the auspices of Benedict XV. himself, who, having erected the confraternity, desired also to be its first associate. The Church here was consecrated last October to the Queen of Peace, the ceremony being performed by the Papal Nuncio at Madrid in the name of the Holy Father, the Nuncio being vested for the special occasion with the dignity of Apostolic Delegate. It is believed to be the first church consecrated under the new title.

The Bishop of Soissons, France, Monsignor Pechard, was on a confirmation tour of his diocese when the bombardment of the city by the Germans was begun. The Bishop states that one hundred churches in the diocese had been razed to the ground before he left the city, and that since his departure quite a hundred more have been pillaged and partly demolished. The Cathedral of Soissons has suffered severely, but the whole of the northern facade is still standing, though there are great rents in it, stretching to about 100 feet, and 200 yards of the vaulting have fallen in.

St. Louis, Sept. 17.—The promotion of Brigadier General William Hartshorne Johnston to the rank of Major-General, in the recent list of appointments, was the cause of great satisfaction to his many friends at St. Louis University. The new Major-General was an instructor in military training at the university from 1895 to 1898, and his elevation recalls the old days before our war with Spain. He is a sterling Catholic, while his grandfather was an Episcopal rector of Cincinnati.

An interesting little ceremony occurred at the American Embassy in Paris the other day when the Comtesse d'Hautpoul, member of an old Catholic family, waited on the Ambassador and presented him with a pass in life that was all misery and misfortune. I had no money. I could not get employment. I could not find solace in prayer. At this time, when I hoped that the good God would end a life so unbearable, there was a priest of my Church who heard of my trouble. He came to me, talked to me, restored my faith, refreshed my strength, gave me his blessing and went away. And after he went I found upon the table in the room where we had talked a check for \$100. This check, Monsignor, was signed 'John M. Farley.'"

The Sainte Chapelle, or Holy Chapel, is probably the most beautiful Gothic edifice in Paris. It forms today a part of the Palace of Justice. It was built by St. Louis, King of France, to contain the Holy Crown of Thorns, and other parts of the instruments of the Passion of Our Lord, which St. Louis himself received from Jean de Brienne, King of Jerusalem, and while St. Louis was there. The chapel dates from 1245-1248. The length of the Chapel is 114 feet; its height is also 114 feet. Its windows are 48 feet in height and 13 in width. Its gilded spire is 80 feet in height. The precious relics are now, however, kept in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Rev. Brother Bernard, Provincial of the Christian Brothers of Ontario, has gone on a visit to the Western Provinces to look into the Catholic educational conditions and needs there. The questions of Catholic educational facilities in the West, and especially among the Ruthenians, is one of serious concern to the Church authorities. Without adequate Catholic schools, it is feared that great numbers will be lost to the Church, and the Christian Brothers have been urged to appeal to for help in this truly missionary work. It is likely that Brother Bernard will spend about a month in the West and will then make a report on the situation to the Superior General of the Order with a view to establishing schools there.

**THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH**

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND  
Author of "The Treasury of Christ," "Nanna,"  
"Ours," etc.

**CHAPTER XVIII  
SHAN'S RELEASE**

Killelagh was proved right as to the probable issues of the Hourigan affair. The Sergeant had escaped to America, and was heard of no more. Irish members of Parliament asked to have him returned and put on his trial, offering to save the public exchequer by paying the expenses of his journey to Ireland; but no notice was taken of so unreasonable a request.

There remained the imprisoned man Sullivan to be dealt with, and Killelagh waited in breathless expectation of the time and manner of his liberation. The whole Kingdom of Kerry had been tried, and found guilty; he had not been tried again and found not guilty.

Shan's mind was overcast by gloom. As he stood on the road in the dark, on the night of his release, he felt that he was in the eyes of the world a convict, to whom bounty had now been extended by the powers that had condemned him.

Walking through the streets of Ballyrogin, he saw the last lights extinguished one by one behind the windows, and knew that by knocking at the doors he could fill the street with men, and raise such ringing cheers as would startle the ears of his gaolers. He had no heart for it, however, and walked on solitary through the darkened town, and out along the road to Killelagh.

It was summer now, and the light appeared soon, coldly revealing the hills, till the rose-flame and the gold spears in the east changed to the white, and the old yet ever new miracle of the sunrise was wrought for the revival of hope in the heart of man. Not much more than a year had passed since the night when Shan had jogged along that same road in his cart, facing to the market town, and had lost himself in a doze. The humble little Lakes and the laughing face of his young Mary among the ivies and mosses of McDucross. Now he did not turn his head to gaze across the landscape to catch the enraptured gleam of the waters as the shimmering sunshine touched them. Why the look that way any more, since the Mary of the dream was no longer in existence? A worn woman with an anguished countenance had come into his life in her place, had brought her tears into his prison to make part of the tragedy that had trampled out the joys and the hopes of his life. She was not the woman he had been expecting and hoping for.

Shan stood and looked at his house from a distance. There was no smoke as yet from the chimney; it was too early. The humble little homestead was sweet in the morning sunshine. What had happened to his joy and his pride in it? The fog-gloves with their white or crimson bells, as if ranged in order for music, stood up on the green ridge of the ferny fences; there were young lambs in the field with their mother's eyes, and a well grown heifer. The place had not been neglected. O'wney and old Moysa seemed to have been able to manage without him. He had heard it said that there is no man in the world so important but that his place can be easily filled. Till now he had not believed it. He walked over every bit of his holding, and into the yard, where he found things equally in order. He scarcely knew whether he was more pleased or depressed at this desirable state of affairs, so gloomy was his humour.

He sat down on the fence, and called himself a coward and a fool. Of course he would take up his life again, with its broken hopes, and fight the devil of disappointment. But he wouldn't face the neighbours for a day or two.

At last smoke began to curl from the chimney. Moysa opened the front door to let in the sunshine, and cried out when she saw him—  
"It's Shan himself, or his ghost! Maybe it's dead in prison he is!" and she clapped the door shut in his face.

"Let me in, will you, Moysa! Ghosts don't come in the daylight," he said, pushing into the house.  
"How's my father?"  
"Oh, it's well he'll be to see y', but did y' climb the walls, or break the bars, or what?"

"They let me out," said Shan, "for good conduct in the gaol. I didn't beat the warden, nor try to fire to my cell. An' it's hoped that I'll hurt no more cattle."  
"Oh, the villain!" cried Moysa. "I could get at their throats!"  
"You can't; and they'd get at yours," said Shan grimly.

Old O'wney stumbled out of his little room into the kitchen, and seeing his son, threw himself forward and fell into his arms.  
"Easy, easy, old man!" said Shan, half carrying him and depositing him in the straw chair.

"You're not goin' away again, Shan?" said O'wney, trembling and holding on to him. "Are y' back for good?"  
"Good or bad," said Shan, with a bitter laugh. "Moysa, will y' get us some breakfast. I can tell y' I'm hungry, father, for I'm on my foot since midnight."

"It couldn't be bad, Shan, it couldn't—have y' back. Myself was afraid I'd be gone before I'd see

it. An' I wouldn't be in it at all, only for Mary!"  
"Mary! Did you see her?"  
"I can't rightly say that I see anything now. I don't see your face, only the shape of it. But I seen her as much as I see you. Hasn't she been as good as a nurse to me, an' hasn't she worked for you an' me, keepin' the little place together, an' nobody else to do it? An' if I didn't see her rightly, I heard her. Isn't her voice as sweet as the thrush singin', an' the days gettin' long!"

Shan said nothing. His Mary, living and smiling in his heart, was jealous of the strange unhappy woman who had come home. He almost cursed his eyes for showing him the change that his father could not see. At the same moment his conscience smote him. It was Mary's care and cleverness, then, that had kept things straight, and prepared a surprise for him in the unexpected neatness and thrift about the little farm. Would to God he could forget that other face which would keep shining in the glory and the dream among the gold clouds of the morning, above the shimmering waters, and the mossy shores, and the fairy woods of Ballyrogin.

He stayed by the old man all the long summer day. O'wney's straw chair was carried outside the house-door, and Shan sat on a bench beside him with the dog and the cat, both of whom made their welcome known by occasional rubbings and lickings of the feet and hands of their returned friend and master. The two men talked a little at intervals, and smoked a good deal, and O'wney dozed sometimes, leaving Shan to his reflections.

He did not feel inclined to move from home that day. It was hard to forget that this time yesterday he had been wearing a felon's clothes, and that at this moment he had the shaven head of a convict on his shoulders. The people over there in Killelagh thought he was still a prisoner in the county gaol. He did not feel in a hurry to surprise them by his unexpected appearance. Let the day go by, while he accustomed himself to the knowledge that he was a free man once more, even with a slur on his character, and let him think of the future, and reason with himself about the duties that now lay before him.

The farm was a little apart from the others around Killelagh, somewhat higher up, and out of the beaten tracks, and it happened that nobody passed near the house that day. The birds were singing as they will sing in June, hurring forth their sweetest and most jubilent notes, as if in defiance of the misadventure coming to silence them. The hills took their thousand different hues and expressions as the day waxed and waned, and the clouds moved above and past them.

Late in the evening they gradually assumed a solemn purple, and the long stretch of the bog drew over its dun, and black, and seamed with orange here and there, and a touch of green, while the sky was still full of the glamour of the sunset.

It was then that for the first time that day a figure was seen coming through the afterglow towards the house, a slight young figure, dark in the gold light. Something in the air that he felt started Shan with a vision of the Mary of the dream; but when the girl came up to the door, she had no resemblance to the creature of his tantalising memory.

"It's little Kitty Donohoe," said O'wney, waking up. "Well, Kitty, jewel, how is all goin' on wid yez at home?"  
"Well, sir," said Kitty; "but it's Mary O'Murrough that sent me to know how y' are yourself, sir? My mother isn't so well, an' she wasn't able to come up."

"Oh, that's Mary, an' God bless her. Tell her, an' tell all that it's well I am, for my son's come home to me."

Kitty stared, and said, "God be praised, an' it's glad they be!"  
Shan looked at her, and saw that her eyes were big and soft, and her hair yellow like the furze-blossoms. Kitty was a pretty girl, just turned fifteen, with the innocence of the child still shining on her like the reflection of an angel's white wing.

"I've another message from my mother, she said, and came out again with a little can of goat's milk, and said good night sweetly to the men, and went her way home again through the golden light."

After that Shan knew that the news of his arrival home would spread throughout Killelagh, and that his interval of silliness and peace had passed.

The next morning, welcoming neighbours came swinging across the fields and leaping the fences to shake him by the hand; and, in spite of his ill-humour with himself and the world he was glad to see them.

And he promised to be down among them at the forge that evening.

**CHAPTER XIX.  
A DUTY DONE**

There was a great gathering at the forge the next evening. Men and women for miles around crossing the fields and threading the boroens to shake Shan by the hand, and either speak their minds, or at least hear gossip and talkers on a burning subject.

Shan looked lean and grim as he walked in among them, saluted by pitying murmurs from the women and cheery greetings from the men.

"Are y' sure it's yourself?—Is it every bit o' you?"  
"Oh, God help us, there's nothin' left of him but a rickie o' bones!"  
Mary, as one of the group of the Donohoe family, held out her hand and said quietly:  
"You're welcome back."

Shan knew that it was Mary's voice and Mary's hand, but he did not raise his eyes to look at her face. He passed into the forge among the men, and the women remained outside, sitting about the banks with their knitting and stitching. There was a great deal of vehement speaking, that evening round Tom Donohoe's anvil. By and by a bonfire began to blaze near the bog and the men turned out of the forge and the women left the banks, and all mingled together within a wide circle round the fire. A mouth organ was produced, and some of the younger people began to dance. Miles and Bess were not among them. Their hours together had become too precious for dancing, and they were sitting behind a cluster of elder bushes, discussing the problem, every day becoming more and more abstruse, of how they were going to get leave to spend their lives together.

As Mary stood with Meg and Kitty at the other side of the fire, Shan raised his eyes and looked at her. Was that Mary? Yes, he had heard some one address her as Mary O'Murrough. That was not the woman with the look of anguish who came to him in prison, no more than it was the Mary of the Lakes; younger than the one; older than the other; a third person and also a stranger. It was a pale, sweet face, expressive of dignity and a certain reserve. Evidently unaware of his observation she was not looking at him or thinking about him.

He went home that night more than ever out of humour with himself and everything around him. There had been a great deal of talk on big subjects—the tyranny of the polis, Home Rule, emigration, lack of employment—and he had been among the loudest of the talkers. His blood had been stirred dancing on the woes of the working man and woman, not only in his own, but in other countries; and yet, as he took the hill path alone at midnight no more was present to his mind but Mary O'Murrough.

He was going to marry that pale grave woman, and he felt afraid of her. He knew he had been cruel and ungrateful, but he had promised the priest that he would marry her, and he meant to keep his word. When was it to be? how was he to approach her? Perhaps she would be more afraid of him than he of her. It was a hard, bitter face that he had seen, accidentally, passing Moysa's little looking glass on the kitchen wall this morning. A woman might well dislike it. Yet she would hardly set him free if he pressed her to marry him. And did he wish it? Could he not get rid of the feeling that in marrying this stranger he was proving false to the Mary of his youth?

Next day he went about his business, keeping aloof from his neighbours; and when he went down to the forge on the following evening, Mary was not to be seen. In the chapel on Sunday he saw the side of her cheek; but her head was bent, and when he looked around him afterwards in the chapel yard she was gone.

After some time he felt assured that she was keeping out of his way, and he told himself that such being the case he need not be expected to hurry. Since neither of them was anxious, there was plenty of time in which to redeem his promise to Father Faby.

One morning, looking for a stray sheep, he passed along the hedge at the foot of Mrs. Dermody's field, and suddenly he heard Mary's voice singing one of the songs that the young Mary used to sing at Killelagh. He stood behind the elder bushes and listened. It was Mary's voice unmistakably, only rounder, fuller, even sweeter than it used to be. He could see through the rents in the foliage a group in the field. Mary, the stranger, with three or four of Meg Donohoe's children clinging to her.

That shower of melody falling about his ears acted on him like a spell as he walked round the field outside the bank, and made for the gap. He wanted to see how this woman looked while she was singing like an angel, or like the Mary of his youth at Killelagh. Obeying this impulse, he turned into Mrs. Dermody's field, and walked straight across to meet the group. Mary with a child in her arms, another holding her skirts, and others running on before her.

The singing stopped as he came up, and stood awkwardly bidding her good morning.

Mary returned the greeting and said:  
"Is anything the matter? I hope your father isn't ill."

"No," said Shan. "Why did you think he was?"  
"He lifted his eyes and looked at her there in the full sunshine. It was not such a very pale face now; there was a sweet touch of colour on cheeks and lips, and the thin centours were rounded into something like the winsome curves of old. The dark, smooth hair had broken away into ripples about the forehead, and the breeze blew a light ringlet across the blue of her eyes.

They were very blue, they were undoubtedly Mary's eyes. It occurred to him that every time he had seen this woman she appeared to be a different person. How was he to get accustomed to her, how was he to make her acquaintance?

He noticed how the child clung to her, and laid its little rosy cheek against hers. Was it the contact that had given the fresh rose-tinge to Mary's own cheek? He noticed, too, that the handkerchief knotted round her shoulders was of a pretty light blue, and that it looked nice above her white bodice. Certainly this was not the miserable woman who had wept before him in the prison. It was a person who could sing in the sunshine, and make herself happy in the fields among the children.

She did not look as if she wanted the desperate fulfilment of a promise given many years ago. He had made up his mind to keep that promise for honesty's sake, and to marry the worn, plain, sad creature who had come to claim him. If this had been that woman, he had now a good opportunity to speak to her; but she did not appear to be the person he had been thinking of.

"Why did you think my father was ill?" asked Shan, stumbling on something to say to fill up an awkward pause.

"I thought you looked as if you were comin' to ask me to do something," said Mary quietly.

"So I was," said Shan bluntly. "I had somethin' to say. When are y' goin' to marry me?"

It was said now, suddenly and unexpectedly; a duty done. Mary gave him a quick glance, and looked away beyond him at the blue hills.

"I'm not goin' to marry you," she said. "All that's over long ago. Don't bother yourself about it."

