The Catholic Record

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WORDS

Words are like coins—they get rubbed down as they pass from hand to hand. Sometimes they are defaced by thoughtless or dishonest traffick ers. Yet they are the currency of a people's mental exchanges, despite the deterioration of use. It is the true teacher's function to trace their original history, for the pupils progress largely depends upon the corrected definitions and revised values Just now we are attending a lesson on the word patriotism. It is costly but its need outweighs the expense. And the lesson is that the true patriot does not regard his country as a tawdry mistress to be supplied at any cost, but as a dear wife whose unblemished reputation is more precious than life itself. The patriot reverences the eternal law of justice.

ON THE WAY

That section alone is impregnably defended which holds mercy and justice to be supreme powers, and can rely upon the devotions of its sons and daughters when summoned to bear witness for impugned common rights or to champion the cause of human brotherhood. This then is the real and true patriotism which is supplanting the coarse maxims and swollen resources of worldly policy. Its mission is to subdue lawless might in all spheres of its activity. It will conquer at length: for the sword of the spirit steadily enforces the reign of truth and good-will. Never has mankind engaged in so costly a struggle to preserve and extend spiritual frontiers and to make an end of the organised hypocriser that usurps the throne of the highest in human lives.

The spirit of prophecy still lingers in the haunts of real piety, and the old vision of a restored and purified world has its counterpart in unnumbered faithful hearts. And when the freed peoples can sit in their own porches and under their own vines, none daring to make them afraid, the strength and sweetness that live in the depths of the human soul will burst forth in streams of glad surprise. The blood of freedom's martyrs will again be the seed of rich harvests. Truth and beauty will adorn the workaday world with an unearthly radiance. For amid the joy of thanksgiving simple folk will again discern authentic proof of that celestial calling which makes true kings and patriots of the lowly faithful under every sky. Even now new marvels-healing the wounds of the stricken, welcoming poor fugitives to unbroken home circles, and making way for the dawn of assured peace and progress.

Brotherhood is, we are learning, a fact and not merely a word spoken unctuously by those who regard a laborer as a piece of machinery to be purchased at the least possible cash, and thrown aside as worthless when it is of no further use, and we are of the opinion that the world is beginning to realize more fully that the Brotherhood, which regards man as one with God-given faculties, and having spiritual and mental aspirations that require to be satisfied even more than the wants of the body, will be an insuperable barrier to discord.

A WARNING

As virtue is more than manliness so is patriotism a finer passion than the pagan lust for supremacy. This has long been deemed a truism of the classrooms and the pulpit. But the events that are now holding European nations in an awful suspense show that: while the sponsors of civilization are formally committed to the principles, they are far from making it the rule in their dealings with one another. We are witnessing kinds to meet the needs of the a wholesale repudiation of the principles that replaced the old Judaic legislation: Joshua and the Judges pertain to a twilight past: yet the Catholic." ruthless tactics of these days are outdone by Germanic warriors, who have relapsed into tribal cruelty so extreme and indiscriminate that Herman would have been ashamed of it. The barbarous and bestial acts perpetrated in brave Belgium will forever

be a standing blot in the page of history, and will mark the most tragic record of imbecility and iniquity in the annals of our race. It used to be the hired braves and mercenaries of continental wars who threw off all restraintamid the intoxication of victory But these modern vandals have dared to outrage twentieth century morals and manners by deeds of vengeance and of vice so abnormal as to shock the most perverse and hardened. And they have done and are doing this in obedience to orders given by the apostles of militarism. They were told that Germany must hack its way to the open sea to win a colonial empire. Her place in the sun must be via the sword and the Krupps. They were taught that war is essential to the health and strength of nations, and were exhorted to hate and to hate with method. From these principles sprang the monstrous broad that glibber and mock at civilization, and spurn and desecrate its treasures won by love and faith throughout the centuries.

KNOW THYSELF

Says Father Donnelly in "Mustard Seed:" "One of the few recorded prayers of a famous Scotch poet was to the effect that it would be a good thing to see ourselves as others see us." He, however, admitted that the results would not be conducive to devotion.

"Why do you bring suit for libe two years after you were called a hippopotamus?" asked the judge. "Well your honour," replied the plaintiff, it was only yesterday I saw the animal." The number of suits for libel against self-revelation would certainly crowd the docket if seeing ourselves as others see us came to be the fashion.

Take a cross section of your soul and you would have to cut through successes, dreams, ideals, flatteries, congratulations, dotings of fond parents, ambitions, and shoulderclappings of friends, until you finally reached the shrunken and wrinkled kernel of self. No wonder the Greeks admired the man who said "Know thyself;" and considered him one of the seven wise men of the world. St. Ignatius' recipe for self knowl. | the desecrators of the temple edge is called a retreat. There was a short retreat given once upon a time. The supreme excellence of the of the working day, when men and Director dispensed with long explanations. His exercitants saw themselves as God saw them, and they dropped their stones and went out one after another beginning with | car at Exchange street. the oldest. Self-seeing is a potent discourager of stone throwing.

EVER THE SAME

In 1840 Carlyle wrote: "Popery can build new chapels-welcome to do so to all lengths. Popery cannot come back any more than paganism can, which also still lingers in some countries. But indeed it is worth these things, as with the ebbing of the sea you look at the wave oscillating hither and thither on the beach; for a moment you can not tell how it is going. Look in half an hour, and where is it? Look in half a century where your Popehood is ?"

From a human point of view the position and prospects of the Papacy at this period might have seemed to be desperate. An anti - Catholic spirit was in honor in Europe : the Church was looked at askance by the Government: the scientific charlatan was singing the requiem of religion.

As a force in human affairs the Papacy was no longer a factor. And yet during all this time the Church was giving proof of extraordinary vitality. A deeper spirit of loyalty to Peter had manifested itself. The Oxford Movement attracted some of the noblest minds of England to the Church. In many countries the hierarchy was restored or reorganized. Religious societies of all times were created. To day we may exclaim with Windthorst: "In our day it is a glorious thing to be a

The influence of the Papacy touches all lands. They who give it no allegiance recognize its power, and have no hesitancy in saying that when the nations come together in peace-conclave Pone Benedict must be given an honored place at the council-board.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S

PASTORAL

St. John's, Nfld., Daily News To day we commence publication of a document, which will be regarded as a classic and an inspiration so long as time shall last. The literary value, and that not a small one, but there is a far greater value attached to it. It embodies and radiates the spirit of purest patriotism and religious zeal. It is absolutely fearless in expression, the utterance of a father to his family, a patriarch to his people. Sorrow, humiliation and penitence vie with justifiable pride, gratitude and praise. Naught he extenuates, naught sets down in malice. The tale is one of profound pathos, but it is told with the zeal and directness that marked the utterances of the seers of old. Read in the churches-such as remain of them—or under the great vault of heaven to the sorely stricken people of the little Belgian land, it must have brought power to their weakness, and consolation to their sorrow. Small wonder that these who had slain the prophets, destroyed the people, and transformed the once happy and flourishing land into a multi-magnified garden of Naboth, desired its suppression. Truth has a blade that might can never dim. The venerable Cardinal stands out amidst the ruins of his stricken land. firm, unflinching, fearless, as Elijah of old, gentle, consoling and helpful as Elisha, crying in a man-made wilderness, with a voice that will echo and re-echo down the ages. Cardinal Mercier has added a chapter to the volume of World history that an never be obliterated.

VILLAIN USES A NUN'S HABIT AS DISGUISE

MAN MASQUERADING AS NUN ACTS DRUNK ON STREET CAR

It is recorded in Holy Writ that even the all-patient Christ became furiously angry when He found men dishonouring the temple. So it is with the patient Catholics of Buffalo over a recent action by which the habit of a religious community of women has been held up to derision in a public conveyance. The Catho-lies of this city have been subjected to a succession of humiliating in-sults devised by minds degraded as they are malevolent. Yet this anti-American, anti Christian campaign of ill will to neighbor and citizen has gone one step too far, as did

This is the story of the flendish lot connived by worthy sons of the Father of Lies. At the closing hour women were crowding the street cars-consequently a large audience to witness the production of the hellborn plot—a figure robed in the re-ligious habit boarded a Main street

With apparent difficulty the wabbling form scrambled up the steps and, entering the car, launched itself into the black robed figure, its antics in creasing as the crowd of passengers increased. And as the spectacle be olics present shuddered and decent men and women of other religions were shocked at the irreconcilable picture of drunkenness in a nun' habit, while kindred spirits of the performer chortled with a merriment like to Lucifer's when Adam and Eve

Block after block was passed until the point was reached where the drunken nun" was to prove the iniquity of convents and the necessity that there should be state legislation to turn the searchlight upon these secretive harborers of frail humanity At a Main street convent, where the Sisters care for the poor orphan and train her to take her place in the world, a self-supporting, reliant woman, the "nun" alighted and, in full view of the craning necks, stag gered down the street and turned

into the convent gateway.

But the arm of the Lord has not shortened, and when the "nun" left the car, so did two Catholic men. During the journey up Main street these two men's suspicion had deep ened with every block and they de-termined to see the end. The incongruity of a nun travelling alone first drew their attention, while the unprecedented sight of the modest mier of a consecrated religious being transformed into that of a drunken woman of the streets, confirmed their very

grave doubts. When the "nun," having made good an apparent entrance into the convent grounds, returned again to temptible game was played and lost. The men grabbed the impostor, dragged off the dishenored black veil and habit and exposed the face and figure of a creature fashioned by God to represent manhood, but whose act had transformed him into the veriest caitiff that ever crawled upon God's

Unfortunately the two indignant champions of innocent, devoted women—the choicest instruments of

heaven's mercy towards the poor, the suffering and the fatherless— allowed their wrath to cutweigh their wisdom and, instead of calling a patrol and having the monster answer to the law of the State for breaking its code and outraging the feelings of the Catholics of Buffalo, administered a severe trouncing which landed the derelict of a man in a nearby hospital.

Perhaps the atrocious insult has an added bitterness to the writer because of the memory of the dear dead whose close relationship was that of a devoted aunt and who wore the same garb as that dishonored by the man who claimed to have acted the das tard for money. For the sake of money the Jaws dishonored the temple and angered the gentle Master for the sake of money Judas betraved

BISHOP'S PRAYER OPENS WORLD'S FAIR

From the Monitor, San Francisco The great San Francisco world's fair, the Panama Pacific International Exposition, was opened last Saturday, and most fittingly and properly the gates of the "City of Jewels" were lifted up to the sound of prayer and praise to Almighty God on high.

The invocation delivered by the

Right Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Bishop of Titopolis and Administrator of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, at the opening exercises was a beautiful and inspiring prayer. The clear vibrant voice of the Bishop was heard by tens of thousands as he rose and spoke this soul stirring invocation : O God of our Fathers, in whos power are the destinies of men, in

hands are the ends of the world, look down with loving kindness on Thy children here gathered in Thy name. From the uttermost bounds of the earth have we come to commemorate one of man's greatest achievements adown the ages. Make us, Thy children, realize that Thou art the source of light and of inspiration; make us realize that great things are wrought through Thee alone. In the fulness of our material blessinge, make us thankful to Thee, the giver of all good. In the greatness of our power make us know that Thou alone art the Strong and Mighty One. Amid the abundance of earthly treasure, make us seek first the kingdom of God.

"Let humility triumph over pride and our lawless ambition ; let love conquer envy and malice; let meek ness possess the land ; let unselfishness overcome the greed, and let s desire for the things that pass not

"To the city of St. Francis, enthroned in beauty by the Western sea, give the grace of kindly hospitality, the blessing of an ever-widening vision of true greatness, a faith and a hope that know not failure. To our glorious California give abundance of harvest, a bounteous plenty of Thy treasures and a valiant race sanctified in the observance of Thy law. To our favored land, which is a seat. Intoxication was made to sea to sea, vouchsafe strength desire such help."
speak in every grotesque action of and unity and that peace which the that the mighty City of God rises sublime through the centuries only when built on the foundations of justice and of truth ; and, finally. all the nations here represented. grant a vision of the highest things of life-of the things that make for true progress, for real brotherhood for lasting union, for unfailing love for mighty achievement in time and for that glory which is everlasting

Amen. On every hand in the length and breadth of the great exposition, the Catholic spirit that blazed the trail for civilization in California is in evidence. Over the great portal of the Tower of Jewels—the chief entrance to the exposition—stands, with soldier and explorer, the cowled figure of the priest. At the great California building—the Franciscan padre—a beautiful statue of Juniper Serra-again looks down from his niche above the portal into cloisterlike enclosure that fronts the

So it is on every hand. In his address at the opening of the fair, Hon. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the chose the pioneer symbol that bespoke the true significance of the occasion. "As I went through these grounds yesterday," said he, "I looked for some symbol that would tell me the true significance of this moment. I saw that the sculptor had carved prophets, priests and kings; he had carved the conquerors of the earth, the birds in the air and the fish in the sea. He had gone into legend and history for his symbols, but in none of these did I find the suggestion that I sought. I found, however, in the ourt that lies before us, the simple. modest figure hidden behind some soldiers—a gaunt, slim, plodding fig-ure, and I said to myself, there is the figure that represents this day, for without the American pioneer we would not be here this day, no banners would be flying, no bands playing." But when the Secretary thus passed over "priest and prophet" he ignored, after all, the prime in-

spiration that urged on that symbolic pioneer, especially here in California. The truth is, look what way we will, if we but look thoughtfully, we can not escape the dominating figure of 'priest and prophet" in contemplating the great world's fair. If the hundreds of thousands who will visit the exposition during the next ten months will draw therefrom the lesson pointed out by Bishop Hanna
—"that the mighty City of God rises sublime through the centuries only when built on the foundations of truth and justice"—then the fair will not have been in vain.

NO PURGATORY - BUT PRAY FOR THE DEAD

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been troubled by letters from correspondents who want to know how far it is lawful for Anglicans to pray for the repose of the faithful departed The Archbishop replies cautiously thus: "The subject of prayers definitely offered on behalf of those thus : whose life on earth is ended is shrouded in so much mystery as to call for the utmost care and reserve on our part in handling it. 'God is in heaven and we upon earth; there-fore let our words be few.' The Church of England, it is hardly necessary to say, has nowhere declared it to be unlawful or erroneous to believe in the propriety and efficacy of such petitions. consequence of exaggerated and superstitious teaching, and of grave misuse, our Church reverently, yet rigidly, excluded from prayers prescribed by authority for public and general use phrases which convey a definite prayer for the departed as distinguished from, or separated from, those now upon earth. For example, the words in our Order of the Holy Communion 'that we and all Thy whole Church may obtain remission of our sins' were regarded by high contemporary authority as in-cluding the faithful who are beyond the grave, but it cannot be said that in their context they necessarily have that meaning. I desire loyally to maintain the distinction, markedly drawn by Bishop Andrewes and other great Anglican divines, between those beliefs, based upon definite Scriptural proof, the teaching of which is incorporated in our public formularies, and on the other hand opinions and beliefs which fall short of such definite proof. If the dis-tinction be borne in mind, I have no doubt at all that prayers for the dead are permissible to loyal sons and daughters of our Church so long as they do not imply a condition of the our Article xxii 'Of Purgatory') has definitely con-

demned. One wonders whether these cloudy words will bring comfort orconsola tion or enlightenment to anyone For if the idea of Pargatory is ex cluded—what is the meaning of prayer for the dead? What is there left to pray for? The Archbishor says the whole question is so important that it will be a pleasure to "give further counsel on the subject to any clergy of the diocese who may Surely, in this time of stress and sorrow, someone will be found bold enough to take ad vantage of this permission and to ask His Grace to say what—Purgatory being excluded—is the precise effect to be hoped for from prayers for the dead. In view of the many Anglica 'memorial services" now being held all over the country, some words of guidance on this important question should surely be welcome. - The

PROVINCIAL CONTROL OF EDUCATION

If it were expedient for either House of the Dominion Parliament to pass a resolution on the bilingual school question as it affects the Province of Ontario, the one moved and seconded by Senators David and McHugh is as little open to objection as a resolution on that subject could be. Nevertheless it embodies expression of "regret," which is by implication the assertion of an opinion, that the "bilingual school question" has not been settled on fair and patriotic lines," or accordance with the views of fathers of Confederation and with the spirit of our constitution." The mover of the resolution, who openly avowed the authorship of it, disclaims all intention to "derogate from the principle of Provincial autonomy"; it is passing strange to find him trying to put the Senate on record as favoring one of the two sections into which the people of Ontario seem to be sharply and deeply divided. Senator David has a right to his own opinion about the means taken by the Education De-partment of this Province to secure for every child in Ontario a practical knowledge of the English language; the Senate has no right to adopt his view or propagate his opinion.

Nothing could be better calculated

than Senator David's resolution to defeat his avowed purpose. Any expression of an opinion on either side of the bilingual school question by either House of Parliament would at once intensify the cleavage he

deprecates, and make it harder to find a friendly and final solution of a and well advised he will withdraw temporary purpose of enabling him and others to make speeches on a dangerous subject quite outside the range of Federal politics. It can serve no good purpose, and it might be drawn into a precedent to justify some very bad ones. It ought to be accepted as settled

once for all, in the Senate and out of it, that for Ontario the bilingual school question is Provincial, not Federal. It also ought to be taken as settled that English, and English alone, is now and shall remain the official language of Ontario. It is settled, too, that competent instruction in English shall be given to every pupil and in every school in all parts of this Province. Adequate instruction in the French language, in the German language, or in any other language, may be given in any school by order of the responsible authorities and under the supervision of the Education Department. Other languages may be taught any. where. The English language must be taught everywhere. That is Ontario's law.—The Toronto Globe.

BELGIUM'S PART IN THE WAR

While the memory of the Great War lasts the sacrifice of Belgium will be recorded as an incentive to high ideals in national life. Belgium had much to gain by surrender to the overwhelming hordes of Germans that poured across the frontier before the other guarantors of Belgian neutrality had an opportunity to strike. In the sudden emergency that was sprung upon she never hesitated in making her irrevocable decision to resist the violation of her territorial rights. In dom to dishonor. When, however, some American newspapers suggest that Belgium was badly treated and deserted by Britain and France it does not detract from the glory of the Belgian nation to join issue with these friendly critics. Taking Dr. Sarolea's book, "How Belgium Saved Europe" (The Musson Book Company), as a text, some reviewers have read into the remarks of the distinguished Belgian author more than is justified by the text. That Belgium believes that she was deserted by the Allies; that she was left to fight their battles against the might of Germany; that she was permitted to be ruined that France might be saved; that she was made a martyr by the Allies for 'strategic reasons;' that she did 'more than her duty' and, for her reward, has been nation has been devastated for centuries," is an unfair interpretation of Dr. Sarolea's words, and one which the author would, it is certain, be the first to repudiate. Belgium, apart from the Allies, had

That she rose to the full national consciousness and resisted every temptation to wean her from straight line of duty is to her lowever, have saved her honor and done less. To surrender lightly her national independence, to barter her soul for Prussian gold, or yield it to Prussian brute force, would have deprived her at one stroke of the glory hat is hers in this campaign whole facts regarding the first stages of the war are not yet available. But enough is known-and Dr. Saroles dmits this much-to show that the war came with dramatic suddenness for all the Allies. "The Allies," as Dr. Sarolea concedes, "were left no time to help their sorely tried neighbor. They had a more urgent task to perform. They had to stem the irresistible tide. They had to fight their own gigantic battles." true they appeared at Mons only to retreat before overwhelming numers. It is true that Belgium could not be saved from the heel of Prussian despoiler. But in all this there is no failure to live up to the letter and the spirit of the treaty. All was done that could be done to mee the emergency, and the decimated ranks of the British army that fell ack from Mons showed no dishonor able intent to forget Britain's obli-

her own duty and destiny to fulfil.

gations to Belgium.

