

The Catholic Record.

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

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OUR PART

We are realizing that not only those who march away but every Canadian should contribute his quota of self sacrifice to the conservatism of the Empire. We are all of us on the firing line, and the love of country must burn dimly in hearts that avoid the danger or turn deaf ear to the call of duty. We may not be at the front, where the living line that stretches across France suffers and bleeds, but we are none the less bound by conscience to give our time and toll and money to the patriotic movements. There for instance is the Patriotic Fund. We have subscribed to it, but we must do so now, and again and again. That fund is for the dependents of our soldier-brothers, for the wives and others who sit and wait in soul-numbing suspense for news of their dear ones. We must not add poverty to the burden. They are the wards of Canada, not objects of charity; and every citizen worthy of the name will economize, if need be, to show not his appreciation of them, but that his love of country is not exhausted by reading war bulletins or by applauding recruiting speeches. This war has so far touched but lightly too many of us. We know indeed that across the water men are fighting and dying, but we fail to realize that we also who are in shelter are participants in the war. Hence we must play our part in some way. We must suffer if we are going to win.

STILL AT IT

The German editor would make a splendid Washington correspondent for a New York paper. He has imagination and a certain kind of humor. In the early stages of the war he blithely told us that the Fatherland was about to stagger humanity, and this after his "kulturbau" had blazed a way through Belgium to the accompaniment of lust, outrage, and all manner of devilry. He puts aside authentic narratives as childish babblings, because what Germans do is at the command of the prayerful Kaiser is above reproach. Lunatics are sometimes under similar delusions. The German is a poor winner and a worse loser. He wins by any means and he describes defeat to the unsoldierly tactics of the enemy. When the British whipped him near Lens it was "by a surprise and the use of gases." There is humor for you, coming from the gentry who invented this agent of destruction.

THE MYSTERY

A curious phenomenon is the Catholic who carries a big prayer book, looks like a stained glass angel in Church and has a vile tongue. Not that she means to do harm, for she is a member of sodalities and high up on the mount of perfection. So with the most exquisite grace she blames, criticizes, and dams with never a thought of anything reprehensible in her conduct. She becomes the clearing house of unsavory gossip. She keeps critical eyes on the priest, and notes for publication anything in speech or action that does not harmonize with her standards. She collects bits of scandal and hawks from house to house. She creates misunderstandings, engenders enmities, sunders friendships, and is a past-master in the art of retarding the progress of God's Kingdom in the parish. She puts on the livery of piety to do more efficiently the work of the devil. And she does it so well that she can destroy love and tenderness and trust in hearts and cast them into the wilderness to live and perhaps to die among the dank growths of suspicion and hatred. Curious? A decent pagan would shrink from it.

AN OLD STORY

Writing of the Huguenots in the French army a contemporary gives some misinformation about their forbears. He talks about the persecution of the forefathers, and weaves a fantastic story about their piety, etc. The case of the Huguenots is over. They have been judged guilty on evidence which is within reach of every-

body. In his "History of Civilization in England," vol. 1, chaps. viii. and ix., Mr. Buckle gives the following account of the peaceful Huguenots of France: "The Protestants soon learned to despise that great edict of Nantes by which their liberties were secured. They were not content to exercise their own religion unless they could also trouble the religion of others. At La Rochelle, which for importance was the second city in the Kingdom, they would not permit the Catholics to have even a single Church in which to celebrate what for centuries had been the sole religion of France; and was still the religion of an enormous majority of Frenchmen." A few pages later Mr. Buckle observes that "whatever may be the popular notion respecting the necessary intolerance of the Catholics, it is an indisputable fact that early in the seventeenth century they displayed in France a spirit of forbearance and a Christian charity to which the Protestants could make no pretence."

It is rather an old subject for an up to date editor. In reading his comments we thought of Carlyle crying out: "The inspiration of the morning papers: Alas! we have had enough of that and have arrived at the gates of death by means of that."

THE PROPHETS

We were told the other day that the war would bring about the downfall of Catholicism. When we asked why, we were treated to a muddle of words which, though testifying to the warped mentality of the utterer, had no bearing on the subject. Human nature will be the same after the war as it was before it. Its moral and spiritual needs will be the same, and the Church will be here to satisfy them. As to the downfall of the Church—that is an old story. Herod tried to do that and failed. He cast Peter into prison and afflicted some of the Church. We presume that he felt satisfied that with his kingly pomp he could coffin the power that dinged his iniquity into his face, to the amazement of his sycophantic courtiers. But, "An angel of the Lord struck him, and being eaten up by worms he gave up the ghost."

THE MENACE

We cannot see why our friends across the border should be unduly proud of their public school system. It costs a great deal of money. It is supported by men reputable and influential. And it should be a potent factor in the formation of character, and in the development and maturing of high standards of living. But is it? What are the facts? Said the Chief Magistrate of the New York Municipal courts in an address last year: "The most fearful problem to which we have to deal is the horde of young men from sixteen to twenty-four years old who daily appear before us. Their number is continually increasing. Their characteristic mark is an utter lack of reverence for man, for law, for conscience, and for God."

They are the products of the school that ignores God. Our friends have a divorce court that is always at work. Crime is rampant and oftentimes unpunished. And yet in face of all this and more, they are building schoolhouses, never thinking that in doing so they are making a solvent that threatens to destroy their whole social fabric.

TUNED UP

The soul that emits no music is clogged with the dust of the world. It needs cleansing and tuning. The Divine Tuner will in the Sacraments attune it to the divine harmony, and enable it to produce those melodies which delight both men and angels.

ANOTHER FAKE STORY

HOLY FATHER DID NOT ASK WARRING MONARCHS FOR TRUCE ON ALL SOULS' DAY
C. P. A. Cablegram
Rome, Oct. 11, 1915.—It is not true, as has been stated by the correspondents here of several foreign journals and news-agencies, that Pope Benedict has proposed to the governments of the nations at war that they should agree to a truce on the feast of All Souls. What he has done is to urge them to permit the prisoners of war to rest from work on Sundays.

THE HOLY SACRIFICE

SOME APPRECIATIVE TRIBUTES FROM GRATEFUL AUTHORS

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD
When I recall my first impression of the Mass—in my bewildered amazement at the solemnity of the rite—I can be said to have received an impression whatever—I assure myself that the majority of Protestants and unbelievers who look coldly or curiously upon the altar, are as little mindful of the sacred significance and as unworthy as I was. On the loss of these I do not see in the gravity of the celebrant as he bears the chalice to the altar. Our Lord entering the garden of Gethsemane? It is the first scene in the mystical drama and every breath is hushed. The Divine One is burdened with a foreknowledge of His doom. He kneels in the garden; we kneel with Him, and we follow Him, step by step to the end. At the Consecration He has fallen upon His face, bathed in the sweat of His blood. He is betrayed with a kiss, led away captive, grievously smitten and denied. The celebrant turns to us at the "Domine Vobiscum," and in His glance we see the conversion of Peter. Our Lord is led to Pontius Pilate; He is spoiled of His garments—at the unveiling of the chalice—scourged and crowned with thorns. Pilate washes his hands of the crime, and at the moment the celebrant moistens his fingers. "Behold the man!" cries Pilate; and the voice from the altar pleads, "Orate, fratres." At the pace we hear the warning bell. The awful progress of the tragedy is watched in breathless silence; only from the organ loft comes the wail of the singers. The bell rings; He is condemned to death and made to bear the cross while His brow is wiped off with the handkerchief of Veronica. And the cry of the sorrowful face is retained forever. He is nailed to the cross and at the chime of the bells every posture of the celebrant at the altar; while the torch bearers gather about, the smoking censors are swung aloft, the flowers scattered upon the air, and, if it be a military Mass, the whole body silently present arms while the devout kneelers bow their heads and beat their breasts in contrition. Lo! the cry is raised on high. A moment later the elevated chalice seems to catch the water and the blood that seem to gush from the riven heart of Him Who died for us. In the moment, which follows, He is praying for the world: He is merciful to the penitent thief. He thrists and He utters the seven words upon the cross. (Here the Pater Noster is loudly chanted.) He dies. He descends into hell; and at the Agnus Dei, while the bells chime again, there is the conversion of many at the cross. In Communion we commemorate His burial. His resurrection follows, and He appears to His Disciples at the "Domine Vobiscum." The last collect is a memory of His forty days of the Disciples; the last "Domine Vobiscum" of His glorious Ascension; and with the benediction descends the Holy Ghost. O marvelous Sacrament! mysterious, mystical! O never failing source of joy! What a privation to theirs, who having once known These, have parted from These. How do they arrive who trust not in These, and who seek "These and know These not?"

ARCHBISHOP WALSH
If all the prayers of loving hearts from the beginning of the world and all the seraphic worship of the thrones and principalities in heaven and the burning devotion and love of the Virgin Mother of God and the million voices of the universe of all creatures of heaven and earth and sea were offered up in one universal and harmonious act of praise and adoration, they would not equal or even approach in value and efficacy the infinite worth of a single Mass.

According to the doctrine of holy Church, the grace of true contrition and the willingness to do penance is a fruit of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Do we love to hear Mass and what effort do we make so that nothing can prevent us doing so? How often do we hear two Masses, one in preparation for Holy Communion and one in thanksgiving?

THE POPE AND THE PEACE CONGRESS

His Holiness has received the following telegram from the Swiss Popular Union: "The General Meeting of the Popular Union of the Catholics of Switzerland, assembled to-day in Lucerne, sends to His Holiness the homage of their most sincere and profound devotion and filial loyalty. The Meeting hails with great joy the universal recognition of the moral power of the Apostolic See proclaimed before all States and peoples in this grievous moment of world-wide conflagration. We thank you, Holy Father, from the bottom of our hearts for every efficacious initiative you have taken, in great part in agreement with our supreme Federal authority and our Episcopate, to lighten the hard lot of the victims of the war. We pray fervently that your constant efforts for peace, to which all peoples are turning with eager eyes and hopeful hearts, and be crowned with happy success; and our prayers invoke of God that at the end of this horrible war the Holy Apostolic See may stand forth in the fulness of its liberty and independence as the citadel of peace and justice and the fount of every blessing for the Church and humanity."

There is that little word "Justice" again to show how the Catholics of Switzerland at least regard the Holy Father's effort towards peace. The Swiss Catholics evidently think that a Peace Congress with no representative of the Holy Father there would be incomplete. We have read a good deal more on this subject. And there has just appeared an article in the *Rassegna Nazionale*, a representative, not a Catholic, Italian review, putting forward a line of thought which, it seems to be being seriously taken into consideration by many people in Italy. It says: "The agreement which, it seems, has been entered into between the Governments of Berlin and Washington on the question of the submarine blockade, and a letter from Cardinal Gibbons to President Wilson, have lately given occasion to some papers to maintain the view that negotiations for peace are not far off, and to publish well or ill founded comments thereon. In Italy, rather than on the hypothetical conditions of peace suggested by those papers, the discussion has turned and is turning on the question of the Pope's attitude in the negotiations, and the attitude which Italy should assume regarding such an initiative on his part. And, naturally, not only was there a warning cry issued against any such thing from those papers which seem to be crystallized in their miserably nervous conceptions of twenty or thirty years ago, but even people of weight held their hands up in horror, as in the case of the Senator who every now and again states his ideas on national politics in the columns of an important Roman papal weekly. His opinion Italy should resolutely oppose any attempt that the Pope might make to take on himself a mission of a political nature: as in 1889 Italy prevented his intervention at the National Arbitration Congress, so to day it should prevent his taking part in the future Congress for peace at which will be considered political, territorial, colonial and economic problems quite outside the competence of the Head of the Church. Otherwise the Pope would come by an indirect road to recover that political power which was taken from him by the abolition of his temporal dominion, and Italy would suffer from it."

As a matter of fact it is difficult to see the connection between the two things: participation of the Pope in the Congress and belittling of the sovereignty of Italy. On the supposition that the war really must end in a Congress—about which it is possible to have some doubts—it is evident that the positions of the Pope and Italy there would be of an utterly different nature. Italy would be there as one of the contending parties and in her quality as a great civil Power, with the authority that she derives from her military force, from the prestige of the victories she will have gained, and she would intervene to uphold her own rights and reasons, to obtain as far as possible the recognition of her aspirations, and also to say her word about the new state of Europe. The Pope, on the other hand, would be there as the disinterested representative of a power which is simply and solely moral, in the quality of mediator, modulator, peacemaker: he would come bearing in his hand the olive branch, to disarm hatreds, smooth over sharp corners, calm down anger, save at certain moments the *amour propre* of the different parties: in fact to make heard the great voice of humanity, the appeal of the suffering masses on one and the other fighting side. He would not have to concern himself with positive, concrete questions, which would, naturally, be debated between the representatives of the fighting Powers, and he could not enter into them without taking part with one side or the other, risking offending one side

or the other. He would personally the idea of peace. An arduous mission this too, not free from dangers and troubles, but one which would bring to the Pontiff the acknowledgment of obligation from all good men and could not cause the slightest harm to Italy. "But serious damage could come to Italy, in the opinion of the world, through its gratuitous opposition to the intervention of the Pope, as long as that was kept within the limits outlined above, because the suffering multitudes would never pardon it for having, from an excessive susceptibility or from a private feeling of rancour, closed one of the ways through which they hoped rightly or wrongly, an end might come to the terrible evils of the war. We trust that what the Hon. Salandra sees the matter in this light—and he has shown that he understands the importance of moral factors for the future of the nation—he will rise above this miserable timidity—we do not wish to call it by any other name—and will not put any obstacles in the way of a hypothetical initiative which, if it succeeded, would as a matter of fact be a glory for Italy itself."—*Rome.*

MODERNISTS NOT APPRECIATED

The beautiful ritual of the Church of England in Canada has been suffering revision, and if the revisers are not ever careful in their sand-papery of the rough spots, much that is poetic and graceful in the Book of Common Prayer will disappear from our libraries. Just why "wraith" should displace the word "curse" is hard to say. Of course, possibly cursing your best friend has gone out of fashion, but there is a shade of meaning in the one not contained in the other. One lay member of the General Synod, which was meeting recently in Toronto, suggested, presumably with all due seriousness, that the word "servant" be replaced by the term "domestic help." How would such a term fit in, we will say, with Forbes Robertson's celebrated play, "The Servant in the House." To call it "Domestic Help in the House" would sound odd, to say the least.—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

ANTICLERICALISM DYING IN ITALY

XX Settembre was celebrated in Rome this year, according to the description of one Italian writer, with "sober enthusiasm." And perhaps he has found the two best words to describe the atmosphere which seemed to prevail in Rome last Sunday. And the miserable memories of a few years ago were buried—or nearly buried. The *Osservatore Romano* in looking back on the occasion and the varying comments on it acknowledged yesterday at the Breach of Porta Pia by the Pro-Syndic Apolloni a hymn of war, a patriotic lyric, which can be judged by each from his own point of view, but to which there must be given the merit, not only of having entirely avoided the poisonous rhetoric to which we had become accustomed on certain occasions, but of having also avoided as far as possible giving any reason, at this moment, for new recriminations and discords." The Vatican organ goes on to quote the orator's allusion to the "disappearance of all false contrasts" and the union of the country. But, having done that, it points out that the only breach in this concord of all Italians lies in the anti-clerical insinuations in the anticlerical Roman morning paper and in the Masonic manifesto issued for the occasion. The Freemasons issued a manifesto last year but it was a harmless thing through which we looked in vain for a phrase to remind us of the blasphemy, and the rest, of a few years ago. This year, while most of the manifestos were patriotic, one phrase was Freemasonry pure and simple: *raison d'être*, as they used to tell us. True it did not appear on the walls of Rome; in the Eternal City it was substituted by a rhapsody on the fraternal peace which was the one object of the existence of Freemasonry. But the reference to peace which the inhabitants of other cities, when Rome read ran as follows: "Other people may deceive themselves by carrying out a sacred mandate by preaching peace while iniquity is rampant." A poisonous attempt to discredit, belittle and falsify the Holy Father's noble efforts to bring the consciences of men round to at least thinking of peace, to which the *Corriere d'Italia* replies: "Certainly the Head of the Catholic Church will not go to the Grand Master of Italian Freemasonry for instructions as to how to carry out his sacred mandate: indeed it is a matter for congratulation that the conduct of the Vener of Christ does not fall in with the views held in the Palazzo Giustiniani. But the poisonous attempt contained in the words 'while iniquity is rampant' must be hurled back: they insinuate that the Pope desires peace in iniquity, and they

try to dissipate the universal approbation which the Holy Father's efforts have aroused. For everyone knows that Benedict XV. has said clearly that he desires peace in justice, and defined it beyond any doubt at all in his last letter to the peoples and their rulers." Inasmuch as, beyond the malicious snap of the *Messaggero* and the protest in the Catholic papers, the rest of the Italian press has passed the incident by in silence, it would seem—as is undoubtedly the case—that the country as a whole recognizes that, firstly, Italian Catholics are magnificently loyal and the priests devoted; secondly, that this sporadic anticlericalism is hollow; thirdly, that the Holy Father's prayer and desire for peace is a part of his sacred ministry far removed from any political considerations whatever.—*Rome.*

WRETCHED CONDITION OF POLAND

A lady living in Switzerland, evidently with special sources of information about the effect of the war on Poland, sends *The Globe* a brief account of the pitiful condition in which it has left the people of that unhappy country. Early in the campaigning the Austrians invaded the Russian Poland and were driven back. Then followed an Austro-German invasion, the result of which was another retirement of the Teutonic armies. Still later more numerous and better equipped Austro-German armies drove the Russians, during a campaign of months, across Poland and some distance into Russia proper. There the Russians have rallied, with the determination not merely of staying the progress of the invaders, but of driving them back once more across the area of Poland.