"Did I say I was botherin' about it?" he asked sullenly.

"Some things don't need sayin'," said Mary. "You've had enough trouble in your life, Shan Sullivan, without marryin' a wife you don't care about."

"I don't believe it's your last word," said Shan. "You'll think it over. I'll see you down at the forge some o' these evenin's."

Mary shook her head, but said no more. She moved away alone in the field looking after them, in his heart a wild, angry feeling that he wanted to let loose upon somebody or something.

He forgot about the sheep he had come out to look for, and turned on his heel and went home, and snapped at his father when the old man asked him if he had found the missing animal.

All day the shock of the occurrence of the morning was upon him. He had said to himself that perhaps the strange woman would refuse him. But he had not believed that she would. When she released him from his promise that day in the prison, his impression had been that she cried out under the momentary influence of passion. But there was no passion in her steady eyes as she dismissed him today in the field. If this were Mary, he had lost her affection irretrievably.

He glanced again in Moysa's little looking-glass to see what kind of man it was that the woman's eyes had rested on when that cold look of willing renunciation had come into them. A bitter black face frowned at him out of the bit of mirror on the white-washed wall. What woman would turn to it in expectation of his return?

She was evidently satisfied to have nothing to do with him; and of course he was satisfied too. He had not injured her. Apparently ever heart in Killelagh had welcomed her, except his own. She was with friends now, and she was able to make herself happy among them. Even the children seemed to take to her.

One thing dissatisfied him. When he would call up the image of the girl who went to America, the picture so long vivid had become dim, and that other face in the field came between it and his inward gaze, with a curious growing likeness to what had been and was no more; and always that stray dark ringlet was blowing across the blue of the eyes. If only there had been a different expression in those eyes, would they have looked to him more like the eyes of the real Mary?

Busy all day out of doors, he was haunted by these faces. When he returned to the house in the evening, old O'wney set on him with complaints and questions. "Why don't y' bring Mary up to see me? She isn't here since you came home. It used to be that not a day went past but I seen her."

"You said you couldn't see her," said Shan.

"I seen her well enough to make me glad she was here. An' I heard her. Didn't she talk to me, an' didn't she sing to me?"  
Shan thought of the shower of song in the field that morning, before Mary looked at him with that cold denial in her eyes, that were still so blue.

"You'll be goin' down to see her tonight," persisted O'wney. "Tell her I want to see her."

Shan had been hesitating as to whether or not he would visit the forge that night. He had several times vowed to himself that he would not go near the place. Now he made the old man's grumbling an excuse for breaking his resolution.

There was no reason why he should cut himself off from his friends, he said Mary was among them, and had given him up.

He made a more than usually careful toilet, and went.

It was a glorious summer night; the forge was full of gossip, and the boys and girls were dancing at the Cross-roads. He saw Mary sitting on the bank with little Kitty Donohoe; Kitty's fair hair shining like pale gold in the moonshine, and Mary's cheek rimmed with silver.

He looked at them both, but it was on Mary's averted face that his glance lingered. Afraid to speak to Mary, he began to talk to Kitty. He hoped that Mary would join in the conversation. He wanted to hear her voice again.

Mary listened for a while silently, and then got up quietly and moved away to the house, leaving him with Kitty.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

**NEIGHBORS**

Florence Olmstead in Extension Magazine  
"I think Margaret has a little 'temperature' this morning," said Evelyn Burnham to her husband.

Frank Burnham looked at his only child anxiously and put his hand on her forehead. "Her skin is perfectly cool," he said, "but perhaps I'd better telephone Askew to drop in and see her."

Margaret listened passively to her parents' remarks. She was a good little girl, but life was too circumscribed to be enjoyable.

She scarcely eats a thing," her mother complained. "I think I'll ask Doctor Askew to change her diet."

"I hate those old foods," said Margaret with some show of interest.

"Why, I think they are very nice," said her mother.

"You eat lots of other things besides," Margaret retorted. Evelyn had it was entirely true. Evelyn had a most excellent appetite and was fighting a losing battle with her waistline. Undeniably she was stout, but there was a look of Oriental splendor about her, with her high color and dark eyes, and she was most imposing as the head of Frank Burnham's paintal home. It hardly seemed possible that the pale, thin, straight haired little Margaret could be her daughter.

Frank Burnham, too, thick set and florid, looked the successful man that he was, so that Margaret's physique remained a mystery. Yet it was the hardest reality of life to the Burnhams, and they tended their one blossom with such care that nature had made over to art all responsibility in the matter. Margaret was kept alive by theories and thermometers, and such consideration of each moment of her weary day as would have disabled a child of robust constitution.

Her little back, however, had been fitted to the burden by ten years of sad experience, and she remained at least quiescent in the splendid house where her parents sat, each with a finger on the pulse of her body—or her spirit.

"I wish I had someone to play with," Margaret said suddenly.

"Doesn't Miss Rogers always play with you nicely?" her mother asked.

"I mean a little girl," Margaret replied.

"Well, Dorothy spent the afternoon with you just last week, but I'll ask her mother to let her come again."

"I'd rather go to her house," Margaret declared.

"Better not let her go out while she has that temperature," said her father uneasily, and he picked up his little daughter and put her on his shoulder. "Your legs are getting too long to ride up there, Peggy," he said with a sigh.

Margaret's legs were indeed long—and thin—but she snuggled up to him and patted his cheek lovingly.

"What must I bring you to day?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said sighing.

"Does anything hurt you?" he demanded.

"No, I don't think so," she answered uncertainly.

"The truth is the child is never quite well," he said to his wife when Miss Rogers had led Margaret off to lessons.

"I don't think her glasses suit her," said Evelyn, "and I'm sure we ought to have the operation for adenoids again."

Miss Rogers was a careful guardian, but not an unloving companion. Margaret had her lessons read to her for an hour, and then she did breathing exercises. After that it was time to play with the dolls for awhile, and then Miss Rogers always sat in the next room and sewed with both ears open to hear what Margaret might say. She believed in studying the child in her play, but gained small knowledge from any gambols of Margaret.

This morning, however, Miss Rogers somewhat relaxed her attention, then suddenly realizing that the little girl was remarkably quiet, she went to the door and stood appalled on the threshold. The room was empty.

In no corner of the great house, or of the beautiful garden, could Margaret be found. None of the acquaintances in the neighborhood had seen her, yet at the foot of her father's own hill Margaret was seen, facing the sunniest side of life, in company with five small members of the populace—Perkins by name.

Long ago she had looked upon the Perkinses and their shanty with eyes of longing, and when, on this particular morning, the October sunlight had roused her vitality and inspired her to run away, the Perkins house allured her and she went unhesitatingly down the hill.

Jimmie Perkins was on the outer wall, and he hailed her as she came up. Almost immediately she saw eyes peering at her through the cracks of the fence.

"I'd like to come in and see you," said Margaret politely.

"All right," said Jimmie. "Let's pull her over the fence," he suggested to his sisters on the other side. "Take off your specs first," he commanded, "you might get rubbed, and it'll break 'em."

So Margaret took off her glasses and handed them through the crack of the roof and Margaret, while Adeline got up beside Jimmie. Then they each gave Margaret a hand and pulled sturdily, but she seemed not to know how to avail herself of their assistance.

"You ought to be scramblin' with your legs," Jimmie told her.

"I can't," she protested.

"Pull off the loose board and let her through that way," said a voice from behind the fence.

This suggestion was favorably received, and after some delay Margaret effected an entrance to the Perkins yard. Her name was demanded and given, but the first part of it was all that was considered worthy of note. Her age was a more important item, for it developed that she was two months older than Sally, and a whole year younger than Jimmie. They did ask her where she lived, but she only motioned with her head and said, "Up that way," and no one thought of the palace at the top of the hill. Indeed Margaret did not look like an escaped princess.

"Can I play?" she asked timidly when the preliminaries were over. She looked at Sally who at once referred to Jimmie.

"Kin she play?"  
"I guess so," Jimmie said, "but she can't be nothing but a hose cart. I'm the hook-in-ladder."

Reminded of their present purpose in life the three Perkinses who were plain fire engines, began to make strange noises within themselves. Sally explained that they were "chuggin' up," so Margaret started to "chug up" too, but Sally told her that hose carts didn't have to, and then almost immediately Jimmie led the dash for the woodshed.

The Perkinses, to a man, swarmed to the roof and Margaret was left on the ground. She followed Jimmie's directions, however, and passed each one an imaginary hose, and when the excitement was over, Jimmie himself showed her how to get up so that she was able to join with considerable spirit in the later performance of sliding down the roof on a small piece of board and then jumping to the ground.

Sally wore the spectacles all the morning. "Kin you see without 'em?" she asked considerably.

"Oh, yes," said Margaret.

"I kin see splendid with 'em," said Sally. "I guess that's because I've got sore eyes, anyway, she explained; throwing an arm around Margaret as the two sat at the top of the shed. Sally was a warm hearted, impulsive little person, and Margaret returned the embrace, responding quickly to the pleasant influence.

"There are a great many interesting things in this yard," the visitor observed, looking about her at the old wagon in the corner, the cement duck pond, the wood pile, with its limer of chips and shavings whose inviting branches hung just above a patch of unkempt grass.

"We got to move," said Sally, a sudden tear in each eye.

"Why don't you ask your father not to?" Margaret suggested.

The tears lost their balance and ran down Sally's cheeks. "He can't help himself. He says he can't lift the mortgage."

"What's that?" asked Margaret wonderingly.

"I don't know. Ma says it's money, but I don't see why he's got to lift it."

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Jimmie called them to hold the clothes line taut so he could walk on it, so they had to stop talking and the morning wore merrily away.

The Perkinses themselves were surprised when their mother called them to dinner. Margaret hung back in sudden embarrassment, but Sally took her hand and called, "Ma, can't she come too?"

"Yes, bring her along," Mrs. Perkins answered without so much as a look at the little guest.

"Isn't it luncheon?" Margaret whispered when they were all wedged around the small table in the kitchen.

Sally gave a shout of laughter. "No," she said, "it's dinner."

None of the Perkinses were on a diet. They took the gifts the gods provided—usually pork and greens, with a plentiful supply of potatoes—and Margaret ate of the viands as freely as any one present. Dinner was not a formal affair, and the children finished the meal in short order and returned to the yard where Jimmie introduced a new game, for which the dry basin of the duck pond furnished inspiration.

It was spearing whales and hauling them out with a rope, and everybody but Jimmie himself took turns at being the whale. The sport was exciting, and Margaret, for whom its novelty added great charm, shrieked with delight to see the contortions of Adeline Perkins as she swam upon the cement surface of the pond.

Mrs. Perkins smiled at the sound. She was a motherly woman, but her ideas about raising children were hopelessly primitive.

"It do seem hard that them children is got to be turned out o' their home," she said to herself, and then her mind ran to her husband. "I guess he used to play that way himself," she thought. "Walkin' on the fence rail' slippin' down the shed."

Her heart was full, but Jerry Perkins found her face as cheerful as ever when he came in slowly at dark.

"Seems like I can't think of nothin' but the old house goin'," he said when she rallied him on his silence.

"Never mind," she exclaimed. "I got sausages for supper. Can't you smell 'em cookin'?"

"Ma, can't Margaret stay to supper?" asked Sally, appearing in the doorway.

"No, she'd better run home, her people will be lookin' for her," Mrs. Perkins answered.

"She says it's too dark for her to go home by herself."

"Where does she live?" asked Jerry.

Sally pushed Margaret into the room. "Tell Pa where you live."

Margaret told him and Jerry sat up and looked at her.

"What's your name, Miss?" he asked.

"My name is Margaret Isabel Burnham," said the child.

Mrs. Perkins dropped the bread-knife she was holding. "For the land sakes!" she exclaimed.

"Have you been here long, Miss?" asked Jerry.

"I came this morning," Margaret informed him.

"Well, I don't suppose there's no more than two dozen policemen hunting for you by this time," said Jerry. Margaret looked so terror-stricken that he added quickly, "They ain't going to get you though, because I'll take you right on up home before they run on your track. Get a shawl, wife, be commanded."

Then Mrs. Perkins got her best shawl and did not use the tablecloth, as she would have done under most circumstances, and Margaret, having embraced Sally, started up the hill with Jerry while all the little Perkinses stood with their mother in wonder at the door.

Evelyn Burnham and her husband had come home at the top speed in the automobile upon receipt of Miss Roger's excited telephone message, and had spent the afternoon in unavailing search and frantic communications with the police station. Miss Rogers herself had even interviewed Jimmie Perkins, but Jimmie was quite sure that he had not seen Mr. Burnham's little girl, and had retired to the yard to institute a new sport. So the little house was passed over, and anxiety in the big one grew with each passing moment, until at last Margaret's shrill, childish voice sounded from the porch. Frank Burnham dropped the telephone receiver and, rushing to the door, lifted his child in his arms.

"Here she is," he called, and Evelyn ran madly down the stairs.

Nobody noticed Jerry until he said apologetically, "If you please, ma'am, I'll take the shawl."

Then Frank Burnham looked at the man. "Why, Perkins!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know it was you."

"Yes, sir, it's me," said Perkins. "We wouldn't have kept her so long, but it wasn't till I came home we found out who she was."

"Well, we can't thank you enough, Perkins," said Burnham.

"That's all right, sir," Perkins murmured awkwardly. "I guess it ain't no more than you would do for one of mine."

Burnham felt a sudden twinge of conscience and wondered if he would have escorted one of the little Perkinses home.

"Thank you, Perkins," he said again, and held out his hand.

Jerry took it, and then, after an embarrassing moment of silence, Evelyn came to thank him too, and Margaret called as he went off, "Give my love to Sally."

The Burnhams were uneasy as to the effects of Margaret's adventure. Her rosy cheeks and brightened

eyes made them suspect a "temperament." So they hurried her to bed and sent for Doctor Askew who, however, laughed and said it was the first time the child had seemed normal since he had been attending her.

"Wasn't it good of Jimmie to let me play?" she asked.

"It was, indeed," he answered. "Most boys are so particular."

"Jimmie is the nicest boy I know," Margaret declared, "and Sally is the nicest girl."

"I believe that's so," the doctor agreed.

He and her mother were sitting on Margaret's bed and her father hung over the footboard while she recounted gaily the story of her day.

"I had turnips," said Margaret gleefully.

"Turnips!" her mother almost screamed.

"How did you like them?" the doctor asked.

"I liked them," Margaret answered, "and I liked the meat, too."

"Probably pork," the doctor suggested.

"Do you know what Sally told me her father said the other night?" she asked suddenly in awestruck tones.

"Let's have it," the doctor answered.

"He said the devil had clapped his claw on their little house and it would have to go, so they are going to move next week, and Sally cried."

Margaret seemed about to weep herself, and her father cleared his throat.

"It's too bad the devil can't be induced to take his claw off the house," said the doctor, making a shrewd guess in his mind as to the facts of the case.

Margaret's father said evasively, "We'll have to see what can be done about it."

There was a twinkle in the doctor's eye, and when the grown people went downstairs he said to Frank Burnham, "I want to give you a piece of professional advice—don't let the Perkins family leave the neighborhood. Sally alone is worth her weight in konic."

"I believe the doctor is right, Frank," Evelyn declared as they talked it over later. Then her voice grew wonderfully tender as she said, "How pretty our Peggy looked in that old shawl!"

THE NUNS OF FRANCE AND THE WAR

Barbara de Courson in America

Many articles, even books have been written since the War, to celebrate the courage and self-sacrifice of the Red Cross Associations, whose members have devoted their lives to the assistance of our stricken soldiers. Among these brave women, nuns belonging to different Religious Orders, have a place of honor, but in general, their work in this respect is less widely known than that of the lay members of the world, who left their homes to take up the life of hospital nurses. This comes from no desire to minimize or ignore the work of the religious, but as our readers know, they shun, rather than court attention and have a marked aversion to self-advertising. Moreover, the very fact of their being nuns, that is to say women, whose vocation implies total self-renunciation makes even their heroism appear the natural consequence of their state of life. This is, after all, our indirect tribute paid by outsiders to the religious vocation that carries with it, as an essential condition, self-sacrifice in its highest form.