Britain went into this fight primar. ly to redeem her treaty obligations, nd if, in the peculiar circumstance Belgium suffered, it is British blood and British gold that are being poured out that Belgium as a nation shall live and shall be avenged for her wrongs. It does not lie in the mouth of neutrals who have shirked their obligations to civilization and to humanity to suggest that Britain at any stage of this war, has deserted any of her Allies. Above Belgian honor and Belgian rights is the cause of civilization, of liberty, and of progress, for which Britain is making sacrifices unexampled in the history of nations.—The Toronto Globs.

The nation which reveres God and respects womanhood cannot be destroyed. The race which despises these is doomed to ruin and extinc-

CATHOLIC NOTES

In the Cistercian monastery, Rein, Germany, there was recently found a beautiful crucifix, the handiwork of Michael Angelo.

It will be remembered that several years ago Brussels erected a monu-ment to the memory of the Spanish Anarchist, Francisco Ferrer. Five hundred thousand Spanish citizens protested in vain against its erection. The German Governor of Brussels on Jan. 24 ordered the removal of the monument after declaring it a public

George A. Whipple, who died in New York recently, was a son of the Fev. George Whipple, a professor at Oberlin University, from which institution he himself was a graduate. Mr. Whipple's mother was a niece of Daniel Webster, and he was the first cousin of the late Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota. Mr. Whipple, who became a convert in 1910, is the father of two Jesuits.

Bishop Boeynaems recently administered confirmation to forty lepers, half of whom were converts, at Kalaupapa, Molokai. The small number of candidates is accounted for by the fact that the sacrament was administered here not quite two years ago. Thirty new lepers, collected from dif-ferent islands of the group, are expectcourse of a few weeks.

The French Government is strangely inconsistent. In France it is driv. ing out the nuns, in the French colonies it is honoring them. Recently, at Port of Spain, Trinidad, under splendid ceremonies, it presented a gold medal to Mother Thomas of the Angels, Prioress of the Cocorite Asylum for Lepers, because of her de votedness to the poor inmates.

"The growth of Catholicity in America is one of those facts no amount of newspaper silence can conceal, this choice she preferred martyr- It the Catholic Church has lost any ground in Europe-and that, when the whole continent is considered, may certainly be questioned—she has more than made it up in America. To-day the United States is not only a Catholic country, but perhaps the most practically Catholic country in the world."-The Tablet.

> During the battle of Laarburg in Alsace on the 20th of August, 1914, a monument of the Franco Prussian war was damaged by a cannon ball, the wood forming the cross being shot away, the immense figure of our Lord, the Corpus, remaining perfectly intact and unmoved, the feet resting on the stone base, the figure retain ing its upright position. Later a wooden support was placed in posi-tion to insure its stability and to prevent it from being blown over by the wind.

A former Lutheran minister of Dubuque, Ia., Frederick Schuchard, and his family, are going to enter the Catholic Church, if they have not already taken that important step. Mr. as Lutheran clergyman and has secured employment in a factory. man has been led to change his views about religion by reading and by investigation of the false charges everlasting credit. She could not, made against our Church, its priests and religious by such publications the Menace.

> The famous statue of Christ which stands in the very heart of the Andes, at Puente del Inca, the dividing line between Argentina and Chile, was erected in memory of the settlement of the boundary dispute etween the republics some years ago, and bears this inscription: Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace, which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain." the peace which formerly nations had been sealed with the same sacred pledge.

The late Lord Kelvin held through out his life that science not only had never, but could never, upset or stultify the claim of religion to voice the supernatural. He expressed his own certainty that there is a Creative Mind, and that Mind belongs to God. Levin, who had perhaps the greatest scientific mind of the modern world, converted many great scientific materialists to his view, and it may be said that the scientific movement of to-day tends in the direction of working with the admitted idea that there must in all investigation come a point where only a supernatural

Two of the sisters of the future Empress of Austria are nuns in the Benedictine Convent, Isle of Wight. One, who is only her half sister, was professed recently; the other is still only a novice. The future Empress name is Zita, and we are teld that as child and as she grew into girlhood she hardly ever had a new frock, as t was the custem in her household that the frocks of every daughter descended to the one next of age. The Benedictine convent in the Isle of Vight, in which the Archduchess sisters have chosen to serve God, was one of the first places visited by the late King Edward VII. after the serious illness which caused the post-ponement of his coronation.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XVI

That Saturday a party of girls had been spending the day with Mrs. Martins. They were to remain until after supper, when the young men would come out from town; then, there would be a little dance and a drive home in the coal support ive home in the cool summer ght. When quietude was fully re-ored to Lexington, George Martins turned his face homeward. As he rode down the street where there were eyes of men to notice him, the familiar haughtiness showed on his handsome face and erect figure; but when his horse bore him down the lonely country road, the calm left his eyes, and he lost his proud bear-He felt the shadow of Kismet on his soul, and he pressed his hand against his breast to reassure himself against his breast to reassure himself that the trusty weapon was in its place, ready to answer the call when his Deatiny appeared. Coming in view of his house, its piazza beauteous with the bevy of white gowned fair girls, he wreathed his face in smiles, and, after dismounting, clasped and bowed over each fair hand ed and bowed over each fair with stately greeting and well-turned compliment. Then he sought his wife. She was in the breakfast room, arranging a dish of flowers for the supper table. By her side, as-sisting her, was Teresa. At the entrance of the husband, the girl urned to join her companions; but he laid a detaining hand on hers.

"I have something to relate that will interest you, too, Miss Martinez," he said, and after tenderly raising his wife's fingers to his lips, he related the incident of the afternoon. Over its dramatic character, he threw the glow of his strong fermil words and the marie of his soft. words and the magic of his soft. yet thrilling voice. Its appeal to the imagination of one of his listeners was instantaneous. There was the old up leaping of light to the dark eyes to quiver over her ivory face like sunlight down a snowy field like sunlight down a snowy field; the blood bounded along her veins; her heart trembled under emotions which were painful in their inten-That was the deed of an heroic soul, and as the father's tones trem-bled over the scene his son had made, walking down that street with its maddened crowd, clasping the of his deadliest foe, tears welled into her lustrous eyes. At this ent Preston's voice was heard piazza, and his mother quitted the room to meet him alone The father stepped out on the ver-anda through the low open window and joined the nearest group of girls. A minute later Preston en-tered the breakfast room. The unusual emotion displayed by his mother as she greeted him, had surprised him, and now meeting Teresa's tear-suffused eyes and illu mined face he felt dazed at first then abashed. She went to with outstretched hands, a thing she had never done in all the time of their acquaintance, and it seemed that some wonderful tenderness transformed her action and face and orm. It confused him. Before it he felt his unworthiness; then a wift resentment against his father for so cruelly playing on this wondrously strung human instrument. He took her hand in his gentle clasp, and smiled down upon her upturned face. He knew he had done nothing calling for this reverential admiration from these, and though humbled him before himself in the dust, he would not permit the rasp ing, bitter voice of his own conviction to break across the music of he

This is the benediction of my

'he said softly.
Oh!" her emotion trembling through her voice, "yours was the truest, bravest act ever performed in Kentucky since the gallant Wells gave up his horse to the wounded enemy, and, on foot, continued his flight from the pursuing Indians." Oh, no !" he contradicted, gently

"There is this wide difference Wells' act was the sublime heroism of a man who can conquer hate to save the one hated, with almost certain death for his reward; my act the rising above a petty feeling of ill-will to ward off possible harm from what I love. You won't see the difference?" smiling. "You are a loyal friend! Will you come for a You are a walk on the lawn? It has been a warm, exciting day, and I can't be polite and act the cavalier to all hose girls.

had brought her down from her high pitch of enthusiasm, with out causing her a sensation of disillusion or the stinging consciousness that she had conceived too lofty an idea of his action; and yet had not idea of his action; and yet had not offended the notion we entertain regarding the modesty of truly heroic hearts. They crossed the hall and by a side door passed out to the lawn. A wind had risen and as it blew against them, both felt the strain on their feelings loosen and in its place came a serenity and a consciousness of understanding—that indefinable relationship of souls. Then she

You were not hurt? No stone struck you? Your father said they were throwing stones." No, I was not hurt. Neither was

he—Mr. Worthington."
"Oh! I had forgotten—" Forgotten !"

Another silence followed, while Preston Martins kept repeating the word, "forgotten !"
"You didn't think of him? He

did not want to ask the question, but the words escaped him, and although

they were half whispered, she heard

" I thought only of you. "Teresa! Teresa!" The cry, half-pain, half-po, broke from him. They stopped abruptly and looked at each other, one in fear, the other in wonderment. He reached out his hands to clasp hers, when a step fell on the grass behind them, and a strange voice with a peculiarly. strange voice, with a peculiarly-marked foreign accent, said:
"I beg your pardon! Will you please inform me if this is the home

of Mr. George Martins ?"

The two thus addressed turning, saw a slighty-built man, whose firmly-featured face was dark almost to brownness; then Preston answered

"Is Mr. Martins at home?" in quired the stranger.
"He is," replied Preston. "You

"I have traveled far to see him, said the man, an expression crossing his face that seemed to make it familiar to the two pairs of eyes.

"My father will be happy to meet you," said the son, then to Teresa, ac added. "Will you please to excuse me for a few minutes while I accompany this gentleman to the

"I will go with you," she answered

"It is time to dress for supper."
He offered her his arm, and in ilence, the three walked toward the white house, on whose veranda sat Mr. Martins and his wife, surrounded by their butterfly guests. Instinctively Teresa went to Mrs. Martine' chair, as Preston said :

Father, this gentleman wishes to see you. This is Mr. Martins, sir,"
he added, glancing toward the
stranger, who stood above the
veranda steps, his hat in his hand. The girls, observing him, saw that his dress, while displaying the style of a foreigner, was of the finest quality and that he wore it with the unmisakable air of a man of wealth and fashion. As George Martins rose, at his son's words, and met the small, dark eyes of the stranger, he saw that their white was streaked with yellow. That was all he noted, but as he bowed and led the way to the library, he asked himself where he had seen small, dark eyes, set in yellowish white, and with what portion of his life were they associated that the remembrance of them was so vivid. He bowed the unknown man into the spacious apart-ment, and cordially invited him to a chair. Before complying the

stranger said: We are alone, I presume, and free from interruption?

Mr. Martins walked back to the loor and closed it. Then, turning to the man, said:

"We are quite alone, and," glancing at the clock, "are free from interruption for an hour. At 6 supper is usually served, but if your business requires more time, I shall ask for the postponement of the meal to suit your convenience."

"The time is ample," replied the stranger, taking the chair. When Mr. Martins was also seated, he "Do you not remember me?" And there was a flicker of a mock-And there was a historian ing light over the dark face.

The voice met before." The voice

was polite, neither questioning nor asserting, the voice of the gentleinvited and unknown guest.

'Frequently! I am your Indian

A cry of pain and terror rose to the lips of George Martins. But his quick recollection of the women on the piazza without, caught it, and it escaped him in a moan. He sprang to his feet and ran half across the room. The stranger also rose, a leam of exultation on his counten ance; and the flow of blood to his face, warming up the dark skin, outlined in gleaming white a fine scar on the side of his well-cut nose. Martins half-turned to the man who had called himself his son, and the two stood regarding each other in dead silence. Then the former said:

"You have come back,-for what? "My rights," replied he coolly.
"Wait!" he commanded, as George Martins was opening his lips to utter his mockery. "Wait until I have finished, before you laugh! I repeat 'Wait until I have I have come for my rights. The rights a first born son and heir can claim from his father. Rights that

are, in my case, promised rights."
He paused, but Martins neither spoke his mocking words, nor laughed his mocking laugh.

'I made this claim upon you once before," went on the man, leaning the palms of his hands on the long, carved, library table, "and you re-member your reply. Or have you forgotten it, as you forgot your Indian wife? Let me refresh your memory! 'Give me wealth,' you said, 'and I will give you recognition!' I gave you wealth, and now I am here to receive the recognition."

The eyes of the two men were meeting in combat across the table. "And it I refuse?" George Martins' words whizzed through the air.

"You dare not!" The reply was sent back to him, with the venom of a forked tongue. It made the hearer writhe up to the table. He placed his hands, too, upon it, leaned forward, and, with his eyes pouring their hatred full in the eyes of the other man, who was also slightly bending over the strip of baize-covered nahogany, hissed,

"But I do! you brat of a beggar squaw!-

There was swift, unexpected lifting of a lithe arm, and one of the brown hands, falling with sharp, stinging force across George Martins' lips, broke his sentence.

fiames from between the small, white teeth—" and I swore by her pagan gods and mine, that I'd live to re-venge that blow! A beggar was she? She wore gold on her brown arms with less pride than your mother wore gloves, and braided jewels in her black hair with no more regard for them than your white wife gives her roses! white beggar? When your ancestors were being crushed like serts by foreign kings, her people ruled this country from the Ohio to the Gulf. Beggar? When you came poor, ragged, foot sore and hungry to her maiden tent, the fetch was a making the people her father was smoking the peace pipe with envoys from Washington! Beggar! if there be beggar blood in my veins, it flowed into them from the pale face father, not from the Indian mother!

He paused, and looked flercely the man across the table and there was an expression on his face that was as a voice of warning to George with that crushing weight of little things in life's supreme moments, they heard the girls mounting the stairs to dress for supper. Then the

Your white wife will soon be tap ping at the door, calling you to sup per. Am I to be given my place a your table ?"

As my guest, you are welcome to the best my house affords." But as your son?

You are no son of mine !" hurled back the father. But the other said :

But the other said:

"Look upon my face, and deny your parentship, if you can! Think upon the young Indian mother's heart you broke, and deny your fatherhood, if you dare! But," drawing himself up proudly, "I am not here to plead for my recognition, but to demand it. Grant it, I have redeemed the vow I made above my dead mother, killed by your cruel desertion, and I become once more the citizen of the come once more the citizen of the world. Refuse it, I strip you of wealth and honor, and out of your ruin drag the recognition you would

You talk like a fool! Do you know who I am?"
"Quite well. In the eyes of the world you are George Martins, the true husband of only one wife, stainless gentleman, the law abiding citizen. In my eyes and your own and the eyes of whatever gods there

be, you are a bigamist, a murderer and a thief." Martins in his rage caught up one of the heavy oak chairs and bounded

around the table. Killing is a game that two can play at, in this case," remarked the stranger, and with the dexterity of one familiar with its use, he drew a pistol from his pecket and thrust it into the face of his father.

Now ?" he sneered. George Martins dropped the chair and stepped back, with blanched face and staring eyes, while the other laughed a low, mocking laugh. The sound of it recalled the white man's scattered senses. For all that outward show of civilization he reasoned t was with a half savage he had to deal, whom force could not alarm, but whom law could frighten and the wit of the superior race circumvent He had made a fearful blunder. He turned and walked to his former The face of the son wore its mask of repose when the father again looked upon him, and, as if he had divined the thought that had passed through his parent's brain, he said, with the light of his mocking

" Instead of meeting our difference of oninions with the civility and courtesy of polite and reasoning men, we have fallen into manners which shame the rudest of my mother's race. I have been guilty of the graver fault in striking my father and drawing a weapon upon my host. Though the provocations were great, the violence of my actions was greater; therfore, I ask your

Mr. Martins coolly bowed his ac ceptance of the apology, while fear began to knock loudly at his heart for he saw that it was not with the semisavage he had to deal, but the strange hybrid of savagery and civilization, educated by the school and the world.

younger man, as if his keen mind had read the thought of the other, "I drifted into Canada. The lessons it was sometimes your diversion to give me, while the charm of the wild, nomadic life of the Indian kept you with my mother and me, had inspired me with the desire to possess the education of the white man; more-over, I had witnessed the superiority it can give. I went to an institution of learning, conducted by French Catholic priests, and begged them to instruct me in the sciences and religion of the Christian. I knew that the ask-ing of the latter would more readily secure the former request. I remained with those Fathers for six years. Under their instructions and methods
I became a good scholar; they imagined they had also made a good
Christian out of me. But I had had an example of Christianity which not all their piety and charity could make me forget or forgive. I did not, however, give all my thoughts to the securing of knowledge. The priests were Frenchmen, and consequently gentlemen. I contrasted them with the Indian and English, and saw that their politeness and polish made them superior to the brute force of the barbarian or the power of the rude pale-face. I strove to become a gentleman as well as a scholar. On leaving college, I returned to the United States. I sought employment in New York, and obtained it. It was "I saw you strike her so,"—the in a commercial concern. I familiar face of the North Country. Two words seeming to curl like red ized myself with business, became weeks after the cook of the railroad

acquainted with all the intricacies of commerce. Then I went to Washington. Metropolitan influence secured me the position of private secretary to an official of high standing to whom my perfect knowledge of the French language made me doubly serviceable. During the four years I remained in his employment, I lived under his roof, the social equal of his amily and friends. This gave me an opportunity to mingle in the best society of the Capital. I did not care forit, but I knew that intercourse with for it, but I knew that intercourse with men and women of the world gives polish to one's manners, and whatever added to civilization I was determined to secure. I had saved money and by using my commercial knowledge in the matter of its investment, I found myself at the close of the four years, the possessor of some wealth. Then I went to Cuba, where I again invested my money. Soon it I again invested my money. Soon it doubled itself. I took part of my wealth and went to Europe. I wanted to see the world, study men. Of all the peoples I have met, I like best the character of the Spaniard."

He smiled as he said this, then

aused, and let his eyes rest on the changing face across the table George Martins, thoroughly under stood the meaning of the pause and smile. If he possessed any of that finesse, which he prided himself on as an inheritance from his far-off Spanish ancestor, he knew that he needed it in this hour when he had to deal with a man who admitted that he had studied the different nationalities for the sole purpose of trans fusing into his own character those qualifications which are in the con flict of brains what a Damascus blade is in a conflict of arms. "You are dealing with neither a

Frenchman nor a Spanlard," said George Martins, with clear, cold, cut-ting emphasis, "but with an American. We come to our point of dis-cussion like men." (The hearer here turned his eyes, with a swift glance, toward the chair so lately lifted against his head, but withou appearing to notice the insinuation of the look, Mr. Martins continued): And we never fail to defend our selves from attack whether of the wordy adversary, or the insulting

His hearer smiled again, but renained silent, and George Martine added. "It is the last named foe I tonight am meeting."
The man lifted his head proudly

and said :

" A blackmailer is one who prefers false charges. I am not such. My charges are true. I called you s bigamist. You are, or were, for at the time you married your present wife, your Indian wife, your lawful for you wedded with her of your free choice, according to the rites and laws of the Indian nation, and laws and rites of the Indian are as binding and sacred as the laws and rites of the white man—this wife was living.'

TO BE CONTINUED

OF THE ENNISKILLEN DRAGOONS

By Mary Synon in Extension Magazine

Back in the days when "Unex-lored" covered half the map of plored" covered half the map Canada, when gold lay unfound the Porcupine, when Cobalt wasn't even a name, and when the National Transcontinental was but a dream of the empire builders, John McGuire

drifted into the North Country.