When the general character of the cultivated terrain of Poland is considered, one may get some idea, but still only a very inadequate conception, of the present state of the people. The whole region is fairly well adapted to agriculture, and this has long been the chief occupation of the inhabitants. The war began so late last year that the crops were harvested and stored, but as the result of the crossing and recrossing of the country by millions of men in constant warfare the grain of 1914 was taken from the peasants to feed troops, and their crops of 1915 have been devastated. In addition to the depredations of the invading armies the Russians have, in their usual fashion, laid waste great stretches of their own country to prevent them from affording any sustenance to the Austrians and Germans.

The winter beginning a year ago was absolutely intolerable in the sufferings of the Polish people, but the one commencing now will be immeasurably worse. There will be no cessation in the campaigning, and much of the fighting will probably be with cavalry and artillery, which are even more destructive than infantry. We hear much of the woes of the Belgians, and we shall soon have like accounts of the condition of the Serbians, but it is quite creditable that the condition of the Poles is either of these peoples. Earnest appeals have been made to the Americans for relief, but the aid sent will undoubtedly fall far short of the requirements. If any Canadians feel like contributing the Lord Mayor of London, as President of the 'Great Britain to Poland Fund,' will no doubt receive their gifts gratefully.—*Toronto Globe.*

MAY LEAVE THRONE TO BECOME A NUN

Luxemburg's young Grandduchess, who assumed the reins of government on the attainment of her majority, at the age of eighteen, and who celebrated her twenty first birthday only in last June, is reported to be on the eve of abdication, says *La Marquise de Fontenay*, writing for the *Brentwood Company*. She wishes to relinquish her throne in favor of her younger sister, Princess Charlotte, now nineteen, to become a member of a religious order and to take up the work of a Sister of Charity. Like her sisters and her mother, the widowed Grandduchess Marie-Anne, who was a Braganza, she is intensely Catholic, and is terribly disturbed by the appalling sufferings of the present war. She has seen them at close range, for thousands of the badly wounded are being cared for at Luxemburg, and she seems to feel that she would be happier caring for them and tending them than occupying her throne.

If she carries her intentions into effect—and I hear that her mother, her relatives and her ministers have abandoned all hope of turning her from her project—it will be the first instance of a reigning sovereign of Europe abdicating in order to enter religious orders since in 1849 King Charles Albert of Sardinia, after the battle of Novara, abandoned his crown to his son, Victor Emmanuel II., and became a monk, dying at a monastery in Portugal.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

CATHOLIC NOTES

Many ecclesiastical buildings in Rome are being put in readiness for wounded Italian soldiers.

The destroyed Louvain library contained 280,000 modern books. One priceless treasure destroyed was a manuscript entirely in the handwriting of Thomas à Kempis.

It is announced at Lima, Peru, that Pope Benedict has been designated as arbitrator of the question of delimiting the frontiers of Peru and Bolivia.

The largest painting in the world—eighty four feet wide and thirty-three and a half feet high—is "Paradise," by Pintoretto, in the Doge's palace, Venice.

Ambrose Willis, publisher of the *London Tablet*, a Catholic author of world wide fame, who lectured in America two years ago in behalf of the Catholic Reading Circle, has enlisted in the British army.

Rev. Joseph Grimmelmann, S. J., former president of Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis., has been appointed Tertiary Master of the Missouri Province of the Jesuit Order with headquarters at Cleveland.

In Bengal the Jesuits from Belgium have converted at least 100,000 natives in the last twenty five years. In China and Africa there are fully 1,100,000 persons under instruction for Catholic baptism.

Paris, October 9.—Pope Benedict has been successful, the "Matin" declares, in his efforts to obtain from belligerent Governments a pledge that prisoners of war will be permitted to abstain from work on Sundays.

M. Louis Rogout, the Minister of Holland to the Holy See, is an alumnus, Catholic leader. He heads the Catholic Party in Holland. He is an able lawyer, engineer and manufacturer and a graduate of the University of Louvain.

A rare volume of "The Imitation of Christ" has been donated by A. Berker, of Milwaukee, Wis., to the library of Notre Dame University, and will be added to the carefully kept documents in the Catholic archives of America preserved at Notre Dame. The Imitation is in the original Latin. The text is critical. The volume was published in 1786.

For children who cannot attend Sunday school regularly, the Rev. Cornelius M. Van Aken of Whitefish, Mont., has originated a course of instruction in Christian doctrine by mail. It has been tried with success for over one year. It brings the Sunday school (within certain limits) to the pupil's home. This course has the hearty approval of the local Church authorities.

It will be good news for advocates of higher education for women to know that another Catholic women's college with power of conferring degrees has been established in the United States, writes Angela Henry in *Catholic Union* and *Times*. The new college is at Clifton, O., under the direction of the Most Reverend of the Sacred Heart, and has been named "College of the Sacred Heart."

The Reverend John A. Conway, S. J., of Georgetown University, near Washington, D. C., died suddenly on the evening of October 7, from an acute attack of heart trouble. Father Conway was born sixty two years ago in Glasgow, Scotland and ordained at Woodstock, Md., in 1882. Since 1897 he has been at Georgetown University. Father Conway was a former president of the Catholic Educational Association and took a great interest in educational matters.

Father Botty, formerly president of the Belgian Seminary for Foreign Missions of Brussels, and at present missionary in Mongolia, writes that during the past decade the number of Christians has increased six-fold in that vast mission. This seems to be the realization of the prayer of the late Bishop Hens, put to death on the eve of his martyrdom said: "Once, I have been received by my Lord and Saviour, I shall draw this whole province to the Faith."

Recently the Sisters of the Incarnate Word, whose Motherhouse is located at San Antonio, Texas, came into possession of the "Maywood Hospital," Sedalia, Mo., which they will conduct as an up to date institution for the care of the sick. The purchase price of \$40,000 was raised by a committee of citizens who solicited the funds, the largest donations being given by non Catholics, among whom were Dr. W. J. Ferguson, who gave \$10,000, and Dr. E. A. Wood, former owner of the Maywood Hospital, who gave \$5,000.

Pope Benedict has appointed Mons. Tito Trocchi Apostolic Delegate to Cuba and Mons. Enrico Gasparri as Apostolic Delegate to Colombia. Both will leave Rome on October 15 for their respective posts. Mons. Trocchi, canon of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, was formerly professor in and vice rector of the Roman Seminary. Mons. Gasparri is a nephew of Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State. He has been auditor of the Apostolic Delegation in Brazil for some time.

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOQUE CHAPTER XXVI

The sun was several hours high when Clay Powell came within sight of the tall cedars and pine trees that shaded the broad lawn of Willow-wild. The horse's step was weary, and the beautiful black neck and shapely head were drooped dejectedly, for he had travelled hundreds of miles in the past weeks.

"A few more steps and you will find rest and food, my good horse," said the master, as he caught sight of the familiar evergreens. And then, from a narrow lane, a company of home guards poured into the road before him. A sudden paleness showed under the bronze of Powell's face. He leaned low over the horse's neck. "Kyrat!" he called, somewhat soothingly, but with a note of command thrilling his tones. The horse started, lifted his head, stopped. The master bent lower, passed his right hand along the glossy neck, even until it reached the smooth cheek, and said: "Kyrat, my beautiful! never had man horse like you, since the steed whose name you bear lay down to die in the shadow of his master's tent in Koor-distan! Look, there on the road before us they walk, my enemies. Yonder, home, my master trusts his life to you! Once more, your feet must save him! One dash, my Kyrat, and we are safe. Ho, Kyrat!"

The horse was now trembling with mad impatience. As the last words fell on his ears and he felt the slight pressure of the knees against his ebony sides, he made a wild leap to the right. It carried him over the fence. He shot across the level pasture land, his steel-shod feet striking the earth with a noise that came to the ears of the advancing men like the sound of distant thunder. For one moment they paused, watching horse and rider. "The devil's in that horse!" cried one; while the leader shouted: "The rat's making for its hole! To Willow-wild! and the one that can reach the gate before him gets all the money."

"And vindictive?" "He yain't lame, but dat's all de diffence dah's a'tween 'em. Day's bote played out, sub."

Clay Powell set his teeth in a determined line. There was no escape. All that was left for him was to meet his fate like a soldier and a gentleman.

"The Georgetown home guards are coming to take me prisoner," he said, calmly to the negro. "You must find Mr. Davidson and tell him what has happened to me." Here a terrific knocking sounded on the hall door. "They have come. Go and answer them," he concluded, leaning back in his chair and lifting his eyes to the marble bust of Shakespeare which surmounted one of the exquisitely carved bookcases.

Job obeyed the command; but as his eyes fell on the company the inherent insolence of the negro returned. He stood holding the door, and after a moment's silence, during which he treated the leader of the guards to a contemptuous survey, he asked: "Yoh want to see somebody?"

"None of your pertness here, you imp!" shouted the leader. "We've come for that man."

"Oh, yoh want to see Mistah Davidson's son?" questioned Job. "Yoh'll find 'im in de rear, sah," and he made a move as if to close the interview at the door.

"Do you want me to lay this across your brass black face?" cried the man, lifting his riding-whip. "I surely do not, sah," said Job, not at all intimidated, however. "But who's yoh mean we'n yoh say 'dat man'?"

"Go and arrest that negro and take him to Georgetown jail!" And the men obeyed.

"Gentlemen, then. Do you now understand?" but the cutting irony of the voice was lost upon Job, whose face brightened as he said: "See? Mistah Davidson yoh want to see? Sorry, sah, but Mistah Davidson yain't at home, an' we doan know w'en to spee 'im. Good-mawrin'," and he stepped back as though he considered the business was despatched; but the man, with an oath, crossed the threshold, and shouted: "You know who I mean well enough, you d—n nigger! and if you don't tell your master to come here, and if he doesn't come when I send for him, I'll search this house from cellar to garret; and if I can't find him, I'll smoke him out, like a rat out of his hole. Clay Powell is here, and I'll not leave without him, whether I take him with me dead or alive."

"We have another prisoner to take," said Dallas, "that negro boy He is a runaway slave of Judge Todd's."

"He is not," said Clay Powell, calmly turning toward the speaker. "He was given by Judge Todd to Miss Castleton, who immediately set the boy free. My statement can be proven by the papers in the office of the clerk of Scott County."

"But he is to be arrested!" cried Howard Dallas, pale with anger. "By whose authority and upon what charge?" demanded Powell. "Show me your authority and prove his offence. Unless these are forthcoming, a freeman can not be deprived of his liberty."

"He is enlisted against the Federal Government, which we have sworn to defend," blazed Howard Dallas. "That is false, and you know it!" cried Powell. "The arms of the Confederacy are not and will never be borne by the negro. In its struggle for independence, 'The Southern white man and the black never have stood, and never will stand, on the plane of equality, which that would imply. We leave that to you, sir! The negro was Lieutenant Todd's serving-man. Nothing more. To arrest him is a flagrant violation of every human right."

Howard Dallas deliberately turned his back on the speaker and said to the men standing near the door: "Go and arrest that negro and take him to Georgetown jail!" And the men obeyed.

CHAPTER XXVII After their surrender as prisoners of war, General Morgan and his officers were sent to the Ohio penitentiary. The days of that long summer passed wearily for the gallant leader of gallant men. At length, hope of exchange began to grow weak, and he determined to take the matter of his liberation in his own hands. When he unfolded his intention to his loyal soldiers they entered into it with enthusiasm. Many plans of escape were brought forward and discussed during those rare intervals when they found themselves relieved of the presence of the suspicious warden; but each one was abandoned, until the daring Captain Hines originated the scheme of tunnelling a way to freedom. At first sight it seemed to be too stupendous a work to be ever made possible, but Hines had used advantageously his Irish wit and intellect. He had noticed the dryness of their cells, which were on the first floor; seeking a reason for this, he concluded that under this range there must be an air-chamber. This belief was later confirmed by the warden, who, in answer to the soldier's carelessly asked questions, gave much valuable information regarding the superstructure of the prison. Then for many days Captain Hines lived almost entirely in his cell, deeply interested, when the warden appeared, in the study of French, with his head resting on an old carpet-bag that was thrown carelessly on the floor. But as the steps died on the corridor the bag would be removed, and while one kept watch, the Captain and a few companions would begin again their interrupted digging into the hard floor with knives which had been stolen from the table. A passage into the air-chamber below was cut from Hines' cell, and then the daring soldiers found themselves opposed by a wall of stone three feet thick. Morgan's officers had never been daunted by a difficulty; a block of stone could not conquer them; so, while above, their chief would engage the warden in long conversations and spirited discussions on criminals and the mode of punishment, below, his men, in companies of twos and threes, chiselled with their steel knives, until at length the cement gave way and several of the stones were removed. This brought them to the bank of earth, and here their simple tools were unavailable.

"Suppose we abstract a few spoons?" suggested Hal one night, as he sat in Captain Hines' cell. As the words were uttered, the face of the warden peered in upon the group of four sitting in the dim gaslight. Hal's back was to the door and Hines faced it. Without the faintest indication that he had caught sight of the man in the shadow without, the Captain broke into a merry laugh as he said: "For a person who claims to have some knowledge of the English language, you make a poor attempt, Hal, at translating French into your mother tongue! Whoever heard of 'abstracting spoons'?"—unless, indeed, from a Yankee general making a pillaging tour through the South! Put up your paper and take this piece of advice: abandon the study of French. Nature never fashioned you for a linguist."

Though they realized that the warden was without, none of the Confederates moved a muscle. "What's the matter with my English?" demanded Hal, bruskiy. "Listen to read from a paper on his knees: 'The thief said to his companions, 'Suppose we abstract a few spoons,' that is," Hal went on to explain with great care, "suppose we separate them from the family plate and carry them away. I ask you, gentlemen, lifting and replacing, as it were, a notebook in his pocket, if that is not as correct English as Captain Hines speaks. You seem to forget, Captain, that I am a graduate of Yale. And," said Captain Hines, "carried off first honors at Cambridge!" "Oh!" broke from the three listeners, and the exclamation was followed by a laugh, during which the warden passed on.

"Great God!" muttered Hines. "Do you think he overheard us?" whispered Hal, the beads of perspiration breaking on his pale brow. "To-morrow will tell," replied he, and with heavy hearts the friends separated.

The next morning, as usual, Captain Hines was seated on the floor, one elbow resting on the carpet-bag, his French book in his hand, when the warden entered on his tour of inspection. He greeted the prisoner gruffly, adding, in tones that struck fear across the heart of his listener: "That must be a very interesting book you've got there."

"Why?" asked the Captain, carelessly, resting the book on one knee, one finger marking the passage he had been reading.

"Takes you such a 'arnal long time to get through with it!" he exclaimed. "For a month or more I've found you sitting here on the floor every morning with that self-same book in your hand. Seems to me you ought to have finished it before this, even if you had to spell your way through."