Nevertheless, it is only just that the work of the French nuns since the War began, should be made known however briefly to American readers. The same readers have not forgotten that some years before the War, the anti-clerical French Government drove the nursing Sisters from the public hospitals, and on this occasion, the medical men who might perhaps have interfered successfully in their favor, failed to do so. Now these same surgeons and doctors are eager to secure the nuns' services and openly recognize their value as sick nurses in times of danger and overwork. A nun's sacrifice of her life to a higher ideal is made on the day when she puts on her religious habit and it is a small matter to her whether the sacrifice is accepted sooner or later. She is free from the strong and tender ties that bind a wife and mother to earth; and there are times when the latter's home duties may clash with her required professional service.

At the outset of the War, certain religious women, who nursed the wounded soldiers near the eastern frontier, were through circumstances forced into positions of unexpected responsibility. One of these was Sister Julie, who belongs to the Order of St. Marks of Nancy. She was superior of the hospital of Gerbeviller, a little town of Lorraine which the Germans entered on Aug. 23, 1914. Sister Julie is a woman of over sixty, solidly built, short and square, whose homely features are redeemed only by an expression of combined kindness and strength. She is a woman of deeds, rather than of words, impatient of compliments and impervious to flattery. When the German officer in command entered her hospital, he had a revolver in one hand and a naked sword in the other. Sister Julie kept close to him when he insisted on visiting the wards where lay the wounded French soldiers. She reminded him that they were helpless and must be respected, and carefully replaced their bed coverings, when he threw them

aside to see if their wounds were real. Hearing that the church was on fire, she flew to the spot, rescued the ciborium from the tabernacle and communicated herself to save the Blessed Eucharist from profanation. Early in September, the little town was taken by the French and at a moment of intense stress and confusion, Sister Julie was, to all intents and purposes, the "Mayor" of Gerbeviller. She provided food for the troops, and remedies for the wounded, while, at the same time, she encouraged the civilians who came in contact with her invigorating personality. For her services, Sister Julie was given the Legion of Honor by the President of the Republic, a mark of consideration that she neither expected nor desired.

At another little town, Clermont en Argonne, a Sister of Charity, Sister Gabrielle, was at the head of the local hospital, when news of the Germans' approach spread like wild fire through the country. The civil authorities fled and the military authorities, who were ordered to leave, offered to take away the Sisters. "Can you also remove the old people whose home is at the hospital?" asked Sister Gabrielle. This was impossible for motor cars were not in sufficient numbers.

"Then I remain," she said, and alone in the deserted town she waited. After a terrific bombardment the German made their entrance and broke into the hospital. Sister Gabrielle was there; she spoke no German, but explained in French that her house was an asylum for old people but that she had beds to spare for the German wounded. "According to the laws of war and obeying the precepts of my religion, I will nurse your wounded with entire devotedness, but you must spare the town and the hospital."

The officer promised, but a soldier having set fire to the neighbouring houses, Sister Gabrielle again interfered, and she argued to such a good purpose with a German chief that he gave orders that the fire should be put out. That of the town perished, but the hospital was saved through the presence of mind of this brave daughter of St. Vincent. Like Sister Julie, Sister Gabrielle was mentioned in dispatches and decorated by the French Government.

The Sisters of the hospitals of Arras remained at their post in the bombarded city when the inhabitants fled and their attitude was praised by their Bishop, the late Mgr. Lobbedey. A young Augustinian nun was killed in the wards; as she fell she said, "I offer my life for France." The diary of a Sister of Charity of Arras is instructive; it is very simple reading, the writer tells of the havoc wrought in the doomed city during the month of October, 1914; how the Sisters led their daily life, catered for provisions, provided for their orphans, their sick and their poor, and between whiles said the rosary with a perfect faith in God's protection.

Another journal which has come under my notice was written in a convent of Champagne and records the arrival of the Germans, who, revolver in hand, searched the convent. The writer relates events in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, that speaks volumes for the spirit of the community. When the roar of the cannon prevented them from sleeping, the nuns went to the chapel and said the rosary. "Each one resigned herself to the will of God. We are in His hands." They evidently had talked over the possibilities of being killed and, writes the Sister, "We thought we preferred to die by a mitrailleuse than by a revolver."

The battle of the Marne delivered the nuns from their unwelcome guests, who beyond pillaging the houses did no further harm. The annalist dwells cheerfully on God's loving mercy and protection and passes lightly over material losses.

Since 1914 similar scenes have taken place at Reims, the martyred city, that has only lately been evacuated by its Archbishop, Cardinal Lucon. The members of several communities were, at their urgent request, allowed to remain after the greater part of the inhabitants had been removed by the military authorities; among these nuns the last to leave Reims were the Sisters of Charity and the little Sisters of the Assumption, the nurses and servants of the poor. As long as any poor and sick remained in the cellars, where the people dwelt night and day, the Sisters had work to do and they did it with a cheerfulness that is a charming form of heroism. In the course of last winter one young Sister was sent back to the mother house in Paris for a rest; she obeyed orders, but her heart was at Reims and when she was thought fit to return there her delight was unbounded. It struck even the official from whom she had to demand the necessary passport; when the paper authorizing her to return to the bomb-swept city was put into her hands the little Sister colored with pleasure and next day, as her companion on the occasion expressed it, she went away as if she were going to a fete. When Cardinal Lucon left the town the little group of nuns who had remained in Reims followed, the city being given up to the troops.

All the French nuns have not experienced the tragic adventures that made Sister Julie and Sister Gabrielle famous, but throughout the length and breadth of France they have worked unceasingly on behalf of our wounded soldiers. The nuns of Soissons, of Compiègne, of Bethune and of Bayonne, have been mentioned in dispatches and given

the Croix de Guerre. The French nuns of Bagdad were decorated by Sir Stanley Maude a week before his death in recognition of their devotedness to the wounded British soldiers. Others, whose work lay outside the army zone have expended the same devotion on our soldiers, but the happy results of their influence will only be revealed hereafter; till then they are content to work day after day, humbly, silently, shunning rather than court attention, their eyes and hearts fixed on the Master to whom their lives are consecrated.

It has been my privilege since the War began, to be in constant touch with the nuns who direct a hospital for wounded soldiers in a Paris suburb. Before the War the house was the novitiate of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, the servants of the poor. The novice hady been removed to the provinces and the villa-like building, surrounded by trees, is a hospital for French wounded soldiers. A few ladies are allowed to help the Sisters in their work, but it is the nuns who direct and govern, who dress the wounds and exercise a strong and softening influence over their guests. "The Red Cross ladies are very kind, but the Sisters belong to us." Another observation that results from my close contact with the French nuns of 1918 is the utter futility of the accusations brought against the nursing Sisters, when, some years ago, the Government drove them from the hospitals.

They were said to be old-fashioned in their methods, averse to science, careless in their ways, etc. Whether or not these charges were well founded, they cannot be made now. The nursing Sisters are certified Red Cross nurses with the proper training and they have passed the regular examinations, without which they cannot deal with serious cases, and they are fully competent.

It is not only in the hospitals that the nuns of France serve their country at a moment when its energies are taxed to the utmost. They are the good angels of the refugees, whom the recent German advance has driven from their homes. The



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other day at the Paris Gare du Nord arrived 150 little waifs, boys and girls, who came straight from St. Omer, then furiously shelled by the enemy's airships. They were under the care of four sweet-faced Sisters of Charity, around whom they gathered when the train stopped. At the request of the director of the canteen the children were marshaled into a big room and fed with bread and milk. It was good to see their reliance on the Sisters and the latter's gentle authority over their little flock; evidently under the shadow of the white cornette the children felt safe. This reliance also exists among the soldiers. In September, 1914, the hospital of Senlis, crowded with wounded French, was shelled by the enemy. The nuns walked up and down the wards saying the rosary. "Do not leave us, Sisters," cried the helpless soldiers. "If you are with us we feel safe." Their confidence was rewarded. The hospital walls were partly destroyed and the furniture shattered, but no soldier was killed. This feeling of reliance is made up of respect and affection. It speaks volumes for the attitude of the religious women, who, for the last four years have been the good angels of thousands of stricken fighting men.

INFLUENCE OF NEWS

Daniel O'Connell or some other Irish leader, is reported to have said: "Let me write a people's songs and I care not who makes its laws." According to Frank Parker Stockbridge, former editor of the New York Evening Mail, the modern version of this maxim might run thus: "Let me

control a nation's news and I care not who writes its editorials, preaches to it, or conducts its schools." This view no doubt ignores the guiding influence of genuine religion and truly Christian schools. But Mr. Stockbridge's confession contains a lesson for us Catholics. In a series of articles he exposes his former colleague, Dr. Rumely, manager of the Evening Mail, which was bought by German propagandists some years ago. Mr. Stockbridge states that he favored war against Germany, and when he engaged to work on the Evening Mail he demanded absolute liberty of action in handling news, saying in substance:

It is all the same to me what you put on the editorial page. That does not influence any one. The place where the poison (!) works are the news columns, and you can have my service only on condition that I have complete control of the news section and no one tells me what is news and what is not news.

Juvenile delinquents who have frequented moving picture shows sometimes tell the judges that they were merely trying to imitate some "movie" hero or "heroine" when they committed their offense. What objectionable photoplays are to children that sensational newspapers are to vast numbers of people who had never had the good fortune to be grounded in Christian principles, sound views of life, and some knowledge of history and the world in general.—Catholic Tribune, Dubuque.

ARCHBISHOP MUNDELEIN ON THE CATHOLIC PAPER

Archbishop Mundelein says of the Catholic newspaper: A Catholic newspaper or journal is today a necessity in the crowded centers like our cities, as well as in the sparsely settled country districts. It is a necessary supplement to the Catholic pulpit and to the Catholic school. It is the one means of publicity we have for correcting erroneous reports and doctrines, for conveying needed information on important topics and events to our people and through them to our Catholic neighbors. It is the written word of the Catholic press that supports the spoken word from the altar. The editor of a Catholic paper is in reality participating in a divine mission, for he is sharing in the priest's mission of teaching; even as the religious teaching the little ones in the classroom, he is teaching the grown-ups in their homes and in

their places of business, where his paper enters; he helps to separate truth from error, to bring light into dark places, to champion the cause of righteousness against its traducers.

When a disagreeable condition is permanent and unavoidable, it is a duty to take the brighter rather than the more sombre view of the situation and find as much peace and happiness as the circumstances contain.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 5, 1918

JOHN IRELAND, ARCHBISHOP, PATRIOT AND SEER

At the ripe age of four score years John Ireland has been gathered to his fathers. His eighty years cover almost the entire period of the marvelous growth and development of that great nation which he loved and served and proudly called his own; his half a century of active participation in its national development was one of the mighty influences that shaped its destiny. This is not the language of exaggeration, but a fact which many already gratefully acknowledge and which will be the sober verdict of history.

One must have lived longer than the majority of our readers to realize how deeply rooted in the national consciousness of America was the conviction that the Catholic Church and democracy were radically antagonistic, and how the uneasy feeling was shared by timid Catholics at home and abroad that the American Republic, that greatest of the world's experiments in democracy, was in the very genesis of its institutions opposed to the ideals and activities of the ancient Church. That is now the view only of purblind prejudice, the negligible expression of petty envy or wilful ignorance.

More than to anything else under God this revolution of American sentiment is due to the lives and the work of two men; to the gentle yet irresistible and unconquerable personality of James Cardinal Gibbons, and to, in many respects his antithesis, the great Archbishop, the great American, the seer and prophet of American Catholicism, now called to his reward amid a unique tribute of a nation's respect and gratitude.

Twenty-five years ago thirteen archbishops and fifty bishops formed part of the great multitude gathered in the Cathedral of Baltimore to celebrate the silver jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons' episcopal consecration. Fitting it was that the Archbishop of St. Paul should on that occasion preach on the Church and the Age.

"The Church and the age—Cardinal Gibbons is, in America, the living exemplar of the one and the other. The churchman—loyal in the inmost fibres of his heart to the teachings of the Catholic Church; the American—loving with ardor and serving with devotion the Republic of the United States; the man of his age—actively interested in all its movements for moral and social uplifting of humanity; sincere and consistent in his words and acts, Cardinal Gibbons personifies the Church and the age, and his daily life is indubitable evidence that no conflict exists between them."

Archbishop Ireland found here a fitting occasion and a fitting theme. His discourse thrilled those rulers of the Church of God and the vast concourse of the laity, but its message echoed throughout the continent, and beyond the seas. His sermon on that occasion welled up from his heart and expressed the inmost convictions of his soul. And what he then said is the keynote of a long life of singular fidelity to ideals, of untold influence on the Church and on the public sentiment of America.

His own words then are the best aid to the understanding and appreciation of his life and work.

"The Church and the age are at war. I voice the fact with sorrow. Both Church and age are at fault. I explain my words. When I speak of Church and age in conflict one with the other, I take the age as portrayed by many representatives of the age, and I take the Church as portrayed by many representatives of the Church. Church and age rightly understood are not at war.

"I blame the age. Elated with its material and intellectual successes, it is proud and it exaggerates its powers. It imagines that the natural, which has served it so well, is all sufficient; it tends to the exclusion of the supernatural; it puts on the cloak of secularism. In its worship of the new it regards whatever is old with suspicion. A Church bearing on her front the marks of nine-hundred centuries is, in its eyes, out of date and out of place. Pride and thoughtlessness are the evil and misleading characteristics of the age.

"I blame the Church. I speak as a Catholic. I know the divine elements in the Church. I have full faith that these elements are at all times guarded by the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit. But I know, also, the human elements in the Church, and I know that upon those human elements much of the Church's weal depends. The Church has had her more brilliant epochs of light and glory, according as pastors and people scanned the world with clearer vision and unshathed the spiritual sword with greater alacrity. The dependency of the Church upon her human elements is too easily forgotten, although the Church herself authoritatively teaches that undue reliance upon divine grace is a sin of presumption.

"I am not afraid to say that, during the century whose sun is now setting, many leaders of thought in the Church have made the mistake of being too slow to understand the new age and too slow to extend to it the conciliatory hand of friendship. . . . They failed to grasp the age, to Christianize its aspirations, and to guide its forward march. The age passed, beyond them. There were a few Laocœdians, who recognized and proclaimed the duties of the hour; but timid companions abandoned them; reactionaries accused them of dangerous liberalism, of semi-heresy; and they were forced to be silent. . . . The age abandoned to itself and to false and mischievous guides, irritated by the isolation and unfriendliness of the Church, became hardened in its secularism, and taught itself to despise and hate religion. This deplorable condition was prevalent in some countries more than in others; but from none was it wholly absent."

He believed that the present age, pagan in its language and in its extravagances, was, in its depths, instinct with Christian emotions; worshipping unwittingly at Christian shrines it "only awaits the warm contact of Christ's Church to avow itself Christian." Men must be taught that the Church and the age are not hopelessly separated. But above all the living, buoyant, indomitable Catholic faith this modern apostle recoiled from the counsels of the timid reactionary:

"What! the Church of the living God, the Church of ten thousand victories over pagans and barbarians, over heresies and false philosophies, over defiant kings and unrelenting peoples—the great, freedom-loving, truth-giving, civilizing Catholic Church—this Church of the nineteenth century afraid of any century! not seeing in the ambitions of the nineteenth century the fervent ebullitions of her own noble sentiments, and in its achievements for the elevation of mankind the germinations of her own Christlike plantings! this Church not eager for the fray, not precipitating herself with love irresistible upon this modern world to claim it, to bless it, to own it for Christ, to foster and encourage its hopes or to rectify and remedy its defects, and with its impetuous arm to lift it to the very summit of its highest aspirations—to which by the Church's aid alone this doubting, quivering, hoping, despairing world can ever attain! Far, far, from Catholics be the chilling, un-Catholic thought!"

"I preach the new, the most glorious crusade. Church and age! Unite them in the name of humanity, in the name of God.

"Church and age! They pulsate alike: the God of nature works in one, the God of supernatural revelation works in the other—in both the self same God."