Red of hair, freckled of face ever Red of hair, freckled of fac inder the tan of years in the open, big of frame, he came one August night to the door of Old Man Parr's shack on the edge of Lake Temisbeen running away from civilization for thirty years, did not welcome its forerunner. He knew McGuire's type, the stormy petrel of the frontier, the irresponsible prospector who strikes unerringly into the lode countries and there loses maps and compass while other men, following the trail of his blazing, make the big finds. Old Man Parr, who had guard ed the secret of the North Country's wealth because he loved the wilder ness for its own sake, loved the cold starlights, and the gold and black sunsets, and the uncleared forests of "When I left Kentucky," began the shipmast pines, and the high silences and the great snows, gave the Irishman lodging, asking no questions; and whether John McGuire packed in from the End of Steel at Temagami or came up Lake Temiskaming in the war cance of some half bree trader, no one in the North Country knew or cared.

Morning found him a settler in the camp below Old Man Parr's shack, the place that's Haileybury now and a trading station then for Revillon trappers. McGuire built himself a log shack, where be lived as the rest of the men in the camp lived—fish-ing, hunting, trading, guiding some-times, prospecting a little—falling into the ways of the Canayens with the easy adaptability of his own race. His prospecting took him through the Riviere Quinze and up the Abi tibl. He spent one summer along the Mattagami, crossing and re cross ing the places where the big mines of the Porcupine stand now. He tramped over the site of Cobalt scores of times as he packed into the fishing at Temagami. Down the lake at the place that's Sixty Six he had a claim within five hundred feet of the spot where the Grantlands found their millions. He himself never struck pay dirt, but he lived his hand-to-mouth existence blithely, laughing, singing, story-telling his

way through life.

The strike at Cobalt changed the

camp found the silver lode on the Right of Way, Haileybury became a boom town. The Revillon trappers become town. The Revillon trappers changed base to Ville Marie, waiting to go beyond the Height of Land into the James Bay district. John McGuire didn't go with them. He was prospecting; but although he hammered rock all the way from Temagami Station to Fabre and along every foot of the headwaters of the Montreal river, he was as poor at the Montreal river, he was as poor at the end of the summer as he had been at the beginning. "Sure, the luck's in bein' a cook," he told Old Man Parr " Sure, the luck's in who had, curiously enough, given up his flights from the advancing from

"Why not try your luck that way?" Old Man Parr asked him. "They need a cook at Division Headquar-

He did. Division Headquarters had welcomed twelve cooks in sixteen weeks. Bannister, the chief, put McGuire through a perfunctory examination before he told him to run the kitchen. An hour afterward McGuire returned to Bannister's office standing at the door, his hand to his forehead in salute. commands the commishary, sir?" he inquired. Bannister looked up from his blue prints. Some power in the man caught his attention used as he was to judging men for their power of command over their fellows. "What's your name?" he

McGuire, sir." " Soldier ?"

Trooper once."
South Africa?" "And Bengal, and Afghanistan nd the Soudan, and any other fight in' place."
"The Black Tyrones?"

"Guess again, sir, cross a county, and ye'll know 'twas the Ennishillen

Dragoons."
"Well, it's up to you to honor your He knew

service," said Bannister. He knew how to handle men. "You're a commissary commander. Here's the limit of your appropriation.' Armed with authority, McGuire took command in martial fashion.

He ran the commissary of Division Headquarters with exactitude. Headquarters became the gourmets' club of the North Country. Cobalt mil-lionaries, weary unto death of Cobalt eating houses, used to walk the eight miles up the Right of Way to beg borrow or steal a meal that McGuire had prepared. Bannister began to fear lest his treasure be cajoled from him, but McGuire refused offer after offer of higher wages. "I'm on me duty here," he'd say sternly to the Cobalt tempters, "and 'tis not John McGuire who'd desert from his duty."

White aproned, his pipe held tightly in the corner of his mouth, he'd go back within the tent, singing the song of "Rory O'More," as a prelude to the soldier ballads that his sobbing tenor voice could make into vocal dramas of love, and youth, and high adventure and loyal service to

Through that winter John McGuire -"Shaun Rhu" they called him for his red poll—was the joy and delight of Headquarters. Engineers of residencies said that Bannister would discharge any one of them rather than the light hearted cook who tossed songs and flapjacks with equal skill and good humor. Certain it was that the rollicking mirth of the big man leavened the gloom of the northern winter. The commissary tent became a Mecca where men who controlled the destinies of a railroad gathered to hear the Munchausen tales of a railway camp cook. Gulliver had seen more peoples. The ends of the earth were John McGuire's heaths. He knew the lived with her father, a sub-contractor world through which he had gone as and her mother, the gossip of the soldier of the Queen and soldier of fortune. And the queer part of it was that men who knew India, and men who knew Africa, and men who knew New Zealand, never caught him in error. He sang his ballads with the ease of an opera singer, rolling out "Come-all-ve's" and sentiment al ditties, as he sat in the lamplight, his chair tilted back against the table while he gazed over the heads of his hearers. In a country where entertainment was a minus quantity McGuire was a diamond. Little wonder it was that Division Head quarters cherished its cook as the Cobalt men guarded their strikes.

With spring the luck of Head-quarters changed. Bannister had orders to return to Ottawa. Another chief was coming to finish his work at the front. Insurrection threatened among the engineers, but broke cut only in McGuire. On the day when Bannister was going the big Irishman booted, sombreroed, girt in kbaki and flannel, with a prospector's pack on his shoulder, came to the chief's If ye ever come back to the tent. North again and need a cook," he said abruptly, "tell the Revillon men at Ville Marie. They'll get the word to me. And good luck to ye,

"Won't you stay here, McGuire?" annister asked. "It will make no Bannister asked. "It will mak difference to you that I'm going." "Faith, that's just what it does," aid the big man. "I left the Dra-

said the big man. "I left the Dra-goons when me old colonel died, and s it meself who'd be stayin' in this camp with yerself gone ?' "Where are you going?" Ban-nister asked, more affected by the man's devotion than he cared to

Up into the Frederick House Lake country. The Revillon men say there's gold back of Nighthawk. Maybe I'll find it, seein' that I've served me apprenticeship as cook."
"I hope you will," said Bannister.

McGuire went up the Right of Way Halleybury. "If it isn't little An singing the song of "Rory O'More," MacLeod," he cried, "I'll eat

straight north, over the Height of Land, and out past the last camps to the falls that the men who came after him named Iroquois. There he turned to the westward, tramping through the muskeg to the Frederick House river. In a cause borrowed from a trapper he made the journey through Frederick House Lake and into Nighthawk, a journey that so many thousands of other men were to take in later years. All the way into the Porcupine he went, pushing portaging it over muskeg that ran alongside some of the richest quartz the North Country held. But Mo-Guire's luck kept him always just

outside the leads.

In the years that followed, while the railroad was pushing up mile by mile to Groundhog, while the Trans continental was going from brains to paper, from paper to trails, from trails to Right of Way, while Ban nister was winning back to the heights he had lost and forging up to the other and higher summits of power, while prospectors infested every square mile of the districts around Cobalt and Larder Lake. McGuire went up and down the rivers of the James Bay outlet, a welcome visitor in every camp, a guest at every factory of the Revillon men. Even the Hudson Bay factors, knowing his songs and his stories, gave him welcome. John McGuire, his red hair grizzling a bit from the hot suns of the northern summers, his blue eyes squinting a little from the bright snows of the northern winters, his broad shoulders stooping slightly from the long bearing of heavy packs, became an institution of the last bit of wilderness left in the land of the voyageurs. As light of heart, as merry of tongue, as gay of song as he was on the night when he came to Old Man Parr's shack McGuire went his careless, hoping, unachieving ways. Every year found im a little more listless in effort, little more lackadaisical of purpose He was sliding down gra sliding fast, when he came to Borden.

Borden was the last construction town of the Bush division of the work on the east and work on the west, the depot for supplies that came in war canoes from the south, and the worst townsite on the line. Guire had known according to his tales, all the bad towns of his time-Constantinople, Port Said, Nome, the old Gold Coast of San Francisco, Bombay, Naples, Shanghai. When he winked one eye and told the telegrapher that Borden was the "sod-den Gomorrah" of the North, he was giving expert testimony. No one gainsaid him, neither the two officers of Dominion police who tried to keep order among the loafers in the town or the railroad builders who slaved to finish the road on schedule time with the third rate human tools that the ending of big work had left them.

McGuire surveyed the dejected shacks, the untidy stores, and the sidewalk crowds of Borden without tavor. He would have gone out that night to the Revillon camp down river, had not the unexpected flung itself into the easy current of his life. He fell in love, foolishly, sadly, madly in love with a girl who passed him on the road that Borden called the main street. As girls in the North Country went

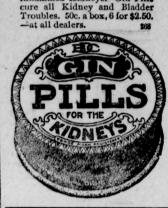
Lily Gurley was below grade. When a girl's lived unwed for five years in a girl's lived unwed for five years in a railway construction town, the's either overparticular or unpopular. No one ever accused Lily Gurley of keen discrimination in the matter of men. She was a good girl. She lived with her father, a sub-contractor and her mother, the gossip of the Transcontinental, in a shack at the edge of the town, next door to Residency Number 27. She cooked. and helped her mother with the washing, and baked remarkable biscuits, and sewed a little, but every engineer in the place passed the Gurley house every night to call on girls of more opulent charms and more trivial accomplishments. Lily sat by the window watching them pass. Sometimes, when that end of town grew lonely beyond her endurance, she walked down the main street, scorning to notice the sidewalk lines, but avid for some bit of the romance that glittered just outside her own life. In front of the postoffice one April evening she came face to face with John McGuire.

She looked at the big Irishman with the curiosity she would have given any man whose bulk blocked her path. He looked back at her with the kindly twinkle of good humor that time had deepened in his eyes. Something flashed between them. The curiosity in the girl's glance grew, but the twinkle died from the gaze of the man. She went on, while he stood in the road, staring after her. That night he took stock. He'd

had a bad winter, and he had little ready money, not enough to permit him to stay in Borden without work. He spent the next day seeking a job, but jobs weren't at home, as he told himself. He had exhausted the employment agencies of the town when chance took him past the residency.

A war whoop, louder than ever Cree spurted, sounded at his back as he passed the log fence that enclosed the buildings where engineers were working overtime to hasten the completion of the Transcontinental. McGuire looked over his shoulder to see a man rushing out of the main shack, waving to him wildly. Instantly he knew him by his kuock-kneed run as MacLeod, one of the men who had been with Bannister at Haileybury. "If it isn't little Angus

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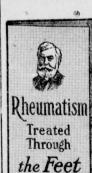
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MacLeod, breathless running came alongside. "Shaur Rhu," he gasped, "do you want s

Never worse," said McGuire.

Where?

Providence, sending Lily Gurley out for the family washing, decided the instant answer. "Present!" the instant answer. "Present!" McGuire decided. "Oh, God sent you," sighed Angus MacLeod with the piety of the Covenanter. "We've lost our cook, and we're in the devid of a mess, and there's a strike threat-ening on the work, and the Big Chief's coming next week."

"That's throuble enough for one day," said McGuire. "Angus, who's the lady next door to ye?" "Where? Oh, there? She's Lily

Gurley. Will you come to get supper

'I will that." McGuire studied the girl as she took down the clothes from the line. "'Tis a fine view ye have," he said.

He went to work with a will that put Residency Number 27 in the debt of Angus MacLeod for his finding of the cook whose prowess had become a part of the North's tradition. He made cookery a fine art while he watched from the windows of the kitchen to the windows of the Gurley shack. To Lily Gurley, plain little shack. To hay durity, plain little phobe of the camps, he made votive offering of his daily work, rejoicing that it brought him within sight of her. To her and of her he sang the songs of his own Ireland as he sat through the evenings on the porch of the dining shack. To the dim April moon of the Bush he told the story of his love for the girl to whom he had not yet spoken. Lily Gurley no longer watched the engineers go by, nor did she wander toward the post-office. Night after night she sat on orch, listening to the songs that

John McGuire was singing.
One night he saw her. Still singing, he went down from the dining. shack to the log fence. He came to a halt within a dozen feet of where the girl sat alone. "Did ye know," he asked her, "that I've been thinkin'

How'd I know that," she asked

"when I've never met you?"
"'Tis an oversight about to be remedied," he said. "Come down here and I'll introduce ye to John MoGuire, born in Ireland, bred in the Enniskillen Dragoons, citizen of the world, and cook of the Transcontinantal railroad.

Lily Gurley hesitated. Conventions in Bush towns are more tangible, more restrictive, than they are in older places; but against the conventions rose five years of loverless life in a fland where all other girls had lovers. She glanced towards the windows of the shack, saw her mother reading, then walked to the log fence. "I am pleased to meet you," she told McGuire.

They stood a long time at the bar-rier. Lily Gurley did not know that no other lover on earth woos with the power and the poetry of the Irish soldier, but she knew that the big man in khaki was sweeping her into swift currents of life, dragging her from backwaters to rapids. Dizzied by his words, by his nearness, by the coming of her tardy romance, she moved closer to the man at the other side of the fence. John McGuire, his elbows set on the top log, his hat pushed back to show the grizzling red curls, his blue eyes alight with tenderness, watched her. She put out her hand upon his own. He leaned over the barrier and kissed her. "Oh!" she said. Then, without looking back, she left him.

ome acushla," he said to her, "and I've been dreamin' of home many years."
He fell to talking of himself, as

man has always done to the woman he loves. No petty tale of petty thrills was his Odyssey, but gusty stories of fighting in far-off lands, of stories of fighting in far-off lands, of sailings in southern seas, of adven-ture in the gaily colored ports of the world. India glowed under his painting, Africa sprawled, dusty, hot, myriad-hued. Egypt, silvery blue in mellow moonlights, lured. China, slant eyed old siren, sang in the voice of Shaun Rhu McGuire. Lily Gurley listened to him as the Desde-monas have ever harkened to their Othellos. To her the man was showing the soul side the world was not to know. To him she gave a heart that no Bush engineer had ever dreamed could flutter within ever dreamed could flutter within the breast of the drab little girl of Borden. Together they looked out upon the circling pines of the North Country, and together knew that their lives had come to zenith.

Then—with the world before them all mist and moonlight—the door behind them opened. In the stream of rollow light from the lamp Lijk

yellow light from the lamp Lily Gurley's mother stood, a Medusa of rage. "Are you the residency cook?' She pointed at McGuire with shak ing forefinger. "What are you doing here, talking to my daughter Get out of here I tell you!" McGuire rose, towering over her. "Faith," he said, "'tis meself should have come to the front door of your

"You'll never come in my house,"
the woman cried, "and you're never
to dare speak to my daughter
again." She turned to the cowering again." She turned to the cowering girl. "I'm ashamed of you." she told her, "ashamed that any girl or mine should pick up with a common camp cook. Go in the house!" she ed her. Force of habit took Lily Gurley away from the moon light, her dreams and her lover. Her mother followed her. John McGuire stood at the foot of the steps, staring at the closed door. Then, whistling, he walked through the clearing to the road.

On the next night he sang " Molly Bawn" from the doorstep of the dining-shack, but Lily Gurley did not come out. He stared across the fence, saw Mrs. Gurley's shadow in the lamplight, and chuckled as he tried the chorus of a song that he had not sung to Lily Gurley. He sang it now to all of Borden who would listen to him.

' Fare thee well, Enniskillen! Fare thee well for a while, For I go from the borders of Erin's

green isle; parents they insulted mornin' night, and noon, For fear she would wed an Ennis killen Dragoon.

'Tis a ha-ard life," he told Angus MacLeod, when the engineer thrust his head out of the office-shack door. What's the trouble, McGuire? the other asked.

What's been the throuble with what's been the throuble with all me ancestors before me," said McGuire. "I love a fair maiden truly and tenderly, but her cruel parents forbid the banns."

"Oh, I wouldn't let that worry

I don't," said McGuire. "'Tis

But when Lily Gurley came no more to the fence, when she passed him day after day without speech, McGuire began to worry. His eyes lost their mirth, his voice sank from its lilting strain. He talked with MacLeod of gold strikes in the Baffin's Bay country until the Scot, distracted with threats of labor "The next night John McGuire strikes, vowed that he would put came back to the fence, but Lily ball and chain upon the cook.

hands had she not drawn them be-hind her. "John McGuire," she hind her. "John McGuire," she said, "I'd marry you if you were a man instead of a cook."

"He drew back, scratching his red curls. "But, sure, what difference does that make?" he asked her, hon-

estly puzzled.
"All the difference in the world," she said sharply. "I wouldn't be ashamed to marry a lumberjack, or even a laborer, or any man who does a man's work. I'm not atraid of being poor. I'm not afraid of hard work. But I am ashamed that I even "Well, if that's all the throuble,"

said McGuire readily, "'twill be throuble no more. I'll quit this very night." His own words halted him even as the light came to her face. "I can't, Lily," he said: "I can't quit now. I've promised MacLeod to stay till the trouble down the line is

Don't be silly," said Lily Gurley. "But a promise is a promise," said McGuire, uneasily. "I gave him me word. But why shouldn't a cook be as good as the next man?" he demanded of her. "Shure, cook-in's a virtue," he tried to cajole her.

She faced him, her face afire with anger. "It's not," she cried, " and a man who can do other things ought to die before he sinks to the level you're in. What do you suppose the men who fought beside you in your regiment would think of you if they saw you cooking for a crowd of Bush engineers? What would your Enniskillen Dragoons say to you? What about the honor of your service? Her voice rose to a shrick as she thrust over the top of the fence something that he vaguely recognized as a maga-zine, while he wondered what pos-sible relation it might have to Lily Gurley's denunciation of himself.
"Read it," she cried to him, " and see what one man of your dragoons did. He was a man, though," she sneered, "and not a cook."

She flung away from the barrier leaving him standing there, the package in his hand. With unseeing eyes he stared after her as she went toward the porch and entered the door of her own shack. Blinded he was to the starlight as he awoke from dreams of unaccomplished deeds to realities of wasted oppor-tunities. For the first time in his happy-go-lucky life John McGuire looked back over the way of it. A broad thoroughfare through many lands, a road unshadowed by fears or regrets it had been, this highway of the soldier of fortune. It had lain in the sunshine of his memories; now over it rose the murky waters of the bitter flood of reproach. Lily Garley had opened the dikes. In the scorn of her reproaches all the brightness of other days sank blotted. The joys of the camps, the thrills of the trails, the easy companionships of the wildnerness, the careless to days, the luminous to-morrows, the sturdy sense of a man's democracy, all went down before the gray tide. To himself for many years John McGuire had been the blithe soldier, waging merry war against foes of cold, and hunger, and privation, always victorious because he kept care without the walls of his soul's citadel. Now he saw himself as Lily Gurley saw him, not the voy ageur of adventure, but the listle ambitionless, commonplace cook of the camps, a man doing woman's work after having failed utterly in his own. "I'll quit," he told him-self sternly. "No man'll endure this. I'll go back to me pick and me

He strode back to the shack, lighting his lamp and beginning to fling together his few belonginge. As he came back to the fence, but Lily Gurley, again on the back porch, did not stir. He stood, whistling softly, for a little while, then leaped the fence. His hat in his hand, he strode over the clearing, pausing at the foot of the steps. "Pulse o' me heart,"hesaid" will yedomethehonor to marry me?" Lily Gurley stared not at him but at the moon-beams in the clearing. "I don't know," she said. "Won't you come up—John?" He laughed softly as he went up to the little porch. "Tis like comin'



explain its association with the girl's

It was an American monthly. ittle old, worn from much reading, as magazines in the North Country were all certain to become, its blue cover sharply serrated with white paintings of polar mountains and marked with white lettering that proclaimed "The Undying Story of Captain Scott." Cariously, John McGuire turned the pages till he came to the story of heroism, won-dering if the tale could have any tangency to his own plight. knew vaguely as he went over the words that set down the tragedy of how the explorer and his compan ions had died in the Antarctic as they fought their way back from their futile finding of the Pole that the Iliad of their heroism would have thrilled him to the soul had found it an hour before. Now, with his bitterness against life a mist the world, he read the story casually, seeking only to find if by chance some bit of it had inflamed Lily Gur-

ley to rage against him.
From one of the pages the photo graph of a man in uniform arrested his attention. Beneath it ran the caption, "Captain Oates of the caption, "Captain Oates of the Enniskillen Dragoons." Mc-Guire considered the portrait a moment before there came to him understanding of its part in the story of the Scott disaster. "Tis afther me own time ye came," he spoke to the man of the picture. "An,' faith, what have yedone for your counthry?' Slowly he read the brief paragraph

that ran close :
"Captain Oates fell ill while the party was six days from camp. Know-ing that he would burden his com-rades if he stayed, he walked out into that vast wilderness of ice. He said only, 'I'm going outside.' He

never returned. God rest him," said John McGuire. He gazed reverently on the face of the man who had come after his own days in the service that had taught them the same code. "'Tis credit to every mother's son of us ye are," he murmured. "Away off in the ends of the earth the Dragoons, whereever they be, will be sayin' your name with pride, Captain Oates." A sudden whimsical humor sent down the mercury of his rising spirits. "But, shure, 'tis yourself who's done me a bad turn this day," he went on. "Tis a sojer like ye that every woman wants her man to be, and all of us can't be fightin' Fuzzies, or trainin' Sihks, or dyin' on polar trails. So John McGuire, one of your Dragoons,

He raised the pack from the table, then just as suddenly flung it upon the floor. "No, by God!" said John McGuire, " woman or no woman. I'll nct desert me post in time of throuble.