"Examine this book, warden," said Hines, holding the volume toward him, "and then tell me how long it would take you to finish reading it." The warden took the book, glanced at the pages, and said: "I don't know anything about that lingo."

"Like you, I am unfamiliar with the French language," said Captain Hines, "but I am desirous of becoming acquainted with that tongue. It is a good way to pass some of the time, which, you understand, hangs heavily on my hands."

The warden grunted, but it was evident that his suspicions were aroused. "What's in that carpet-bag that you always keep it under your elbow?" he asked abruptly. Captain Hines drew himself up and said, with a half laugh: "Ah, warden you're a sharp fellow! Nothing escapes you. The 'powers that be' know what they were doing when they made you jailer here. I felt that, sooner or later, you would discover my secret. Now, I am going to make a bargain with you. If you don't tell the boys on me, I will show you my reason for guarding my carpet-bag. Just look down the corridor to see if there is any one around."

As the unsuspecting man went to the door, Captain Hines dexterously took a flask of whiskey from the carpet-bag, which he instantly replaced over the hole in the stone floor. "Take a drink of this," said the Captain, "and you'll know why I am so careful of my sack. If the boys knew I had that—well, I wouldn't have it!" and he laughed lightly. The warden availed himself of the invitation, and said, with his nearest approach to a smile: "Such medicine as this ought to help your digestion, and be reluctant to hold the bottle toward its owner."

"Have some more," said Hines courteously, and the warden complied. He chatted for a few minutes longer, and when the door closed behind him, Hines gave a sigh of relief. When Hal and his other friends learned how effectively the warden's suspicions had been allayed their hopes were revived, though their practical work was delaying their work, and with each day the possibility of discovery increased. One morning as Hal was waiting his turn at the long washing trough that stood in the prison yard, his sharp eyes noted an old broken spade that was lying near by.

"It's plainly a gift of Providence!" exclaimed Hines, when Hal told him, after breakfast, about the spade. "You must bring it to us from the yard to-morrow. How? Oh! you will have to manage that part of the campaign yourself. The commander gives only the orders to his subordinates."

Hal set with his head on his hands for a long time. Then he sought the company of the younger portion of the prisoners; after which he appeared to lose interest in all things mundane, as he began to develop symptoms of a severe cold. The next morning he complained of feeling too ill to go to breakfast; but the warden was inexorable, and ordered the young lieutenant, in unmistakable language, to fall into line.

"Corporal," Hal cried to a man of ample proportions, "will you loan me your overcoat? I've got a weak chest, and one blast of this ugly Ohio wind will send me to an untimely grave."

The corporal complied with the request, and as Hal appeared in the yard enveloped in the great coat, the laugh went around. But he stood apart, sad and desolate, his eyes fixed on the ground where the broken spade lay. Around, his companions, glad of the privilege of spending even a brief time in the open air, were making merry.

"Let's take a run to the wall and back," cried a gay officer. "And if these old fogies," indicating the line of washing men, among whom was his General, "haven't finished their bath by the time we get back, we will give them one more to their liking. Look out there, Todd!"

But the warning was spoken too late, for in his endeavor to escape the leader of the race, Hal came in head on sharp collision with him. Both were brought to the ground, while over them rolled and tumbled the following crowd. After loud groans and fierce struggling, amid laughter in which the guards joined heartily, the interrupted racers rose. Hal struggled to his feet with great difficulty, and walked over to the washing-trough, with a frown on his usually smiling face. A close observer would have noticed that the great coat was buttoned now, and that when he walked, Lieutenant Todd carried his right arm pressed closely against his breast. He sat very straight at the breakfast table. But all attributed his manner of walking and his stiff posture to his indisposition or to the bruises he had received. As he was leaving the breakfast hall the warden approached the young man and tapped him on the shoulder. Hal felt his face grow cold, but the place was dark and the sharp eyes did not notice the white of betrayal.

TO BE CONTINUED

LOST TREASURE Grace Keon in The Ave Maria. The dream was over, but with its going Susan's life had hung in the balance. Skill, the wonderful skill which science has attained, saved her. She came back out of the shadowland to life, but not to its joy; to the habit of existence without its hope. No one among her own, save her husband, had dreamed that Susan could feel so intensely. Her sisters, Mrs. Meade and Mrs. Carter, were astonished. It was too bad about the child; but, then, they had kept Susan! For when Susan turned from them, searching for that which she had lost, and nearly—oh, very nearly!—finding it, only then had they realized what Susan meant to them all.

"As for the baby, she will not miss it; she has never had it," they said. Susan would have laughed in pure mockery if she heard these words. But, seated in her low wicker chair on the sunny porch, a thick shawl about her, and the glory of her garden stretching before her eyes, she heard nothing, said nothing; she lived her own inner life, and kept all others shut out from her. John Harrison was heartbroken. "Talk to her, make her talk to you," said Father Perry, of St. Anne's. "Father Perry who had offered his daily Mass for her (during that troubled week in which her life hung by a single thread. "Let her rid herself of this brooding spirit by putting words to her thoughts."

They tried hard enough, Father Perry himself and her husband. But in the middle of a sentence Susan would pause and her eyelids droop wearily. After that she would say nothing. "What could stand it no longer, John Harrison went to Dr. Phelps. "She's not getting well," he said abruptly. "She must get well," he added, with clenched hands. "Well—" Dr. Phelps looked thoughtful. "I'll see."

"When?" asked John Harrison. "To-day," he answered. "I'll go out to-day."

He kept his word. Reaching the gate he had grown to know so well during the past few months, he opened it quietly. Susan sat up, he sudden interest, wondering. Then he saw pleasure—her eyes were fastened on the cool green beauty stretching before her.

He went up the steps and stood beside her. Even then she did not see him. "Mrs. Harrison," he said. "O Dr. Phelps! Good afternoon!" She was not surprised in any way. "Feeling better?" "Ever so much. A little tired, but that is nothing."

He took the empty chair beside her and picked up her hand, holding practised fingers on her pulse. He did not speak. At last he put her hand back on her knee, and swung about, looking down the garden path. "Mrs. Harrison," he said sharply, "what do you see down there?" She started. A pink flush touched her cheek. He felt that he had roused her. His eyes met hers. "You must tell me," he said. "No, don't look away. Listen! There never was any hope—never, unless God chose to work a miracle; and, for some wise purpose of His own, He didn't."

"You mean—my baby?" Her fingers met suddenly and clung together. He nodded. "You see, He did work one miracle. You were able to have it baptized. That was a wonderful thing. Had it lived—by any possible chance had it lived—in heaven. Which would you choose, if the choice was yours?" "Oh, I know!" she breathed. "And I try so hard!" But— "Her eyes drifted back to the garden. He felt that he had lost the thread. But he persisted. "Come!" His voice was stern. "You have not told me what you see."

"Tell me!" he urged. A frown of annoyance curved her brows. That stern voice hurt, but it compelled an answer. "I see a little child," she said. "He is playing in my garden. He builds houses of stones and pebbles. Her voice died off dreamily, and now she spoke as if all this were but a dream. "Once in a while he tires of his play, and lies down—beside the road. And his hair—his hair is a patch of light on the ground. He sits up, rubbing his eyes. Oh, they are so blue, so bright! They are like stars!"

She was trembling. "You are satisfied to sit here watching him?" His tones were gentle now—very, very gentle. "Yes, I think so. Some day, when my feet can bear my weight, I am going down to him. I can not do so yet."

Dr. Phelps said nothing. He walked; his brows met. "Why—why don't you laugh at me?" asked Susan, with a catch in her throat. She knew, then! A quick thrill of hope shot through the listener's heart. Beneath this dreaming fantasy her sane and sensible self held sway. But how would it be later? How would it be as the days went by and the vision seemed ever more and more a reality? What then? He reached his office late in the afternoon, John Harrison had been waiting an hour, pacing the floor for the last twenty minutes of it. Now he faced the Doctor, almost flinging himself upon him. "Well?" he demanded. "I've done—something," said Dr. Phelps. "I've seen Mrs. Harrison and Father Perry; and now you go home and see Father Perry, too. If you agree, telephone Mrs. Carter to have her machine down to-morrow. Your wife is hardly able to travel, yet her choice will devolve on her."

John Harrison looked his bewilderment. "It is this way," said the physician. "Mrs. Harrison imagines she sees a child playing in the garden. So we'll give her a real child to care for—God knows there are enough of them in this world that need mothering. Father Perry will attend to that part of it."



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close. An odd look crept across Mother Agnes' face. Her eyes rested on the crippled child with such meaning that the priest understood at once why a sudden hush had fallen on the entire group.

"Princess David?" he said in an undertone. "It isn't possible?" Susan rose to her feet, her sweet face earnest, her sweet mouth trembling.

"Bring him here to me. Won't you please let me see him a little closer?" she pleaded. The boy, nestling against Father Perry's shoulder, peeped out at her shyly, a half smile on his parted lips.

"There are many others—well—prettier than Princess David, but none better," he added loyally. "He will always be a care, Mrs. Harrison, —at least for many years,—a care and expense. He has been here since he was a tiny baby,—thirteen months, wasn't it, Mother Agnes?"

But Susan was not listening. "The very name,—why, it is even the very name! David!" she murmured.—"David Harrison. Do you like it, John?"

John was looking gravely at the small boy in Father Perry's arms. He saw the one useless, shrunken little leg, the heavy brace, the crutches lying idly on the good priest's knees. And John's heart beat a trifle faster. He was tender and careful always of small, helpless things,—this big grave man. He did not see the blueness of the lad's eyes. He saw only—and loved—his helplessness.

"I like it, Susan," he said heartily, "I like it well." Again Father Perry and Mother Agnes exchanged glances, and this time the big man read significance in them.

"Wait a bit," he said. "There is some one who has a claim on him? He has a father or mother living?" "No," Mother Agnes shook her head: "only an uncle—his mother's brother. One of the conditions of entrance is that both father and mother must be dead. Our aim is principally to find good Catholic homes for the children. They pray every night to the Blessed Virgin" (with a tender little smile) "that she will send them their earthly mother very soon. We have had eight adoptions during the last two months," she added.

"David," said Father Perry, gently, "your father and mother have come. Do you think you will love them?" David pulled down the priest's head and whispered a question. "Indeed you'll be quite near me. You've only got a three minutes' walk to reach St. Anne's—and that's where I live. A mother who loves him is the most of David's needs," he added to Susan.

"A mother who loves him? So said Susan, holding out her arms. "David my darling, won't you come to a mother who needs you?" The boy stirred. Father Perry lifted him quickly, and the next instant he was cuddled against Susan's breast, and Susan's empty arms were filled. A mist rose over Father Perry's eyes.

"It is David's mother! David's mother is here!" cried on a little chap and the news spread like wildfire. "Oh, oh, David's mother is here!" A young religious appeared in the doorway of the big room, her glance seeking Mother Agnes.

"Yes, Uncle William," said the boy. "Kiss me good-bye, laddie. You'll think of your Uncle William, won't you, sometimes? Maybe by and by they'll let you write to me? Only a little letter to say you're happy. I'm going far away—out West and I'm never coming back,—never, Davy."

"I'll write Uncle William." "That's a son! Give me a big hug,—tighter, tighter! It's all I'll have, all I'll have, my Davy!" Sobbed choked him. He took the thin little form in his arms, carefully, tenderly—oh, so carefully and tenderly!

"Don't feel so sad, Uncle William," comforted the child. "I'll write, and you'll write, too." He kissed him again and put him quickly into Mother Agnes' arms. Father Perry carried the little chap to the waiting motor car, and watched it until it disappeared. He was not going back with them, he wanted them to be alone with their new treasure. He was elated, happy!

What a life for the poor little, big-hearted, crippled lad! What a home! What love! He turned to meet the nervous man coming down the steps, and paused to lay a kindly hand upon his arm.

"You've seen a good deal done this day," he said. "Davy's found a mother and a father." "I'm glad to hear you say that, Father," replied the man heartily. "It's good he's to be taken care of. Would you mind, please, I'm going away—but if I write will you send me word of him? I wouldn't like to lose sight of my sister's child."

"I'll let you know," said Father Perry. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a card. "You can always reach me at this address." The man thanked him silently. The priest watched the halting, hopeless figure going down the streets, and there was something like tears in his eyes.

But there was no sadness in Susan's home-coming. The vision child had disappeared. She clasped the reality close to her, and he looked up at her with the eyes of her dreams. "Who knows? Perhaps the dead mother had but exchanged children with the living one? Perhaps the mother of David, too, had been longing for her lost treasure until Susan's want to fill her heart. Who knows?"

THE CHURCH AS PROMOTER OF PEACE

N. Y. Catholic News

At the quarterly theological conference of the priests of the archdiocese held in Conference Hall, Cathedral College, on Tuesday, Sept. 14, the Rev. Francis X. Albert, pastor of St. Boniface's Church, New York, and a former professor at St. Joseph's Seminary, read a paper on "The Church and Peace." It was a timely and carefully prepared account of the position the Church has taken as a potent factor in the promotion of peace throughout the ages.

The paper was listened to with special interest by the assembled priests and was favorably commented on by His Eminence the Cardinal. Father Albert's paper was as follows: "All historians are unanimous in their testimony concerning the great number of wars that devastated Europe toward the end of the tenth century. As these wars were unjust in their causes, their character and effects, the Church of God, too, suffered sorely. The rights of people were ignored as the power of the sword reigned supreme. The Irenic movement which began about this time and which marked the eleventh and twelfth centuries was due, no doubt, to the weakened condition of the people exhausted by frequent wars, but also, we believe, to the revival of interest in patristic literature. It was only when the ecclesiastical one. It was only when the ecclesiastical one. It was only when the ecclesiastical one.

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ult to imagine the wide influence of this movement, the spirit of fraternal charity that governed these associations where lords and peasants swore treaties of peace, the wonderful humanitarian character of these leagues that protected the poor and their possessions, the profound Christian sense which animated these new institutions and finally the love of justice which their statutes revealed. In them we find the germ of a 'peoples right'.

"These leagues, however, were limited in their good effects. They could not pretend to oppose indefinitely wars that were just, for that would have been against good order, nor could they reach the powerful and mighty lords, the kings to whom was as their life's breath. War had to be checked, muzzled, so to speak. And so the 'Truce of God' was established a fact which appeared for the first time at the Council of Elze in 1027. This Council declared it illicit to attack an enemy from 9 a. m. Saturday until 1 a. m. Monday. This prohibition was later extended to the days of the week consecrated to the great mysteries of Christianity, viz: Thursday in memory of the Ascension, Friday in honor of the Passion and Saturday in honor of the Resurrection. Still another step included Advent and Lent. Lords and knights were forbidden to do private wars without suppressing communication. The Truce soon spread from France to Italy and Germany and the ecumenical Council of 1189 extended it to the whole world.

"The spirit of faith, justice and charity, fostered by the Peace and Truce of God, was further cultivated by the splendid religious orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic, which originated about the beginning of the Middle Ages. The Third Order of St. Francis, like the Third Order of St. Dominic, was recruited exclusively from among the people living in the world and was imbued with the peace-loving spirit of its founder St. Francis and his disciples, the mendicant friars. Under the rule of this order, the territories were obliged to become reconciled with their enemies; to preserve the peace in families the ruler prescribed that they make their last will before admission, and legal contention was forbidden them. In the year 1221 they were forbidden to make an oath to feudal lords and to carry arms. If the Third Order of St. Francis and St. Dominic succeeded in spreading with such marvelous rapidity throughout the world it was because it responded to the supernatural aspirations of souls longing for closer union with God; but also because it was wonderfully adapted to the times and offered to the masses, enervated by continuous warfare, social peace, the object of their most ardent desires. The rule of the tertiaries, in point of fact, contributed in the greatest measure toward the overthrow of the feudal system of the Middle Ages, a system based on egotism, cruel and barbarous. Later on it was specified that the tertiaries were not permitted to engage in any offensive war except in defense of the Church, the Catholic faith of their country, and thousands upon thousands enrolled in this new militia of peace. It is no exaggeration to state that the Third Order of St. Francis was one of the most effective institutions of the Middle Ages, the grandest effort to introduce more justice among men. In addition to the Third Order, there appeared in the same period the Order of the Humiliati, the Order of the Poor Catholics, both consecrated to the same purpose. A little later the Militia of Jesus Christ, founded by St. Dominic, also consecrated itself to the cause of peace and justice.