A quarter of a century before the present great struggle Archbishop Ireland sounded as clear a note as may be heard today on the great cause of liberty and democracy:

"It is an age of liberty, civil and political; it is the age of democracy—the people, tired of the unrestrictive sway of sovereigns, have themselves become sovereigns, and exercise with more or less directness the power which was primarily theirs by divine ordinance.

poor, of woman, of the people, of all the social entities that pride and passion choose to trample upon. The great theologians of the Church lay the foundations of political democracy which today attains its perfect form. They prove that all political power comes from God through the people, that kings and princes are the people's delegates, and that when rulers become tyrants the inalienable right of revolution belongs to the people. The Church is at home under all forms of government. The one condition of the legitimacy of a form of government, in the eyes of the Church, is that to be accepted by the people. The Church has never said that she prefers one form of government above another. But, so far as I may from my own thoughts interpret the principles of the Church, I say that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, is, more than any other, the polity under which the Catholic Church, the Church of the people, breathes air most congenial to her mind and heart."

It is well to bear in mind Archbishop Ireland's own very clear distinction between the Church and certain representatives of the Church. From some such powerful representatives the Archbishop encountered opposition open and secret; but the intrepid prelate who saw in the present age "one of the mighty upheavals, which from time to time occur in humanity, producing and signaling the ascending stages of continuous progress" was too firmly rooted in his faith,—faith in the infinite adaptability of God's Church and faith in the aspirations of his age and country which were essentially the germinations of the principles of Christian truth—to be daunted by opposition of friend or foe.

In these ringing words he professed that faith and rebuked the superorthodoxy of timid or arrogant opponents:

"If you dread opposition you are not 'of the seed of those men by whom salvation is brought to Israel.' Opposition is sure to come. In every historic transition there are reactionaries, who would fain push back into the Erie the waters of Niagara—men to whom all change is perilous, all innovation damnable liberalism, or, even, rank heresy. Heed them not; pass onward with Christ and His Church."

With the faith that moves mountains, with the vision of a seer, with the zeal of an apostle, with the courage of a martyr, John Ireland preached "the new Crusade—the Church and the Age," until the whole Church of America was permeated by his spirit, and the country he so loved recognized that Catholic truth and Catholic principles, ever ancient, ever new, are a powerful aid if not the only secure bulwark of democracy.

"There was a man sent from God whose name was John."

With all reverence we may liken the work of John Ireland to that of John the Baptist. He levelled the mountains of prejudice, filled the valleys of timidity, reaction and little faith, and made straight the path of those who are called to guide Catholic aspirations and activities in the greatest of republics.

This inadequate appreciation of the great mission, nobly fulfilled, which God's Providence entrusted to the great man now called to render an account of his stewardship, may fittingly close with his own message in his own words:

"Our work is in the present, and not in the past. It will not do to understand the thirteenth century better than the nineteenth; to be more conversant with the errors of Arius or Eutyches than those of contemporary infidels or agnostics; to study more deeply the causes of Albigensian or Lutheran heresies, or of the French Revolution, than the causes of the social upheavals of our own times. The world has entered upon an entirely new phase; the past will not return. Reason is the dream of men who see not, and hear not; who, in utter oblivion of the living world behind them, sit at the gates of cemeteries weeping over tombs that shall not be reopened. We should speak to our age of things which it feels and in language that it understands. We should be in it, and of it, if we would have it listen to us."

THRIFT

Just now the press of Canada is waging a campaign for personal thrift habits in order that something may be set aside for the proverbial rainy day. Make no mistake about the rain. There will be a deluge. That is inevitable. When the factitious prosperity induced by prodigious war expenditure comes to an end, when hundreds of thousands of returned men enter every field of labor, and hundreds of thousands of emigrants flock to our land, those habits which we are urged to adopt

voluntarily now will then become a stern and imperative necessity.

We don't know that Catholics are more extravagant, wasteful and improvident than other Canadians; but we do know that there is ample room for improvement. Time was with our Irish forbears when the land system under which they lived placed a premium on thriftlessness. Thrift and industry gave the opportunity to the soulless agent of the rack-renting landlord to squeeze some shillings more from the hapless tenant. Thrift was penalized. Has not something of the traditions and habits of that time come down to us in our new and happier environment. Think it over. The young man or woman who has failed to learn the lessons of frugality and self-denial in a thrifty home goes into the battle of life without essential equipment for the fight.

Improvident Canadians are going to learn a bitter lesson in the near future.

THE CATHOLIC ARMY HUT FUND

At the time of going to press the result of the Knights of Columbus' drive for half a million dollars to finance the activities of the Catholic Army Huts is not yet known. But though complete returns are not available, enough is known to give assurance that the objective will not only be attained, but that a substantial surplus will be realized.

So far as we have learned at the present writing the appeal met with a hearty response from non Catholics as well as from Catholics. Our separated brethren seem to give a genuine welcome to this Catholic effort in war-work. The press has also been generous in advertising and popularizing the appeal. This is all the more creditable as even yet it is not generally grasped that the Catholic Army Huts while providing places for religious services, work and influence amongst Catholic soldiers, do for all soldiers irrespective of race or creed precisely what the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations do. In this vast field there is no clashing of interests, no competitive struggle for existence, but illimitable opportunities for mutual aid and service.

Over every Catholic Army Hut is the sign—"All Soldiers Welcome"; and many times and places, we are assured on authority, the accommodations of the huts offered to all indiscriminately are sought and enjoyed by large numbers of non Catholic soldiers who know that "All Soldiers Welcome" is but the outward and visible sign of the spirit that pervades the management of Catholic Army Huts.

The splendid organization of the drive by the Knights of Columbus was in keeping with the imperiousness of the work, a work worthy of the chivalrous and patriotic spirit of service in which it has been carried on.

We have just a word to add: the Knights of Columbus are not ubiquitous; magnificent as were their organization and work every Catholic could not be personally solicited. No Catholic in Canada should shrink his duty of giving; there is need for every dollar even if the War stopped tomorrow. Two years at least will be required for demobilization; and during those two years of comparative idleness the influence of religion on the soldiers will be even more imperatively necessary than during the actual time of war. All Canada will reap the benefit of such work or have reason to deplore its inadequacy.

Therefore we exhort every reader who has not yet contributed, and contributed generously according to his means, to lose no time in giving or sending his contribution to the nearest council of Knights of Columbus.

THE TYRANNY OF PUBLIC OPINION

Many who, with a feeling of horror, have read the accounts of mob-rule as it exists in other countries seem to be quite unconscious that we have, to say the least, a mild form of it at home. We do not refer to the actions of returned soldiers nor to the occasional excesses of which strikers have been guilty, but to the ever growing tendency on the part of a large portion of the civic population to make every one think and act as they themselves see fit. This section of the people are not governed by any fixed principles. They are swayed only by emotional appeals. They will not listen to reason yet they pride themselves upon their intelligence. They are much like

the lady who said "I am open to conviction, but I would like to see the man that can convince me." Politicians have, through the press and from the platform and the pulpit, moulded this public opinion to suit their own purposes, by playing upon the prejudices of the mob and by melodramatic rhapsodies on patriotism. Of course, the game worked well, but it is a game that may be played against the gamesters.

To give an example of how intolerant is this public opinion, take the case of the Fuel Controller's request to abstain from the unnecessary use of gasoline on Sunday. Many people nowadays do not consider going to church a necessary duty. Hence the Catholic farmer, who knows that he must assist at Mass when he can and for whom the possession of an automobile makes church going possible every Sunday, must run the gauntlet of popular criticism in order to fulfil his duty to God. This is no imaginary case but a practical difficulty that confronts Catholic people and that section of the Protestant community that still looks upon attendance at church as something more than a diversion. Under the heading "Conscience is the Policeman" a Toronto paper remarks approvingly: "It looks as though public opinion would enforce a rather strict observance of the request of the fuel controller."

If conscience is the policeman who does public opinion interfere with that policeman in the exercise of his duty? Why does not public opinion mind its own business? So far in Canada this interference has not gone beyond hostile comment, but across the border people have been held up by irresponsible individuals who demanded that they give a satisfactory reason for using an auto on Sunday. Personal liberty will soon disappear if it is placed at the mercy of popular opinion as represented by some well dressed pagans. Those same ultra officious people would be first to give vent to their indignation if the Church, not for the sake of saving gasoline but for the salvation of souls, vetoed the reading of certain books or put some restraint upon attendance at popular places of amusement.

This same tyranny is often exercised towards citizens of alien descent who have given every possible proof of their loyalty without diminishing in the least the distrust of their critics. Men, too, of military age who have been exempted by the tribunals for reasons that seemed good to the representatives of the law are made the butt of it. Sometimes it takes the form of social ostracism, usually on the part of ultra-patriotic ladies who are the most intolerant element in the community. Again, by business boycott or summary dismissal from office, those self constituted keepers of other people's consciences wreak their vengeance upon those whose conduct meets with their disapproval.

The result of all this is that Ontario has become, to use the words of a military gentleman in Ottawa, "the most hypocritical province in the Dominion." Men do not square their consciences with God's law or with the civil or military statutes. The sanction, the main spring, the constraining principle of their actions is to gain the applause of the crowd and to escape popular criticism. The dialogue for them is the "thou shalt not" of public opinion. These loyalists are generally merciless and vindictive and very little influenced by religion. The pious wish that every German and every alien should be slain, drawn and quartered we heard from the lips of one who was herself an alien in the most objectionable sense of term, one who had "crucified again the Son of God and made a mockery of Him" by her apostasy from the true faith.

Nor are Catholics wholly blameless in this matter. This virus of pharisaism has infected the rank and file of the Catholic laity—especially the rank. Loyalty in a Catholic is based upon faith and nourished and fortified by the grace of the sacraments. Like true sanctity it is not ostentatious. It proves itself in works not words. We have noticed, and perhaps the reader has noticed, that the most prominent exponents of blatant loyalty in our midst are not good practical Catholics but men who, to use a popular expression, do not work at their religion and who are the least loyal to their spiritual superiors. They may be repaid, and some of them have been repaid in this world, for their pseudo patriotism by honors and emoluments,

which only proves that they are mercenaries and not true patriots. THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WHILE THE Anglican Synod at Toronto was debating the pros and cons of the Christian Faith (as its delegates conceive it), and exercising its inalienable prerogative, compromise, a divine of the same persuasion in India was laying down the law to the Catholic Church in that outpost of the British Empire. The Rev. R. Newton, Anglican Chaplain, Dinapore, wrote thus to the Rev. Fr. Amadeus, Catholic Chaplain at the same military station:

"Rev. Sir,—I am informed that upon the gate of the compound leading to the Roman Catholic Military Church in Dinapore you have these words exposed: 'The Catholic Church and Chaplain's Quarters.' I have the honor, respectfully and officially, to ask you to alter the description (which may be accurate in theology but is not accurate or permissible either by military or civil law in India) to 'The Roman Catholic Church, etc.'"

THE CATHOLIC Herald of India, from which we culled this delectable effusion, opines that in the exercise of the unlimited powers which Rev. Newton arrogates to himself, he will presently be asking its proprietors to change the paper's name to the "Roman Catholic Herald of India." "The reverend gentleman," comments the Herald, "seems to be under the impression that he has bought the Catholic Church," and suggests that his next effusion to Father Amadeus will probably run thus: "I am informed that you wear seven buttons on your clerical coat. As this number presumably represents the seven sacraments, whereas only two have been sanctioned by law (cfr. Prayer Book), I have the honor, respectfully and officially, to ask you to remove the five extra buttons." The advice tendered the Catholic chaplain by our contemporary, viz., to invite Rev. Newton, respectfully and officially, to come and remove the inscription himself, will strike most people as being very much to the purpose.

MEANWHILE THE Canadian Synod has decided that while the Athanasian Creed may be all very well in its way, the minds of their followers must not be disturbed by its damatory clauses—hence, if the creed is read at all in their churches, everything that bears witness against the shifting beliefs of the day must be carefully expunged. So also in regard to prayers for the dead. They may be right and proper—sometimes—if care is taken to stop short of the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, but notwithstanding the witness of history and of the human heart to their reasonableness and their efficacy, the Synod is not yet ready to give a definite pronouncement on the subject. To the Church of England, the Synod seems to remind us, the highest function of a church is not to "Go teach," but to keep its ear to the ground, and follow where human vagary leads.

MANY OF our readers may have seen in the Toronto World a little threnody on this subject which puts the Anglican position in a nutshell. We forbear reproducing more than the first and last stanzas:

"My poor heart's broken—all's forlorn  
My only son—my laddie's gone,  
I go to church, some comfort there to get,  
But priests and prelates tell me, pray not—yet!

To-day, the 'Ordo' says, is that of Theodore,  
That man of God, whose mind much knowledge stored,  
And all are asked to pray for freedom from a state  
That renders things of faith a matter of red tape."

IN THE matter of nomenclature the Church of England in China is less modest than in Canada or the United States, or, for that matter, in England itself. The third General Synod of the "Chinese Holy Catholic Church," as we are informed by the Canadian Churchman, "our Church is called in China," recently concluded its sittings. Perhaps in this, as in so many other things, it is with other branches of the same institution, a question of "not yet." But give them time and they may accomplish wonders. If we may judge by the Toronto Synod, however, long are they reach the point of a definite deliverance on anything, the Celestial neophyte, keeping in the van, may, after the manner of a familiar

little story, be exclaiming "You fool me; I fool you."

ANOTHER LITTLE Anglican comedy, reminiscent of Marshall's "Comedy of Convocation," is even now being acted in England. Over eighty "priests" and one hundred laymen have been participating in a conference at Hoxton to discuss the possibility of introducing the "Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament" into the Church of England. The Bishop of Truro, it appears, recently forbade such service in a Cornwall parish, and this conference was convened to protest against his action, and to support the rector of the parish in his defiance of the Bishop. This in itself—the farce of Anglican episcopal authority—would be a comedy were it not for its evil effect upon those who have been accustomed to look for some sort of guidance in that direction. In that regard it takes on something of the aspect of a tragedy.

BUT THE conference did not stop here. It was stated that this service of "Benediction" should be carried out in accordance with the "rules which Rome lays down, since that is the only authority for Benediction which exists." A scheme of "defence against Episcopal attack" was drawn up, and this urges "the wisdom of appealing to Rome." This the Canadian Churchman terms "Bolshevism," and is thankful that "such a movement has no place in our Canadian Church." No! to be sure—not yet. "When every man does that which is right in his own eyes," affirms the Churchman, "our state is precarious." But has not that been an Anglican characteristic all along, even in the recent Synod at Toronto?

MEANWHILE AS indicative of the craving for definiteness in religious teaching, a movement of another sort is on foot in England. This movement originated at Nottingham, and is being participated in by Unitarians as well as Nonconformists. It is called the "Free Catholic Movement." At a series of conferences held in Birmingham some time ago, the views and wishes of those present were voiced by a Nonconformist minister—the Rev. Dr. Orchard—in these words: "We have found the idea of a merely immanent Christ cloudy and insufficient. We have found ourselves drawn to the Altar, the Mass, and the Reserved Sacrament. We crave for something besides a pulpit and the prophet. We crave for the priesthood, because we see it is the only way of clinching the Evangelic Faith. We see that an ordered faith is necessary for devotion and theology, and that Catholic theology holds more truth than we thought. We need a theology which saints have believed and martyrs have died for; dogmas which will throw us not on documents, but on a living Church which promulgates them." From which it would appear that these "chapel folk" have a much clearer apprehension of the main issue than many Anglicans who affect to despise them. It might indeed, to the extent at least that such aspirations are from the heart, be said of those who make them that they are not far from the kingdom.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

LIKE A GROUP of smiths surrounding a giant anvil Foch's Generals swing their sledge hammers, in turn crushing the enemy masses beneath their mighty strokes, and shaping a new world wherein militarism shall not bear rule. Petain strikes in the Champagne, Pershing along the Meuse, Haig in front of Cambrai, while Mangin continues his strokes along the Ailette. Allenby's smashing blow in Palestine re-echoes among the mountains of Galilee, and D'Esperay has so shrewdly aimed his strokes in the Balkans that Bulgaria sues for an armistice as a preliminary to peace negotiations. Prisoners by the thousand and guns in hundreds are taken daily. Not all the armies of workmen in Krupp or the Skoda factories of Austria can replace the guns of the foe as quickly as they are being taken from him. The victory is won by the organizing genius of Foch, the skill of his Generals, and the daring and hardihood of the Allied soldiers are bringing the end of the war much nearer than even the most sanguine could have hoped two months ago. Since Thursday the French have captured over ten thousand men in the Champagne, the Americans over eight thousand and one hundred guns, between the Meuse and the Argonne, and the British six thousand in the operations in front of Cambrai, where Bourlon Wood, the chief outwork of the city's defences, has been taken by the Canadians, leaving the city open.