Here's to ye, sir !' tore out from the magazine the picture of the officer of dragoons and tacked it upon the wall of the shack. Then he fell to the kneading of a batch of bread. MacLeod, coming back late, halted at the kitchen door. What's the trouble, McGuire?" he

"'Tis a ha-ard world for the Irish," answered the cook

He found the world, if not harder, at least more exciting on the next morning. The strike on the last division of the Transcontinental broke. Frenzied contractors besieged the residency for conference with frenzied engineers. Borden swarmed with railroad laborers. "Blind pigs" gained sight. The Borden loafers joined the strikers till the road in front of the postoffice looked like a trail to a recording office on the day atter a gold rush starts. Out on the Right of Way, where two lines of steel had pushed within a mile of each other and where two lines of steel must meet within four days if the National Transcontinental was to must meet within four days if be done on contract time, lay the battlefield. Residency Number 27, back in Borden, was the general's tent, but no general was there, only a little group of frightened aides another group of raging contractors, and a cook who went about his work with a sullen fury that had nothing with a sullen fury that had nothing to do with the strike. At noon, by dint of watching Lily Gurley at her tasks, McGuire had worked himself into a Berserker rage against life. In token of his wrath he banged the dishes on the table and pounded the iron triangle until it resounded like a battle call over the hostile

table had fallen. -The clamor in which the meal had begun — fo Owens and Perry and two other con ractors had stayed to keep up theilemands on the engineers—had die down to a hush. McGuire saw the reason for the lull as soon as he reached the doorway. For at the head of the table, next to MacLeod, sat the Big Chief of the builders of the Transcontinental—and the Big Chief was Baunister.

Bannister looked up as McGuire's bulk filled the doorway. The cook saluted him martially, but the other saluted him martially, but the other man rose and crossed to shake hands with him. "Glad to see you here, McGuire," he said in that whipstroke way of talking he had when he was angry, "Good to see one man stay on duty willingly." He went back to the table in the sulky silence of the others while McGuire breathed a others while McGuire breathed a others while accourse breathed a sigh of renewed self-respect. The cook stood at attention while Mac Leod broke silence. "I tell you," he said to Bannister, "that there isn't a man who candrive that mob of wops back to work. You'll have to get strike-breakers."

"I'll have no strike breakers," said Bannister, "and I tell you that one man could break the back of this strike. One recruiting sergeant who knew his business "-John McGuire stepped forward-" could send every wop back to work to day and keep them there till the line's done."

" He could that, sir," said McGuire The others turned on him scowlingly, but Bannister peered at him sharply.

You were with the Black Tyrones. his mustache.

With the Enniskillen Dragoons sir—Drill Sergeant." He drew him self to his great height, flinging back his shoulders, tossing back his head.
"McGuire"—Bannister leaned forward over the table—" would you to work if I put you in command?

Then take charge," snapped Ban "Then take charge," snapped Ban-nister. He glared at the engineers and contractors. "You will give Mr. McGuire all available help," he ordered. McGuire flung off his apron as he went out of the dining room A moment later Bannister and the other silent men at the table heard him whistling "Rory O'More," a he passed the windows.

"Isn't it a bad time to joke?"
Owens, the contractor, asked the "Your wops won't find him a joke,"

said Bannister. When a man's hurt by the woman he loves, and angry at himself, the chance of action finds him a regiment. John McGuire was an army corps as he went down the road past the post-office, skirting the crowd. He chuckled grimly as he commandeered a handcar, realizing that he was cutting off the main body of the enemy's army from headquarters. For he had recognized in the Borden crowd the riugleaders of the trouble, and he knew that if he could get the men on the line back to work before their bell wethers returned, he would have won his campaign. His old knowl-edge of the camps told him that any strike depends for success upon its leaders. Without them the backleaders. bone of the revolt against authority would be but the jellied imitation of a vertebra. Without the few men who were waiting in Borden to assail Bannister with new requests the many men out on the line would be

sheep for any strong man's driving. Knowing this, John McGuire sped on his handcar toward the End of Steel. The force of his driving, as he sent the car along the rails with long, even strokes, seemed to awaken in the man a power that he had long known in himself, a flame that had smoldered for years under the ashes setting it high on the shelf, before he he faced the wind of the Bush, he was the leader of men, the sergeant of the Dragoons, a man with a purpose and a tradition of purpose, going out to do a man's work in a man's world. The joy of impending action braced his broad shoulders. The threat of danger, striking on the flint of his spirit, kindled the fires of courage in his eyes. The cook of the camps and the residencies was no The man who drove out the car to the strikers' camps, the man who had seized his advantage in Bonapartic fashion, was McGuire of the old days of the North Country,

McGuire of the pick and the pack, McGuire of the Euniskilleners. So did he enter the field of battle. As he stopped the handcar on the clay embankment a half-dozen men standing at the End of Steel watched standing at the End of Steel watched him sullenly. If they had been set for guard they failed in their duty. Possibly they had been instructed to watch for the coming of a corps. McGuire faced them boldly. Possibly, too, they recognized in him that awakened quality of leadership even before he drew out his revolver. "Move ahead of me there," he ordered them, pointing with his gun to the line of shacks a few hundred feet away.

In front of the shacks were

gathered scores of glowering men, watching with stolidly shown atten-tion the spectacle of the six men moving forward in front of the man with the revolver. It may be that the crowd in front of the shacks saw, as McGuire had seen, the smoke of an engine on the horizon toward Borden, and known, as McGuire knew, that it boded no good to them. Only railroad officials could not be a single now, and the

the hummocks in front of McGuire. "Get down there with the rest of ye," he bade them, when they came the highest clay mound, a colossus straddling a space where steel would even then have been set. With arms akimbo, right hand carelessly holding the revolver, hat thrust back on his curls, he surveyed the men before him. To him their indecision pro-claimed them already beaten. And he drove the defeat home.

"How many of ye are workin' for Owens?" he called. No one of the scowling men answered him. "How many of ye are workin' for the National Transcontinental?" No one spoke. "Well, I'll tell ye somethin' ye may not know, me lads," he shouted. "If ye're not working for Owens and neither for the Trans. Owens, and neither for the Trans-continental, ye're workin for the government of the Dominion of Canada, and just for the minute, me fine laddybucks, I'm that same gov ernment. Ye may not know me now but I'm McGuire, Sergeant McGuire of the Enniskillen Dragoons. An' if ye don't do what I'm tellin' ye, 'tis the Dragoons who'll make ye jig on the line, the same Dragoons that made the little

Sepoys dance in Injia, the Dragoons that made the Fozzies run the same Dragoons who've been in every one of England's big fights William-and may he twistin' in his grave!-came over the Irish sea. 'Tis the Dragoons who'll make dog meat of ye, ye haythens, if ye touch a hair of the head of Drill Sergeant John McGuire.'

He ran his satiric gaze over them. taunted. "Ye haven't a leader, ye haven't a line, ye haven't a cause An' what'll happen to ye if ye don't go back to work? Ye'll be stranded up here in the Bush with nothin' to eat. Ye can't get out, for the governeat. Te can't get out, for the govern-ment owns the railroad, and ye're weak for the walkin'. What'll help ye to win? Divil a bit o' good. What'll happen to ye if ye lose? Jail, me byes, for treason to the Dominion of Canada and to her Majesty, the Queen of England and the Emp of Injia."

He rolled it out magnificently, forgetting for the time that the Queen he had served in the old days of the Dragoons had been sleeping long years at Windsor. The men be fore him, Huns and Finns, Slavs and Russians, did not correct him. They were staring stupidly at the big man whose tone they understood, although they failed to comprehend more than the threat of his words He saw their indecision, saw their hesitation, and fitted his sails to the wind. 'Get back to work," he shouted. "Get back on the job, wind. 'Get back to work," he shouted. 'Get back to work," he shouted. 'Get back on the job, every mother's son o' ye, or I'll blow ye off the face o' the earth ye cumber!" He brandished his gun, rushing down the slope as the hand car of MacLeod's engineers rolled to the End of Steel. Behind it snorted the engine, with Bannister and Owens on the footboard. "Me regiment's in the field," shouted "Shaun Rhu" McGuire; "comin,' I tell ye, to rush ye to hell."

Before him broke the ranks of the strikers. Along the grade toward the steel shovel they ran, clambering up the sides of the clay piles until they had reached the place where they had ceased from labor. "Get around there, some o' ye idle good for nothin's!" McGuire shouted, over his shoulder to the engineers, give 'em their tools." To the l ers he gave warning. "Rush it" he told them, "an' don't ye dare stop for God, man or devil. John McGuire's sthandin' over ye, and he'll stand here till steel meets steel!"

With the certainty of a freshman from technical school he gave working orders. Bannister, following th others, grinned when he heard the commands, but he beamed upon the giver of them. "Will they stay at work?" he asked McGuire.

"I'll kill 'em if they don't," came the answer.

"Well," said the Chief, "since you're doing the work, take the title. You're superintendent of construction till the work's ended."

"Shure, I always said 'twas the luck of a cook," said McGuire.

For four days McGuire held the superintendency while Huns, and Finns, and Slavs, and Russians regarded him as the war minister of the Empire of England. On the fourth day when steel met steel and the Bush Division of the Transcontin-ental stretched away from east to west, ready for the government on contract time, he went back to Borden, going straight to the Gurley's shack. Mrs. Gurly answered his knock upon the front door. He stared at her defiantly. "I've come to see your daughter, ma'am," he told her. "Twas the residency cook ye sent away, I'm thinkin'." Sardonic fire leaped to his eyes. "Tis the superintendent of labor on the Owens conthract of the Alaska railroad who comes back. He's leavin' these parts

"Send him in, mother," said Lily Gurley's voice. John McGuire went in, grinning. But as he crossed the threshold there came to him the thought that the old moments of waiting at the log fence had been dearer than this. "If she'd only believe in the man inside o' me," he sighed. Then, as he heard her step, he braced his big shoulders with the pride of a property who has earned pride of a man who has earned his epaulets. "Shure, 'tis the old way of the world," he thought, them. Only railroad officials could use the engine now, and the coming of an engine would inevitably mean the coming of reinforcements for this daring giant who had faced his misfortunes. Even before he reached the doorway he noticed the quiet into which the engineers at the

to morrow.'

A THEOLOGICAL PUZZLE

The Archbishop of Canterbury has replied to several requests from correspondents who are anxious to know how far they may go in praying for the repose of the faithful souls departed. For a good, down-right case of theological sidestepping commend us to the answer of His Grace. "The subject of pray-ers definitely offered on behalf of those whose life on earth is ended is shrouded in so much mystery as to call for the utmost care and reserve call for the utmost care and reserve on our part in handling it. . . I desire loyally to maintain the dis-tinction, markedly drawn by Bishop Andrewes and other great Anglican divines, between those beliefs, based upon definite scriptural proof, the teaching of which is incorporated in our public formularies, and on the other hand opinions and beliefs which fall short of such definite proof. If the distinction be borne in mind, I have no doubt at all that to loyal sons and daughters of the Church so long as they do not imply a condition of the departed, which our article xxi (" Of Purgatory") has definitely condemned. either there is or there is not a Purgatory. If there is, it must be quite evident that prayers for those detained therein are right and salutary. If there is no Purgatory, or any middle place call it what you will what then can be the meaning of prayers for the dead? The nebulous dvice of the Archbishop sounds woefully inadequate. The Archbishop promises he will "give further counpromises he will sel on the subject to any clergy of the diocese who may desire such help," all of which serves only for one question: If there be no Purgatory, what effect is prayers for the dead meant to bring about? We hope some such question will be pro-pounded to His Grace, even if it were to show his dexterity in avoiding the answer.—New World.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1915

IS MEXICO CATHOLIC!

"Nearly all these people are Cath-olics—ignorant and groping it may be in their perceptions of the Faith, wilful and passionate in their sins against morality and good order, children in the ways of self-control and intelligent initiative — but funda-mentally devotional by natural disposition, and firmly fixed in their loyalty to the simple truths of Catholic Christianity. No one who has known the Mexicans in the intimate ons of their domestic life, in their daily round of toil and temptain the gentle offices of home and the tender consolations of religious intercourse, but has been profoundly impressed with the almost miraculous hold that Catholicism has upon the minds and hearts of the common people of that country.— Dudley G. Wooten.

Attention has been diverted from the warring factions in Mexico to the warring nations of Europe; and as a consequence we have been spared a chorus of ignorant denunciation of the magnificent though incomplete work of the Catholic Church in civilizing and Christianizing the Mexican Indians. It would be an awkward and suggestive thing to denounce the failure of three centuries of Catholic activity amongst Mexican Indians, and at the same time to remain silent on the result of four centuries of dominant Lutheranism in Prussia already in Luther's time civilized. Christianized and white. But if we have been spared the chorus we are treated occasionally to some shameless solos. Those religious weeklies, whose one positive note is antipathy to Rome, and who, like flies around a putrid patch in a carcass, buzz over every real or fancied scandal or shortcoming in the history the Church, past or present, are the chief offenders. Their spirit has to a very large extent, yet with exceptions of course, departed from the secular press of this continent. It is needless to say that they do not institute comparisons between the Indians of Mexico and the remnants of the North American tribes left unexterminated by Anglo-Protestant civilization; nor even with the native races of Asia and Africa in similar circumstances. They seem inordinately and childishly vain of the fact that they, the heirs of a thousand years of Christian civilization, are themselves politically the superiors of the Mexican Indians. Granted. The fact is beyond dispute.

For this reason we give some ex tracts from an article by Dudley G. Wooten in the current number of the Catholic World. Those of our readers who can do so should read the entire article. They will find there in small compass a fair, dispassionate and withal sympathetic picture of present conditions : and above all they will find the historic background necessary for an intelli gent understanding of present condi-

Mr. Wooten is not a Catholic. He practised law in Texas for over twenty years ; was judge ; representative to Congress from Dallas; President of Texas State Historical Association; and is the author of "A Comprehensive History of Texas" and "The Land System of Mexico and Texas." He spent much time and travelled extensively in Mexico, and is one of the few Americans who have been admitted to practise in the high courts of that country. He combines, therefore, two rare but indispensable qualifications for treating a subject beclouded by ignorance and prejudice : intimate knowledge derived from personal intercourse as well as study, and the perspective afforded by a comprehensive grasp of the historical development of Mexico, a country geographically near us but in most other respects as distant as Mars.

We shall, just now, give only such quotations as throw light on the relig- deacon's indignation; but as these

ious condition of the Mexican people which is obscured rather than cleared up by the newspaper accounts of the outrages and atrocities of the revolutionary factions.

The spiteful gloating of anti-Catho lic prejudice which is near akin to the spirit which animates the Mexican brigands gets this notice from Mr. Wooten:

Scoffers at religion and enemies of the Church have spared no pains to prove by their superficial writings and sophistical arguments that the masses of Mexico are Catholics only in name, and that, insofar as the faith of the Church is professed and practised by them, it is merely an idolatrous substitute for the ancient religion of the Aztecs; but the facts of the actual situation give emphatic disproof of these prejudiced views of non Catholic critics. It is true that among the ruling class, among the educated leaders of revolutionary sentiment in Mexico, there is a widespread and desolating spirit of rationalism, infidelity and icon tic Modernism—the same spirit that has destroyed the religious integrity of Spain and Italy, and made France a decadent and discredited nation of intellectual degenerates. But this is not true of that great body of the Mexican population, whose ultimate welfare and freedom should be the prime objects of all movements in that Republic. With this preponder that Republic. With this preponder-ating element the Church is, and for 300 years has been, the only stable, uniform and universal source of moral, educational and racial unity and strength. She furnishes the only means for solidifying, elevating and guiding the aspirations and capaci-ties of the great majority of the Mexican people. There is no other tangible or influential basis of appeal and incentive in the Mexican bosom Catholicism is the only religious power in the country, and thereby the only avenue of reaching and regulating the immature and often lawless impulses of the population. Protestantism is a negligible factor in the composition of moral forces churches of all the sects whose missionary efforts have been so strenuous and stentorious, while there are nearly fifteen thousand Catholic congregations. Most of the adher-ents of the non-Catholic organizations have been drawn into the movement by the national habit of mendicancy, and are held to their conversion by the impelling attrac-

The existence of the above-men tioned religious conditions in Mexico renders it nothing less than a and the temper of the dominant fac-tions during the last sixty years have practically outlawed Catholicism and paralyzed the usefulness and mission of the Church.'

Farther on he says :

"The nameless crimes and incredible cruelties against the priests and nuns of Mexico by the so-called 'Contitutionalists' in the present revolntion, and the needless destruction of Church property and institutions by the brigands who pose as patriots are the joint product of savagery and Socialism, encouraged in no small from this country, and countenanced zied bigotry of American 'mission aries,' who for years have preached proscription and persecution against

Maxico is Catholic and that is the one and only but sufficient guarantee of her ultimate national salvation.

> FATHER DOE IN THE TRENCHES

In a letter to His Lordship Bishop Fallon, Captain, the Rev. Edward Gordon Doe, military chaplain to the first Canadian contingent, states that bafore the letter reached its destination he with another priest would be at the front in the strictest sense of the term. The base hospitals, to which the wounded are transferred as soon as possible, are of course situated some distance in the rear of the fighting line. But many poor fellows never reach the base hospital. Father Doe is delighted that he is to accompany the ambulance corps and the stretcher-bearers right into the trenches where he may administer the sacraments to the brave lads who might otherwise die without the ministration of a priest or the consola tions of religion.

The prayers of a grateful people should often ascend to the Throne of Grace for their wounded and dying defenders as well as for the priests who dispense the mysteries of God on the field of battle.