"Thus from the eleventh to the thirteenth century, a grand endeavor was made by the Church in favor of peace and the ultimate triumph of justice. Popes, Bishops and monks, peace and justice of governing the world, fulfilled their mission of peace and responded to the hopes of the people.

"Notwithstanding the zeal and activity of the Church in favor of peace, the various institutions of which we spoke did not and could not touch the root of the evil, i. e., the warlike and brutal nature of the lords. The Church understood this and therefore created, or rather appropriated to herself, Chivalry. Finding herself face to face with an institution of Germanic origin which grouped about itself the elite of feudal nobility, she penetrated it with her spirit instead of destroying it and succeeded in making of the brigand, very often hidden beneath the armor of nobility, the type of the Christian soldier. The character of the true Christian Knight is well traced by Leon Gautier in the Decalogue of the Knighthood composed by himself. (1) Thou shalt believe all that the Church teaches and observe all her commandments; (2) Thou shalt respect the weak and constitute thyself their protector; (3) Thou shalt always be the champion of good and right against evil and injustice. The character of the Christian Knight was also learned from the formula of the blessing of God that thy servant might be the defender of churches, widows, orphans and of all who love God, against the cruelty of heretics and pagans. It was her sense of justice and right that prompted the Church to create other military orders for the defense of human dignity and justice against brute force. For example, the military order of the Faith and Peace established in 1229 and confirmed in 1281 by Amannue, Archbishop of Auch, the Order of the Temple, founded by Hugo des Payens and introduced into the Church by

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St. Bernard. "There is no law," says St. Bernard, "which forbids a Christian the use of the sword. The (lost) recommendations of moderation and peace between the contending parties. Between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries we read of Leo IX. establishing peace and order in Southern Italy devastated by the Normands; of Paschal II. who restored peace between Aragon and its enemies. Gregory VII. did his best to prevent Philip I. King of France, from entering war with William the Conqueror; Urban II. acted as mediator between the Emperor and the King of Sicily. Innocent III. arbitrated the differences between England and Scotland. Alexander III. and Celestin III. reconciled France and England. Innocent III. who declared that the Pope is the sovereign mediator on earth, acted as arbitrator in Portugal, Aragon, Poland, Armenia, Bulgaria, Serbia, and reconciled Philip of Swabia with Otto of Brunswick. In 1285 Geneva and Venice submitted the settlement of their differences to the Pope. Boniface VIII. restored peace between the Scots and Edward I. Benedict XII. was the mediator between France and England. We might go on indefinitely multiplying instances of Papal intervention, referring to Clement VI., Innocent VI., Urban IV., Gregory XI., Martin V., Eugene IV., Callistus III., Pius II., Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII. and many others.

"When we pass from the Middle Ages, however, mediation and arbitration on the part of the Church become rarer as the true Christian spirit vanishes and the reasons of state take the place of a 'just cause.' But still in 1514, when pagan rights, sanctioned by the Reformation, legitimized the heinous principles of the Reformation, the Lateran Council once more proclaimed to the whole world that nothing is more pernicious, nothing more sorrowful to the Christian Republic than war.

"In conclusion it is quite clearly established from what has been said that the Catholic Church has been throughout the ages, but particularly in those ages most needing a guiding influence, the most potent factor in the promotion of peace and the preservation of the moral order among men. True to her divine mission, she has persevered in her appointed task to spread the message of peace and good-will among men. And it to-day she stands powerless amid these smoking ruins of a desolated Europe, it is not because her sympathies have changed, but because governments have become deaf to the gentle persuasion of a mother's voice that calls them to peace and security."

"On the other hand the Church was always solicitous about checking and putting a stop to wars that were really unjust. Thus in 1208 the Pope forbids the Crusaders to march against Constantinople. Innocent III., as we saw, put a stop to the Crusade against the Albigenses when it overstepped the limits of a just invasion. Martin V., after the Sicilian Vespers, excommunicated and deposed Peter of Aragon, saying: 'He has made himself chief and leader of the rebels; his malice is evident and the justice of the Roman Church stands against him with all power.' Finally the Sovereign Pontiff personally refused to make peace with those who enjoyed benefits that were the fruit of war.

"We shall now refer briefly to the principal instances of intervention on the part of Sovereign Pontiffs in the interest of peace. One of the first instances is that of Alexander III., who excommunicated Harold, King of England, who was found guilty of perjury. Gregory VII. espoused the cause of Rudolph against Henry IV. Clement III. sought by all means at his command that they might join forces in the third Crusade. Gregory IX. excommunicated Frederick II. as a persecutor of the Church and oppressor of public liberty. Boniface VIII. writes to Philip the Fair to respect the true signed with England. Eugene IV. addressing the whole Christian world and inviting all to rise together against the Crescent, desires and ordains in virtue of his supreme authority that the whole Christian world be at peace. Those individuals refusing obedience are threatened with excommunication and communion with interdict. Pius commands the subjects of Ferdinand of Naples to be subject to their prince and declares that peace is a duty and that it shall not be tolerated to have recourse to arms to settle the Neapolitan question. Paul II., seeing himself obliged to invade against the King of Hungary because he had disturbed the peace in declaring war against Podiebrad and who on the other hand seeing Florence, Naples and Milan, in spite of his efforts, unwilling to lay down their arms, proceeded against them with his supreme power, and under pain of interdict commands them to lay down their arms within thirty days.

"Besides these acts of authoritative intervention there are many cases of arbitral intervention, i. e.,

where the Sovereign Pontiff intervened at the request of the belligerents or personally offered to arbitrate between the contending parties. Between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries we read of Leo IX. establishing peace and order in Southern Italy devastated by the Normands; of Paschal II. who restored peace between Aragon and its enemies. Gregory VII. did his best to prevent Philip I. King of France, from entering war with William the Conqueror; Urban II. acted as mediator between the Emperor and the King of Sicily. Innocent III. arbitrated the differences between England and Scotland. Alexander III. and Celestin III. reconciled France and England. Innocent III. who declared that the Pope is the sovereign mediator on earth, acted as arbitrator in Portugal, Aragon, Poland, Armenia, Bulgaria, Serbia, and reconciled Philip of Swabia with Otto of Brunswick. In 1285 Geneva and Venice submitted the settlement of their differences to the Pope. Boniface VIII. restored peace between the Scots and Edward I. Benedict XII. was the mediator between France and England. We might go on indefinitely multiplying instances of Papal intervention, referring to Clement VI., Innocent VI., Urban IV., Gregory XI., Martin V., Eugene IV., Callistus III., Pius II., Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII. and many others.

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THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENING

ANTI CLERICAL ANXIETY: EFFECT ON PROTESTANT SOLDIERS

The religious revival in the French army is so general, so public, it causes great anxiety to the organs of anti clericalism, as for instance, La Lanterne, and L'Humanité. They wish steps taken to prevent the religious propaganda in the hospitals and among the troops; they demand "the laicisation of the front."

Is this not a positive acknowledgment of the strength of the Catholic movement. A militant Socialist of the eighteenth division recognizes this fact published by L'Humanité: "I was able to make a number of psychological studies. Conventions, prejudices had fallen off, leaving life stripped. Men showed themselves for what they really were, brave or cowardly, noble or base, unselfish or egotistical. And I could appreciate the religious awakening so much noticed to-day, and so much talked about."

COMMUNION AT A REQUIEM A general Communion at an open-air Mass for the dead said over the still fresh graves of his comrades, is described by a soldier from Toulouse. He says: "I amongst those present some had been incredulous fools in the past, they were so no longer. From the general to the youngest trooper, from the wildest to the wisest, they were as one man. Shells burst at a little distance, but no one budged. Believe me, in these times no one thinks about his neighbor; he just does what his conscience dictates. The officers were the first to kneel around the priest, and then, one after the other, we all knelt on both knees on the wet ground to receive Communion. No one did it because he had to, but because he wanted to. The same impression is given by another soldier: "Before the war a great many fellows were ashamed to kneel down and make the Sign of the Cross. You don't find any of these around now. On Sundays if we are where we can hear Mass, there is never room enough. Afterwards

everyone is light hearted; it gives us courage; we feel ourselves a great deal stronger."

EFFECT ON THE ENGLISH The English, fighting side by side with the French troops in France, are struck with the religious feeling they have witnessed, and feel its effects. It will be remembered that a Protestant officer in the British army a short time ago was expressing his admiration, and added: "My orderly who is a Wesleyan, says he is going to study the Catholic religion, for it looks to him like the true one."

In fact, there is quite a movement towards Catholicism among the officers and men of the British Expeditionary Force. The example of the French army, and the faith of the people about them, have attracted them. Like the Wesleyan orderly, many of them are inquiring into the Catholic religion and go to church.

HARBINGER OF RELIGIOUS PEACE Furthermore, many signs point to a religious peace. To the pastors of Muerthe and Moselle, the prefect, M. Mirmon, who up to that time had passed for an anti-clerical, stated plainly: "We will rebuild your churches." And when M. Polignac visited the places devastated by the German, he approved M. Mirmon's speech and confirmed his promise. The Government will rebuild the churches! There was a time when it talked of closing them; but we are a long way off from that. The execution of the laws against the Congregations is stopped. Who would dream of taking it up again? Who would wish to exile again those who rushed to their country's defence?—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1915

THE POPE AND THE CHRISTIAN NATIONS

Setting aside truculent criticism
designed to make cheap controversial
capital it is a notable fact that,
amid the clash of arms and the din
of a thousand battles, the Pope fills
the eyes of the world as never before.

"I am not asking my readers to
accept the doctrine of Papal infallibility;
I am only asking them to understand
what it is and what it is not. In our
days there are large numbers of men
and women who refuse to believe in
any higher world from which he
could be guided. I do not, of course,
expect such men and women to
accept the principle of Papal infallibility.
But I should certainly expect
even them to try to understand what
the principle really is. I have read
and listened to scores and scores of
arguments against Papal infallibility,
which were complacently founded
on the belief that the Pope professed
to be infallible in every word he spoke
on any subject whatever."

The experience of the historian of
our own times is the experience of
every Catholic. People who would
not think of discussing, much less
condemning, a medical practice on the
adverse opinion of some old woman,
calmly discuss and condemn
Papal infallibility with no better
information than old wives' tales. It
is one of many indications of the
lack of thoroughness common to an
age of half-baked education.

There is a yearning, however, to
have some means of giving voice to
the conscience of civilization. We
have been so accustomed to look
upon ourselves as having progressed
far and away beyond the brutalities
of the past that we are shocked
immeasurably at finding that the past
contains no record that parallels the
brutality of the present. We, the
self-complacent heirs of all the
ages, suddenly find ourselves engaged
in a life-and-death struggle so
barbarous, so ghastly, that our self-
complacent superiority is getting a
rude jolt. Then some of us with a
joy that is almost fiendish, some
with a bewildering sense of the
inadequacy of crumbling ideals, some
in desperation, some with hope, all,
perhaps, responding to, or rejecting
the inspiration of the Holy Spirit,
point to the Vicar of Jesus Christ as
the hope, maybe the forlorn hope, of
Christian civilization.

Thus we have the discordant
chorus: Why doesn't the Pope
do this? Why does the Pope
not condemn that? Why does
not the Pope, without a ship
or a soldier, stop this horrible
savage? Why is the Pope neutral
when he ought to be on our side?
And so on and so on. People and
peoples who had no use for the Pope
in times of peace call now in rancorous
and discordant voices for the Pope's
pronouncement and the Pope's intervention.

Calmly, quietly, mercifully the Pope
fulfills his mission in the warring
world. Sorrowing hearts are comforted
by the return of the disabled
loved ones. Prisoners of war, and
civilians return to the bosom of their
families. Why? Because the tender
heart of the Father of all the faithful
has found the means to restore the
sorely stricken soldiers to the arms
of their loved ones. Wounded Catholics
come back to their Canadian
families, but the Canadian press is
silent on the debt of gratitude due to
the Holy Father.

Amid this confused and confusing
clamor about what the Pope as the
head of Christendom should do comes
a cold douche of common sense in the
shape of the following cabled summary
of Cardinal Gasquet's proposition:

Rome, Oct. 15.—A league of Christian
nations headed by the Pope, to
insure respect for moral principles
and enforce them even with arms, is
advocated by the English Cardinal
Gasquet, in an article published in
the Corriere D'Italia to day.

This article is regarded as explaining
the Holy Father's viewpoint.
The necessity of giving the Pope
enough authority to regulate the
articles of international law which
regulate war is emphasized. The
article declares such action would
guarantee the observance of such
laws and thus "save human civilization."

In the absence of the article itself
in detail it seems safe only to surmise
that it proposes a definite plan
by which the Papacy will assume the
duties and responsibilities of a supra-
national tribunal that will declare
and, if so desired, will enforce
respect for the principles of international
law and international justice.
In this capacity, of course, the Pope
would not speak and act as the infallible
head of the Church but by
virtue of the authority delegated to
him as the interpreter of international
law amongst civilized nations.

In the current number of The
Nineteenth Century J. A. R. Marriott
has an article, interesting in this
connection, on the Concert of Europe
in which he quotes from
Immanuel Kant's famous essay on
Perpetual Peace:

"A state of peace among men who
live side by side is not the natural
state of things; it is rather to be described
as a state of war. . . . Thus the
state of peace must be established.
For the mere cessation
of hostilities is no guarantee of continued
peaceful relations, and unless
this guarantee is given by every individual
to his neighbor—which can
only be done in a state of society
regulated by law—one man is at
liberty to challenge another and treat
him as an enemy."

Kant holds that "the law of
nations should be founded on a federation
of free states."
After reviewing past proposals and
efforts and especially the Holy Alliance
the author of England since
Waterloo writes:

"The history of that experiment
possesses, I submit, a plain moral for
the statesmen and peoples of our
own day.
"It is the hope of all good men
that before long a Congress of the
nations may be called together at
the close of a war even more devastating
than that which ended in 1815.
It will be the task of that Congress
to refashion a world now in the crucible.
The Congress will have to
deal with territorial readjustments;
it will have to attempt to satisfy
national aspirations; to reconcile
conflicting claims; but, above all it
is quite certain that the collective
conscience of mankind will compel it
to renew in some form or another
the attempt to provide securities
against the recurrence of a disaster
so overwhelming as that in which
the world is now involved. If Armageddon
is indeed a war against war,
then the resulting peace must be
built upon foundations which will
endure."

Not in the spirit of those who at
the foot of the cross jeered at our
crucified Lord; "He saved others,
himself he cannot save;" not in the
spirit of hostile and shallow criticism;
but in the deep conviction of the
world's imperative need of the great
moral and spiritual influence of the
Pope in the affairs of nations,
can the power of the Papacy be
called upon in the great day of reconstruction.
And if permanent
peace be established the Vicar of
Christ must not be a voice crying in
the wilderness but the voice of "the
collective conscience of mankind."

Catholic priest of which the Protestant
minister knows nothing. Amid
the din of battle the Catholic remains
a Catholic and the priest is,
as always, the priest. Every sick
and dying soldier must receive the
sacraments of the sick and dying.
In good health every soldier must
have the facilities for going to confession,
receiving Holy Communion
and assisting at the Holy Sacrifice
of the Mass. Compared with the
Protestant Chaplain the duties of the
Catholic Army Chaplain weigh
heavily upon him. We care nothing
of proportionate numbers, Catholic
soldiers of the king must have
adequate spiritual ministrations.

It is no reflection on anyone to say
that the priest who is fitted in all
respects for the onerous duties of
Army Chaplain is not easily found.
Catholics and Protestants also
will feel assured that with a deep
sense of responsibility the Right
Reverend M. F. Fallon, D. D., Bishop
of London, will select or reject
without fear or favor from the
priests who will volunteer for this
great work. We may rest in the
confident hope that soon the spiritual
needs of our brothers at the
front will be adequately served by
priests who are especially fitted for
the arduous and exacting duties of
Army Chaplains.