THE CENTRE of interest for Canadian readers this morning is the region between the Seneca River and Cambral, where a British army, of which the Canadian Corps formed the left wing, won another notable victory yesterday. The chief difficulty in the way of further progress on this part of the front was an unfinished section of the Canal du Nord, the steep banks of which the enemy believed would prevent the use of tanks in an assault upon Cambral. The canal proved a "bogey." Pressing forward along a fourteen-mile front between the Seneca and Fleisquires the men of the First and Third Armies pushed across the canal, and in an amazingly short time the Canadian and British troops on the crucial part of the front were driving through the German defences north and south of Bourlon Hill and Wood. Sir Douglas Haig, referring to the progress of the Canadians, says: "In the left centre the Canadian Corps, under General Currie, attacking with the 1st, 3rd, and 4th Divisions, forced a passage of the Canal du Nord and captured the villages of Sains-lez-Marguion and Bourlon with the wooded heights of Bourlon Hill." Between the wood and the Arras road they also made a splendid advance for the new British front close to Hallencourt, with the result that the Arras Cambral road slightly over two miles from Cambral. There was hard fighting south of Bourlon Wood, and for a time the British troops taking part in the advance were held up by the strong defences of Graincourt. These were turned from the north, while to the south Fleisquires and the spur of Bancamp were carried. Several thousand prisoners were captured, Sir Douglas Haig says. The figures in unofficial despatches are 6,000.

IN MACEDONIA the diplomatic situation is of even greater interest than the military. The Allied troops, by their combined advance along a front of almost a hundred miles, appear to have reduced the Bulgarian defensive system to a condition of chaos. With the principal lines of retreat severed many thousands of Bulgars were cut off in the Babuna Mountains by the French and Serbs, while to the east of the Vardar British troops have invaded Bulgaria and captured Strumnitza, the forward enemy base, taking thirty guns and ammunition. The Greeks are also advancing into Bulgaria after storming the enemy positions on the mountains north of Lake Doiran. At Kochana, to which the Serbs pushed on after their occupation of Ishtip, they have covered more than half the distance from Saloniki to Sofia. The invasion of Bulgarian territory, the refusal of a request for reinforcements of German troops, and the response of Austria to a similar request, have had the effect of destroying the Bulgar morale, and the Allied Powers have been approached in the hope that Bulgaria may be able to negotiate with them a separate peace. Meanwhile, General D'Esperey continues his operations for the destruction of the Bulgarian army as a fighting force. A revolution and the dethronement of Czar Ferdinand are probable.—Globe, Sept. 28.

TEN THOUSAND PAY SOLEMN TRIBUTE

PRINCES OF THE CHURCH AND HUGS CONGREGATION AT THE FINAL CEREMONIES

Just as the sun faded from the tall stained windows and twilight dimmed St. Patrick's Cathedral, the great bronze coffin containing the body of John Cardinal Farley was lowered into the crypt beneath the high altar late yesterday afternoon; the stone slabs were set in place and the funeral services for the great prelate which had lasted six days came to an end. Five days had the Cardinal's body lain in state while more than 500,000 persons had passed his bier, and then yesterday, the sixth day, civic officials and church dignitaries had rendered him for four hours the most impressive and solemn tribute ever accorded in this city. Requiem Mass had been sung and the prayers for the dead had been told. Hymns had been chanted, and chanted again, and then yesterday, when the church employed all its ceremony in final regard for its departed dignitary, 10,000 persons knelt in prayer while equal that number stood, many blocks from the church, patiently and silently following the service by the chiming and tolling of the bells that marked some especially solemn passage. Throughout the concluding services yesterday there ran a note of patriotism which recalled the strong American stand the Cardinal had taken with respect to the War and its problems. The black and purple of ecclesiastical mourning and the red-white-and-blue were the only colors in the church; the national colors were the only emblems in the procession; Bishop Hickey's eulogy had a patriotic ring; and there was one stirring moment when the three Cardinals stood under a huge American flag while a band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Dawn had scarcely come before the first thousands began to arrive at the Cathedral. Down and up Fifth Avenue and from the parallel streets they came, hurrying despite the earliness of the hour to be sure of getting inside the edifice. As the minutes passed the crowds increased and the steps of the Cathedral became black with impurators. Police

Inspector Frank Morris, who had arrived with four Captains, six Lieutenants, forty Sergeants and four hundred policemen, realized that the crowd would exceed expectations, and sent in a call for eight hundred additional men. It was finally necessary to shut off all traffic on Fifth and Madison Avenues, from Fifty-second Street to Forty-eighth Street, and to hold those without cards of admittance back of lines at those points. The doors of St. Patrick's Cathedral were opened at 8 o'clock, and the lines of ticket holders began to file in. The tickets had been distributed by sections, and holders were directed to the doors nearest their seats, the plan permitting the rapid filling of the church without confusion. Within half an hour the seats were practically all taken. Shortly after 9 o'clock the Marine Corps Band and a detachment of five hundred sailors from the Polham Bay Naval Training Station arrived, and forty-five minutes later the procession formed and moved from the archiepiscopal residence, Madison Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, through Fifty-fifth Street to Fifth Avenue the cortege, sprinkled with the khaki of the army, the blue of the navy, the red and white of the Marine band, moved slowly to the strains of the dead march in Saul. At the main doors of the Cathedral the band was stilled, and on either side, bandmen with muffled drums took up station.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION  
To the long roll of the deadened drums the procession passed under a great American flag and down the aisle in the following order:  
Cross Bearer and Acolytes.  
Cathedral's Committee.  
Catholic Club.  
Trustees of Catholic Orphan Asylum, Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, Protector and of the Cathedral.

Knights of Columbus.  
Mayor Hylan and City Officials.  
British Representatives, including Consul, General Clive Bagley, Commandant Blackwood and Belt, Colonel Athill, Captain Durham, and Geoffrey Butler.  
French Representatives, including General Clardom, Consul General Gaston Liebert, Stephen Lauzanne, and Marcel Knecht.  
Spanish and Italian Representatives.  
U. S. Army, Marine Corps, and Navy Representatives.  
Cross Bearer and Acolytes.  
Religious Orders in Full Habits.  
Visiting Clergy.  
Diocesan Clergy.  
U. S. Army and Navy Chaplains, led by Dr. William T. Manning.  
Principals of Religious Orders.  
Cross Bearer and Acolytes.  
The Very Reverend and Right Reverend Monsignori.

The Most Reverend Archbishops.  
Cross Bearer and Acolytes.  
Cardinal Begin of Quebec with Ministers.  
Cross Bearer.  
Cardinal O'Connell of Boston with Ministers.  
Knights of St. Gregory.  
Cross Bearer and Acolytes.  
Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore with Ministers.  
Cross Bearer and Acolytes.  
As the procession walked slowly down the aisles the congregation stood facing the moving line. At the altar, having passed the catafalque, all the Monsignori, the Archbishops, the Bishops, and the Cardinals turned to one side, later to be seated in chairs placed throughout the length of the centre aisle. Clad in full robes of office and with black plush and boy's gages holding their long, lace caught trains of scarlet silk, the Cardinals passed down the aisle, but halted when midway. Turning so that they faced the door they waited for a moment; outside the Marine Band took up "The Star-Spangled Banner," and instantly every person in the church turned, too, toward the music and stood at attention. As the last bars of the anthem, softened by the distance, sounded, the organ began, almost unnoticed, Chopin's March Funebre, and the dignitaries again faced the altar and proceeded. Ascending the dais, with Cardinal Gibbons first by right of rank and age, the scarlet-capped prelates were enthroned on the Gospel side of the altar. When they were seated Archbishop Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate and celebrant of the Solemn High Pontifical Mass of Requiem, entered from the sacristy of the Holy Virgin and ascended a throne on the Epistle side of the altar. Accompanying Archbishop Bonzano was the Rev. John H. Farley, A. J., nephew of the dead Cardinal, who acted as Deacon, and the Rev. John Livingston, First Subdeacon. The deacons of honor for the Mass were the Right Rev. Mgrs. John-Edwards and Michael J. Lavelle. Because the whole North American Cardinalate, supplemented by seven Archbishops and fourteen Bishops, were ranged on both sides of the gold-ornamented altar, the ceremonies took on a particularly profound note of impressiveness. After the officiating prelates and clergymen had taken the places assigned to them, the 10,000 in the church arose and remained standing while Archbishop Bonzano changed the robes he had worn in the procession and donned those of a celebrant of a Mass. While the sacred vestments were being blessed and kissed prior to delivery to the Archbishop, the boy choir of 100 voices began the Kyrie, singing unaccompanied. Throughout the Mass the boyishly clear voices poured out the ancient Gregorian chants, unaided by the organ. As the singing ended, the

Epistle was chanted by the Rev. William Livingston, and as he intoned the lines the three Cardinals left their thrones and knelt in prayer before the altar, returning to their places while the choir rendered the "Dies Irae" of "Day of Judgment." Acting as Deacon of the Mass, the Rev. John Farley intoned the Gospel, the congregation and prelates standing throughout. Unusual ceremony marked the approach of Archbishop Bonzano to the altar, the celebrant being escorted by a retinue of the Monsignori who formed on either side as he knelt and pronounced the opening words of the ritual. "Et intonat ad altare Dei." At these words 10,000 heads as one were bowed on the pews, and, aside from the droning intonation of the ritual, the vast church was empty of sound. Significant as this silence was, it became more tense and the mourning note deepened as the altar gongs sent warning of the approaching consecration throughout the edifice. Once, twice, and then again the gong sounded, as, at the most sacred part of the Mass, the host was held up for adoration. Low and with tenderness the young voices from high in the back of the church brought the bowed heads up one by one as they began the "Agnus Dei," the sweeping melody breaking the spell that seemed to grip the worshippers. A few final prayers for the repose of the departed prelate's soul, and then the Archbishop was escorted to his throne, the Cardinals replaced their berettes, and the congregation arose and were seated to hear the eulogy.

All through the services, starting at 9:45 o'clock and continuing until about 2 o'clock, most of those in the church remained standing, but there were no indications of restlessness to mar the solemnity of the ceremony.  
ARCHBISHOP IRELAND DEAD IN ST. PAUL  
NOTED PRELATE SUCCEUMBS AFTER LONG ILLNESS DUE TO STRAIN OF WAR ACTIVITIES  
PUBLICIST AND REFORMER  
New York Times, Sept. 28  
St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 25.—Archbishop John Ireland, who died this morning, will be buried next Wednesday in Calvary Cemetery here in compliance with his wish. The Rev. Thomas Welsh, secretary to the Prelate, explained that the body would not be placed in the Cathedral crypt. "Father Welsh said the dying Archbishop had said it would be better to let me lie out there with my people under the green sod of Calvary."  
Complete arrangements for the funeral cannot be made until word is received from a number of the church dignitaries who are still in the East where they went to attend the funeral of Cardinal Farley.  
Hundreds of telegrams and cable messages from many parts of the world paying honor to the memory and achievements of the Archbishop were received to day at his home.  
It was decided this afternoon that the body will lie in state on Tuesday in the Cathedral—one of the most magnificent edifices in the United States. Solemn services will start at 10 a. m. Wednesday. They will be the same as those which marked the burial of Cardinal Farley. It is expected that most of the church dignitaries who attended the services in New York will attend the funeral of Archbishop Ireland.  
Until his sickness Archbishop Ireland took a prominent part in patriotic activities, and his physicians at that time attributed his breakdown to overwork.  
ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S CAREER  
Because of the keen and active interest he took in general affairs in the United States during the last fifty years, John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, was noted as a publicist, as well as one of the most distinguished Catholic churchmen in America. His study in intellectual, political, and spiritual fields of endeavor was profound, and the oft-times found himself the centre of a controversy. His energy was so abundant and his zeal for work such that the term, "consecrated blizzard," as applied to him by one of his admirers, was accepted by many others as a peculiarly happy expression.  
Archbishop Ireland was born at Burnchurch, County Kilkenny, Ireland, April 11, 1838, and came to this country with his parents in the tide of Irish immigration in 1849. Altar service at Burlington, Vt., and a jolting trip West on a prairie schooner were among his boyhood memories, bringing him finally to St. Paul, Minn., in 1862, when Indians in gay blankets stalked the streets of that frontier town. On the way to St. Paul his parents settled for a time in Chicago, where John Ireland attended the Schools of St. Mary's of the Lake.  
CHAPLAIN IN UNION ARMY  
One evening the missionary Crefin, first Bishop of St. Paul, while watching from his window some boys in his parish at play, called to John Ireland and Thomas O'Gorman—who later became Bishop of Sioux Falls—to come into the church. Both John and his playmate admitted that the priesthood was their ambition, and Bishop Crefin sent them in charge of a guardian to France, where they were educated by the Marist Fathers. When he learned of the outbreak of the civil war, however, John Ireland came home, fired as much with patriotism as with religion. After being ordained in

St. Paul he eagerly accepted an appointment as chaplain of the Fifth Regiment of Minnesota Volunteers. He was ardent in the Union cause and shared every hardship of the soldiers' life in their terrible Winter raids. It is related that at a critical point in a battle the Fifth Minnesota was called upon to fill a gap through which the enemy had pressed, capturing one of the Union batteries as they surged through the line. It was not long before the cry went down the line that the men had no more ammunition.  
"Here's cartridges for you, boys," shouted a smooth faced young man as he passed quickly down the line emptying cartridges into the soldiers' haversacks, more convenient receptacles than the old cartridge boxes with their separate compartments. When the fragments of the regiment had been gathered together that night Captain Ireland was missing, and it was not until after a long and anxious search that he was found on the very front in an improvised hospital close to the enemy's pickets.  
Archbishop Ireland kept up his acquaintance with his old army comrades through the soldiers' State reunions, which he regularly attended. In 1876 he was named for the See of Nebraska, but at the earnest suggestion of Bishop Thomas J. Grace supported by a personal visit to Rome, the Holy Father revoked the brief and conferred upon him instead the Conductor Bishopric of St. Paul.