AS SEEN BY A CONVERT

Speaking in St. Paul's Cathedral. London, England, at the afternoon service on the Day of Intercession the Anglican Archdeacon of London Dr. E. E. Holmes, denounced "th reckless rowdyism with which hundreds of young men of fighting age and physique ushered in the New Year outside this Cathedral in shameless disregard of the nation's feelings." We fully share the Arch-

young men were merely keeping up a stom that has been observed unrebuked for years, we must confess that we cannot see they are alto-gether to blame. When the property of the Catholic Church was taken from it and given to a church that carries as its distinctive designation he name of a nation, the people of that nation regarding such property as in some sense belonging to them, feel they have a right to do at least in the immediate vicinity of it, especially in times of license such as New Years' Eve, anything they please. They have been taught they are a free people, and that their liberty was secured to them by the plundering and banishment of an "alien Church. They reasonably cannot, therefore, as we have already observed, be altogether blamed for some things they do. The necessity for the Archdeacon's denunciation is only one of many proofs that the Church of England has, after some three hundred and seventy years of existence, failed to become the church of the English nation, for the very simple reason that she is not the Catholic Church, however closely in some of her services she may imitate the Catholic Church in the hope that she may be accepted as that which she imitates. How true and far-reaching is that shrewd observation of Abraham Lincoln's, "You cannot fool all the people all the time." We are confident in stating that on New Year's Eve there was no rowdvism in the immediate vicinity of Westminster Cathedral, the Catholic Cathedral of London.

Superficial observers who trave frequently publicly express opinions on the character of the peoples whose lands they are privileged to visit. In expressing such opinions they find more or less occasion to dwell condescendingly upon what they are pleased to term the ignorance of the peoples of Catholic countries. We are at present unaware of any Catholic country in which there is need of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. England, a Protestant country, is, we believe, unique in having the need of such a Society, and the statistics this Society publishes, abundantly, we regret to say, justify its existence: for we read that since its institution twenty-nine years ago it has known of 32,204 girlvictims of immorality. Last year in London alone the Society dealt with 119 cases of this kind. How many cases in that city alone were there unknown to it? Surely the time has come in England for the re enthronis ation of womanhood in the restoration of the Blessed Mother of our Lord to that veneration and reverence in which she was held in that country before the flood gates of men's basest passions were flung wide open by the "glorious Reformation." The cases of cruelty dealt with by this Society average 80,000 a

THE PRIEST ON THE BATTLEFIELD Chronicle of Wednesday, February Gibbs on the spiritual influence of priest-soldiers on the field of battle. Mr. Gibbs, we are pleased to note, quotes as accurate the estimate published by ourselves and others, which regular Army religion-I do not know some of our Protestant contemporaries have questioned, that there are twenty thousand priests in the French Army at the present time. While many of these, he writes, are employed as chaplains or stretcherbearers in the Red Cross Corps, the great majority are serving under compulsion as ordinary soldiers in the ranks, or as officers who have gained promotion by merit. Mr. Gibbs says he cannot explain what he terms "the paradox that those whose function it is to preach the Gospel of Peace should be helping to heap up the fields of Christendom with the corruption of dead bodies.' There is no paradox at all, for these priests are fighting under the compulsion of a Godless government, whose joy it has been to persecute the Church these priests serve; and one form of that persecution is the compelling of these clergy to fight. They are fighting in the army, therefore, merely as citizens of France. not as clergy; although their functions as clergy they cannot forego. And they are exercising these functions nobly in the trenches, as Mr. Gibbs testifies, for according to him "the priest-soldier in France is a spiritual influence among his comrades. The

supernatural note in the priests' courage and indifference to death. He responds to the kindly doing by the priest of a thousand little acts of service." And, having seen again and again in the Order of the Day the mention of priests' names for gallantry, the lay - soldier surely cannot but be moved to admiration of and a desire for that gift of the grace of God which is the secret of the priest's courage and consecration. The prophet Isaias writes, " How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bring the good tidings, and that preacheth peace." And St. Paul admonishes Christians to have "their feet shod with the preparation (literally, the preparedness) of the Gospel of Peace. If we alter the words "upon the mountains "to the words" in the trenches," in the passage from Isaias how appropriately the prophet's these things ?" words apply to these French clergy; The writer of this for whose preparedness in obedience to RECORD himself served on the injunction of St. Paul is moving

METHODISTS AND HOLY WEEK

to admiration and a worthy covetous-

ness of such grace many who are

still outside the Church, and not a

few who formerly blasphemed.

A few weeks ago we read in Methodist weekly a strong plea that frescoes of Biblical incidents should be painted on the walls of Methodist churches. In a recent issue of The Regina Leader we read :

" A number of the local Methodist churches are preparing for a series of special religious services, which are to be held daily for two weeks the object being to quicken the spir itual life among their members and adherents. Yesterday some pastors preached preparatory sermons along this line, asking their congrega-tions to fall in line with the idea and arrange to lay aside all social and other engagements so that they would be able to take part. They stated in their sermons that the special services would not be of a marked evangelical type, but would be more of a united effort to have the minds and thoughts of all members and friends these churches directed into spiritual channels, so that the Easter and influence their lives to a greater extent throughout the year.'

Trnly the vindication of the Catho lic Church proceeds apace! Graven images, Lent and Holy Week ap proved by our Methodist friends! Proestants may next learn and have the courage to proclaim that the divinely ordained means, the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, and the frequent reception thereby of the Bread of Life cannot be improved upon as the means of strengthening and deepening the spiritual life of believers.

AN ANGLICAN CHAPLAIN AND THE WAI To the (Anglican) Church Times of January 29, an Anglican Chaplain contributes an article, the title of which is "Some Heartburnings." He begins by saying: "When I use the word Church here I mean exclusively the English Church." He then continues : "Most of us are, I suppose, agreed that the Church has much to ness. If, as has been said, 'the mischurches,' in that it exposes our differences and shortcomings, this may be more truly said of the battlefield. I do not presume to criticise the enough about what has gone on before the war to do so-I only write of my own experience of what I have a tribute to the patience of the British soldiers, their self control in suffering, their extraordinary good humor and comradeship, their seri onsness and their recognition of the other-world crisis through which they have passed, and their determination, in most cases, not to miss the opportunity which God has given them by preserving their lives, this Anglican Chaplain goes on to say "The almost entire ignorance of the religion, the small number of confirmed men or regular communicants is simply appalling. A (Roman) Cath olic soldier knows at once what to do He asks for a resary to help him to say his prayers; he asks you to get him a priest; he wants his Communion or to make his confession. He knows the Gospel of Christ : he understands about repentance, about the whole realm of affairs. grace, about the presence of the unseen army of saints and angels. Our poor Tommy, not from any fault of of education. We must appreciate his own, but from our neglect, quite unconscious of of this as a reality. . . . 'Church of England,' we must confess it, lay-soldier sees the priest at his means in many cases nothing differprayers in the trenches, or on his ent from 'Baptist,' 'Wesleyan' or in point: lying down to rest, and puts a check 'Presbyterian.' We talk of having 90 upon his blasphemy. He marks the per cent. of the Army attached to us.

Some one wrote to me the other day these words : 'This war should make a different manhood for the Church (of England) of the future. Men cannot live by the French churches for nothing. Their eyes must be opened.' My friend meant that this great company of Anglicans soldiers, orderlies, doctors, nurses chaplains, etc.,—living in a Catholic country day by day, feeling a need for religion, as they must in the midst of such a critical experience, will ask themselves, 'Does Anglican ism give us what these Catholic Allies of ours find in their religion? Here we have churches crammed day by day with (Roman) Catholics doing just the same work as we are doing. They find time to pray, to make their confessions and Communions. Why do not we? Why do we not want

occasions temporarily as an Anglican Chaplain in the British Army, and feels impelled to say that his personal experience in that capacity was in most respects similar to that of the Chaplain who contributes the article to the Church Times Surely God has chosen a strange and strong method for the conversion of England, for such to a large extent must be one spiritual outcome of this war, in answer to those fervent prayers for her conversion which have long been offered by her children of the Catholic Faith.

Dr. Graham Aspland, an Anglican Medical Missionary in North China, speaking recently in London, said that it was at the suggestion of Mr. Lu, a native Catholic of Pekin, that the Chinese Senate appointed a day of prayer for the whole Empire. The speaker added that out of every twenty missionaries in the world, thirteen are Catholics, six Nonconformists, and one Anglican.

CATHOLICS AND PUBLIC LIFE

In the statement issued to the pub-

lic by the committee appointed at the

last convention of the Knights of Col-

umbus to deal with the question of

religious prejudice, it is declared that the periodic attacks on Catholicism proceed from three classes: those who are opposed to all religions; those who failed to understand the legal guarantees assured to every citizen that he shall have the right to practice his religion without molestation; and those who make a profit out of the occupation of vilifying tne Catholics. To the first class probably belong the members of the Western Orange lodge, who recently passed long resolutions in which among other curious sentiments was embodied the notion that no Catholic should be appointed to the bench, because, they said, he would interpret the law only as he was directed by a foreign potentate in Rome. who has complete dominion over the consciences of all Catholics. These men, if they had their way, would In the London (England) Daily learn from the war for future useful. drive their Catholic citizens from every position they hold in the public service. It is unfortunat that in many parts of the country their intolerant campaigns are meeting with some success. Many communities, more particularly in eastern Canada, can be named where this policy of ostracism has reduced Cath- tian religion was taken to be the olic representation to a shadow. And if Catholics suggest that they found during the war." After paying should have a fair share of what is going, based upon their numbers, the suggestion is condemned as impracticable, as unscientific, as absurd. The rule of representation based on numbers is to be laughed out of court only when it may work against the prevailing prejudices. When it works in their favor, it is to be commended. For example, six or seven years ago, by some unusual conjunction of circumstances, the Catholics of Nova Scotia had five senators average soldier of the elements of out of ten. For a few years the constitution bore this unprecedented anomaly without going to pieces. Then five vacanies occurred : and directly it was pointed out that the Catholics had had representation in the Senate all out of due proportion to their numbers; and that representation was in due course cut down to four. And so it runs throughout

For our own part, we believe that there must be a vigorous campaign our rights and stand up for them : and we must induce our neighbors to appreciate them. The famous Dr. Brownson's message to his fellow Catholic citizen may be cited as being

be clear and distinct; his speech strong and decided, as becomes the citizen of a free state, and a freeman in the Commonwealth of God. Let im be just to himself, just to his fellow citizens, just to his religion.'

SOCIETY, THE PAPACY, AND PHACE

Gregory the Great (590 604) induced Agilulph, king of the Lombards, to raise the siege of Rome when it was on the point of falling into his hands. A few years later war was again imminent between the Combards and the Romans, and a second time the mediation of Gregory was instrumental in preserving

The next pontifical peace maker is Pope Zachary (741-752). Luitprand invaded the Roman province. The Romans appealed to Zachary, who had just ascended the Papal throne and at his bidding Luitprand re stored the conquered territory, and concluded a treaty of peace. But no sooner had he made peace with Rome than he proceeded to attack Ravenna. The Pope sent envoys to Pavia to treat with Luitprand, but the king was inexorable. Then Zachary him self went forth to meet him, and got him not only to desist from his purpose, but also to restore the cities which he had taken.

And now we come to a momentou epoch in the history of the Papacy the formal heginning of its temporal power. During the Pontificate of Stephen II., the successor of Pope Zachary, Astulph, King of the Lombards, invaded the Roman provinces, and imposed a heavy tribute on the

people. The Pope wrote to Constantine Copronymus, telling him of the condition of his Italian subjects and asking him to protect them. But the emperor was more occupied with image breaking than with the care of his provinces, and the Pope prayed his protection in vain. The Pope then sought and obtained the aid of the Frankish King, Pepin. The Roman province was saved from subection, and henceforth the Popes ruled as temporal sovereigns over the people whom the emperor had neglected and whom they had so often saved. They did not impose their rule upon the people; it came right from the people. No regime had ever a higher sanction, a sanction that was recognized by kings and peoples for more than a thousand

The recognition of the temporal power of the Papacy is mainly important as denoting the change that had been wrought in society. The Church had at last succeeded in in stilling into the body politic the idea of right and the principle of justice. The jus gladii was now finally disgarded, and international mediation was admitted to be a better and more lasting way of settling quarrels than the sword. The Pope became the president of the Christian republic. He was the unifying power that bound together the great community of European nations. He heard the complaint of subjects against rulers, and decided the quarrels of kings. He was, says Schlegel, like the all embracing vault of heaven, beneath whose kindly shelter those warlike nations began to settle in peace, and gradually to frame their laws and constitutions. The Chrisfoundation and mainstay of civil society-and to everyone Christianity at that time meant the Catholic Church. Society, therefore, maintained it as it would its own existence; and to defend it was there. fore the first duty of kings as the representatives of the states they ruled. As it was part of the constitution of every State that subjects should faithfully obey their king who faithfully obeyed religion, so all were persuaded that their duty of fealty eased when a king became faithless to religion. In the middle ages religion governed all the relations of life, social, civil, and domestic; and the Pope was acknowledged every where to be the true interpreter of the natural and divine law. Wherefore, his teaching was accepted by the State and was applied in everything, from the punishment of a criminal to the deposition of a king. With this idea before us, of the position of the Popes, we can follow with more interest, and a better understanding, their subsequent action with regard to international disputes.

The bad Catholic is a social scourge—he is at the bar of public ppinion to be judged not as an indi-vidual but as a member of a Church that claims holiness as one of its "Let him stand erect; let his attributes by which all men may know its divine mission.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE COLLECTIONS made in the Catholic Churches of Ireland for the relief of the suffering and destitute in Belgium amounted over a month ago to £28,352. Ireland, which in the past has herself been so familiar with suffering, will know how to lighten the cross for others.

IN REFUTATION of those who hail the present War as proof of the failure of Christianity, Father Bernard Vaughan, who is nothing if not a crusader, says rather must it be admitted as the failure of individuals and of nations to cleave to the Christian ideal. Man, for three centuries, has essayed to improve on the work of the Creator, and dire disaster is the result. "Let us begin," he said in a recent sermon, "and try once more what Christianity can do." Why not put it to an honest trial and stand by the test. "It has a good record," continued the well known Jesuit. When it first dawned upon Europe the state of things was, if possible, worse than to-day. Europe was dving under the pagan yoke, and Christ, sitting by the bedside, inspired humanity and breathed into it new life. Out of chaos came order, and upon the ruins of Roman liber. tinism sprang the Christian family, with its love of home and traditions of chivalry. The modern world has shown signs of a return to paganism. Why not, rather, try again the religion of the Nazarene?

CATHOLIC CHURCHES in Germany are feeling the stress of the blockade. Modern ammunition cannot be made without copper, and Germany is dependent upon the outside world for her supply. In the impending famine in the metal, every available source of supply is being utilized at the cost of destruction of many of the most cherished objects of Art in the country. The church in both Belgium and Germany is especially menaced in this particular. The celebrated Way of the Cross at Turnhout has already been removed, and many more such monuments and objects of piety must follow. The magnificent bronze gates of Antwerp have been melted down, and, on the commercial side, there has been wholesale confiscation of electric wires in Belgium. The world will not complain of this so much if the impending copper famine, which it indicates, hastens the restoration of

In his great humility the late Pope Pius X. directed by his will that his remains should be deposited in the Vatican Grotto, and that in the simplest and most unpretentious manner. Accordingly last August be was laid at the entrance of the grotto, not far from the Tomb of the Apostles, and the simple inscription Pius Papa X." alone indicated his resting place. It was not deemed fitting, however, that the tomb should remain in this condition, and by direction of His present Holiness, several ornaments in Carrara marble have been added, and the inscription expanded to read :

Mitis et humilis corde-Reique Cath olicae vindex fortis - Instaurare omnia in Christo - Satagens - Pie obiit die XX -- Aug. A. D. MCMXIV,'

Thus recalling the moral and pontifical virtues of this great Pontiff. It should be interesting to Englishspeaking Catholics to know that close by is the tomb of the Royal Stuarts.

MR. JOHN REDMOND has stated that there are now upwards of 250,000 Nationalist Irishmen at the front the vast preponderance of these being Catholics. Right Rev. Dr. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford, who is making a cansus of Catholics of his diocese who have joined the colors, has already 13,000 names, and announces that the figure will run to 20,000 before his task is completed, And Father Bernard Vaughan is responsible for the statement that in proportion to their numbers the "Catholics of England have a larger representation in the Army than those of any other creed. Further, that from two Jesuit colleges alone - Stonyhurst and Beaumont-700 lads are at the front in Flanders. With such a showing the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland need not fear comparison in the matter of patriotism with any section of their fellow-countrymen.

As INDICATING the spirit of the Catholic soldier in this War may be cited the example of a battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment which has been in training at Longford. By unanimous consent they quite recently entered upon a spiritual Retreat, conducted by a well-known Jesuit of the Irish Province, the Rev. Father Glesson. The spiritual exercises lasted three days and at its close, practically the whole battalion, officers and men, approached the Sacraments. A Retreat of this kind, remarks an English exchange, will go far to preclude the other variety when the guns begin to shoot. It is perhaps a commonplace to say that valor has no ally equal to a good conscience. But it is an aphorism none the less seasonable always.

WE HAD occasion to comment in these columns two weeks ago upon the statement attributed by the Toronto Star to Mr. Alexander Frager, Provincial Archivist, in his Trinity College lecture, to the effect that it was matter of dispute between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian bodies in Scotland as to which was heir to the ancient church of St. Columba. Mr. Fraser assures us that the Star made him say the very opposite of what he did say in his lecture, and that this was the more remarkable since he had taken especial pains to make his position clear.

WE HAD hesitated to believe that a scholar of Mr. Fraser's calibre and reputation could labor under so baseless a delusion, and it is gratifying therefore to be assured that he is at one with Skene and other authorities in recognizing that in every essential particular the Columban Church was one with the rest of Christendom and that it looked to the Roman Pontiff as the seat of authority and the source of its jurisdiction. That being so, the claim of any other body to represent the ancient Church of Scotland is put out of court.

THE RECURRENCE of the Feast of St. Patrick was the occasion for the customary wild statements and irresponsible speculations as to the religion of Ireland's great Apostle. One Anglican divine, also lecturing at Trinity College, referred to the forward control hit by a heavy shell, Protestant Archbishop of Armagh-a and will require repairs, and the flockless prelate—as the "lineal de. French battleship Gaulois was put scendant of St. Patrick." An asser-tion of this kind always recalls a fire. tion of this kind always recalls a story told of Father Tom Burke, Ireland's great Dominican orator. He was travelling in a railway coach, and taking advantage of the opportunity to read his breviary. In the seat opposite sat a Presbyterian minister and his wife who, for Father Burke's benefit, began discoursing upon St. Patrick, and audibly referred to the Saint as, in effect, a Presbyterian. The Dominican had paid no attention to the conversation up to this point but when he heard Ireland's Apostle thus carricatured he looked up from his book for a moment, and leaning towards his follow travellers asked quietly : "Did you ever read of St. Patrick travelling with his wife ?" He was not further molested.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE SUBMARINE

German submarines were extremely active and very fortunate dur ing Thursday, Friday and Saturday Among the vessels sunk by them were the Invergyll, a collier; the Florizan, in the Bristol Channel; the Andalusian, off the Scilly Isles, and the French steamer Auguste Conseil in the Channel. Haste spoiled some big coups. The Indian City, from Galveston for Havre with 14,000 bales of cotton; the Adenwen and the Headlands, all torpedoed off Land's End, did not sink, and will, it is believed, be brought safely to port. Only three men were killed by the explosion of the torpedoes which sank or disabled the various ships. The U 29 seems to have been the most active the German submarines.-Globe,

The British Admiralty return indicates that up till March 10th the Germans, since the outbreak of the war, have sunk or captured 88 British merchant ships of 809,945 tons burden. Fifty five were sunk or captured by cruisers, 12 sunk by mines, and 22 by submarines by submarines. In addition 47 fishing vessels were captured or sunk, most of them during August, in a raid on the Grimsby fishing fleet.