COMIC IGNORANCE
Ignorance we must charitably
suppose it is that makes the editorial-
in-brief writer in the Christian
Guardian present to his gullible
readers such ludicrous distortions of
Catholic doctrine. There is, however,
only a difference in degree between
him and many Protestant
writers. If any other subject were
under discussion the ordinary writer
would feel that it was incumbent on
him to inform himself of the matter
before pronouncing upon it. And
even with regard to Catholic teaching
and practice there is happily a
growing disposition on the part of
non-Catholics to know whereof they
speak.

This is the latest little exhibition
of our Methodist contemporary's unconscious
humor:
"The Roman Catholic Church does
not believe in divorce nor in the
re-marriage of divorced persons; and
yet it remarried the wealthy mine-
owner, Mr. Guggenheim, justifying
itself by the plea that the bridegroom
after his divorce had joined the
Roman Catholic Church. And so, if
any divorced Protestant cannot find
a Protestant preacher to re-marry
them, all they will have to do will
be to unite with the Roman Catholic
Church, and any Roman Catholic
priest will then be ready to oblige
them."

No, the Catholic Church does not
believe in divorce. The Catholic
Church declares that no power on
earth can dissolve the bond of sacramental
marriage. The Christian
family is the basis of Christian
civilization; and the indissolubility
of the marriage bond is the basis of
the Christian family. The Catholic
Church stands as adamant against the
neo-paganism of the divorce legisla-
tion which menaces the Christian
civilization of non-Catholic countries.

But the bond must exist before it
can be defended.
Our evangelical friend appears to
be fonder of talking about the Bible
than of reading it. For his benefit
we quote St. Paul to the Corinthians,
first epistle, vv. 12-15:

"If any brother hath a wife that
believeth not and she consent to
dwell with him, let him not put her
away.
"And if any woman hath a husband
that believeth not and he consent to
dwell with her, let her not put him
away.
"But if the unbeliever depart, let
him depart."

Unbaptized persons cannot receive
any of the other sacraments. Baptism
must be received first. The
marriage of unbaptized persons is a
natural contract not a sacramental
union. Hence we have in Catholic
practice what is called the Pauline
privilege: "If the unbeliever depart
let him depart."

We had not noticed the Guggenheim
marriage; but according to the
Guardian Mr. Guggenheim became a
Catholic. The unbelieving wife had
already departed. There was presumably
no sacramental bond of marriage;
Mr. Guggenheim was free to marry.
Baptized Protestants contract sacramental
marriage, a fact that was
specifically noted in the much-abused
No Tamere decree. So that
conversion to the Church would give
them no advantage whatever so far
as divorce is concerned.
The Guardian's attempt at "making
the irony" is delicious.

"And so, if any divorced Protestant
cannot find a Protestant
preacher to marry them (!) all they
will have to do will be to unite with
the Roman Catholic Church, and any
Roman Catholic priest will then be
ready to oblige them."
It would be a pity to spoil this by
comment of any kind.

DOES ST. PATRICK'S HOLD THE RECORD FOR CANADA?

In the North West Review of recent
date we read that Father Woodcut-
ter, who is of German origin, stated
that his parish of St. Joseph's, Moose
Jaw, had given about fifty members
to the various contingents, three of
whom, namely Captain McGe, Frank
Ford and William Walsh, have
already died on the field of honor.
Even though the patronymics of the
brave dead have no Teutonic flavor
we thought the record of the German
priest's parish worthy of notice.

However, the Blessed Sacrament
Parish Record just to hand states
that 240 members of St. Patrick's
parish, Ottawa, have enlisted for
Overseas Service. Is there a single
congregation, Protestant or Catholic,
in Canada which can equal this?
We subjoin the article referred to:

DOING THEIR BIT
The death of Father Edouard,
O. F. M., which occurred on Sept. 25th
while acting as chaplain to the
French regiment, brings the list of
priests of the Ottawa diocese killed
in action in the present war to five.
Three of these, Father Albert, Father
Justinian and the above mentioned
Father Edouard were Capuchins,
formerly connected with the Capuchin
Monastery in Ottawa. Of the
other two, one Father De Leglise was
an Oblate stationed in Hull, while
the other, Father L. Bodo, was a Mar-
ist of Papineauville. In addition to
these priests, another cleric of the
diocese was likewise killed in action
in France, Brother Jean Marie of the
Holy Ghost Fathers of Ironside. May
their souls rest in peace. All of the
above were born in France and were
connected with the French army
either in the capacity of priest, mem-
ber of the ambulance corps or chap-
lain when they were killed in battle.
There are in addition to those just
named—who were killed—several
other priests of this diocese who have
joined the French army. Several of
them have been reported in des-
patches for conspicuous bravery.

Of the Catholic chaplains of the
First Canadian Expeditionary Force,
Ottawa can lay a certain claim to
two: Father Fortier, O. M. I., for a
number of years connected with
Ottawa University, and Father Doe
of London Diocese, who was, when
ordained first, a resident of Ottawa.
The Catholic laity of Ottawa like
the people of every class, creed and
county of Canada have been enlist-
ing in numbers to fight for the lib-
erties of Europe and the British
Empire against Caesarism, German
Kultur and fanatical Turkish bar-
barism. About every second family
of the Blessed Sacrament parish has
a relative at the front. St. Patrick's
parish of this city holds what is
probably the national record for en-
listing, more than 240 of its members
have enlisted for Overseas Service.

The people of Canada, earnestly as
they desire and pray for peace, will
not hesitate to make the necessary
sacrifice of men and money to clear
Belgium and France of the Germans
and to clear Europe and the Holy
Land of the Turk. The words of
Pitt in a somewhat similar world
crisis, namely during the Reign of
Terror of the French Revolution, are
strikingly appropriate to day. "It
now remains to be seen whether,
under Providence, the efforts of a
free, brave, loyal and happy people,
aided by their allies, will not be
successful in checking the progress
of a system, the principles of which,
if not opposed, threaten the most
fatal consequence to the tranquility
of this country, the security of its
allies, the good order of every Euro-
pean Government and the happiness
of the whole human race."

CONTINUITY

The Continuity of the Catholic
Church requires no labored argument.
When on Sunday morning, in some
lowly mission chapel, the priest as-
sides the altar to offer the Adorable
Sacrifice, the lapse of centuries is for-
gotten, and we find ourselves in the
company of the disciples in the Upper
Room in Jerusalem. And when the
priest stands in the pulpit and reads
the gospel message we hear again
the voice of the Master speaking to
Peter and the eleven, and we know
that we are listening to the same
Word that the apostles delivered to
the first followers of the Master. For
the priest preaches "Christ and Him
crucified," and when he speaks he has
behind him the weight of nineteen
hundred years of authority. So, too,
when, after the Vespers have been
chanted and the Beads recited, the
Blessed Sacrament is exposed upon
the altar, we are back again in Beth-
lehem and Nazareth. We have the
Word made flesh dwelling amongst us.

This sense of Continuity is even
more palpable, if we may so phrase
it, in a country that has long been

Catholic. To kneel in some hallowed
shrine, where for more than a thou-
sand years countless generations of
the faithful have worshipped, is an
experience that thrills us to the very
depths of our souls. It was our
privilege three years ago when re-
visiting Ireland, to say Mass in the
Black Abbey of Adare, Co. Limerick.
This Trinitarian foundation dates
from the thirteenth century, but like
all the other Irish monastic houses,
it was demolished at the Reformation.
Some time ago it was restored by the
Earl of Dunraven, and handed back
to the Catholics of the pretty village
for use as a parish church. No
modern cathedral of marble and
mosaic could evoke the sensations
aroused by this historic pile. The
sight of the people kneeling on its
stone floor; worshipping God as their
fathers in the dim faraway centuries
had worshipped Him; assisting at
the same Mass that was celebrated
by the monks who first erected this
temple to the glory of God, thrilled
the very depths of one's being, and
made one realize how, compared with
the Catholic Church, Protestantism
is but a thing of yesterday. A few
days later we had another and alto-
gether different experience, which
we think we might rightly call a
negative proof of Continuity. Find-
ing ourselves in the city of Limerick,
we turned our steps towards the
ancient Cathedral of St. Mary's, a
grey old pile originally built by the
Catholics, but now used as a Protest-
ant place of worship. But it was
like revisiting one's old home and
finding the lights out, the hearth
fire extinguished, and the familiar
faces of friends vanished from the
scene. Here was the holy water font
empty; the niches where pious hands
had raised aloft the Stations of the
Cross empty also, and saddest of all,
in a disused side chapel, the great
altar slab upon which for centuries
the Lamb had been immolated. The
very atmosphere of the place pro-
claimed aloud that something was
missing. The glory of the place had
fled. One felt as though he walked
amongst the bones of the forgotten
dead. And the thought beat insist-
ent on the brain, how comes it that
people of ordinary intelligence can
take part in the services as now con-
ducted within these walls, and not
realize that it was for a form of wor-
ship far different that it was original-
ly intended? Ignore it as they may,
the desecrated temples of Ireland and
Great Britain proclaim the Continuity
of the Catholic Church no less
emphatically than do the Catacombs
of Rome.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE PITTSBURGH Post, describing
the parade of 30,000 members of the
Holy Name Society in that city on a
recent Sunday, says: "The Bishop
and his retinue of incense bearers,
swinging lamps that gave forth
clouds of scented smoke, withdrew
into the church, etc." After that
who can have the heart to cavil at
the soundings of the varied reper-
torial novice at a church ceremonial.

WHAT IS the "natural size" of an
angel? This rather unwelcome ques-
tion came to the surface in delibera-
tion upon the design for a pair of
kneeling angels in a new church ed-
ifice in Canada not long ago. The
question was asked: "what size shall
they be?" and the quite unpremed-
itated answer was: "why, natural
size, of course." That such a re-
joinder should have precipitated an
interesting discussion is surely not
surprising.

THE QUESTION is not altogether a
new one. Some sixty-five years ago
Bishop (afterwards Archbishop)
Parcell, of Cincinnati, had erected a
pair of kneeling angels in his cath-
edral. They were considered a very
handsome pair, being the work of a
sculptor of note in Italy. But some
one asked the Bishop if they were
not of uncommon size, they being
equal to the figure of a person six
feet in height. In response, the
Bishop gave the history of his com-
mission to the artist. He had
directed them to be made "natural
size," and the sculptor in reply re-
quested more definite instructions,
adding that he had "never seen
an angel." The Bishop referred him
to The Apocalypse, xxi, 17, for his
measurements, and this being con-
sidered conclusive was the gauge as
to the size and proportions of the
statues executed, and, in due time,
placed in the Cincinnati cathedral.

SINCE THE announcement of Presi-
dent Wilson's engagement the War
has drifted into the background in
the press of the great Republic.

Even the promoters of the "World
Series" had to bow to the inevitable
and gracefully relinquish the front
seat in public attention to the daugh-
ter of Pocahontas: Can it be, too,
that Carranza has to thank the ap-
proaching event for his new sense of
security in his usurper's seat? The
Kaiser at least may rejoice that
something has happened to temper
the President's martial ardor. In
view of which the lovers of liberty
and of civilization in the United
States might put their influence to
worse use than in bringing it to bear
upon a hastening of the President's
nuptials. Then, and then only, will
the great public get back to the
normal.

REVERTING ONCE more to the sub-
ject of the Catholic Church and the
Bible we are reminded of the saying
of a famous modern scholar, that if
by any chance the Bible were lost its
text might be recovered from the
writings of our Catholic Fathers and
medieval schoolmen. This is in
harmony with Dr. Matland's well-
known avowal that "the writings
of the dark ages are simply made of
the Scriptures. . . . that people
thought and spoke and wrote the
thoughts of the Bible, and that they
did this constantly and habitually as
the natural mode of expressing them-
selves," and this "not exclusively
in theological or ecclesiastical mat-
ters, but in histories, biographies,
familiar letters, legal instruments,
and documents of every description."
(Dark Ages, p. 476.) Those, then,
who, in our day seek for purposes
best known to themselves, to propa-
gate the contrary notion, and whose
pet cry is that the Church discour-
ages the circulation of the Scriptures
are but flying in the teeth of history
and exposing their own ignorance, or
malice.

REV. CANON Barry, than whom no
contemporary writer speaks with
fuller knowledge, has made this the
subject of one of his illuminating
essays. He has therein reminded
the modern world that the writings
of the Fathers and schoolmen, which
fill great libraries, largely take the
form of commentaries on Scripture,
and, as Matland says, are every-
where steeped in its language and
ideas. Beginning with St. Clement
of Rome, St. Justin, St. Irenaeus,
Tertullian, and Clement of Alexan-
dria, it will be found that the
Old Testament is quoted in
all parts of the Church, and the
New, as it gradually took form, uni-
versally acknowledged. For the
Middle Ages, St. Gregory the Great,
St. Bernard, St. Thomas Aquinas,
and St. Bonaventure, their repre-
sentative men, display the same
familiarity with the Bible, and they
but blossom from the long line of
devout monks and nuns who, follow-
ing in the footsteps of St. Jerome, pre-
served the sacred text from destruc-
tion, and, in beautiful manuscripts
which are the envy of twentieth-
century skill, made possible its world-
wide dissemination in this later
time.

IT IS SO EASY to forget or to ignore
these simple facts, and, as there is
only too much reason to believe such
disregard is more often than not
born of sheer malice. It is impos-
sible to acquit many who might be
named of a deliberate suppression of
the truth as known to themselves
but not acknowledged. The neces-
sity of making out a case is the sole
actuating motive in their oft-re-
peated misstatements. As one of
them is said once to have pleaded
when cornered: "Oh! well, you
know my people expect it. It is in
line with their ideas, and I do not
feel it incumbent upon me to antagon-
ize them"—an admirable attitude,
it must be conceded, for a preacher
and teacher in Israel.

ENLARGING upon the practically
universal familiarity with the Scrip-
tures in medieval times, Dr. Barry
says: "From the paintings which are
still extant in Roman Catacombs, to
the mosaics of St. Mark's, Venice, or
the Cappella Palatina in Palermo,
from the primitive religious schools
of Siena, Florence, Cologne, Holland,
as well as from every piece of ecclesi-
astical architecture down to the
'Bible of Amiens,' and the frescoes
of the Sistine, it is evident that eyes,
mind and heart could take their fill
of that inspired story. Learning and
sanctity wielded pen, pencil, chisel,
brush, every instrument that con-
veys thought or evokes beauty in
order that God's written word should
be known and loved. The Middle
Ages had their Bible in stone, on
illuminated parchment, in stained

glass. It was delivered from the
lips of popular preachers, reflected in
the poetry of Holland, of Dante, of
Fra Jacopo, expounded on the walls,
gates and pavements of innumerable
churches. It was recited in monas-
teries by day and night, quoted in
parliaments, rhymed and sung by
minstrels so that never, perhaps,
was it more universally known."
And yet, in face of all this, there are
those who think it consistent with
honor and righteousness to say that
the Bible was "discovered" in the
fifteenth century!

ON THE BATTLE LINE

While the war situation has not
cleared to any appreciable extent
the Coalition Government in Eng-
land seems to be tottering to its fall.
Sir Edward Carson's resignation and
Mr. Asquith's sickness have pro-
foundly affected the English people.
It is gratifying to read John Red-
mond's declaration that Ireland has
not embarrassed the Government
while threatened with dangers inter-
nal and external.

In France, though the Germans
have made no notable advance, it is
significant that the official war news
speaks constantly of repelling Ger-
man attacks. In the Balkans the
Bulgars have cut the railway by
which the Anglo-French allies might
have effected a junction with the
hard pressed Serbs. Though costly
the Austro-German advance is steady
and irresistible.

On the Eastern front the Russians
relieve the gloom of the picture by
continued remarkable successes both
defensive and offensive.
Greece holds to its right to main-
tain a position of armed neutrality
in spite of bribes, or threats, and
Roumania gives no sign that she will
join the Allies.

IN THE BALKANS

All eyes are on the Balkans.
Events prove that the Serbs could
have held back an Austro-German
advance from the Danube almost in-
definitely. The Bulgars are a different
proposition. They are conduct-
ing three widely separated campaigns
in Serbia, and are occupying that
portion of the country east of the
railway with what they themselves
in an official despatch speak of as
"lightning like rapidity." This is
particularly true of the campaign in
southern Macedonia, having Uskub
as its objective. The invaders here
are among a people overwhelming
Bulgarian, and it is asserted that
"the Bulgarian troops are being re-
ceived with indescribable enthusiasm
in the liberated regions." The Bul-
garian king has opened the door of
the Balkans.