HIS WORK FOR TEMPERANCE  
He soon attracted national attention through his work for temperance. The story is told of how on one January night in 1869 three drunkards staggered into his door way and handed him a rumpled sheet of paper on which was written: "For God's sake, organize a temperance society." The paper was signed by seven men, including a saloon keeper. That happened on the day when St. Paul was filled with border turbulence and the riot of drink. The next Sunday Father Ireland began his campaign by organizing a temperance society of eighty members. He made hot-to-hot visits to St. Paul's shantytown, throwing bottles out of squalid doorways. The work he thus began he extended throughout the Northwest and travelled the whole country preaching temperance. He even carried the battle back to Ireland and Great Britain.  
He at one time conceived the idea of consolidating the Catholic parochial schools and the public schools, and the plan was tried at Fairbault and Stillwater, Minn., but notion which the Archbishop could not relieve arose and the scheme was dropped. He was the founder of the Hill Seminary, on the Minnesota side of the Mississippi River, to which he gave his highly prized private library, one of the most comprehensive in the Northwest.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

COURAGEOUS BISHOP CHARLES VISITS HIS INDIANS  
We believe that our many readers of this column will be delighted to get the following letter recently sent us by the good missionary bishop whom we constantly feel. We feel sure that the knowledge of what is done through their generosity cannot but be very gratifying to the many friends of Extension. We hope that it will encourage them to greater efforts.  
Le Pas, Man., 15th Sept., 1918.  
Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension, Toronto.  
Rev. and Dear Father,—  
I am very pleased to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the fifth inst. as well as the two hundred intentions which is contained. They have all been received with pleasure and gratitude. My missionaries appreciate them no less than myself. Our gratitude towards those who have made these offerings is very great.  
I arrived recently from pastoral visits to my Indian missions. The journey was of at least eight hundred miles. The first part of it I made in a box car on the railway running to Hudson Bay, the rest a voyage of more than six hundred miles, was made in canoe manned by two Indians. The portages were numerous, long and very bad. The rains were both frequent and heavy. By day the sun scorched us and by night the frosts penetrated our little tent. On the 19th of July in the morning the water was coated with ice and the ground fairly hard from the frost. Thousands of mosquitoes ceased not to martyr us, and to their stings were added the bites of the famous Indian vermin which, in spite of all our efforts, covered us. In falling out of my canoe I took an involuntary bath in one of the lakes. My two good Indians were able to pull me out and save my life. I was almost gone with fear.  
To make up for these slight (?) (petite) misfortunes I had the happiness to see my dear Indians and to do good among them. For their part, their joy was unbounded at meeting the Great Chief of Prayer.—"Kithiyamihewikwam" that is, the Bishop. To have this happiness several among them, with their wives and children, travelled more than seven days in canoes.  
The first mission visited was that of St. Patrick's at Nelson House. I found there a very pretty chapel, newly built. It was not entirely finished. It is 55 feet long by 30 wide. The walls are made from the trunks of trees placed log house style, the joints being filled with moss in place of mortar. This is the only

method of construction possible in these far off regions where it is practically impossible to obtain lumber.  
I am very happy to mention that this chapel which the Indians describe as "Mistah munsin"—very beautiful,—is the work of the devoted Society, "The Women's Auxiliary" which procured for us \$500.00 to aid in the expense of building it. How great is the charity of these good ladies and their generous benefactors! How happy are our Indians to have at last a real house of prayer,—"ayamihewa ekamik" (a church) in which they can meet and pray to the Holy Spirit so dear to them! I did not forget to ask them to pray for their benefactors.  
They appeared to be very much impressed to see the white people were thinking such precious assistance. "Tapwa Kise-watsiwok" said they, meaning they are very charitable.  
Since then I have heard that the same society, "The Women's Auxiliary" acting along with "The Council of St. Patrick of Montreal" has sent all the furniture, vestments, linens, altar, altar vessels, etc., for this chapel. This is truly magnificent. I am very much touched by such splendid zeal. Nor do I know very well how to express my gratitude. I can only repeat with my Indians, "Tapwa Kise-watsiwok" "really they are very charitable."  
The next mission visited was that of the Sacred Heart at Pakitawagan on the Churchill River. I found there a large settlement, numbering about 500 Indians, all Catholic. How I rejoiced in their midst! Such faith! Such simple and childlike piety among these poor inhabitants of the wood! We can say very truly that they are poor in the goods of this world but rich in the gifts of God.  
Their chapel is large and very handsome. Like that of St. Patrick's it was a gift of charity. It was a benefactress who through the "Catholic Church Extension" furnished most of the money required for its construction.  
Here again let me express my most heartfelt thanks to this generous benefactress and towards your society. I remained more than two weeks among the good Indians. Twice daily they filled the church to hear the word of God, to sing His praises and address to Him their prayers. They presented an edifying and touching spectacle. Each morning, all approached the Holy Table, to receive Him Who, according to them "makes the heart grow strong."  
At my leaving, men, women and children congregated on the shore to kiss my ring and receive a last blessing. They expressed their adieu by numberless shots from their guns, which the echoes of the forest repeated.  
I am home again, contented and happy, and cannot help thinking "Oh, if our benefactors could see our Indians they would be proud and happy to have contributed by their alms to their evangelization."  
Believe me, Dear Rev. Father, Yours sincerely in Christ,  
OVIDE  
Vic. Apostolic of Keewatin.  
Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.  
Contributions through this office should be addressed to:  
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ROOSEVELT PAYS TRIBUTE  
After receipt of the news of Archbishop Ireland's death, Colonel Roosevelt, who had been a close friend to the dead prelate, yesterday sent the following telegram to St. Paul.  
"I mourn the death of Archbishop Ireland. He was a great patriot as well as a great churchman. Personally he was an old and valued friend, and moreover, when with him I felt as if I was in the company of a great ecclesiastical statesman of the old type in point of ability, and yet abreast of modern American thought. His death is a great loss, and, coming on the death of the other great churchman and patriot, Cardinal Farley, it leaves a very real blank in American life."  
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA  
COURAGEOUS BISHOP CHARLES-BOIS VISITS HIS INDIANS  
We believe that our many readers of this column will be delighted to get the following letter recently sent us by the good missionary bishop whom we constantly feel. We feel sure that the knowledge of what is done through their generosity cannot but be very gratifying to the many friends of Extension. We hope that it will encourage them to greater efforts.  
Le Pas, Man., 15th Sept., 1918.  
Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension, Toronto.  
Rev. and Dear Father,—  
I am very pleased to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the fifth inst. as well as the two hundred intentions which is contained. They have all been received with pleasure and gratitude. My missionaries appreciate them no less than myself. Our gratitude towards those who have made these offerings is very great.  
I arrived recently from pastoral visits to my Indian missions. The journey was of at least eight hundred miles. The first part of it I made in a box car on the railway running to Hudson Bay, the rest a voyage of more than six hundred miles, was made in canoe manned by two Indians. The portages were numerous, long and very bad. The rains were both frequent and heavy. By day the sun scorched us and by night the frosts penetrated our little tent. On the 19th of July in the morning the water was coated with ice and the ground fairly hard from the frost. Thousands of mosquitoes ceased not to martyr us, and to their stings were added the bites of the famous Indian vermin which, in spite of all our efforts, covered us. In falling out of my canoe I took an involuntary bath in one of the lakes. My two good Indians were able to pull me out and save my life. I was almost gone with fear.  
To make up for these slight (?) (petite) misfortunes I had the happiness to see my dear Indians and to do good among them. For their part, their joy was unbounded at meeting the Great Chief of Prayer.—"Kithiyamihewikwam" that is, the Bishop. To have this happiness several among them, with their wives and children, travelled more than seven days in canoes.  
The first mission visited was that of St. Patrick's at Nelson House. I found there a very pretty chapel, newly built. It was not entirely finished. It is 55 feet long by 30 wide. The walls are made from the trunks of trees placed log house style, the joints being filled with moss in place of mortar. This is the only

method of construction possible in these far off regions where it is practically impossible to obtain lumber.  
I am very happy to mention that this chapel which the Indians describe as "Mistah munsin"—very beautiful,—is the work of the devoted Society, "The Women's Auxiliary" which procured for us \$500.00 to aid in the expense of building it. How great is the charity of these good ladies and their generous benefactors! How happy are our Indians to have at last a real house of prayer,—"ayamihewa ekamik" (a church) in which they can meet and pray to the Holy Spirit so dear to them! I did not forget to ask them to pray for their benefactors.  
They appeared to be very much impressed to see the white people were thinking such precious assistance. "Tapwa Kise-watsiwok" said they, meaning they are very charitable.  
Since then I have heard that the same society, "The Women's Auxiliary" acting along with "The Council of St. Patrick of Montreal" has sent all the furniture, vestments, linens, altar, altar vessels, etc., for this chapel. This is truly magnificent. I am very much touched by such splendid zeal. Nor do I know very well how to express my gratitude. I can only repeat with my Indians, "Tapwa Kise-watsiwok" "really they are very charitable."  
The next mission visited was that of the Sacred Heart at Pakitawagan on the Churchill River. I found there a large settlement, numbering about 500 Indians, all Catholic. How I rejoiced in their midst! Such faith! Such simple and childlike piety among these poor inhabitants of the wood! We can say very truly that they are poor in the goods of this world but rich in the gifts of God.  
Their chapel is large and very handsome. Like that of St. Patrick's it was a gift of charity. It was a benefactress who through the "Catholic Church Extension" furnished most of the money required for its construction.  
Here again let me express my most heartfelt thanks to this generous benefactress and towards your society. I remained more than two weeks among the good Indians. Twice daily they filled the church to hear the word of God, to sing His praises and address to Him their prayers. They presented an edifying and touching spectacle. Each morning, all approached the Holy Table, to receive Him Who, according to them "makes the heart grow strong."  
At my leaving, men, women and children congregated on the shore to kiss my ring and receive a last blessing. They expressed their adieu by numberless shots from their guns, which the echoes of the forest repeated.  
I am home again, contented and happy, and cannot help thinking "Oh, if our benefactors could see our Indians they would be proud and happy to have contributed by their alms to their evangelization."  
Believe me, Dear Rev. Father, Yours sincerely in Christ,  
OVIDE  
Vic. Apostolic of Keewatin.  
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THE POPE AND THE HIERARCHY

From America  
For some time past potent and untrustworthy propagandists have been spreading the reports that the Pope was preparing a letter condemnatory of the Irish hierarchy. This pernicious rumor has finally been set at rest by the following splendid letter which was recently sent to Ireland by the Holy Father.  
To Michael Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, and the other Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland:  
To our dear Son and to our venerable Brothers Health and Apostolic benediction. It is with much satisfaction that We have learned through the letter which you collectively addressed to us on the twentieth of last June, that the devoted proclaiming the truth of the martyrdom of the Venerable Oliver Plunket has been received with profound joy by the entire Irish people.  
We knew well that this would be the case, venerable Brothers, for We were aware of the veneration in which you hold this invincible champion of the Church, who jealously guarded, at the price of his own blood, the sacred patrimony of the Faith, the glorious heritage you have received from St. Patrick. The true representative, in that of the general Irish people, who have always been the energetic defenders of the

Faith on their native soil and its distinguished propagators in the most distant lands.  
Of your faith and of your attachment to the Seat of Truth, We have found proof, venerable Brothers, in the expressions you make use of in the rest of your letter, receiving with gratitude the new code of canon law, and protesting against the insidious campaign of calumny and hatred to which Our person and Our action are at present subjected.  
Of your own accord, venerable Brothers, you recall, in this connection, the efforts We have made from the very beginning of Our pontificate to assuage the consequences of the terrible conflict, and to hasten the end of the horrible butchery.  
The unjust campaign, of which We are now the object, shall not diminish Our ardent wish and Our unflagging efforts in behalf of humanity as a whole, for we are certain that once these stormy times have been terminated and man's mind have recovered their calm judgment, the nobility and impartiality of Our charitable action will be everywhere recognized.  
In the meantime, it is your duty, venerable Brothers, as it is the duty of the other Bishops, and of each and every one of the clergy, to see to it that, amidst these multiplied attacks, the Faith be preserved untaunted in the heart of the Christian people, and that all remain closely united to Holy Mother Church and to her supreme Pastor. We realize how numerous and serious are the difficulties, with which at the present moment the episcopate and the clergy of the entire world have to cope; but We are confident that they will imitate the Christian force of which the Venerable Plunket gave so admirable an example, that they will unite to the wise prudence and the moderation which the Apostolic ministry of its very nature demands, especially in situations of a very grave and delicate character; thus they will be able to fulfill the mission and to pave the way for better times for the Church of God.  
As an earnest of the Divine assistance which, with this object in view, We invoke from heaven, and in testimony of Our very special goodwill, We grant, out of the affection of Our heart, to you and to all the Faithful, the apostolic benediction.  
Given at Rome at St. Peter's, in the Vatican, July 31, 1918, the fourth year of Our pontificate.  
POPE BENEDECT XV.

BRAVE NUN IMPRISONED  
The Belgian newspaper, La Metrople, publishes a report that Mme. Helene de Burtel, Superior General of the Nuns of the Sacred Heart, of Berchem, at Antwerp has been sentenced to two and a half years of penal servitude, after already having spent eight months in prison at Antwerp.  
Mme. de Burtel's crime consists of having shown great energy and courage, and she appears to have incurred the ill-will of her judges by the fine spirit and ardent patriotism she displayed. She was condemned to immediate deportation, and it is absolutely unknown to which prison in Germany this valiant nun has been sent for the crime of being true to her king and country. She has three brothers who are fighting in the armies of the Allies.—The Tablet.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND  
Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding burses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a burse. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.  
Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary,  
J. M. FRASER.  
I propose the following burses for subscription:  
1. Sacred Heart Burse.  
2. Blessed Sacrament Burse.  
3. Holy Name of Jesus Burse.  
4. Queen of Apostles Burse.  
5. Immaculate Conception Burse.  
6. Comforter of the Afflicted Burse.  
7. St. Francis Xavier Burse.  
8. St. Anthony Burse.  
9. Holy Souls Burse.  
10. Little Flower Burse.

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE  
Previously acknowledged \$1,000 00  
SACRED HEART BURSE  
Previously acknowledged \$76 00  
JOHN L. McALEER, Charlotte town..... 2 00  
Mrs. D. Harbio, Hawkesbury... 1 00  
John Dougan, Peakes Str..... 5 00  
J. Nevin, Thorold..... 5 00  
D. J. O'Sullivan, Reynaud..... 1 00  
Estate of the late Margaret Ryan, Fredericton, N. B..... 50 00  
Thanksgiving, Halifax..... 1 00  
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A Friend, St. John's..... 2 00  
Wm. Shannon, Watpoose..... 1 00

Previously acknowledged \$831 00  
John L. McAleer, Charlotte town..... 2 00  
Mrs. D. Harbio, Hawkesbury... 1 00  
D. J. O'Sullivan, Reynaud..... 1 00  
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MASS INTENTIONS  
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On behalf of deceased relatives..... 1 00

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKS, O. S. B. TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

WHENCE OUR COURAGE AND STRENGTH? "That you may be able to resist in the evil day." (Eph. vi. 12.)

Our life is a warfare, my dear brethren, and yet in spite of constant defeats and wounds we must not lose heart, and think our life nothing better than a forlorn hope. If we trust to ourselves we may well lose heart. But no one need be discouraged if he looks up to that King Who bids us go forth, for He provides us with the arms and strength wherewith to conquer. "Fear not, and be not dismayed; because the Lord Thy God is with thee in all things, whatsover thou shalt go to." (Jos. i. 9.)

And we need this courage and strength indeed, for we have to strive against the devil, overcome ourselves, and the issue of the conflict is eternal. Yes, these are the three things that cause us to fear. Our own selves—we cannot be sure of our own selves; we will and we will not; we begin and we give up. So weak, so full of faults, so easily discouraged, so easily moved, cannot trust our own selves. And yet we have to overcome our vices, govern our passions, and resist our desires and inclinations.

This would be work enough, but this poor self of ours is tempted, misled, duped, tyrannized over by an enemy whom we cannot see, but who is ever watching us. This enemy is ever planning "the evil day," lurking in ambush, ever ready for the attack, when he hopes we shall not be able to resist.

And in this conflict there is no truce, no compromise, no hopes of terms of peace, no it's a struggle unto death; and what a death—the loss of God, our all, in all abandonment by Him and everlasting slavery under the tyranny of the devil.

But all this must not dismay us, but urge us the more earnestly to seek the sources of our courage and strength. God has not cast us into the conflict for our ruin, but that we may emerge victorious. Remembrance of God's mercy and goodness is our first incentive to take courage that "we may be able to resist in the evil day." "The Lord is good to them that hope in Him, to the soul that seeketh Him." (Lam. iii. 25.)

"Know ye that no one hath hoped in the Lord, and hath been confounded. For who hath continued in His commandment, and hath been forsaken? or who hath called upon Him, and He hath despised him? He is a protector to all that seek Him." (Ecclesi. ii. 12.)

God became man for our redemption, and remembrance of Christ's love for us, that He became our brother, fills our heart with comfort and courage.

"God so loved the world, as to give His Only-Begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting." (John iii. 16.) "If God be for us, who is against us? He that spared not even His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how hath He not also, with Him, given us all things?" (Rom. viii. 32.)

And this is not our own reasoning and deductions from God's goodness and love, but we have not in the Scriptures the word of God promising help, the promises of God, the pledge of God, oftentimes repeated? "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." (Ps. xlix. 15.)

And again: "In an acceptable time I have heard thee, and in the day of salvation I have helped thee; and I have preserved thee. And all flesh shall know, that I am the Lord that save thee, and thy Redeemer." (Isa. xlix. 8, 26.)