The second big food cargo of the hunger-war was sent to the bottom yesterday by a German submarine. It consisted of 8,000 tons of rice, carried by the Glasgow steamer Glenartney. She was bound from Bankok, in Siam, to London, and was torpedoed off Beachey Head by a ubmarine which gave no warning. In the scramble for the boats one ember of her crew was drowned. Forty others, of whom several were injured, were picked up by a passing steamer. The first big food cargo destroyed was one of mutton from New Zealand.—Globe, March 19th.

March 18.—Five British vessels were yesterday reported to have been destroyed by German torpedoes and

mines : six lives are known to

Leeuwarden-Off Holland; cres Atlanta-Off west coast of Ireland

crew saved; March 14.
Fingal—Off England; six of crew lost; March 15. Balmoral--In North Sea; crew o Beeswing-In North Sea ; reported

The submarine blockade has now lasted a month, and some idea of the

losses likely to be sustained can be gathered from results to date. Twenty eight British ships have been torpedoed, of which twenty four sank. the others being able to reach port. The chief loss of life was caused by the sinking of the auxiliary cruiser yano, with over 170 men, and the Tangistan, with 87. All told, about lives have been lost. Neither the destruction of life nor of vessels has been great enough to constitute a of the people of Great Britain a much greater problem than it was before ne blockade was instituted. The wiping out of British shipping will a slow process if the Germans destroy on an average but one vessel daily while British shipyards launch on an average two ships every working day of the year.— Globe, March 19.

IN POLAND

Apparently the Russians have been holding the ground gained. The spring thaw, however, may partly spring they found that they could not drive through while the ground was hard.

IN FRANCE

The battle of Neuve Chapelle was an important gain. "The enemy's losses," the War Office estimates, "can not have fallen far short of 10,000 men in the three days' fight. ing." Indications are that it was also costly to the British forces.

THE DARDANELLES The Turks have had their great day. It is officially announced that in the general attack on the fortresses in the Narrows of the Dardanelles, which took place on Thursday, the British battleships Irresistible and Ocean, and the French battleship Bouvet were sunk by drifting mines, The British battle cruiser Inflexible, of the Dreadnought class, had her

Of the loss of life there are as yet no details. The French official report states that "part of the crew of the Bouvet is believed to have been but the British statement says the greater part of the crew of the French battleship perished as a result of an internal explosion following upon that of the mine. The Admiralty adds that the British losses among the personnel of the ships, were not heavy considering the scale of the operations," which, it is added, are continuing. Almost all of the men who composed the crews of the Ocean and Irresistible were saved. Already the battleships Queen and Implacable have been despatched from England to replace the lost ships. Vice Admiral Carden, who is ill, has been succeeded in the Dardanelles command by Rear-Admiral Robeck.

Globe, March 20. Latest advices say three, perhaps four, of the battleships of the allied fleet have been sunk and at least two others put out of commission.

The losses in officers and men are

believed to be amongst the killed.

DIVORCE AND THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The Episcopal Church, next to the Catholic Church, is the stoutest de-fender of the sacredness of the mari tal ties. It is true that it does not teach the Catholic doctrine that matrimony is a sacrament and that the obligations assumed by married persons endure to the last gasp of life. An Episcopalian, with approval of the Church to which he owes spiritual allegiance, may obtain divorce for a specific reason. Other Protestant sects recognize severa auses justifying the dissolution of Stickney Grant, the Pastor of a New York Episcopalian Church, is in full sympathy with the non-Episcopalian sects in this matter. In the course of a Lanten sermon he told his congregation that the Episcopal Church should be more lenient on the ques-tion of divorce. He went into the history of the divorce law in England from the establishment of the State Church to the report of the Royal Commission published in 1912. It should be said in passing that the Reverend defender of more liberal divorce laws can buttress up his argument by Episcopalian precedent. We all know what were the views of the founder of English Protestantism on the question of divorce. The many-wived Henry VIII. had very little scruple about getting rid of a wife when he took a fancy to another woman. The example set by the most famous of English Protestants

most famous of English Protestants
may have seemed to the Rev. Percy
Stickney Grant a justification for
making the following assertion:
"The present law of the Episcopal
Church, which recognizes only one
cause for divorce and which permits
its clergy to remarry only the innocent party in a divorce obtained

upon this ground was not Protestant, not English, and not modern. It is Roman and medieval, and does not represent the opinion of the majority of the communicants of the Church.
Its passage was due to the High
Church party, which, though small,
is insistent, and which, through its control of domestic missions in this country, has obtained a larger measure of influence in Church councils than its mere numbers would seem to warrant. For in the government of the Episcopal Church it must be remembered a small diocese in a remote Western State has the same representation as the Diocese of New York, with its great body of com-

This declaration of a prominent effect of creating quite a stir in Episcopalian circles in this city. Bishop Greer, the head of the Episco palian Diocese of New York, main-tains that the Rev. Mr. Grant does not represent Episcopalian sentiment. He is reported in a published interview as saying: "Mr. Grant is free to say anything he likes. But when he says that divorce should be made easy he does not represent the Church, and I do not believe that he represents a large element of the Church members." The Bishop added that the Episcopal Church recognizes only one ground for divorce, and in the case of a remarriage of divorced persons only the innocent party to such a divorce

may remarry.
The Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity Church of this city, was more outspoken than his bishop. He did not hesitate to characterize the sermon we are dealing with as a disguised plea for free love. One passage in it reads: "If marriage is founded on the affection of two perons for each other, with the disappearance of such sentiment disap pears the only ground for the marriage." The Rector of Trinity Church does not mince his words in dealing with the words of his brother clergyman. Here is his ringing denuncia tion of them :

These words plainly and unequiv ocally teach free love. You can put no other construction on them. Marriage is to last only as long as 'such sentiment 'continues.
"It is stated on good authority that

there is now one divorce in every twelve marriages in the United States, and thoughtful people of all creeds are gravely concerned as to this situ-

For any clergyman to advocate easy divorce and the breaking down of the American home which this involves would be an outrage against religion. It would be an affront to the community and a disgrace to the Church to which he belongs.

The Rev. Dr. Manning has done well to direct the attention of his brother Episcopalians to the insidious danger lurking in such pulpit utterances as those he condemns with such righteous indignation. The Church of which he and the clergyman he criticizes are ordained min-isters, has erected a breakwater against the tide of moral corruption fed by divorces made easy. To render that breakwater less effective would be, in the words of the Re-Dr. Manning, "an outrage against good citizenship as well as against eligion."-N. Y. Freeman's Journal

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

A COLONEL AND A SUB DEACON LIEUTENANT

following letter from his colonel shows the high appreciation of the officers and men of his regiadjutant on mobilization, was made a lieutenant on the field of battle at Ville-au-Bois, on the Aisne, near Craonne, where he was seriously

wounded: My brave L—, I have received your letter. In the regiment by which you are thought so much of (your colonel included) we have been glad to hear that you are going on so satisfactorily. Come back as scon as you are able, for there is still plenty of good work to do. Yes, the regi-ment has had a good mention, and in it you have a splendid place. Thanks for your words about myself and my son. God keep us and you too, for you deserve His mercy. Let us hope He will give us final victory.

GERMAN TREATMENT OF PRISONERS The treatment of prisoners of war in Germany is thus described by a letter of a French soldier reproduced by the Daily Telegraph from the

The population of our camp is very olitan-English, Russians, and French; among them many civilians, carried off from the North of France. The appearance of the camp is inexpressibly dismal. Sentinels mount guard with police dogs. . . . The French are not so badly treated, but the poor English— "schweinhunde" is how they are called and treated.

For a long time there has been no flour, only bread made of potato-meal, hard to digest, and that in insufficient quantities. We receive a soup of unpeeled potatoes and rice leavings, such as we feed our pigs on in Normandy. There is a canteen, but there is no longer any sugar, or jam, or ham—nothing, in fact. The sentinels do not conceal their fear of

famine.

to eat, dying from hunger and fatigue. The first day we had half a cup of rice water; the second day a cup of coffee; the third two potatoes and water; the fourth a raw egg; the fifth a bit of bread, and so forth, and fifth a bit of bread, and so forth, and that at the end of the day after our march. We kept marching without a rest, and ate raw beet root and raw carrots, and slept wherever we happened to be. . . The food we get just prevents us from dying of hunger, and we are fed like pigs.

We never have a scrap of meat.

The best feed that we have week consists of cabbages cooked in water. I'm not exaggerating. I have been in the kitchen watching the meals prepared. . . . but we get used to everything, and have about 300 grammes of bread a day. We work every day from 7 to 5 in making roads, clearing wastes, cutting down trees, washing dishes, and so forth. We are also harnessed to carts full of sand. And we are the favoured prisoners. The Russians get beaten with rifle butts, and the English are at work from dawn to night emptying the latrines. In our misery we are the favoured enemies of the Boches.

M. Kemper, the Roosendaal correspondent of the Tijd of Amsterdam gives the following account of the way in which a Belgian priest was treated by the Germans in connec-tion with the Pastoral of Cardinal

THE GERMANS AND A BELGIAN PRIES'

Mercier. The priest wrote to the Cardinal a letter which was shown to M. Kemper, who says that the story given in it was to the following

On Sunday, January 3, after the principal Mass, two soldiers entered the presbytery and told the priest that he must not leave his room. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, tired of this surveillance, he asked leave to go and get a little fresh air in his garden. Permission was given, but he had to be accompanied by one of the soldiers, who walked by his side all the time. After a search of the presbytery a copy of the Cardinal's Pastoral was found and seized, and the curé was threatened that 50,000 marks would have to be paid by the commune if another copy of it were obtained and read to the congregafound in the house of one of the parishioners the fine would be doubled! tion. And if another copy

THE CURE OF WESPELAER

The Abbe Van Segvelt, cure of Wespelaer, in the diocese of Ghent, who is at present acting as a chap lain in a military hospital in Calais has told the following story in a letter to a friend in Lourdes: In my village, before I left it,

seventy houses were burned, thirtyone people shot, and rape and all sorts of infamies were committed . . . I was made prisoner on August 28 as I was about to bury the dead. I was ordered to a corner to be shot, and was actually covered three times with a revolver. All the ornaments of my church were torn down and thrown under the horses' My church was turned into

rages. My colleague at Buelken, as well as his curate, was killed. The poor curé, a man of fifty eight, who had been confined to his bed for seven weeks, was made to get up, and as he was unable to walk was tied to a cannon. Forty minutes after leaving his house they cut his ears and nose, and pierced his hands.

After that they killed him.

AN IRISH SOLDIER

The spirit in which our soldiers are fighting at the front is well illus-trated by the following extracts from deacon, who, nominated a battalion adjutant on mobilization, was made the 2nd Royal Irish Regiment to his Illustrated Bible History, extensively mobilization, was made mobilization. the Freeman's Journal: I forgot to tell you that we have

the Rosary every evening out here. The priest we have out here is very nice. I have been to confession twice to him. It is the only thing twice to him. It is the only thing and teachings. You may confidently that will keep us to e and strong, but ask them about Judas or the angel shot, then I am ready to answer to illustrations have assisted the text to impress them on their manual to impress them on the impression to impress them. . . . You would hardly recognize me if you saw me, as I have grown very tall and thin with the cold weather and hardships, but, mother what matter so long as I am doing it for the love of my King and Country. Mother, it is terrible how the Ger-mans murdered the poor innocent women and children of Belgium, They think it makes us afraid, but, mother, it only makes us arraid, but, mother, it only makes our blood boil. If we only could wipe them out of the world altogether so that there would be no more trouble with them. But, mother, I think they will not trouble us much more after we are finished with them. We are giving them what they have asked for, and we will give them more before we are finished with them. They have started it, and we will finish it, and they will spill blood for it, I can promise you . . . I forgot to tell you that I got a small wound on the left finger, but it was not much. I got it at the big battle which my regiment fought so bravely at—La Bassée, in the North of France. I did not leave with my wound, as it was not serious, but went on with my comrades to fight for victory, which we got with the point of the bayonet. I must now close, as I am going to say the Rosary.

editorial note in your valued paper last week on Dr. Alexander Fraser's lecture on the Keltic Church in Scot land calls for an explanation. I was present and listened with unusual pleasure to the learned Archivist's address. I assure you that your article does the lecturer a great wrong. Instead of saying anyth of the nature to which you object and condemn, the singular thing is that the weight of the lecture was to show that while some eminent Presbyterians and Anglicans still claimed that their respective churches are the modern representatives of the Columban Church, they clearly were not so. And this was stated frankly and forcefully. Three things in the lecture impressed me as to its

breadth of view.

1. That as a Presbyterian himself
Dr. Fraser did not claim for his
church clerical descent from the Columban Church.

2. That as a Scot of the Scots he did not claim Scottish birth or origin for St. Patrick, but left the question open with an apparent tendency to Rhys' rather than to Bury's view

That as our foremost Keltic scholar, he did impugn the authen-ticity of the ancient fragments attributed by tradition to Patrick and Columba, as so many British scholars do, but explained them with evident sympathy.

The scholarly habit is not favor able to national, racial, or ecclesias-tical narrowness and it would have been a surprise indeed had anything ceeded from Dr. Fraser that could nave offended any fair-minded critic JNO. D. SINCLAIR

Toronto, March 15th, 1915.

DECLENSION OF BIBLE KNOWLEDGE

In the February number of The Biblical World the Rev. Lewis Bayles Paton, Ph. D., D. D., complains of the deterioration of Bible knowledge among present day Protestants. Here are his words: "Our churches Here are his words: "Our churches members and their children unquestionably know less about the Bible and the doctrines of Christianity than their grandparents did. It the universal experience of high school teachers and college professors that biblical allusions are unintelligible, not only to the children of those without church affliations, but also to children who come from our best Christian families. A pro-fessor in the University of Wisconsin found no one in a large class who could tell him who Judas was. student ventured to guess that he was an officer in the court of Charlemagne. in the freshman class of a college

understood the meaning of the words, "The Easter angel seated by the empty tomb." writer has been teaching for twenty years in a theological seminary, and has observed a progressive deterioration in the knowledge of the Bible in the students that enter each year."
This is a rather awkward admission

for a Protestant clergyman to make We Catholics do not boast of the Bible as much as Protestants, but, perhaps, we study it more. At any rate, very few of our parochial school children, not to speak of college students, would be found wanting in such questions as those mentione This is owing to the fact above. that the Bible is taught in our par ochial schools; not, indeed, the com plete text — which would be prepos terous in the case of school children —but an abridged edition which con-tains the marrow of Old and New handy volume of 404 pages with two geographical maps. It is the delight of our school children and from it they get a connected and comprehensive knowledge of biblical facts

is apt to bewilder Catholics in the biblical allusions of English literature; viz., the spelling of Old Testa ment proper names. English non-Catholic writers follow the spelling of the King James Version, Catholics have learned the spelling of the Douay Version. And the difference between the two relative to Old Testament proper names, is in some instances so considerable as to prevent ready identification of names A Protestant writer mentions Elijah for instance—a Catholic may not know at once that he is speaking of Elias: or of Elisha - who in the Catholic Version is Eliseus; or of Obadiah, who with us is Abdias. Names of places are even more confusing. This difference is really a matter of regret not only because it involves the biblical allusions of English literature to us in some mystery, but also because it inter-feres with the smoothness of biblical discussions, as far as they relate to the Old Testament, between Cath. olics and Protestants. Whence is this difference in Old

Testament names? From the fact that the King James Version was made directly from the Hebrew, while the Douay Version was made from the Latin Vulgate which, in the Liberté:

From September 10 17 they made us marche 207 kilometres. We marched all day long with nothing sood is happy.—Boethius.

All is a good rule to be deaf when slander speaks.

He who is virtuous is wise; and he who is marched all day long with nothing good is happy.—Boethius. turn, had been made from the He-

translation, the Septuagint, had, for similar reasons, done analogically before when turning the Hebrew into Greek. Thus it happened that the Douay Version embodied the latin-ized forms of Hebrew proper names, while the King James Version, on account of the closer resemblance of the English to the Hebrew alphabet, took over the Hebrew proper names, for the most part unchanged, into the English translation. Hence the variety of readings in the Old Testa-

In the New Testament there is no difference; for such Hebrew names as occur in that portion of the Bible had undergone the Greek transform ation before they came into the English translations. Thus, for instance, the King James Version, Luke 4, 25-27, reads as follows: "But I tell you of a truth, many widows vere in Israel in the days of Elias (Elijah) when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the and; but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus (Elisha) the prophet; and none of them was cleansed saving Naaman the Syrian.

We have given this somewhat scholastic explanation, because we have known the puzzling effect of the divergency in question on such as have devoted some attention to popular controversy. — Southern Guard-

INVENTED BY CATHOLICS

Catholics invented the barometer, thermometer, stereometer, electrometer, microscope, helioscope, camera obscura and the mariner's compass. They also invented the air pump, the diving bell and the nagic lantern.

To Catholics we owe photography, accentuation, church bells, clocks, stained glass, artesian wells, spectacles, organs, and the steam engine The planetary movements were first observed by Grassi, a Jesuit.

The first to discover the sun's equator was Buscovitch, another Jesuit, Torricelli, a Catholic, was the first to discover the gravity of the air, while another Catholic, named Tournefort, was the first to group plants into genera. Virgilius, Catholic Bishop, discovered the sphericity of the earth, and the Jesuit, Lana, wrote the first book on aerial navigation.

The "Gregorian Calendar" is the work of a Pope. The Catholic Cabot discovered the variation of the compass. Grimaldi, a priest, discovered he inflection of light Galvani, a Catholic, discovered the electrical science of galvanism. Abbe Hany discovered the laws of crystalliza-

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The first works on jurisprudence, science of perspective, medical art, anatomy, algebra and universal history, were written by Catholics.—Intermountain Catholic.

Bishop Van de Ven insists that nothing can be expected from the Catholic laity that does not keep in touch with Catholic interests by reading the Catholic press. And how logical! How are Catholic results possible where there is no knowledge of Catholic questions and Catholic problems?

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE

Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1914.

Dear Mr. Coffey, -- When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twentyone. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the Catholic Record. God bless them and your worthy paper !

It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPERT PALM SUNDAY

ood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother.