In the face of the fact that no allied
army can now reach Serbia in time
to take part in the gallant struggle
of the Serbs against overwhelming
odds, the Allies are likely to strike at
Bulgaria and attempt to cut the
Oriental railway in that country.
They can use the Greek railway system
from Saloniki east to the Bulgarian
border, and so avoid the crossing of
the Rhoodes Mountains. It is said
that France and Great Britain pro-
pose to use 400,000 men in the Balkan
campaign. Even this large force
would not be able to make headway
against the Bulgars and Turks,
aided by an Austro-German army,
without the aid of Greece and
Roumania. Should the negotiations
between the Allies and Greece and
Roumania result in the adhesion of
both of the Alliance the tables would
be turned with startling rapidity, and
Bulgaria would be overrun even
more quickly than eastern Serbia
has been. If the halt of Cyprus and
a large slice of Turkey in Europe
does not tempt the Greeks, the way to
Constantinople will soon lie open to
the Germanic armies.—The Globe,
Oct. 22.

THE END OF THE WAR IS NOT IN SIGHT

So says the King in a personal
message to his people issued last
night. More man, and yet more, are
needed to keep Britain's armies in
the field, and through them to secure
victory and enduring peace. The
address reads like a final appeal to
men of all classes to come forward
voluntarily and do what must be done
under compulsion if the voluntary
system does not yield the required
number of recruits.

BRITAIN'S HEAVY PRICE

London, Oct. 22.—British casualties
published since October 1st total
2,285 officers and 50,072 non-com-
missioned officers and men.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

In the fighting of the past few days
the Russians have had distinctly the
best of it. They have captured over
14,500 men and advanced several
miles, while the Austro-Germans
have captured about 4,700 men and
have admittedly had to evacuate
Czarovsk and other points along
the Stry. The drive of von Hinden-
burg toward Riga has once more
been held up. The enemies' losses
during the past few days have been
exceptionally heavy, and the wastage
is being made good by untrained

Landsturm embodied in September. Troops so raw will hardly be able to cross the Dvina in the face of Rusk's veterans.

EXTERMINATION OF THE ARMENIANS

The Journal des Balkans publishes the Memorandum of the Armenian Committee which has been sent to the Powers. Mexico is Mexico; Armenia is Armenia and the Turk is the Turk, but the things related there are incredible too.

Persecution and outrage seem to be carried on systematically. All the able bodied population has been requisitioned for the war, none are left but helpless victims: old people, women, children and priests.

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

A "SING SONG" IN THE TRENCHES. In an article on "Hate" in the Cornhill Magazine, Dr. A. E. Shipley writes:

How far hatred is effective in war time, and how far it can be effectively worked up by systematic effort, is difficult to say.

PRISONERS OF WAR—A CONTRAST. Mr. Jeffrey E. Jeffery in the same magazine, giving "Some Experiences of a Prisoner of War," says:

In the afternoon the boat which is to take us back arrived from England with the German wounded. The two batches of men were close together on the platform.

THE IMPERIAL BABY KILLER

Referring, in his sermon at St. Paul's, on a recent Sunday afternoon, to the recent Zeppelin raid on the district of London, the Archbishop of London said:

I need not go further back than last Wednesday, to tell you that battle has changed into murder. Speaking with all the restraint that is due from every preacher as well as the Press, and with the knowledge and consent of the censor, I tell you that to one hospital alone were taken the dead bodies of children of fifteen, ten, seven and five, and one little baby—so that the Nursery became a slaughterhouse.

"STICK IT TO THE BITTER END" Extracts from some vivid letters, describing incidents in trench life, and written home by a young subaltern who went to the front in May, are given in the Spectator. We reprint the following:

I forgot to record a very quaint thing that happened at a brigade concert held at—The K. of K. came down to see us. Our divisional commander came in, to honour the occasion, and after a thumping good programme of Welsh, English and Irish talent, got up on the platform and made a little speech.

SCHOOLING UNDER SHELL FIRE. In another letter, the lieutenant tells how he helps the children of the house where he is billeted with their lessons:

Except for our spells in the trenches, we are nearly always more or less in civilization; here, for instance, in my billet, there is a very nice French bourgeois family, the—

"GOTT STRAFE IRELAND" This is a new note in German malediction and to judge from the following letter from Sergeant J. J. Cunningham, of the Irish Guards, published by the Freeman's Journal, is inspired by the fear that the Irish soldiers are putting into the hearts of the Hun:

One battalion of the Irish Guards has already given them a rough time of it, so Heaven help the Prussian Guards when they hob up against two battalions of I. G.'s—all Irish manufacturers. We had a little set-to with the Bavarians a few days ago.

THE LLOYD GEORGE SHELLS. In the concluding part of his letter the Sergeant praises the new Lloyd George shells and speaks his mind on the Sinn Fein policy:

At present we are taking things very steady. Our artillery is getting better every day, and everybody out

here is now praising Lloyd George's shells. The troops out here look upon Lloyd George as a second "Bob." The damage done by some of our new shells is most surprising.

English Anglicanism continues, moth-like, to flutter, blindly for the most part, around the light. An example of this is to be found in a much-touted course of lectures to be held during the current month in London.

SCORES SECTARIAN INTOLERANCE

MR. ROOSEVELT'S RINGING UTTERANCE AT COLUMBUS DAY CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK

New York, October 12.—A ringing denunciation of sectarian intolerance was a striking feature of an address on "Americanism" delivered to night by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt at the Columbus Day celebration in Carnegie Hall, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus.

Monsignor Mooney, representing Cardinal Farley, introduced Colonel Roosevelt.

After paying tribute to the great Italian seaman who changed the map of the world, the former President began to outline his theories of what constitutes true Americanism.

He spoke first of the wickedness of sectarian intolerance, saying that it was an evil thing to support or to oppose a man because of the creed he professes.

"Furthermore," he continued, "it has invariably resulted, in so far as it was successful at all, in putting unworthy men into office, for there is nothing that a man of loose principles and of evil practices in public life so desires as the chance to distract attention from his own shortcomings and misdeeds by exciting and inflaming theological and sectarian prejudice."

"I hold that in this country there must be complete severance of Church and State, that public moneys shall not be used for the purpose of advancing any particular creed, and therefore that the Public schools shall be non-sectarian, but the pupils, teaching force and school officials must be treated exactly on a par, no matter what their creeds, and there must be no more discrimination against Jew or Catholic or Protestant than discrimination in favor of Jew, Catholic or Protestant."

CHURCHES EMPTY IN ENGLAND

WAR HAS NO INFLUENCE

London, Sept. 15.—After all is said and done, it would appear that not even the terrors of the most awful war in history, or the fact that daily war records bring news of death and disaster to the homes of every part of Great Britain, has been sufficient to give any appreciable stimulus to religion among the masses of the English people.

Whether this is a result of its insular position, leaving it free from the ravages such as the war causes on the Continent, or whether it is because of profound indifference to the value of religion in days of trial, the fact remains that during hostilities, after the first shock had passed over, there has been far less evidence in England than on the Continent of the deepening of religious life.

This fact is brought home and frequently emphasized by the utterances of ministers of the various Protestant sects from the pulpit, at frequently recurring periods. The Rev. O. Mordaunt a prominent Anglican clergyman, is the latest of these. In an address which he delivered at a recent meeting of the House of the Laymen of the Worcester Diocese he said the main issue for the Church of England to deal with at present is the ungodliness of the nation.

This is a severe arraignment at such a time. There is, of course, some reasoner to it. It may be that the English public is still unawake to the terrible threat of this war, it

may be in the same state of ignorance in which it was kept as to the true conditions at the front by the lying jingo press of the country. And then, too, the English Protestant doubtless still, in common with Protestants everywhere, has his Church efforts but little consolation such as the soul yearns for in times of trouble.

English Anglicanism continues, moth-like, to flutter, blindly for the most part, around the light.

An example of this is to be found in a much-touted course of lectures to be held during the current month in London. It is to be under the sanction and with the cooperation of the Anglican prelate and its object as announced is "to illustrate from history the fundamental principles by which the special place of the Church of England within the Catholic body has been determined and the factors which seem likely to shape its vocation in the future."

Among the lecturers are the Bishops of Oxford, Canon Mason of Canterbury, and many other distinguished members of the Anglican clergy and laity.

No doubt from the literary point of view, the lectures will be highly interesting, but of course, no amount of ability on the part of the lecturers will enable them to do the impossible—to prove that the Church of England is within the Catholic body. It is Protestant in its origin, has been Protestant throughout its history, and according to the King's Oath the religion it teaches is Protestant. As one commentator puts it, "a Protestant Catholic Church is a contradiction in terms."—New World.

MINISTERS LAUD HOLY NAME SOCIETY

Washington, October 11.—The parade of the Holy Name Societies of the Diocese of Baltimore, in which 17,000 Catholics of Baltimore and other Maryland cities, Washington and Alexandria marched for three hours yesterday, was lauded by Protestant ministers from Washington pulpits last night.

The Rev. Dr. Randolph H. McKim, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, declared that "the desire to combat blasphemy is the excellent object of the millions banded together for that purpose, and may God bless their efforts."

The Rev. John MacMurray, pastor of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, extolled the work of the Holy Name Society and suggested the formation of a similar organization, to be called the 'Holy Day Society.'

Of all the slanders against the Church produced by the Protestant Reformation, that in regard to the teaching of the Bible is the one which recurs with the greatest frequency. It is an old, old story, known to every one of us, repeated, as it has been in a thousand variations, all going to show that the Church ever sought to keep the Scriptures from the people. It is one of those historical lies which, no matter how often they may be refuted, refuse to die.

POPE COMMENDS NEW SOLDIER'S BIBLE

EXPRESSION OF OPINION COMES IN TIME TO CONTRADICT OLD CALUMNY

Only during the last few weeks a crudely written book, published by the Evangelical Union of South America, written by one F. C. Glass, a missionary to the benighted Latin American peoples, and entitled "With the Bible in Brazil," has been placed in several of our public libraries to sell among other things this ancient slander. In Chapter II of this book we learn that "by the wisdom of the sixteenth century Council of Trent, it was laid down that no priest should read the Scriptures without the written consent of his Bishop, under the penalty of excommunication. Such is Roman fear of the Bible in the hands of her own priests."

BIBLE'S ONE DEFENDER

In the face of these attacks, made and credited without a shred of evidence, the Church quietly but firmly goes along her path, encouraging the study of the Bible among the people. This is one of the duties of her historic mission. Without her watchful care in the days of the barbarian invasion, there to-day would have been no Bible for us to read. Through the voice of her Pontiffs she has time and time again advised the reading of the Holy Scriptures. Today, when "higher criticism" has obtained such popularity among non-Catholics, the Church alone stands as the defender of the integrity and divinity of the Word of God.

TIME IN SPIRIT OF WAR

Even in the midst of the great European conflict, requiring his attention in so many other ways, we find our present Pontiff, Benedict XV, encouraging the spread of the Bible in popular form. The well-known German Biblical scholar, Prof. James Eker, now deceased, had prepared a translation of the Scriptures, which has lately been published in a pocket edition by the Bishopric of Treves. On April 20th, of this year this little book was laid before the Pope by request of Dr. Korum, Bishop of Treves, and on June 16th the following letter, ex-

pressing the Pope's opinion, was received:

PONTIFF'S OPINION

"His Holiness pointed out in a particular manner that the most important features of this Bible which Prof. Eker of blessed memory has left as a heritage of piety to the diocese of Treves are the excellent language in which it is written, the addition of notes from the Fathers, and the very popular price. With great satisfaction he also remarked that the work in which your grace is so zealously engaged, the wide distribution of the Scriptures, has in our days become a mission of great charity, because of the fact that the sublime book can be used for the comfort of the war prisoners and the wounded, for which the present edition is destined. Meanwhile, the Holy Father expresses words of deepest praise and encouragement to your grace and all those that have supported and assisted you in this Holy apostolate, granting at the same time as a token of his fatherly benevolence the petitioned Apostolic Benediction."

In this way has the Holy Father shown his deep sympathy with the work of distributing the Bible. It can serve to remind Catholics of their duty to intelligently familiarize themselves with the inspired word of God. In this way, too, will they give the most practical refutation to the ancient story of the hatred of the Church for the Holy Scriptures.—New World.

CHRISTIAN HEROES

Like the rosary beads, so much the symbol of devotion in this month of October, comes a silver string of pearls—some recent records of our great ones devoted to sacrifice.

The Jesuit Father Tarrago, the chaplain of the lepers of the Philippine Islands, for the past five years, has himself become a leper, and so has shown his devotion to his mission.

In the Louisiana leper home, one hundred and four afflicted with leprosy, are attended by the Sisters of Charity. To understand what these gentle ladies are doing for the noblest charity, we have only to think for a moment that the putrefaction of these living masses, the objects of their solicitude, is far more repelling than the disclosures of open graves, and still in the name of Him who cured the leper, they tender their ministrations to these outcasts of society, at the name of whose fell disease mankind trembles.

From the New World, we learn of Sister Regina, the superior of the Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ, who attend the Pest House of Chicago, where in 1905, when smallpox raged, five hundred and sixty-five cases were housed. At present, an old leper is there, and no one but the Lord's handmaids would serve his wretchedness.

In the latest issue of America, an article, entitled "Absent," refers to Brother Joseph Dutton of the Thirteenth Wisconsin, who, although living, did not answer to the roll call when the Grand Army of the Republic recently celebrated their golden jubilee at Washington. His old comrades spoke his name in reverence, for he was known as a brave soldier, and he is one yet. In distant and awful Molokai he braves rotting death every day, and shows the leper that pity has not vanished from the human heart.

Dutton was brave on the firing line, here when he dared all the traditions of his Puritan ancestry in becoming a convert, and illustrious when under the beating cliff, that Stevenson so finely describes as sheltering the poor inmates of Molokai, he left society forever to do the noblest act of sacrifice of which man can be capable. Absent was Dutton from the ranks in Washington, but what soldier will not salute him from afar as a true commander in chief.

All these doings of our humble great ones ring the lie in the face of our comfortable "guardians," for it is not the truest patriotism to be kind to your neighbor, without distinction of creed, race or color, and thus save the country from the devastating ravages of disease. How many of the Guardians' fair daughters and brave sons have left their dear homes and loved kindred to dwell with such abominable subjects of their concern and care.

Let the bigots begin convent inspection in these temples of exceptional charity that reek with the horrors of mortifying humanity, and if they get the contagion, they will stay long enough to change their opinions of noble ladies who would not falter in caring for their infamous and cowardly maligners. Some of these angels of mercy would court such sacrifice. They fear not death for death to them is only a form of life everlasting.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, himself a bigot of the most pronounced kind, declared: "So far as I have observed persons nearing the end of life, the Roman Catholic understands the business of dying better than others. I have seen a good many Roman Catholics on their death beds, and it always appeared to me that they accepted the inevitable with a composure which showed that they believed, whether or not the best to live by, was a better one to die by than most of the harder ones that have replaced it." That Holmes could not argue from death to life, and see that the religion which made men bravest when about to meet the Judge of eternity, was the truest always, is due to the fact that bigotry saps logic.

Your Savings. The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in all countries are urging the practice of Thrift. The Prime Minister of Great Britain said recently: "There remains only one course . . . to diminish our expenditure and increase our savings." What are you going to do with YOUR SAVINGS? You cannot keep your cash in a stocking. You must either put it in a Bank; invest in a Bond or Stock; or purchase Life Insurance with it. Some men will do all three. By Putting YOUR SAVINGS INTO LIFE INSURANCE. You will be practicing Thrift in its best form. You will be making definite provision for your family. In the event of your early death, they will receive many times more than you have paid in. If you live, you will be adding each year to the value of your security. Let us sell you a Policy in the Capital Life Assurance Company. We have all kinds, at all prices, with valuable privileges and perfect security always. Write us, giving the date of your birth. The Capital Life Assurance Company of Canada. Head Office - Ottawa.

Our sisters fear not death, and so reach through it to their God, the God who will not permit heroism to go unrewarded, if as Holy Writ says, a drop of water given, in Christ's name shall get its reward.—Catholic Columbian.