If our enemy is cleverer than we are, and has schemes that we see not and cannot grapple with, how consoling it is for us to know that we are not all in the conflict, but that the wisdom and power of God is with us! God knows and sees all things—our weakness and ignorance, the plots of the devil, all the eventualities of life—and He has the power to arrange that with "the evil day," grace shall more abound, and to make from the temptation an issue of victory for us.

No one need fear but that there will be abundance of help and strength from God to enable us to resist if we only ask it from Him. But there is always one danger—we may trust to ourselves. It is he who trusts in himself, and not in God, who falls. We must, then, be humble and distrustful of our own powers and goodness. God watches over the humble, and before the prayer has left our lips He is with us and assists us. And the holy fear of God will be our safeguard. With these two dispositions in our hearts, humility and the holy fear of God, it is impossible not to pray and not to pray fervently and constantly, and impossible likewise for those prayers not to be heard. "I sought the Lord, and He heard me; and He delivered me from all my troubles. The angel of the Lord shall encamp round about them that fear Him; and shall deliver them. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart; and He will save the humble of spirit." (Ps. xxxiii. 5, 8, 10.)

These, then, are the sources of our courage and strength to resist in the evil day: in humility and fear to invoke the help of the Lord—that Lord Who is mercy and goodness itself, Who became our brother to prove His love,

Who has promised and pledged Himself to hear us and defend us, Who is all-wise and all-powerful. "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the protector of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" (Ps. xxvi. 1, 2.)

GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

A SAINTLY PRIESTHOOD

In every walk in life there is a cry for men. The appeal is not simply for men that are mere human beings, for of such the visible supply is abundant, but for men who shall measure up to the demand of the present day and hour. The world is always in need of high-minded citizens, of ripe scholars, of persuasive speakers, of trustworthy administrators of temporal goods. Each of them has his acknowledged sphere of public usefulness; and each should receive from a clear-sighted and discriminating people his need of praise for all that he does, his learning, his eloquence, or his business ability.

All these claims to recognition are found in the priest, for he is a citizen endowed with patriotism, with learning, with ability as a public speaker, and with a certain skill in pecuniary matters; but all these titles fall far short of the ideal which is realized with what might be called almost monotonous sameness, whether it be in the shepherd of a rustic flock or in the pastor of a parish where all, perhaps, breathe elegance and refinement.

The priest's functions are not limited to the affairs of every-day life. For all the patriotism of their citizens, great States decay; for all the learning of their wise men, they may sink back into mental darkness; for all the ability of their financiers, bankruptcy may be their lot. The priest, however, though toiling in the present, has his gaze ever fixed on the future. His hope is to secure for his flock not merely some fleeting temporal advantage, but the blessings of a happy eternity. His one great all-consuming desire is to be an instrument in the hands of Almighty God for the salvation of souls.

To save a soul! Who can tell the value of a human soul? To save a human life is thankworthy; to raise the dead is awe-inspiring. But he who saves a human life, even he who by the Divine power, recalls the dead to dwell once more among men, knows full well that the day will come when the general law will be enforced and the living shall be numbered with those that were and are not. But to save a soul is to secure it forever and ever against death or loss. This is the work of the priest. Is one soul then, so precious? It is in very truth the pearl of great price, for it is worth what it cost the Son of God. Weighed on Calvary in the balance of the Cross, its cost was the shame, the anguish, the death, of the Saviour of the world. The saint grasped this truth. The thought of it made them saints.

The world-to-day needs a Saviour as perhaps never before. Think of those that languish in the spiritual night of unbelief; count those that have come into the defiled inheritance of a schism precipitated in olden times by men who knew and recked not; recall those whose most cherished spiritual possession is a mutilated and disfigured creed from which so many life-giving elements have been ruthlessly hacked off. In the very bosom of the Church, moreover, have not we to lament many careless and indifferent Catholics who set little store by the spiritual treasures that she so solicitously spreads before them? Priests are needed, and many saintly priests would be all too few for the work at hand.

There are certain elements of success, we might almost call them, with which men fondly fancy that they can unfailingly secure a happy outcome for their efforts and enterprises. If their family has an assured position in the esteem of the public, if they can control political influence, or if their social position gives them prestige, they think that, with talents and education, they are equipped for every eventuality. But in the work of the sacred ministry, the elements of success are of a quite different order. As the most divine of works is the work of saving souls, so the elements of success in achieving it are of an order in keeping with the nature of the work. The elements of success are the elements of saintliness.

The efficiency of the priest is due primarily to his sacred character. The world in general recognizes him as distinctly different from the miscellaneous and parti-colored aggregation which goes by the name of "non-Catholic clergy." Not only by Divine consecration but also in the popular acceptance, the priest is singled out, set apart, and dedicated to special unworldly functions. His co-operation with this consecration means the cultivation of those qualities which most closely unite him to Almighty God who has called him. Prayer, purity of conscience, and zeal are the priest's secondary elements of success. By his fidelity to Almighty God, the "alpha and omega, the beginning and the end" of all his plans and undertakings, he does God's Will perfectly in the time, place, and circumstances which that Divine Will points out to him as his

CONSTANT PAIN AFTER EATING

The Tortures of Dyspepsia Corrected by "Fruit-a-lives"

St. MARTIN'S, N.B. "For two years, I suffered tortures from Severe Dyspepsia. I had constant pains after eating; pains down the sides and back; and horrible bitter stuff often came up in my mouth. I tried doctors, but they did not help me. But as soon as I started taking 'Fruit-a-lives,' I began to improve and this medicine, made of fruit juices, relieved me when everything else failed." MRS. HUDSON MARSHBANK. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

lifework. These elements of success are invincible. When is Holy Mother Church to draw those many saintly priests. Is she to elect them as she does her mayors and aldermen are elected? Is she to appoint them, as Federal judges are appointed? Is she to hold a contest, as prizes are awarded for a debate or an oration? Is she to choose them by the lot, as talesmen are drawn? It would require a very special and unmistakable manifestation of the Divine Will to warrant her in proceeding according to these or any similar methods. Matthias and Paul and Peter Chrysologus and Ambrose are types of the extraordinary ways in which God may manifest His Will; but they are so exceptional that it would be rash to ask or even to expect them. The commonly travelled paths are the safest and surest.

Is it possible to define, or even to describe, what is to be understood by the term, "vocation to the priesthood?" Does it consist in something so vague and elusive that it can be known only after years of patient research? Does it come from the family circle, as do many physical, mental, and moral traits? May one evolve a vocation to the priesthood for oneself, as one develops a leaning towards architecture, or the law, or agriculture?

If men are to give their best years and their best powers to the service of the altar, it is plain that the period of proximate preparation should begin before the physical and mental qualities of the candidate are on the wane, namely, while he is in the full glory of his young manhood, for the training is long and trying. If, therefore, the prospective levite must grope in the dark for years before he may safely say that he is called to the priesthood, he loses precious years and may suffer other harm and be, in consequence, less useful to religion. It is idle, therefore, to think that only years of research and investigation can determine the reality of a vocation to the sacred ministry.

In the ideal Catholic home, where the spirit of religion rules, we contemplate the nursery of a galaxy of virtues which adorn the soul as the rarest gems deck the person of their envied possessor. Gratitude to God for mercies received, tender piety, respect for authority, a spirit of dependence, and innocence of life are among the hallowed memories that linger round a child, and God and God's rights claimed and received the first place. If those lessons had been always faithfully followed as they had been diligently impressed on the plastic mind and memory of the growing child, many a life history would be differently written. But lessons in virtuous living do not constitute a priestly vocation. They are, on the other hand, the precious heritage of every Catholic child, for they are the foundation of a life pleasing to God and prophetic of a happy eternity in whatever circumstances of time or place or occupation one's life may be spent.

THE ROSARY MONTH

If there is one thing dear to the Catholic heart it is our Blessed Lady, who from her heavenly throne above never fails to throw over our lives the powerful mantle of her protection and to hold up before our eyes the irresistible example of her virtues. And if the Catholic heart instinctively loves Our Lady, it loves with an almost equal surety that form of prayer which she most loves. Since Our Lady herself gave us the Rosary, we may be certain that it is the prayer which she most cherishes. And we need not be surprised at this, since it is composed of that sublime prayer which our Blessed Saviour Himself in His infinite wisdom and goodness taught us, and of the prayer which was first uttered in the courts of heaven by the Eternal Father to the angel who was sent to the lowly maiden's humble call in Nazareth. Even if Our Lady had not taught us how to say the beads, our common sense would prove to us that it is the most excellent kind of prayer, combining as it does the service of our lips and the full play of our mind. It is the homage of the entire man of God through the hands of our Blessed Lady, than which there is none more pleasing to Him.

When the Church officially set aside the month of October as a season during which we should recite the Rosary, it was in her mind that we take up this prayer with the firm conviction that it is the most suitable for our times. Leo XIII., than whom there was no more far-sighted statesman, wrote a magnificent encyclical on the Rosary and the social question, in which he proved this prayer to be one of the most efficacious

other or others. In a word, by becoming a priest, he abdicates no insignificant part of that freedom of action and independence of all restraint which men commonly hold so dear.

The priest's life, moreover, is a life of labor for others. In times of sorrow, of disappointment, and disaster, he is called upon to direct, to comfort, to hearten. Tales of woe are his daily bread; he is to mourn with the victims of man's inhumanity to man; and in time of calamity he is to "strengthen the trembling knees." Since the priest is to follow and imitate our Divine Lord, the "Man of Sorrows," his life is to be a life of loneliness. Though in the world, he is not and cannot be of the world. He is in the world to point to better things and lead the way, even though few follow and they follow afar off. In the priest's life, there is scarcely room for those tender intimacies which are attendant upon deeply cherished friendship, for he must "become all to all, that he may save all." He may not "specialize" in certain souls to the exclusion of others committed to his pastoral care. Yes, with all his paternal interest in the well-being of his flock, the priest must preserve a certain aloofness, for he is in this world emphatically as St. Augustine would say, a stranger. Judged by worldly standards, the priest's life must needs be a lonely life.

What follows from our few rambling remarks on the nature of the life to which, in virtue of his vocation, a priest called? It follows, above all, that a vocation to the sacred ministry must come from Him from whom comes every best gift and every perfect gift, coming down from the Father of lights," as St. James (I. 17) beautifully says when expressing the supernatural nature of the choicest gifts that we receive. Only God could inspire the thought, only God could strengthen the determination, only God could grant perseverance unto the end.

Some are called in tender childhood as was St. Augustine who received his everlasting reward before having reached the goal of the sanctuary. Others are called in mature years, as was that Viceroy of Catalonia, the trusted adviser of the Emperor Charles V., who became St. Francis Borgia. But whether at dawn or at midday or in life's decline God, and only God, must summon the would-be priest into His sanctuary. His priests into His sanctuary. He may summon them by a lightning flash as He did St. Paul, or He may lead them as it were through haze and mist till, after much travail and many misgivings, the glorious day of His manifest Will bursts upon the wearied sojourner on life's toilsome way. These are the two extremes.

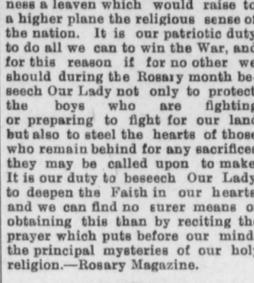
The middle course, which is the way most souls are led, is the effect of thought, serious thought, and prayer, earnest and continued prayer. Have I the physical fitness for the priesthood? Have I the necessary mental qualifications? Have I the moral strength to accept the invitation? If these questions can be answered in the affirmative by some trusted counsellor who knows my very soul, it would be imprudent if not senseless, to await a clearer intimation of what God would have me undertake. But, whether early or late, whether with trumpet tones or by a still, small voice, vocation to the priesthood is from God. Environment, counsel, example, watchful care, and exhortation may arouse the quiescent germ of activity and to strong and healthy growth, just as the lack of them may bring on a deadly blight. But the germ, no man can give. It is from God. It is a part of His Divine Providence in regard to His creature. Our duty it is to pray that it may be cherished and nourished unto fruitful perfection in many saintly priests.

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The centenary of the finding of the body of St. Francis of Assisi will be celebrated this year, 1918, by the Franciscan Order throughout the world.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TEN LITTLE DUTIES
Ten little duties! Does no good to whine; Skip about and do one, then there are nine. Nine little duties; it never pays to wait; Do one quick, and—presto!—there are only eight. Eight little duties; might have been eleven. One done in no time, now they're only seven. Seven little duties; 'tisn't such a fix; Do one more, and—bless me!—there are only six. Six little duties; sure as I'm alive! Never mind, one's over; now there are only five. Five little duties knocking at your door! Lead one off to Doneland, that leaves only four. Four little duties, plain as plain can be! Can't be shirked—one's over—leaving only three. Three little duties; like a soldier true, Meet them and vanquish one; then there'll be but two. Two little duties between you and fun; In just a minute longer there'll be only one. One little duty; now, what will you do? Do it! Why, surely, now you are through.

THE HURT OF SILENCE

The recognized ability of Mr. Schwab, to whose efforts so much of the success of our National Shipping Board is due, ought to merit for him a hearing on any subject that he may see fit to treat. He recently gave an address to the Directors of the Division of Advertising of the Committee on Public Information, and certain of his remarks are deserving of attention. "There is one thing I do want to say," he declared, "and I am glad of an opportunity to say it. It has been a life-long theory of mine, one that I have put into practice for thirty five or forty years of industrial pursuits rather successfully, and one which I think ought to be the keynote of everything we strive to do during this period when we wish everybody's greatest endeavors—I am a believer in the fact that men reach their greatest accomplishments by proper encouragement, not by criticism. I have yet to see the man, however great and exalted his situation, who is not susceptible to the approval of his fellow men. And the severest criticism that can come to any man is not to find fault with him, but not to notice him at all. When a man is not noticed he knows that he has not gained the approval of his fellows; but when he is approved he gives his best effort."

HIS BABY

She is my mother, said the young man, but I call her my baby. She is eighty years old. Old people are very like babies, and we ought to love them, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. I have an idea life even up things. When I was young and helpless she took care of me; now I take care of her. I am paying my debt.

She never left me alone when I was an infant. Now I do not leave her alone. She was patient with me then; now I am patient with her.

She fed me; now I feed her. I clothe and keep her. She sacrificed her young life for me; I am glad of every chance I have to sacrifice for her.

She loved me when I was ignorant, awkward, needing constant care, and all because I was hers, born of her body and part of her soul. I owe every feebleness and trait of childishness in her endears her to me, for no reason except that she is my mother.

By so much as she is a tax on my time, attention and money, I love her.

She shall not triumph over me in the Day of Judgment; for my tenderness shall equal hers. She watched me until I grew up; I shall watch her till she steps into heaven.—Dr. Frank Crane, in Farm Life.

PERSISTENCE AND GRIT WON RECOGNITION

For seven years after his graduation from West Point Pershing received no promotion, says William Heylinger in Boys' Life, the Boy Scouts' Magazine, for July. Nevertheless, with customary grit he applied himself to master his profession. He became an authority on military tactics and was sent to West Point as an instructor. He was there when the Spanish American war broke out, and immediately applied for a command. The war department sent him to the Tenth Cavalry, a colored troop, as a first lieutenant, and then his rise began. His troop went to Cuba. He led it at the battle of El Caney and came out of that engagement a captain for "gallantry in action."

Next he went to the Philippines. General Chaffee sent him to the hills of Western Mindanao, where the sultan of Basilid ruled 100,000 Mohammedan Malays who thought it a virtue to kill a Christian. The sultan's stronghold had walls of earth and bamboo forty feet thick, and was surrounded by a moat 40 feet wide. To reach that stronghold it was

necessary to cut a path through dense tropical jungles. General Pershing, with the same old grit, cut the path. He told the sultan that the killing of Christians had to stop. The sultan laughed. Soon there was another killing and 48 hours later the sultan's stronghold was destroyed. Within two years Pershing had established law and order in western Mindanao, something that Spain had failed to do in 300 years of trying.