Never does our Lady appear greater han as she stands by her Divine Son's Cross and watches His agony and death. In all her other sufferings and death. In all her other sufferings it was only in the figurative sense that she sacrificed herself to the Lord, but here she actually took part in Christ's sacrifice of atonement by her intense sympathy with Him. Here, by suffering with her Son for us, she became entitled to be our Mother. It is incomprehensible how any one can refuse to venerate Mary and to place implicit confidence in her intercession, after reading the simple words of the Gospel: "There imple words of the Gospel: "There cod by the Cross of Jesus His lother." If no other fact about her ere recorded in the Bible, this one alone would be enough to bind us to her with love and gratitude for having rificed herself with Jesus for our

Abraham's sorrow was intense when he had to take his son Isaac up the mountain to sacrifice him there, and his obedience made him lorious under the old dispensation. But he was spared the hardest and most painful task, as he was not allowed to slay his son. No one, however, equalled him in obedience and submission to God until Mary stood by the Cross. She, too, saw her Son carry the wood for the sacri-fice up Mount Calvary, she saw Him flung by the executioners upon the Cross; the blows of the hammer rove the nails not only through His hands and feet, but also at the same time through His Mother's tender heart. She watched the men lift up the Cross and let it fall roughly into a hole prepared to receive it; she beheld Him, the Man of Sorrows, tortured in every part of His Body; His head was pierced by thorns, His face disfigured by blows, His parched lips were moistened only with gall ; from His hands and feet the Blood dripped down—it was thus that Jesus hung upon the Cross, and by that Cross His Mother stood. Well in-deed may the Church exclaim, when ontemplating her sorrow: "O, thou other, fount of love! Touch my spirit from above, make my heart with thine accord, make me feel as thou hast felt, make my soul to glow and melt, with the love of Christ my

She is indeed an inexhaustible fount of love, whose love could not be diminished by the most intense agony that she suffered for Jesus' Inexhaustible was her love, too strong to be overcome by the insults and shameful outrages heaped upon her Son. She is the fount of our love of God, since by standing by the Cross she has set us the mos beautiful and encouraging example of true, devoted love of Jesus. If we contemplate her, we realize the power of Divine love, and feel ourselves strong to endure everything for love of God, and even to accomplish the hardest tasks. She showed us the power of her love best beside the Cross, for, as Holy Scripture records, she stood by the Cross. It is her steadfast love that we admire in her,

and that we ought to learn from her.
The disciples had fled, but she stood fearlessly by the Cross. The Jews might despise her, her Divine He had brought joy and happiness? Some had been influenced by the prevalent opinion, and had actually joined His enemies, so that the gloated over the wounds of Him Who had healed their wounds, and over the death of One to Whom they owed their own life. Others were le grateful, but still disloyal. At heart they believed in Him, but had no courage to confess it, and so they hid themselves, mourning in secret; in capable, through weakness of char-acter, to come forward, suffer and die with Him. In comparison with these weak, thankless hearts, how great and strong appears the tender, fear-less heart of Mary, faithful unto death. She stood by the Cross.

Sorrow threatened to overwhelm her, and unspeakable agony oppressed her, yet she did not sink down in despairing grief-no, she stood by the Cross. Tears streamed from her eyes, as if she would fain weep out her very life, but she complained not at what was the will of God, she od by the Cross; the earth quaked, the graves were opened, the rocks were cleft and the sky grew dark all the multitude was astounded, the Roman centurion beat his breast with remorse, heaven and earth, men and spirits were all in a state of disturb fear and horror-yet, amidst all stood Mary, a glorious example of teadfastness even in the greates

Whence did our Lady derive her strength? We have the greater reason to ask this question, because we, too, have urgent need of strength and steadfastness. We have not always friends at hand encouraging us to do right and setting us a good example, and it a time should come when we have to stand alone amongst those who mock at the Cross, when we have no outward support, but are required to hold fast to our faith and morals in opposition to those about us, then we may learn too late that we have been deceiving ourselves and fancying ourselves strong, unless now we take care to acquire the

virtue on which our inward strength and faith depend.

whence, therefore, did our Lady derive her strength? Had she relied upon herself, she would have given way and despaired during those terrible hours on Calvary; but she had kept nothing back; she had given herself up absolutely to God, and trusting to Him, she stood firm during that time of agony.

Submission to God, reliance proper

Submission to God, reliance upon Him, to have no wish but that His Will be done, to be free from selflove, to make no claim to know better than He does—these are the things that make us strong in hours of trial and give us peace and strength. By submission to God we mean more than mere endurance of the lot assigned us by Him, more than a thoughtless drifting along the stream of life, more than a lazy indifference that believes God will provide; he who really submits to God will always be active, working unweary. always be active, working unwearyingly in the sphere in which he is
placed; he will fight, labor, and even
die for God's honor. Submission
means doing what God wills, and if
our work is not successful in spite of
our efforts, suffering as God wills. Direct, therefore all your thoughts, wishes, words and works to God; order your lives in accordance with His will; stand always by the Cross. His will; stand always by the Cross. Never yield to ridicule, never fear danger or loss, but stand fearlessly by the Cross, although to many that Cross appears only a folly and stumbling-block. Stand by the Cross, and if it proves too hard for you to hold out and endure, have recourse to Mary, the steadfast Mother of Sorrows. She never has allowed any to fall She never has allowed any to fall who have relied upon her; may her love be with you, making you brave and strong, steadfast and calm in holy submission to God. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

PROHIBITION IN RUSSIA

The Czar of Russia said last April in a public document relating to the State monopoly of the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors: "It is not meet that the welfare of the Exchequer should be dependent upon the ruin of the spiritual and produc tive energies of numbers of my loyal subjects." That is one reason when subjects." That is one reason why vocks has disappeared from Russia. For years peasant members of the Duma and many of the intellectuals have urged the curtailing of the sale of spirits. They were met by the argument that the treasury was dependent in large measure upon the liquor profits, but in spite of that fact, the Duma passed a bill extending the right of local option to all municipal bodies.

The Council of the Empire, the Upper House, endorsed the principle owns the canal. of the bill, but amended it to read Lately it occ that local prohibition should not be for more than three years. The Ministers were on the horns of a dilemma. They and the Czar wanted to reduce the consumption of liquor, and at the same time to maintain the finances. This was the attitude of the Government until the outbreak of the war. Then the sale of vodka was prohibited during the mobilization. The efficiency of the men was so in-creased, that for military reasons the prohibition was made permanent.
All liquors were included in the Czar's proclamation, and at one moment a net revenue of \$118,000 000 a year Son's enemies might deride her, His proclamation, and at one moment a poor Mother; they might even in their cruelty kill her, too, out of hatred for Him, but her love was all direct and indirect taxes were hatred for Him, but her love was stronger than death. Where were raised slightly, and apparently with the multitudes who had followed Jesus and greated Him with cries of the deficit has been covered. Already

AFRAID SHE

Suffered Terribly Until She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

ST. JEAN DE MATHA, JAN. 27th. 1914.

"After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been cured by "Pruit-a-tives". I suffered so much that I would not dare eat for I was afraid of dying. Five years ago, I received samples of "Fruit-a-tives". I did not wish to try them for I had little confidence in them but, seeing my husband's anxiety, I decided to do so and at once I felt relief. Then I sent for three boxes and I kept improving until I was cured. While sick, I lost several pounds, but after taking "Fruit-a-tives", I quickly regained what I had lost. Now I eat, sleep and digest well—in a word, I am completely cured, thanks to "Fruit-a-tives".

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more profitable to themselves and to

again and again until the sword-arms of the troopers were weary. Contrast that with the capacity the Russians show to day for renewing the offensive. Contrast it with the heroic stand of a portion of the Tenth Army when surrounded in East Prussia, and with the desperate fight. ing in the Carpathians. Friends of Russia say that the Empire is likely to be transformed by the destruction of the vodka plague.—Toronto News. THE DRINK QUESTION IN THE

CANAL ZONE Government in the Canal Zone is somewhat autocratic in character. There are no referendums or initiatives possible there. The governor issues an order, and, presto! there is a law thenceforth to be obeyed. This method of legislation has its comensations, however unsuited it might be to the needs of the republic that

Lately it occurred to Governor Goethals as desirable that the canal zone should become dry. Accordingly, he issued an order that makes it a total abstinence waterway. Listen: "Pilots checking ships through the canal and all masters of tugs, mates, and others employed in the navigation of the waterway, are forbidden to take even one drink."

Doubtless the theory upon which this order was promulgated was identical with that governing the action of the managers of many of our great railway systems, who direct the discharge of employees found taking a drink of intoxicating liquors. The navigation of the canal, like the operation of a railroad, calls for clear brains, undimmed eyes, and steady hands. There is too much constantly

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public viewpoint with relation to the drinking habit. Men who drink are found not so efficient as men who abstain from drink. Even the man abstain from drink. Even the man who only takes a drink occasionally is not habitually as dependable as the man who never drinks. The remorseless intensity of competition, the in-creasing severity of the demands the business of life lays upon the indivi-dual, are forces working constantly for total abstinence. — Los Angeles Express.

OUR FAITH

The Catholic Church not only an nounces to the world that the Christian religion has come to inform us how we are to be saved, but that our faith in Jesus Christ conditions our salvation from eternal ruin. It is not as it might have been—that the salvation came and that we can get the benefit of it whether we know anything about it or not, whether we repudiate the whole thing or not, whether we believe in it or not. Is is not like the tide, that rises whether you care about the moon's influence or not. Our destiny is not simply connected with the fact of Christ's passion and death as recorded in the Bible, but is conditioned on our acceptance of it There is no question of greater moment in our intellectual life than this obligation to believe something, definite about our Blessed Lord, as to what He was, what He did, what He commanded, and how the doing more profitable to themselves and to their employers.

In the army the results of prohibition are apparent to any student of history. The Russians, who fought at Zorndorf against Frederick the Great seemed drink sodden and stupid. When their attack failed and Frederick got the better of them, they stood huddled together without offering resistance, and the cavalry of Seidlitz crashed through them again and again until the swordarms of the troopers were weary. of what He did stands related to the that binds the universe into order and gives meaning to our life. Im-plicit trust in God is the deepest root of character. On this root grows an blossoms every good and beautiful thing. St. Paul then begins at the right point; he strikes the true key-note of life when he puts faith first. Concerning the value of this faith
The Calendar says:
How precious the gift of faith!

In health, always a loyal companion, but who can estimate its value in the hour of trial and suffering? Often perhaps we have had cause to wonder how certain persons could bear up so bravely under bodily afflictions which seemed well nigh in-supportable. But to anyone who visited and talked to the inmates of a hospital where God is known and loved, it is an easy thing to under-stand. The skill of doctors counts a great deal, the care of nurses has an important place, but faith in God does more than any of these. It is this, in not a few cases, that carried the patient through the grievous illness and back to health again; and upon this most excellent gift the successful issue of an extremely hazardous operation oftentimes plainly depends. There are many doctors, both Catholic and non Catholic and no

lic alike, who realize the importance of having a patient spiritually strengthened before they can bring about a physical cure which necessitates skillful treatment. They place God first and faith in Him before all else. For they know that faith brings hope, and with hope there is love, and that kind of love which breathes forth patience and resig-

Aided by these lofty dispositions they can look forward to the best kind Where were the crowds there has been a saving in the administration of justice. The prisons are ght joy and happiness?

There has been a saving in the administration of justice. The prisons are ght joy and happiness?

There has been radical change when these are lacking, when God during the last generation of the and religion have no place in the human heart, the efforts even of the most learned and eminent physicians are oftentimes frustrated by the patient's death in despair.

Thankful should we be for this heavenly gift, for it assuredly is a friend indeed not only in sickness, but in all the troubles and trials of life. It is our stay and support. It furnishes us with indomitable courage and invincible energy. It be-comes our only comfort and abiding consolation when all else seems dark and foreboding.—The Missionary.

SELF DENIAL

Among the hard sayings of Jesus is His declaration that if any man would be His disciple he must deny himself. We are ready to believe that the Christianlife is one of peace and joy and blessing. We empha-size the Divine love and the Divine promises, and paint in glowing colors the present and future happiness of the soul that is stayed on God. And this is well. We can never appreciate too highly the benefits which come to us through Christ. But it sometimes happens that His dis-ciples accept all the benefits, but re-pudiate the obligations of discipleship. To be a practical Catholic means to accept with joy the one, and suffer with resignation the other If we do not, if we take only the pleasant, the easy, the result is a flabby character. A Catholic who is governed by impulse and feeling will never develop virile moral qualities. No one can set before himself high spiritual aims and pursue those high spiritual aims and pursue those aims with absolute fidelity, without being compelled to deny himself. If Jesus was tempted we cannot hope to escape. Temptation means conflict, and conflict means character. The robust, healthy Catholic lives are those which have won victory through struggle. There is natrength found in moral passivity.

Did Jesus Christ practice self lenial? Undoubtedly. He was not denial? Undoubtedly. He was not a homeless wanderer because He preferred homelessness, in itself considered. He would not have chosen the crown of thorns, or the stinging lash as giving Him pleasure. These things were no more desired by Him than they are by us. Seeing before Him the agony of the cross He shrank from it. But because He had placed before Himself the doing of the Father's will, He denied Himself, and endured the shame and the pain. In endured the shame and the pain. In this, as in all things else, He is our Pattern and Guide. We have fellow-ship in His sufferings when we deny self in striving to do God's will.-The



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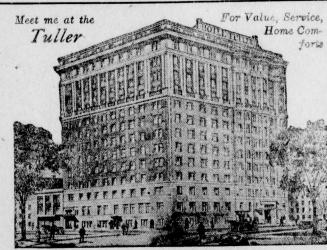


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Mrs. Wiseneighbour says

"I should have told you the other day when we were speaking of EDDY'S WASHBOARDS, that it is quite as necessary to have an Indurated Fibreware Tub in which to wash the clothes if you want to make a success of washday."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT

MEN

The propensity of the present day to live at an unreasonable rate of speed cannot be disregarded. We are often impelled to pause and ask ourselves what is really worth while, for we no sooner attain one purpose or pleasure than we dash off in pursuit of others. This is confusing to youth. The shams of life are so hopelessly mingled with the genuine, the dross with the real gold, that one hardly realizes its true ring.

It is just as well for youth to realize beginning that the inexorable law never changes, that what was the best yesterday is the best to-day, to-morrow and forever after. In beginning a career the young man must set forth with the old, puritanical ideas of right and wrong, with a conscience that cannot be obscured or clouded by the glitter and noise of the market place. Most of these bubbles burst in good time. The successes of fraud are not lasting. We have that illustrated to us these We have that illustrated to us these days in the contemptuous speech of the multitude when the names of once prominent and respected citizens are mentioned. They are rich, but their closing days are saddened by dishonor. The gilding is faded from their palaces and they are willing to confess that it was not worth while.

These are the big shams. The lesser ones are met with in every walk of life whose sharp practices are used to deduce the dollars from their neighbors. Their ways are despica-ble and their end is not worth while The true success is that which is found along the rigidly pursued paths of truth and honor. It begins with the earnest desire in the soul of the man to "be somebody," to do something. Dissipation is scorned; the moments are considered for their true value—not to be wasted, but Every task well done is a stepday should bring a new idea into life, some new and useful knowl-There is no royal road to succolored clouds in the heights. The career of every man is a narrative of patient trials, of studious hours and of eager watching for opportunities. It is a prosaic but instructive story of every menial task well done, every duty faithfully performed, of a character builded little by little and strengthened by the conflict from day to day with adversity.

And so it is to be done in commer cial fields. The genius is he who brings to his labor a willingness to master it in all its details, who patiently, even if ploddingly, pegs away at it until he understands oroughly all there is to learn of its intricacies. Thereby he fits himself to direct others and assumes by right the commanding position when a commander is sought. If a man has persistently cultivated a belief in himself and is optimistic of the future, he unconsciously keeps at work agencies that bring about desired results. A tranquil spirit, enthusiasm energy and a determination to over come obstacles one by one as they rise inevitably lead to satisfactory

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

A single individual seems insignificant in this crowded world. Yet it is-so ordered that even the humblest can possess and exert an influence apparently wholly out of proportion with his social position and his

worldly advantages. ater influence over the future of his community than does the richest citizen or its most honored inhabitant. The schoolmaster who follows the growth of his pupils out of school, may have a prodigious part in the shaping of the dominant spirit of his

neighborhood. What the schoolmaster may do is an evidence of what other men may Their sympathy and commun ity interest with the humble and the lowly, their uprightness of character and their facilities for meeting their fellow men, give them great oppor-

tunities. A sober man may do considerable for frugality and temperance in a community of drunkards and spendthrifts. A man who practices his religion may commend it highly to his associates. Converts have been

made in this way.

A Catholic who sets out with the determination of using every occasion that he can, with propriety, to enlighten his associates as to what the real teachings of Catholicity are, may, in a lifetime, do an incalculaservice in liberalizing the popular mind towards the Church. A Cath olic who elects to spend a few dollars every year for the purpose of putting le Catholic literature where it will do the most good," may sew

the seed for good results. Ideas, facts, truth, are the weapons of this influence, and these weapons are at the command of every person who chooses to use them. We are not here merely to make money.

" What is man If the chief good and market of his time be but to feed and sleep? A beast—no more."

Our lives are of very little import ance if we fail to do some good. And we can do good by giving our neigh-bor some principle or some convic-tion to live by. Truth is the possession of every man who cares to seek it, and good is done by every man who seeks to spread the Truth that he possesses.—St. Paul Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OLD WHITEY CHUM

Ralph Lyman was in the hall, hanging up his coat, when he heard through the door he had left open, his father say: "I'm going to have Steele come over and get 'Old Whit; sy' and do away with him. The old horse is useless, can't do much except eat hay, and he's done his duty." The words were a shock to Ralph, and he hurried in. "Why, father, what are you going to do that for? The old horse can do a little!" he urged.

urged.
Mr. Lyman smiled a little. thought you didn't hear what I said. I know how you like the old fellow: I do, too, but, you see, he won't be good for much, takes up stable room, and I want to get another heavier

But I'd be willing to pay for his keep, and work it out, here or somewhere else," Ralph pleaded. "He's been so good and steady all these

'Yes, I know it, son; it isn't the money I care so much about. But I want the roomand the use of a better

want the roomand the use of a better horse; so we'll have to call it settled." Mr. Lyman said kindly.
Ralph did not enjoy his supper. Ever since he was a little shaver, "Whitey" had been the family horse; once he haddone all his father's work on the farm, before prosperity came. He had taken Ralph to school on his broad back. He was steady and kind; Ralph even used to catch him by the tail and swing on it, but the gentle horse would keep on grazing and pay little attention. "Old Whitey" was a chum, and anyone hates to lose a chum. But Ralphknew it was a cusom, when a horse got too old, to make way with him rather than trade him off; and as far as trading him off was concerned, he would not want bis father to do that. All there was

After supper, Mr. Lyman told Ralph to hitch up the "double runner," for they were to go for some grain.

Ralph went out to the barn, and the first thing that greeted him, as always, was "Old Whitey's" familiar whinny. Ralph stopped suddenly, and thought. His father wanted him to hitch up "Ted," who was young and powerful and fat; but the idea occurred to Ralph to hitch up "Old Whitey" and show his father that the veteran was still good enough for the fighting line. It made him a little bright eyed as he thought, but he de-

cided to do it. He led out "Old Whitey" and began to harness him. For many a long day the old horse had stood without exercise, and when he felt the harness going on, it must have stirred him with memories of his youth. Anyway, he pranced a little, and Ralph said to him: "Whitey," who said you were a back number; who knows but you and me? Show them to night!" He led him out and barnessed him

the sled, and waited for his father.
When Mr. Lyman came out he stared for a moment as he saw the old horse. As he stared, "Whitey" pawed, eager to be off, the keen wintry air was getting into his blood. Mr. Lyman climbed in without a word, settled himself among the robes without a word; and Ralph

clucked to the veteran. Whitey "went, and the sled runners sang across the crisp snow.
"He's no old timer, dad, not a bit

of it!" Ralph exclaimed.
"Youth comes back for a little while with all of us," his father said from behind his fur collar ; "but it

doesn't stay."

Ralph knew it was true. He realized it as the old horse began to slow down after the first few miles; the orldly advantages.
A schoolmaster exerts, as a rule, a deep, roomy lungs, the power in the Voice. muscled frame were gone. It was not long before Ralph would have urged him a little if it had been any other borse than his old chum Ralph heard his father chuckle once as "Old Whitey" stumbled over his own hoofs with nothing to frip him

in sight. From the regular road toward the mill in Brookville, the teams in winter made a custom of driving across the lake, and they soon swung out onto the ice. It was easy going for the old horse, and he sped along a

little faster. "It it were ice everywhere," Mr. " Whitey' would be Lyman said, valuable.'

Don't joke about the old fellow father; he's a back number, all right. I didn't suppose he was so far gone,

Ralph said sadiy.