CIVIL ROME PRAISES CATHOLIC SOCIETY

The Commune of Rome, through a duly accredited representative, recently made handsome acknowledgment of the services of the leading charitable organization of the city, in caring for the sufferers from the Abruzzi earthquake. This organization is called the Circolo San Pietro.

The Syndic, or Mayor of Rome, speaks warmly of the perfect handling of details, and the activity and good-will that characterized its work. He says: "If what the Commune has done deserves applause, it is owing in very great part to the really noble action of the Circolo and the sacrifice and devotion of the Sisters in charge of the different sections. Now, six months after the tragedy, the report which you have sent me gives me the opportunity to pray you, Signor President, to convey the sincerest gratitude of the Commune of Rome to the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, the Daughters of Charity, the Sisters of Irena, and the Sisters of Divine Pity, of Savona. And all our thanks to you personally, for putting at the service of Rome for any future emergency, the work of your magnificent organization." This society in its work for the victims not only did more than it was asked to do, but it returned to the Commune part of the subsidy given. This of course was due to the voluntary service of the religious communities, and to their admirable system of administering aid.—Sacred Heart Review.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL ON RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

At the Mass of the Holy Ghost with which the school year at Boston College was begun, His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell dwelt upon the need of a religious education. "Events have made the need of religious training so manifest that even non-Catholics have begun to perceive the lamentable deficiencies of a curriculum in which Christian doctrine and practice have no part; experience has demonstrated its dangers to the individual and the nation. The best that can be said for it is that it develops keenness of intelligence, money-machines, surely

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an ignoble result. "If there is to be among us any place for the flowering of genuine culture which develops the mind and the heart, it ought to be the college, where the entire environment will inspire youth to its acquisition, where something better than the gospel of materialism is preached, an institution whose function is to form the fabric of our civilization and direct the true progress of the age. Such a college is yours."—Sacred Heart Review.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Tai-chowtsi, March 23, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Tai-chowtsi. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised Who designs to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those still in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire estachetas, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER. Previously acknowledged... \$6,179 87 P. V. T. Lane, Brighton..... 1 00 Catherine Faelon, Little Bras D'Or..... 5 00 Mrs. E. McL..... 1 00 D. J. Gallivan, Sydney..... 2 00 A friend, Barnaby River... 2 00 A subscriber, West Monkton 20 00 In memory of Mrs. Marchison, Lucknow..... 5 00 John Murphy, Melrose, N. B. 3 50 Ed. Murphy, Melrose, N. B. 1 00

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. P. PEPPIERS TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

"The girl is not dead, but asleep." (Matt. ix, 24)

Death is compared with sleep, for we do not altogether perish when we die, and even our mortal bodies are destined to rise again.

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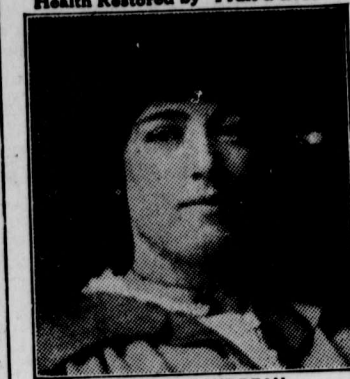
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I became thin and miserable. I had frequent dizzy spells and became so run down that I never thought I would get well again.

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I continued this medicine and all my Indigestion and Constipation was relieved. I consider that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives" and I want to say to those who suffer from Indigestion, Constipation or Headaches, try "Fruit-a-tives".

Give this lovely fruit medicine a fair chance and you will get well the same as I did."

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should. The spirit of Christ is present only where there is love of God. When you are tempted to regard some task as utterly distasteful and grievously onerous, say to yourself: "Inactivity leads to death; it is possible to merit life by the death of this kind?"

Make it your habit conscientiously to perform every duty. When young people are indolent, they have no love of work in later life, and fall into many sins, but by industry in youth they make it possible for them to work in subsequent years and form a habit which will prevent them from ever being idle, and will help them to do much good.

Jesus calls you to arise and labor zealously, and supplemets you with the grace that you need. Obey His voice and take Him as your model whilst you go about your daily work. You will be sowing a little seed whence your palm of victory will have grown by the day of your resurrection.

We shall rise again with the bodies that here on earth have served to lay the foundation of our eternal joy or misery. Let us never forget the resurrection. St. Jerome is represented listening for the last trumpet, because he says: "Whether I eat or drink, whether I am asleep or awake, always and everywhere I seem to hear the terrible sound of that trumpet, which will summon the dead to rise and come to judgment."

May the sound of that trumpet be heard in your hearts, especially when you are tempted to listen to the voice of bad temper, discontent or grumbling. When the pleasures and principles of the world appeal to you, open your ears to that sound; soul, open your ears to that sound; and if ever indolence lulls you into the slumber of death, let that trumpet ring through your hearts, for it will spur you on to labor steadfastly and without discouragement. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

THE DRINK QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA

Commenting on the charge made against drink in England, that it was "doing more damage in this war than all the German submarines put together," the Catholic Magazine for South Africa says:

"In South Africa fortunately there has been no lack of response to the call of the country and the Empire. Thanks largely to the wise attitude taken up by General Botha, the mobilization of the Defense Forces to the Union has been a surprise to friend and foe. The drink problem has not entered as a factor impeding the work to any large extent; although we fear that in the early months the prolonged residence of so many young troops in our large cities has placed them in the way of unusual temptations, to which they have to some extent succumbed. But at the present moment most of our troops are in places where there is little possibility of obtaining alcoholic liquors, and this is our common advantage."

THE SIGN OF THE TIMES

The Catholic Universe: "The country is said to be full of itinerant evangelists, preaching on street corners and in amusement parks."

The summer church attendance in the churches which take a vacation has gone up twenty-five per cent. While this isn't saying much for crowds in most of them, it is suggestive of that return to religion which is characteristic of times of fear and danger. The street corner preacher, ignorant but sincere, finds listeners like himself. People go to church who never went before. The world is full of spiritual panic. That it is an acceptable time for truth is proved by the reports of the many notable conversions to the

The general answer to your question will be: "There is nothing of interest to the Catholic young people in the Catholic paper." No, there are no stories of robbery, murder, rape and divorce, and to the majority these are the items of interest in the yellow press. Study the young work. If they have a paper, on what are their eyes glued? If not on the sporting page, then on the "juicy" divorce story that does not neglect to give more than due mention to the "fair correspondent."

Why is this? For the selfsame reason that the penny dreadful, telling of the hairbreadth escapes of Nick Carter and Horrid Bill, will be swallowed in a single evening by the boy who can scarcely spell out the words, while the reading of Scott, Dickens, Shakespeare and Milton is led up to by years of schooling and special instruction.

Take the answer you receive; there is nothing of interest to our Catholic young people in our Catholic papers. On what experience is that answer based? Often, on absolutely none; often on hearsay; often on a hasty glance over the headlines of a Catholic paper. I wonder how many people would read "Hamlet" if they were repeatedly told that "there is nothing to it," "I wonder who would be induced to plod through "Ivanhoe" by reading the snatches of verse that introduce each chapter. Were it not for our courses in literature, the sales of the world's classics would be as slow as the circulation of our Catholic papers!

Do I rank the Catholic papers with the world's literature? Hardly. But there is the same difference between the yellow journals of the streets and the Catholic papers that there is between the writings of Robert W. Chambers and the writings of Dante.

The gist of this matter is that our Catholic papers are not read by those who should read them. Supposing the eighty-year-old grandfather in his chimney corner pines over every line of the Catholic paper, but his twenty-year-old grandson never sees a copy! The old man will never again away the world, and his salvation is most probably assured. But for the grandson, the world is all future. He will meet people every day and he can persuade them or he will be persuaded by them. He has his work to do and his life to live, and these must be in harmony with the dictations of his Faith. And, in all probability, he considers the day of his judgment still in the hazy distance.

It is the Catholic young man and the Catholic young woman of to day who must be constant readers of our Catholic papers if the Catholic press is to accomplish one hundredth of its mission.

PRESS HOUR IN SCHOOLS

By Clement Deten in Chicago New World

We were in a photographic gallery, a graduate of a Catholic high school and the writer. On the wall, a specimen of the photographer's work, was a large portrait of Bishop — of this city. I mentioned a movement of social uplift recently championed by the Bishop. My companion looked at me in surprise and asked: "Is Bishop — a Catholic?"

He was a graduate of a Catholic high school. He was versed in algebra and geometry; he knew the authors of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Paradise Lost"; he was able to translate Latin and Greek; he had the names of the emperors of Syria and Rome on his fingertips; but he had never been taught to read a Catholic paper.

Was there any excuse for such ignorance? Absolutely none! The names of our Catholic bishops appear almost weekly in the columns of the New World. His ignorance was a frank confession that he had never read a Catholic paper. Did he know who the "skyscraper burglar" was? Who was suspected of the Armour robbery? The names of "stage beauty" divorces? The details of yesterday's atrocious murder? The last minutes of the condemned man? Yes, he knew all these things and a lot more that he had no particular business to know. He knew them because he read the yellow sheets of crime that flood the Catholic homes of Chicago and under the work of Catholic pulpits, press and school.

Was this youth an exception or the average? Ask the Catholic young man and the Catholic young woman if they read a Catholic paper, read the news articles, the editorials, the features, read anything but the parish items and society notices? How many do I wonder?

Do you say that you can not interest our youth in the thousands of subjects that are treated of in the columns of the Catholic press? Then you say that the shotgun and the baseball bat. Teach your children to read a Catholic paper. How? By means of the Catholic Press Hour. Set aside at least one hour a week for the higher grades in your parochial school, when the matter for reading is the Catholic paper and the subjects discussed are those that fill the columns of the Catholic press.

Clean Floors with Old Dutch Sanitary Cleanser



THE CRUCIFIX—AT NEWCASTLE AND THE FRONT

Edinburgh Catholic Herald

A very neat and timely comment upon the Newcastle Chancellor's decision that a crucifix in an Anglican church is unlawful is to be found in a letter from the firing line in France, portions of which were printed recently in Church Times. The writer is "a private who greatly appreciates his Church Times." We give the extracts with the journal's remarks on them.

"The letter," we are told, "reveals to some extent the effect upon the minds of our men in France and Flanders of the religious atmosphere in which they find themselves, and the growing impatience with the prejudices peculiar to certain aspects of the English Church. The writer protests himself against the tendency of the use of the crucifix at all, and he comments, 'People cut here in Flanders are not ashamed of the death of

Our Saviour on the Cross.' He goes on, 'Some of our Fathers in God would perhaps realize what the Mass really is if they were present at one within the circle of death. Strange as it may seem to these prelates, the Mother of Jesus is not regarded as a forbidden example for instruction in holiness and meek humility. The sick and the dying are greatly comforted by confession. If these bishops want to reform the Church I could state a few ways in which their energy might be expended.'—H. G. G.

There is much self denial in restraining our disposition to do all we very great act of patience to leave undone what we would like to see done at once. It may be a great act of humility to suffer those about us to see that we are as weak as others in the flesh. The valor of the valiant woman without her prudence is not wisdom. Love for the order, love for the community, love for the poor,—

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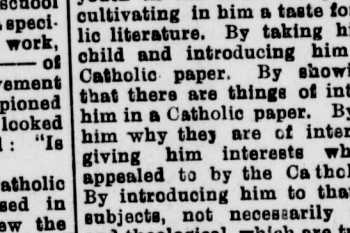
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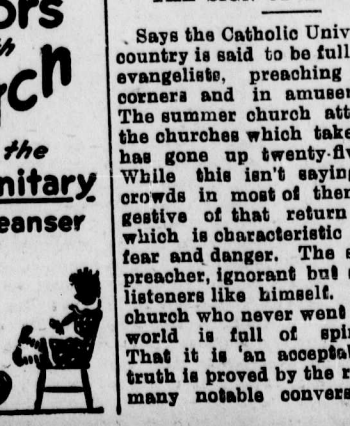
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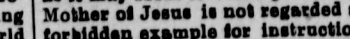
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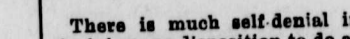


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How to Keep Well

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The booklet is authorized by the medical department of the Mutual, and if the suggestions contained in it are followed out, immense benefit must result. Drop a postal card and receive a beautiful manual of health rules. Don't be afraid; you will not be persecuted with appeals to insure your life. We leave that to you. This valuable little book is yours for the asking. Write us for a copy to-day.

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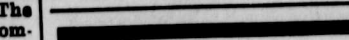
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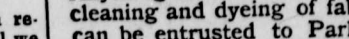
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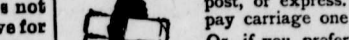


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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SOWING WILD OATS
It is often said, by way of excuse for youthful folly, that young people, and especially young men, must sow their wild oats. We commend to all whose inclinations are in this direction, the following from Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and of himself one of the most illustrious of men. Mr. Hughes says: "In all the range of accepted maxims there is none, take it all in all, more thoroughly abominable than this one, as to a young man's sowing his wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I will defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim out of it. What a man, be he young or old, or middle aged, sows, that and nothing else shall be reaped. The only thing to do with such 'wild oats' is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them no matter in what ground, up they will come with long, tough roots and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven, and the crop will be one which it turns one's heart cold to think of."—The Missionary.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER
Don't get "worked up" over trifles. Keep your temper. Anger is poison for the body as well as for the soul. The man who keeps cool shall speak of victories. He will accomplish things. He will not spread unhappiness around him. He will not get the ill-will of those with whom he works because of his irascibility. He will not waste energy. Whereas the man "who flies off the handle" by getting into a passion at every annoyance, every trivial loss, every lack of fidelity to duty on the part of others, wears out his nerves, lowers his vitality, and squanders his strength. He does not rule his temper but is ruled by it. He is weak in will-power. He is not master of himself. He is a slave.

When you allow yourself to be "worked up" over trifles your mind gives up the reins that regulate your conduct. Passion runs away with you, like a wild horse. Your judgment has escaped your control, and you are in danger of doing foolish things. A worked-up, hurried man not only wastes energy fruitfully, but it also loses in efficiency. No one thinks of asking or taking the advice of a person who is all worked up. It is the balanced, poised, serene personality that gives confidence.

Some people are worked up most of their lives, fretting and stewing because everything does not go just as they want it, or because those about them do not do as they wish. They feel a great sense of responsibility for others' conduct and acts; they seem to think that everything depends upon them, that they must run the universe and control everybody about them. They fritter away their energy and waste their vitality in opposition, in trying to accomplish what they were not intended to do, so that they are never themselves, and often defeat the very ends which they try to attain.

Now things worth while are not accomplished in this way. The hurry habit spoils life. It is death to quality, and to habitual efficiency. People who fret and fuss and fume in their work, who hurry and worry, cannot, and as a rule never do accomplish great things. Lack of poise and a confused sense of hurry are symptoms of weakness, not of strength.

Power is like the big river which flows noiselessly; weakness is like the shallow brook, whose waters dash and foam, and make a lot of noise, but are easily intercepted, or stopped, because they carry very little power. It is the calm, serene, balanced mind that carries power. The restless, hurrying, worrying soul dissipates its strength. People who are forever flying around, always in haste, are, as a rule, easily "worked up," and are much of the time out of balance. While storming over little things they often neglect those that are of real importance. I have known 25 cents' worth of breakage or other damage caused by an employe to ruin \$10 worth of work of a small, narrow minded employe, who would keep harping for hours over a little accident which a big, broad man would scarcely notice.

The next time you feel "worked up" and an irrepressible sense of hurry and so nervous that it seems as though you would fly all to pieces, just quit what you are doing, get out into the air and sunshine if you can, or lie down for five minutes, or go off to a quiet place and read a book, and recover your mental balance. No one can accomplish anything when his mind is confused, agitated, irritated and darkened with rage.

All discord wastes energy, wastes energy, and wastes energy. Learn to let go. Stop resisting or trying to run things that do not concern you; trying to make everybody do what you want them to do. Your life will be infinitely more effective by being in harmony with your environment and with your neighbors than by keeping yourself in a constant state of antagonism to them.