It was an exploit of determination, of obstacles overcome, and of never giving up. They were the traits that had stamped him as a boy, and they won him high honors as a man. In 1906, in recognition of his ability, President Roosevelt made him a brigadier general and jumped him over the heads of 862 men. The boy who won his way to West Point, by one point, the young man who had been given no promotion for seven years—had at last come into his own.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 2.—THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS

God does not abandon to mere chance any of His handiworks; by His providence He is everywhere present; not a hair falls from the head or a sparrow to the ground without His knowledge. Not content, however, with yielding such familiar help in all things, not content with sending that existence which He communicates and perpetuates through every living being, He has charged His angels with the ministry of watching and safeguarding every one of His creatures that behold not His face. Kingdoms have their angels assigned them, and men have their angels; these latter it is whom religion designates as the Holy Guardian Angels. Our Lord says in the Gospel, "Beware lest ye scandalize any of these little ones, for their angels in heaven see the face of My Father." The existence of Guardian Angels is, hence, a dogma of the Christian faith; this being so, what ought not our respect be for that sure and holy intelligence that is ever present at our side; and how great should our solicitude be, lest, by any act of ours, we offend those eyes which are ever bent upon us in all our ways!

OCTOBER 3.—ST. GERARD, ABBOT

St. Gerard was of a noble family of the country of Namur, France. An engaging sweetness of temper, and a strong inclination to piety and devotion, gained him from the cradle esteem and affection of every one. Having been sent on an important mission to the Court of France, he was greatly edified at the fervor of the monks of St. Denis, at Paris, and earnestly desired to consecrate himself to God with them. Returning home he settled his temporal affairs and went back with great joy to St. Denis. He had lived ten years with great fervor in this monastery, when in 931 he was sent by his abbot to found an abbey upon his estate of Arrouge, three leagues from Namur. He settled this new abbey, and then built himself a little cell near the church, and lived in it a recluse until God called him to undertake the reformation of many monasteries, which he did successfully. When he had spent almost twenty years in these zealous labors, he shut himself up in his cell, to prepare his soul to receive the recompense of his labors, to which he was called on the 3d of October 959.

OCTOBER 4.—ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

St. Francis, the son of a merchant of Assisi, was born in that city A. D. 1182. Chosen by God to be a living manifestation to the world of Christ's poor and suffering life on earth, he was early inspired with a high esteem and burning love of poverty and humiliation. The thought of the Man of Sorrows, Who had not where to lay His head, filled him with holy envy of the poor, and constrained him to renounce the wealth and worldly station which he abhorred. The scorn and hard usage which he met with from his father and townsmen when he appeared among them in the garb of poverty were delightful to him. "Now," he exclaimed, "I can say truly, 'Our Father Who art in heaven.' But divine love burned in him too mightily not to kindle like desires in other hearts. Many joined themselves to him, and were constituted by Pope Innocent III. into a religious Order, which spread rapidly throughout Christendom. St. Francis, after visiting the East in the vain quest of martyrdom, spent his life like his Divine Master—now in preaching to the multitudes, now amid desert solitudes in fasting and contemplation. During one of these retreats he received on his hands, feet, and side the print of the five bleeding wounds of Jesus. With the cry, "Welcome sister Death," he passed to the glory of his God October 4, 1226.

OCTOBER 5.—ST. PLAGIAC, MARTYR

St. Placid was born in Rome, in the year 515, of a patrician family, and at seven years of age was taken by his father to the monastery of Subiaco. At thirteen years of age he followed St. Benedict to the new foundation at Monte Casino, where he grew up in the presence of a wonderful austerity and holiness of life. He had scarcely completed his twenty first year when he was selected to establish a monastery in Sicily upon some estates which had been given by his father to St. Benedict. He spent

four years in building his monastery, and the fifth had not elapsed before an inroad of barbarians burned everything to the ground, and put to a lingering death not only St. Placid and thirty monks who had joined him, but also his two brothers, Euty-chius and Victorinus, and his holy sister Placidia, who had come to visit him. The monastery was built, and still stands under his invocation.

OCTOBER 6.—ST. BRUNO

Bruno was born at Cologne, about A. D. 1080, of an illustrious family. He was endowed with rare natural gifts, which he cultivated with care at Paris. He became canon of Cologne, and then of Rheims, where he had the direction of theological studies. On the death of the bishop the see fell for a time into evil hands, but Bruno retired with a few friends into the country. There he resolved to forsake the world, and live a life of retirement and penance. With six companions he applied to Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble, who led them into a wild solitude called the Chartreuse. There they lived in poverty, self-denial, and silence, each apart in his own cell, meeting only for the worship of God, and employing themselves in copying books. From the name of the spot the Order of St. Bruno was called the Cassianian. Six years later, Urban II. called Bruno to Rome, that he might avail himself of his guidance. Bruno tried to live there as he had lived in the desert; but the echoes of the great city disturbed his solitude, and, after refusing high dignities, and after receiving the Pope's permission to resume his monastic life in Calabria. There he lived, in humility and mortification and great peace, till his blessed death in 1101.

DARKEST DAYS OVER

VICTORY IS PREDICTED BY CARDINAL BOURNE

London, England.—The celebration of Remembrance day, the fourth anniversary of the day on which Britain took up arms against Germany and her Allies, was observed with religious ceremonies in all parts of the country. The king and queen, with the lords and commons, attended the worship of the Protestant church at St. Margaret's, Westminster. In connection with this event the last time an English sovereign attended worship in this church under like conditions was some 800 years ago, when Queen Elizabeth attended in state the celebration of a solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost in the very church where the liturgy of the Protestant church is now celebrated.

The day was observed as a solemn day of devotion and intercession by the Catholics throughout the United Kingdom. At Westminster Cathedral the Blessed Sacrament was exposed all day after the midday Mass, and the vast building was thronged with the faithful offering their intercessions for victory and peace. In his message, addressed to the whole British empire, Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, says: "There were few indeed who, on August 4, 1914, foresaw that on the same day in 1918 the issue of the War would still remain undecided. Hope, may confidence, has never flagged, but in the last twelve months there have been moments as dark as any even in the dark days of the first weeks of the conflict. None are likely to forget the shadows that hung so heavily on the Holy Week and Easter-tide of the present year, shadows gradually but surely being scattered by the unexpectedly rapid coming of the mighty host of our kinsfolk whose home is across the Atlantic seas."

"We enter on the fifth year of battle more confident than ever in final victory of the sacred cause which has already entailed so many sacrifices; not more certain— for there has been no place for greater certainty—of the righteousness and justice and compelling necessity of the war of defence for which our enemies have obliged the peace-loving nations of the Empire to take up arms. "The Catholics of the Empire have from the beginning daily prayed for God's blessing upon the defenders of the rights which have been assailed and for the speedy coming of a just and lasting peace. May the fifth year of this gigantic struggle bring with it complete and decisive answer to our long repeated supplications. "No one with faith in our righteous cause," said Father Bernard Vaughan, preaching before an enormous congregation in the south of London, "can doubt the issue of the conflict. Christianity will once more ride triumphant and hurl into darkness and despair the Nietzschean gospel of the super state with its ambition of a world crushed dominion."

ENGLAND AND THE MASS

"Not a great many years have passed since profound and bitter hostility to the Mass was to be found everywhere in the Church of England," says the London Catholic Times and Catholic Opinion. "It was the outcome of the old anti-Catholic movement which led to the destruction of the altars in the churches of this country. But a remarkable change has taken place. Now, whilst the Mass is denounced by some Anglicans, as it was formerly, other members of that denomination are strongly in favor of it and call themselves Catholics. In a sermon re-

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ported by The Church Times, the Rev. J. J. G. Stockley, M. A., Vicar of St. Paul's, Burton-on-Trent, says that never since the Oxford movement began has there been such an extraordinary chance as at present of bringing back to England that which England was robbed of in the sixteenth century—the Holy Eucharist as the principal service and worship of the Church. Anglicans must, he said, take stock of their position. The advice could not be better. It indicates a desire to undo the evil wrought in England by the so-called Reformation. But the rev. gentleman and all Anglicans who think as he does, should not forget that when clergymen renounced the doctrine of the Mass and cut themselves off from the Catholic Church, and their Orders became invalid, only by joining the Church which they abandoned can their successors become genuine Catholics and secure valid Orders. This is a simple truth which Anglicans who are anxious to be real Catholics should take to heart.—St. Paul Bulletin.

BENEFITS OF THE HOLY HOUR

The spiritual values of the Holy Hour are countless. Living in an age of indifference and materialism, the Holy Hour will serve to draw our thoughts from worldly cares and anxieties and set them on that more lasting city where we shall dwell in endless adoration of the Most High. In becoming an adoror of Jesus Hostia the faithful Catholic is permitted to be enrolled among Jesus' friends. What greater gift than a friend? But to have God for our friend! Who can fathom this immeasurable prodigality! "You are no more strangers and foreigners; but you are fellow citizens with the saints, and the domestics of God." (Eph. 2, 19). The fruits derived from an hour's communion with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament are numerous. Just as we cannot be near a fire without feeling its warmth, so when near the altar we receive an increase in faith, hope, charity and all the graces and gifts which are necessary for our spiritual life. A few considerations on that period of adoration, more familiarly known as the Holy Hour, will form the burden of this article. The purpose of the Holy Hour is to render to Our Eucharistic King fitting homage. "Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is King. He is there a living King. Give Him then a royal worship." Though Christ is King, nevertheless He is a Prisoner. For nineteen hundred years He has resided in His Tabernacle prison patiently awaiting to "draw all things" unto Himself. Naturally we loathe a prison; to sustain a conversation with a prisoner even for an hour is repellant to our feelings. But surely an hour's colloquy with our Prisoner-King ought not to prove tiresome. "Thy conversation hath no bitterness, nor Thy company any tediousness, but joy and gladness." (Wisd. 8, 16). For this tiny act of homage God will bless us. Having established the Eucharistic Kingdom in our own hearts we turn to our neighbor, interesting him by word and example unto justice. Christ cannot leave His Tabernacle Prison to awaken His disciples as He did during the Holy Hour in Gethsemani—this mission He confides to His guard of honor.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

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MASS CELEBRATED AGAIN

IN RUINED AMIENS CATHEDRAL

London, August 24, 1918.—One of the most pathetic and moving incidents of the war took place in the ruined cathedral of Amiens on the Feast of the Assumption. The driving back of the Germans from this sector of the Western Front has released the city of Amiens from the immediate danger that threatened it, and after four and a half months spent under the shadow of the German guns the city is beginning to recover itself.

In the choir of the cathedral, amid the litter of priceless painted windows that are shattered to splinters, and a mass of fragments of fallen masonry, the Mass of the Assumption was celebrated by a French priest at a little wooden altar, with a private soldier of the French army in uniform, as server. Among the ruins knelt the little congregation. A few wounded British and French soldiers, some Red Cross nurses, and some straggling soldiers, some in uniform, some in civilian clothes, some in black, a few returned refugees or some of those heroic souls who stayed in the city throughout the whole period of the bombardment.

The Mass was sung; twelve old men sang the sacred chant, to the accompaniment of a small organ that was ambushed under the great choir stalls with the protection of sand bags. As the silence fell at the conclusion of the Sanctus, and the celebrant began the Canon, a strain of heavenly music swept through the ruined choir and sanctuary as a French soldier played the violin exquisitely through the Consecration and Elevation. An aged canon, who had stayed on through the perilsous times during which the shells of the Germans struck the cathedral almost daily, sat amid the desolation near the archbishop's throne—the sole representative of the metropolitan and chapter. In place of the sermon the celebrant gave a short address on the history of the architectural glories and beauties of the cathedral, speaking from a small wooden pulpit near the altar steps, which two men had dragged into position from the recesses of the choir aisle.

Although the cathedral of Amiens has not suffered beyond repair, it has yet suffered grievously. Much of the price less medieval stained glass has been smashed by the German guns, and lies on the floor in fragments, or hangs through the yawning gaps of the windows in leaded shreds. The chapels of the transepts are a mass of filtered rubbish; the windows of the clerestory have great gaps in them, while the vaulting of the south choir aisle has been broken through by the explosion of a high explosive shell. And over the floors of the sacred building the worshippers tread among a litter of fallen masonry, dust and ruined architectural treasures.

Wherever the Germans have been driven back in the scenes of the recent fighting the same tale of ruin is found. At Chippilly, on the Somme, the ancient church stands a mere husk, with the space inside its broken walls piled high with the fallen masonry. Yet among the utter ruin two objects stand intact, life size statues of Christ and the Blessed Virgin, which stand unharmed on their pedestals on either side of the mound of rubbish that was once the high altar, as though they alone could survive amidst all the desolation that has fallen on the world. The crumbling walls of the sanctuary are pitted with the holes made by machine gun bullets, and the church together with the whole village cries out with the starkness of its suffering, the only sign of life being the swallows, which flitter among the fallen walls on their migration to the South.

Rheims is the same. At the beginning of August the Germans succeeded in reducing the great basilica of St. Remy to nothing more than a ruin. Whatever of this venerable sanctuary escaped the devastation of their guns was brought to a complete destruction by a fire. While the basilica was burning two officers forced their way through the flames to the tomb of St. Remy to rescue the case containing the relics of the saint. They succeeded in reaching their objective and, in spite of the great weight of the case, they were able to raise it from its resting place and, taking it on their shoulder they carried it out of the burning building to a motor car, which took it to Dijon. It seems probable that at the time of the destruction of the Basilica the holy relics of St. Remy were not in the case, as the Semaine Religieuse of Dijon says that the relics were removed to a place of safety last March.

KEEP IT IN YOUR "JEANS" Pay day again! Wonderful how the weeks fly around. And such pay days, too! Millions and millions more being paid in wage bills than ever before in Canada's history. And you, Mr. Wage-Earner, how much are you saving against the day when wages will drop back to normal? If you don't bank for the future you may go bankrupt and Canada will suffer.

OBITUARY

MRS. CATHERINE O'NEILL

Goderich Signal

The funeral of the late Mrs. Catherine O'Neill, who died in Goderich on September 19th, was held from her old home, the residence of her son, Mr. John T. O'Neill, to St. Joseph's church on Monday, Sept. 23rd, and was very largely attended. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. M. D. O'Neill, of Parkhill, son of the deceased, assisted by Rev. Wm. Dean, of St. Augustine as deacon, and Rev. Jos. Fallon of Wingham as subdeacon. Rev. M. J. McCormick acted as master of ceremonies and Rev. D. A. McEae, of Goderich, and Rev. Father McLaughlin, C. S. R., of London, were present in the sanctuary. Mrs. O'Neill was in her eighty-second year. Born in Ireland, she came to Canada when eleven years of age with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Whitty, who settled on the 9th concession of Aedfield when all was wilderness. She was married to Thomas O'Neill in 1857 and reared a family of twelve children, ten of whom survive her and were all present at the funeral: Rev. M. D. O'Neill, of Parkhill, St. Felix of London, P. J. O'Neill of Winnipeg, Mrs. J. J. Rowland, of Mount Carmel, John, James, William and Mrs. B. O'Loughlin of Ashfield, Mrs. M. Finn and Margaret of Goderich. Her husband predeceased her thirty five years ago, leaving her with a large family, but with great courage she struggled on until she retired from the farm to live in Goderich in 1906. She was highly respected by all who knew her sterling worth. Of a quiet but jovial disposition she was known for sturdy character and practical thrift and industry and lived to see all her surviving children grow up around her and branch out in the different walks of life. Like the majority of the old Irish stock she always enjoyed robust health until about a year before her death, when she began to fail and finally succumbed after a short illness of a few hours. Worn out after over four score years of strenuous life, she suffered a slight stroke of apoplexy, but retained her full senses to the end, and having received all the rites and consolations of Mother Church passed peacefully away. Her work was all well done; she had fought the good fight. The pallbearers were her four sons and two sons in law, B. O'Loughlin and J. J. Rowland. Besides those already mentioned the friends present from a distance were James Whitty of Detroit, Winifred Whitty of Spokane, Wash., Thomas and Joseph Rowland and John Hayes of Mount Carmel, John Leonard of Parkhill, Mrs. W. H. Costello of St. Catharines. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family in the great loss of an affectionate mother. Requiescat in Pace.

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unfortunately unable to be with his father in his last illness.—Peterborough Examiner.

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DIED

COLLINS.—At her home, 6th Con., Murray, on Tuesday, September 3rd, 1918, Bridget O'Leary, relict of the late Jeremiah Collins, in her eighty-sixth year. May her soul rest in peace.

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