Don't try to manage everybody and "run" everything. Mind your own business. Do it well. But don't get "worked up" 950 worth for 5 cents. Keep your nerve. Let your neighbors alone. The world got along

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GRACIOUS MANNERS
The charm of gracious manner and consideration for other human beings is a quality that develops rapidly if given half a chance. The woman who is always kind creates an atmosphere of loveliness that is like a halo about her head. If you are naturally shy and reticent it is all the more necessary that you should endeavor to shine a bit. It is not lack of pleasant thoughts that worries the self-consciousness, but the fear of giving expression to them. You must try to make yourself companionable to others.

"UNCLE SAM"
Did you ever wonder how the United States came to be called Uncle Sam? This is the story: During the war of 1812 the United States government contracted with Elbert Anderson to furnish its navy supplies. Whenever the United States buys anything from a contractor it appoints an inspector to see that the goods are up to requirements. In this case the government appointed a man of the name of Samuel Wilson. He was a jolly, happy old soul whom everybody who knew him called "Uncle Sam." It was his duty to inspect every box that came from Elbert Anderson and if the articles were satisfactory, he marked them "E. A.—U. S.," the initials of the contractor and of the United States. The man who did the marking was a good deal of a joker and when he was asked what the letters meant he said that they meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam.

THOSE TASKS
A farmer friend of mine has a boy of fourteen years, named Billy, who is like a few other boys of my acquaintance. His heart is heavy and a cloud immediately overshadows his mental horizon when he is asked to make himself useful.

"Billy," said his father one day, when I was at the farm, "why don't you go to work and hoe that little patch of potatoes?"

"Aw," whined Billy, "there's so many of them, I'll never get them hoed."

His father walked away, and I heard Billy exclaim in a tone indicating great mental distress:

"It makes me sick to think about those old potatoes!"

"Why do you think about them, then?" I said, laughing.

"I have to," he replied, dolefully, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning."

"How long, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?"

"Well, at least an hour."

"And you've been thinking about it ever since you got up?"

"Well, I hate to hoe potatoes."

"And you've been up a little more than five hours?"

"Well, I—I," Billy began to grin, took up his hoe, and said, "I never thought of that!"



as Miss Harris helped me this morning. "I am sure you will," responded mother.

LOURDES AND SOME OF ITS CURES

The Rev. J. Frederick McDonough, rector of the Blessed Sacrament church, Park Hill, Denver, recently returned after a month's trip to the East, in the course of which he visited the famous shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupre, Canada, where, within the last several centuries, so many miracles have been wrought at the intercession of the Blessed Virgin's mother.

Undoubtedly some visitors to the shrine who believe themselves miraculously cured have been made well naturally, he said, but he asked how it is that babies are sometimes cured in their mothers' arms, short limbs are suddenly made longer, or other cures that baffles science occur.

Another pupil, a young girl of ten, had been absent several mornings. When she appeared at the school it was with a tear stained face. She told her teacher a sad tale of her mother having been run over by an automobile, hurt badly and sent to a hospital.

With these instances as a text the Sun's correspondent proceeds to make these sensible observations:

"I reckon it doesn't require much knowledge of the workings of the mind of boys and girls to realize the danger to which they are exposed, the great danger that parents above all should guard their children against. Undoubtedly many of the movies are a source of instruction and pleasure to their patrons. On the other hand, having in mind the hundreds of those cheap movies, mainly in the more densely populated sections of the city, doesn't it appear that a very serious menace exists?"

"One need not look at the display posters to realize the alluring bait that is thrown out, and it would seem that the young boys and girls too readily fall victims to the suggestions of acts of violence, wickedness and disobedience that are conveyed through the display of some of these moving pictures."

Anyone who has given close attention to the plots shown at some of the moving picture theatres will readily admit that there is good reason for the warning here sounded. Unfortunately all the reels are not properly and effectively censored, and, of course, much that is objectionable from many standpoints is thrown on the screen.

"The wise rule, therefore, for parents is to keep their children out of the moving picture theatres in their neighborhood that are not up to the mark in every respect. To be sure, it is bound to be difficult to solve the problem as to which are good and which evil picture places. But this difficulty is largely being overcome by the fact that a great many of the schools, parochial as well as public, are now equipped with motion picture machines and frequently give displays in school auditoriums for the parents and children. It may be taken for granted that the pictures displayed under such auspices are certain to be entertaining, instructive and absolutely harmless.

In this connection it is worth while stating that in New York City the Health Department is doing considerable educational work in health matters by means of moving picture shows. For some years, free open air shows have been given in the parks, playgrounds, and on the recreation piers during the summer. In addition to this, the department has for some time been loaning free of charge to moving picture theatres, interesting health reels which are shown as part of the regular programs. To schools equipped with a moving picture apparatus and prepared to show films the Bureau of Public Education of the department stands ready to loan free of charge, from time to time, an interesting health reel touching on health subjects. Such an endeavor as this is worthy of all praise, for it is certain to be helpful in overcoming the evils of improper moving pictures.—N. Y. Catholic News.

him received Holy Communion at this service. A pilgrimage of 2,000 persons was in the basilica at the time. Shortly after the Mass, 500 school boys came in on a pilgrimage. Then came a larger delegation of Protestants, most of them Masons. Father McDonough said the reverendness of these non-Catholics was remarkable. "You cannot visit Beaupre without being proud of your Catholicity," he said. "What you see there will make faith easier for years."—Denver Catholic Register.

OVERCOMING MOVIE EVILS

Scarcely a week goes by that the newspapers do not chronicle cases of delinquency induced by too frequent attendance at undesirable moving picture theaters. A correspondent of the New York Sun tells of a few instances. A few days ago there appeared in the newspapers an account of a young woman servant who was found gagged and bound in her room, and who after being released and ministered to, confessed that she herself had arranged the exciting scene and had conceived the idea from a motion picture she had witnessed.

This brought to the Sun correspondent's mind the experience of a Public school teacher in New York. This teacher has a class of girls between the ages of ten and twelve. Upon one occasion a pupil was asked to write a sentence containing the word "back." This was her production: "The girl stabbed her mother in the back." The pupil was asked where she got such an idea, and replied she had witnessed a scene of that description on the screen.

Another pupil, a young girl of ten, had been absent several mornings. When she appeared at the school it was with a tear stained face. She told her teacher a sad tale of her mother having been run over by an automobile, hurt badly and sent to a hospital. The pupil was absent for several more days and her case was duly reported to the truant officer. To the amazement of the teacher the mother appeared at the school seemingly in good health. She had heard of the truancy of her daughter, and had come to the school to investigate. It developed that the mother, a hard working woman during the day, was in the habit of going to the movies in the evening. She readily admitted that she always took her daughter with her. It was plain that the girl absorbed some of the marvelous and exciting scenes that are displayed in these pictures.

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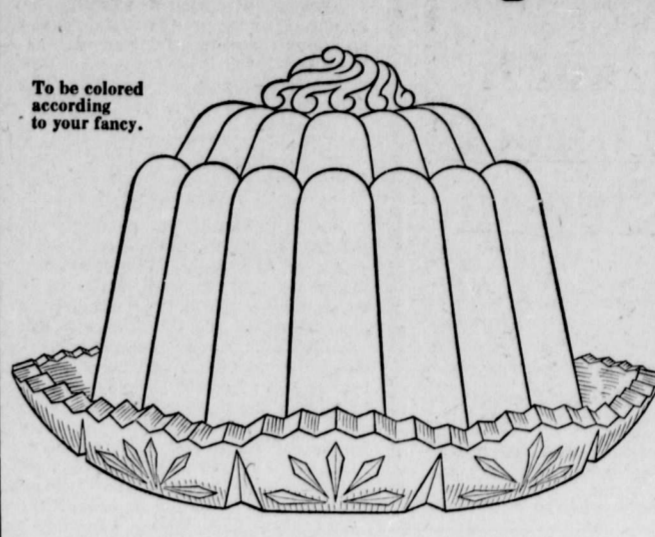
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Boys and Girls Color These Drawings and Win A PRIZE



Take Your Colored Crayons or your water-color paints, and color the drawings above. Color the package as nearly like the real package as possible. Color drawing of the jelly to please yourself.

Then send this complete advertisement, colored by you, to the address below, to arrive not later than December 15th, 1918. Write on the margin your full name, age and address, and send in a sealed envelope with the front of a package of Shirriff's Jelly.

Prizes, as shown in panel to the right, will be awarded to the boys and girls who color these drawings best.

No entrance or other fees are required to take part in this interesting competition—only it will be necessary for you to have a package of Shirriff's Jelly to help you to color the drawing of the package with the proper colors (you may use yellow for gold). You should be able to get Shirriff's Jelly from your grocer. If you cannot, send us 10c, giving the name and address of your grocer, and we will forward you a sample package by mail, postpaid.

We want every home into which this paper goes to be a home which will use Shirriff's Jelly, and with this end in view, we are presenting this interesting and simple competition. Thousands of children and thousands of homes will try for these prizes. This means that their mothers and fathers will become more interested in Shirriff's Jelly—better acquainted with it by name and use. This is all we want, for we know that wherever

Imperial Extract Company Toronto, Canada

NECESSITY FOR CENSORSHIP OF AMERICAN POPULAR SONGS

The writer of the following communication which appeared in the Catholic Transcript of Hartford, Conn., a well known Jesuit priest, makes his protest against the soft and sensual song, too often the feature of music halls and musical comedy plays, not only as a moralist but as a musician.

The Church, Catholic and Protestant, is rightly jealous of the morals of its young men and women, and does well to protest against those evils which masquerade under the guise of dancing and singing. Every clergyman will echo the protest made against the ribald song. Every musician will agree in denouncing the insult to a noble art contained in the disgusting jingles described.

The obvious things are the ones we most easily overlook; we grow so monotonously accustomed to them. And the influence of songs on morals is just such an obvious fact. A positively bad song, of course, we ban from polite society. Besides, it seldom tries to enter there; there are places that suit it far better. A positively bad song, by the way, is one that does not use synonyms. But the soft and disgustingly sentimental song; the song that makes a jibe of social evils and bases its theme on divorce and infidelity and the unmentionable things that lurk in the shadows of the Great White Way, enters the drawing room of the best of us. It has been advertised into a vogue, sung by out-riders of the publishers in cabaret and local theaters, until by very frequency of repetition it has lost all impression of harm.

If the persons who sing and play these songs were the staid and settled men and women who don't mind such things, the songs would serve only to vivify tastes. But it is to the young man and woman with rising passions and growing curiosity that the publisher looks for his customer. We have no sympathy with prudes and we realize that many take little harm from even the trashiest bit of lyric, simply because they do not understand or scarcely notice the words. But for the majority of young people these songs are a source of real harm. Constant repetition of songs that are based on the softness of sex must, to say the least, dull the finest sense of delicacy that we expect in youthful minds. Heaven knows that at that period of life everything should tend to increase the mutual respect of the sexes and to safeguard their mutual relations. They have plenty of awakening impulses and strange sensations to fight against, without any added impulses from without.

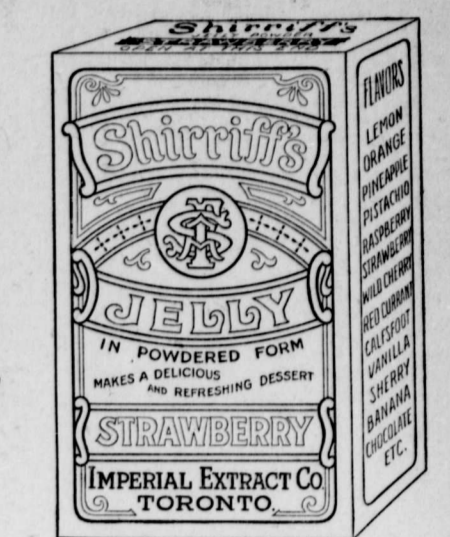
And then come these sentimental and frequently frankly suggestive songs which are the accepted music of the day. Candidly, do you think a young woman will keep her lips unviolated for the man she is to wed when she has the popular songs she sings holds up the disgusting habit of "spooning" as quite the accepted thing for young people? And what can a young man gather from these songs except the impression that the girl who doesn't is frightfully old-fashioned and prudish? These songs may not destroy virtue, but they are a very important element in the lessening of the fine respect that virtue should command. Modesty is the outward fortification; purity the inner citadel. We can't afford to take chances with our outworks.

The sad part of it all is that songs of this type are quite the ordinary music of the home. A mother whose surveillance of her daughter makes one think of a Spanish Guernica, sits smiling while this daughter sings with a young man duets that make light of the signs and tokens of plighted affection. A father who would use violence on a young man for laying a finger on his daughter, permits the same youth to sing vulgarly sentimental songs at the family piano while daughter plays the accompaniment and joins in the chorus. Paternal approbation is becoming responsible for thus lowering the sense of modesty and maidenly reserve and for leading our young men to a low estimate of woman's dignity. And because it is merely in a song no one seems to care.

The standard of popular music has been falling rapidly during the last ten years. The excessive output and the short and perverted life of a song have exhausted the supply of musical and lyrical ideas, until repetition of well worn themes has taken the place of the freshness and vigor once the mark of American popular music.

And, as is always the case, when merit declines, morals fall as well. In literature and music it is always easy to be erotic. The appeal to cheap sentimentality required no artistic handling. And at present, even from the standpoint of the man of taste, popular music is as a desperately low ebb and sinking rapidly. While in Europe municipal bands entertain the Sunday crowds with nothing but music of real value, in this country the popular taste is dulled by constant repetition of worthless piffle. The band that plays Wagner and Gluck and Suppe causes only the interest inevitable to brass instruments and buttons, but the band that plays Berlin and Schwartz and Von Tilzer causes a furrow.

Now, we've got to sing. Men can't and won't live without music; heaven help them if they could. But in great part, the constant flow from the mills of the publishers is intellectual



To be colored like the real package, using yellow for gold.

Prizes for Best Work

- BOYS 11 to 17 years of age. 1st. Handsome Watch. 2nd. Radiophone. A lantern for throwing on screen, postcards or any other pictures. 3rd. Spalding's Junior Football. 4th. Pair of Hockey Skates. 5th. Baseball Glove. 6th. Game of Table Croquet. 7th. Handy Pocket Flashlight. 8th. Hockey Stick with Puck. 9th. Penknife. GIRLS 11 to 17 years of age. 1st. Handsome Wrist Watch. 2nd. Camera. 3rd. Mantle Set, Parian Ivory. 4th. Gun-metal Mesh Purse. 5th. Four Buttons. 6th. Fountain Pen. 7th. Copy of latest book: "Pollyanna Grows Up." "Miss Billy." 8th. Box of Stationery. 9th. Snapshot Album. 10th. Box of Chocolates. BOYS under 11 years. 1st. Handsome Building Outfit in Metal. 2nd. Camera. 3rd. Parlor Baseball Game. 4th. Drednought Building Box (for building men-of-war, etc.). 5th. Field Artillery Gun, 4-inch barrel, shoots rubber shells. 6th. Game of Fort. 7th. Handy Pocket Flashlight. 8th. Game of King King. 9th. Hockey Stick. 10th. Scholastic penmanship set, containing pens, pencils, etc. GIRLS under 11 years. 1st. Handsome Wrist Watch. 2nd. Radiophone. 3rd. Doll's Carriage. 4th. Large Teddy Bear. 5th. Box of Stationery. 6th. Child's Parasol. 7th. Handsome Doll. 8th. Dorothy Jane Sash. 9th. School Bag. 10th. Box Paints.

ONE WAY TO CONVERT CHINA

There are several priests in this country who find it worth while to go after the souls of Chinese working here. Some one of these priests, if he happens to read the incident narrated below, will be surprised to discover how far reaching his efforts have been.

"I was busy at my work," writes an English Sister of Charity in China to the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y., "when suddenly at the door appeared some one unknown to us. He was dressed in clothes that were certainly not made in China, yet his face told me that he belonged to no other country than this. I began to feel puzzled as to what language I ought to use in addressing him, when he said, 'I come from America.'"

"Naturally an animated conversation followed. Our visitor had been in Misocor and there had been converted to the faith. After ten years he had returned home. He found his family still pagan and the work of winning them to the Church now lay before him. He had traveled for nearly two days in order to be able to hear Mass in Wenchow. He was staying for Benediction and would then start on his journey back.

"One cannot but feel happy in seeing how zeal in America has led here the foundation-stone for the conversion of perhaps a whole village. Those who have begun the good work must now continue it by their prayers."