They reached the mill—after while, and the sled was loaded with a half dozen bags of heavy grain. As they started off, Mr. Lyman said,

Don't hurry the old man ; we have Mile after mile passed, and they

turned out onto the lake.

They had gone about half way scross when Mr. Lyman looked back at the grain piled on the back end of the sled. "I wish Sam had spread that more: it's pretty heavy in one

place," he said. Hardly had he said the words when there was a deep, heavy rumbling be-neath them that rose into a sharp ending sound; the lake seemed to be

einking under them. Ralph came up out of the great coldness, gasping, and went down again, carrying with him a memory of a man's terrified voice shouting Whoa!" ringing in his ears. came up again, and struck something shelf like thing, and clung with all

his strength. Dad !" he shouted.

"I'm all right," a strained voice



quick as his glance, he saw the situa tion. The rear runner and the plat form of the sled had gone into the lake, taking them with it; his father was clinging to the ice opposite him, but weighed down in his great coat, was having hard work to hang on.
"Hang on, dad!" Ralph called in a strangling voice, "Crawl out!" 'I can't!" came back in a gasp, after

Ralph struggled in the effort to crawl out on the ice, but it was glass, and he could not cling with his heavy wraps; he fought desperately, but failed. The cold was numbing him. He cried out bitterly and despairingly

as he sank back defeated. As he did, he caught sight of "Old Whitey" standing a little from the great black hole, just where he had halted when Mr. Lyman yelled "Whoa!" Still attached to him was

the front runner.

A wild hope surged through Ralph; he shouted encouragement to his father; then shouted at "Old Whitey" - " Back! 'Whitey!' Back - oh!

Obediently, as he had obeyed before countless times "Old Whitey" set himself, and the runner attached to the shafts came backward to the edge of the ice and dropped in. "Whitey" looked around as it dropped, and snorted his alarm, but he stood fast.
"Catch hold, dad!" Ralph called.

His father relinquished his weak-ening grasp on the ice, as did Ralph, and both caught hold of the runner while it was steadied by "Whitey's

A sharp command, and the old horse forged ahead, slipped, caught the ice, slipped back, gripped again, and at the blended, begging hope voiced at the same time of Ralph and his father, the old white warrior set nimself and snaked the runner clear out with the two men clinging to it

The two exhausted figures lay prone for a little while. "Old Whitey" looked around and snorted his dislike of such unusual proceedings. His comments on the state of affairs aroused Ralph, who shook his father. "Come on, dad, this will never do!"

His father drew himself upon the runner, and Ralph staggered after the reins, picked them up, fixed himself as comfortably as he could, and

'Old Whitey," with only the run ner and the two men, made good time, and it was not long before they whirled to a standstill in the Lyman

Some time later Ralph, going into his father's room, looked quizzically at the haggard face against the pillow. Dad, how about 'Old Whitey

Mr. Lyman looked at the blanketcovered figure of his son. "Lad, he's going to get the cream of the land from now on!"-A. W. P., in True

THE NEW GENERAL

The new General of the Jesuits. the Very Reverend Wlodimir Ledochowski, comes from a noble Polish family originally of Warsaw. He was born October 7, 1866, a son of Count Anthony Ledochowski, a cavalry officer in the Austrian army, and Countess Josephina Zu Zizers. The Ledochowski family has given many men and women to the Church. The present General's grandfather lost his wife at an early age and immediately became a Lazar-ist at Warsaw; the General's uncle vas the famous Cardinal Ledochow ski, Prefect of the Propaganda, whom Bismarck persecuted so bitterly; one sister is superior of the Ursuline Convent in Cracow; another sister, the Countess Maria Theresa, formery Lady of Honor at the Court of Vienna, is directress of the St. Peter Claver Society, which has done such admirable work for the African miswas a page in the court of Elizabeth of Austria; at the age of eleven he entered the noble "Theresian Aca graduated with the highest honors, the "Imperial Prize." The then principal, Baron von Gautsch afterwards premier, spoke of him as "the honor and pride of the Academy."

After graduation Father Ledochowski studied law for a year, then entered the seminary at Tarnow in Galicia, passed thence to the German College at Rome, where he finished his course in philosophy. At the end of this course in September 24, 1889, he entered the Jesuit novitiate being then in his twenty-third year. After two yearshe began the study of theology at Cracow, and in June, 1894, he was ordained to the priesthood. He studied theology another year and then went to his second novitiate. This completed, he occu-Ralph wiped the icy water out of his eyes, and in the same instant— and responsibility. He was associate

editor of a Jesuit review, rector of a college of writers, editor of popular tracts which were issued at the rate cholasticate, vice · Provincial and Provincial, assistant to the last General, and finally he is now General of the Society at the age of forty-nine. Father Ledochowski is a man of splendid courage, restless energy and inflexible determination. Much is expected of his leadership.

TO ALL CATHOLICS

Mr. Belasco has introduced to New Mr. Belasco has introduced to New York a play, Marie-Odile, that is in-tensely offensive to all Catholics, who should not only avoid the theatres where it is produced, but also lend their efforts to drive it from the stage. The story it carries is thus retold in a review by the New

Alsatian convent during the Franco-Prussian war. She has lived with the sisters within the walls ever since she was found as a baby at the She grows to young girlhood in absolute ignorance of anything in the world but prayers and her duties about the convent. When word comes to the Mother Superior that the dreaded Uhlans are on the way to the convent and all must fly at once she cannot be found, and is thus left to her fate. Having only hidden for the moment, she finds herself alone to face a detachment of German cavalry scouts, who immediate ly proceed to eat, drink and make merry. One of them, a young corporal, takes pity on her innocence and defends her from the rest of the roistering squad. She is attracted by his kindness, and when he is left alone with her under orders to re-main until the next day, they fall in love, and when he rides away she stays to keep the convent alone and wait for him to return after the aged, feeble and half-witted gardener she has a child, which is to her innocent mind a 'divine gift.' After

and seemingly happy."

INTENSELY OFFENSIVE

York Tribune:
"Marie Odile is a novice in an

While alone, except for an time the sisters return and when they hear the story the Mother Superior sends her out into the world with money and her blessing. "The Mother Superior, a hard, re-lentless disciplinarian, intended first to banish Marie to some grim refuge without delay and without pity, but upon the plea of a friendly sister she relents, and while they are talking

the lights change and a golden ray falls upon the young mother and her baby, thus—with the figure of the Virgin and her Child upon the wall directly behind-apparently, awing the assemblage into an affrighted compassion and moving the hard Mother Superior to pity and bless | have more than our

of a seduced girl linked with the World.

Immaculate Mother of God—is one to chill the blood of even the most indifferent Catholic. It is an outrage on our most sacred religious belief, and we should be neither slow nor tame in making the fact known where and how it will be most effective. tive.-Church Progress.

ABOVE ALL THINGS, CATHOLIC

The current issue of the Living Church, an organ of the Anglican Church, contains a lengthy article en-titled, "The Episcopal Church for Italians," wherein a clergyman dis-cusses the proselytizing efforts of that Church among our immigrants. The article is a frank acknowledgment that if Anglicans are to meet success in their work of making "converts" of Italians, they must first make their religion "Catholic." He says of the

They are, above all things, Cath olic. Beyond all things they fear and dislike Protestants. And when any one, however desirous of holding out the hand of Christian fellowship to these children of an-ancient civilization who flock to our New England hills and farms and factory towns, goes to them in the name of the despised 'Protestant religion' he commits a strategic blunder, the consequences of which are so far-reaching as to bring tears to the eyes of any one who knows even a little of this fundamental trait

of the Italian."
Still we think that the writer is little late in giving his advice. Anglican proselytizers at work among the Italians of Chicago have long ago made use of the subterfuge, even go-ing so far as to put into the Anglican roster of saints certain holy men and women, whom their Church, the Cathwhom Italians pay special homage. When Anglicans "catholicize" their religion to reap a harvest of converts we are reminded of the tactics of the ican flag when he sees German subsee shoals.—New World.

HIS NAME IS HOGAN

A gentleman who rejoices in the classic patronymic of Hogan has received the Victoria Cross. According to reports, he is as modest as he is brave, and of his bravery there can be little question. By a news-paper headline he is accredited with the efficiency of an army, or at least a regiment. While there may be a touch of epic color in this account. Sergeant Hogan's superior officers considered that this Irishman's valiant feats were worthy of striking recognition, and he was recommend ed, despite his name, for the Victoria Cross. Now he has a decoration, the highest military distinction that England can confer, and his name is etill Hogan, plain, everyday Hogan. It is not at all likely that he is connected with the family in Boston who found this horribly vulgar name of Hogan, a veritable lion, blocking the path along which lay the pursuit of life's higher ideals. If he considers the matter at all, and being s man and a very gallant gentleman Hogan, V. C., is doubtless content to take his rank with Napoleon, as the founder of his own dynasty .-

A POOR ASSET

A Catholic in public life who is recreant to his duty as a citizen brings disgrace to us all. We are far from admitting that proportionately we ings, so that the novice and her baby got out into the sunshine free bad Catholic is the poorest asset of the Church. He is the only one who The climax here presented—that may do us real harm.—The New







THE C. M. B. A.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD :- See ing that one column of your valuable paper is offered for discussion regarding the proposed increase of rates in the C. M. B. A., I hereby solicit permission to submit the following:

while we believe that the great ajority of the members will agree at the National Fraternal Congress rate is fair and reasonable for nger members or even for those younger members or even for those who join the Association up to the age limit, but to apply these rates to the older members who joined prior to 1907, at age now attained prior to 1907, at age now attained prior to 1907, at age now attained prior to 1907. decidedly unfair, unjust and inconsistent when worked out. Let us suppose the N. F. C. rates were adopted by the Association in 1900 and A. joined in that year, becoming a member at age forty-five, and pays N. F. C. rate \$2.00 monthly on \$1,000 certificate, \$24.72 per year during a period of fifteen years up to 1915, total amount paid \$370,80 without interest, which in order to simplify we do not intend to compute. now attained the age of sixty years, and according to the new schedule he is now taxed \$4.32 per month, \$51.84 per year, which he pays for the next fifteen years, reaching the not uncommon age of seventy five years.

His total payments for the last en years would amount to \$770 .-40 plus \$370.80, total \$1,148.20 for the

B. joins in 1915, at N. F. C. rates. age forty five, pays \$2.06 per month for a straight period of thirty years, total \$741.60.

Now we ask if A. should be penal. ized to the amount of \$406.60 because he joined fifteen years before B. or for the purpose of making the actuarially solvent sacciation

for the benefit of B. The above is merely an example of the injustice of the application of these rates to the old members at present age attained, as we are in-formed by Grand Council if these rates pass unchallenged and are lepted, no necessity will ever again

arise for an increase We readily admit that the members who joined before 1907 have not been paying enough. Why not solve the difficulty by asking these members to make good the deficiency or have same recorded as a lien against their certificates and allow them to continue on N. F. C. rates at

age when admitted. This would place all members on an equal footing and by lessening the liabilities on those certificates whose shortages remain unpaid with the increase in the funds from those who are willing to pay the deficiency. together with the general increased assessment based on N. F. C, at age of entry, doing away with expensive conventions and greater economy in the general management, should, we believe, be ample to tide us over the present crisis and leave this grand old society, which has been such a power for good in the land, in a position to continue in its charitable and praiseworthy course.

J. CLEMENT. Pres. Br. 309, Chesterville.

IT DOES NEED EXPLAINING

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD : Kindly allow me space in your paper to lay befere the members of the C. M. B. A. (and the executive in particular) a case of injustice which no doubt will befall many others placed in the same position as myself, should the roposed new rates be put into force in their present form.

at age twenty six, the rate be \$1.10 per single assessment for \$2,000. Since then, and up to Dec. 31, 1914, I have paid in assessments the sum of \$573 80 Had the national rate been in force when I joined I would have had to pay \$650.76, which leaves a balance of \$77.66, which I am prepared to pay with interest to the Association. In the face of this, option No. 2 calls for a lien on my beneficiary for \$544 with interest. How any actuary or mathematician ever figured it out I am at a loss to understand. Since Jan. 1907, I have been paying 16cts per month more than the N. rate calls for, i. e., I have been paying \$2 20 per month while the N. rate calls for \$2.04. If the proposed new rates are put into force July 1st, 1915, and I ain a member of the Association and live to be say sixty-five years of age, I will pay \$1,488 30.

Now if the National rate had been

in force in 1888 and I live to be sixtyfive years of age I would have to pay

Will some one of the executive kindly prove to me why I should be or in other words, why should a young man who has joined the Association since 1907. ciation since 1907, at age twenty-six and who lives to be sixty-five years of age, get his insurance for \$954.72, while I who joined in 1888 age twenty six and live to sixty-five, have to pay \$1,483.86.

Hoping that I have not taken up too much of your valuable space, I remain respectfully yours, W. J. SUTHERLAND, Bra

Smith's Falls, Ont., March 8th, 1915.

It is certain that God desires that which is most advantageous to us much more than we desire it our-selves. He knows better than we by what means that which is best for us must arrive. The choice of means is entirely in His hands, since it is He who disposes and regulates all things in the world. With perfect trust in God, let us say: "Thy will be done!"—St. Augustine.

WHY DO PROTESTANTS NOT USE BIBLE MORE

The Protestant who becomes a convert to the Catholic faith soon notices the greater use made of the Holy Scriptures in the Catholic service than is the case in the Protest and the Protest and the Protest and the Protest in the Protest and ant churches, says a writer in the Missionary. He is somewhat surprised at this, for he had believed that the Catholics laid aside the Bible, and in its place made use of a Bible, and in its place made use of a composite sort of volume that was partly Christian, partly a selection from religious books and partly pagan. He is astonished to find that the whole of the Catholic services is practically taken from the Scriptures. In the Mass he listens to the reading fact of the Printle from the New first of an Epistle from the New Testament, and then to a Gospel conaining the words of Christ, from the same holy volume. The whole of the service as far as the Offertory comes direct from the Bible, with the ex-ception of the Collect for the day, which, as readers of the translated collects of the Protestant Prayer Book well know, is for the most part made up of phrases quoted from the Bible, and the confession and absolution, of which the same may be said. The same is also true of the Preface; and the "Sanctus" is a Biblical quotation. The Canon of the Mass, with the exception of a few passages containing proper consists of quotations from different parts of the Bible. The Consecration, the "Agnes Dei," the "Domine non sum dignus," and post Com munion are all direct from the Bible. Benediction consists chiefly of hymne and prayers which, of course, are not to be found in the Bible any more thau are Protestant hymns and prayers, though both are, again, composed mainly of Bible phrases, as is also the Litany of Our Lady. Vesper services often contain four or five of the Psalms of David. The Rosary prayers, with the exception of thir teen words, are taken entirely from the Gospels. The question really ought to be reversed: Why do the Protestant services make so much ess use of the Bible than the Catholic ones? And the answer is ver

AN OLD WOMAN'S ROSARY

obvious. The Sacred Book is dis-

played conspicuously, indeed, in Pro

estant churches, but in Catholic churches it inspires, even when it

does not actually provide every word

that is spoken.

I bless myself, and I kiss the cross, And the holy Creed I tell :

And the Paters and Aves trip off my tongue For it's me that knows them well.

For it's many a day these old beads I told in the same old way— I got them my First Communion morn.

And that's sixty years this May. Twas the Joyful Mysteries then

(And I said them joyfully). When Our Lord was only a Child

At His Blessed Mother's knee. Ochone! but it's many and many

Himself

year, I've turned from the joyful deeds; And I cry on the Sorrowful Mysteries With tears as big as my beads.

For my beautiful boy with the fever went,
And "himself" next morning died,

Do you wonder I think of the Mys-I joined the Association in 1888, That end with the Crucified?

> blessed bead, Akneeling beside my bed,

We two women, God's Mother and Have many a talk of our dead.

And that's why I'm liking the beads that tell

Her pains and her darling Son's : It's plenty of time I'll be having in

To think of the Glorious ones.

250,000 IRISHMEN FIGHTING FOR BRITAIN

JOHN E. REDMOND SAYS THE NATION IS NOW FIRMLY UNITED IN ENGLAND'S CAUSE

Manchester, England, March 14 John E. Redmond, leader of the Irish Nationalist Party, in a speech to 5,000 persons here to-day, said he had addressed meetings of Irish men in Manchester, but never before an assemblage of Irishmen and Eng. lishmen "firmly united in a common

Ireland has been admitted to her "Ireland has seen admitted to lier proper place in the British Empire, with which she had as much to do in building up as England," Mr. Redmond continued. "She has already taken her proper place, with perfect and absolute good faith and loyalty."

Official figures covering the period up to Feb. 15, he said, showed that 99,700 Irishmen from Ireland had joined the colors, 115,000 from other parts of the United Kingdom, and enough more from the dominions to bring up the total to a quarter of a Furthermore, the recruit million. Furthermore, the recruit-ing of Irishmen was proceeding

metadily.

"Ten years ago the Kaiser might have found a divided Empire," he said, "but he had forgotten the march of events. The rule of the people has been substituted for the rule of has been substituted for the rule of the classes, and the Empire is united egulates all things in the world.
With perfect trust in God, let us say:
Thy will be done!"—St. Augustine.

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, March 18, 1915.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have re-ceived because of this appeal:

Previously acknowledged.....\$288 52 Rev. J. Chisholm, St. Andrews,

Ohio. A Friend, Black River Bridge 5 00 A Friend. Port Dover 1 00 A Friend, McDonalds Corners Rev. Fr. Fuerth, West Lorne .. Rev. Fr. Vantighem, Taber,

Mrs. Eilen Walsh, Wildfield 25 00 A Friend A. Devine, Downeyville. 25 2 00

10 00 Mrs. T. Barnes, Elmira..... Rev. Bernard Gillie, East Point, P. E. I.....

Sacred Heart Parish, Grand Forks, B. C..... Mrs. Will Greiner, Ridgetown M. B., Perth, Ont Kathleen Forrest, Summer

berry, Sask If you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the RECORD I would be very grateful.

Respectfully yours, W. E. BLAKE. 98 Pembroke St.

PRELATE LAMENTS MEXICO'S FATE

AGED ARCHBISHOP OF MEXICO CITY SEES NO HOPE TILL

EUROPEAN WAR IS OVER The Sun, Baltimore, prints the fol-

lowing dispatch from New Orleans under date of March 8: Archbishop Jose Maria Mora y del Rio, head of the Catholic Church in Mexico, sees little hope for his country until the end of the European

The venerable prelate, bowed down by the sufferings in the Southern Republic and aged beyond his years the sorrows inflicted on him by the rebel hordes, sat in his apart ment at the Ursuline Convent to day and told the story of disaster to the

Church in his field. The Archbishop was informed that his story was being prepared for pubhave him read and approve it be-fore it was telegraphed from here. This he did, and expressed himself as sorry that, for ecclesiastical reasons, he could not go more into

"All is with God," said he, folding his thin white hands above his breast, as if for a moment praying for his country and his people.
"Thousands of brothers of the
Church still are in Mexico with no hope of escape, and it is useless to appeal to the United States, for even it President Wilson took immediate action the Carranzistas, Villistas, Crozquietas and other heads of pandits would exterminate all these priests and all the remaining Sisters of the faith before an American army could cross the Rio Grande. Until he European war is ended and the nations take concerted action against the barbarians who are misruling Mexico it is useless to ask temporal

For it's then as I'm telling each blessed bead, peace; they do not want war; they have not mixed in any of the revolutions. All they want is an opportun ity to live and work in security. Yet the remaining 1 per cent. barely 160,000 men under arms, have terrorized the country until, in a fashion,

they control it." "But, Senor Archbishop," was asked, "why do not the 99 per cent. arm themselves and restore

peace to the country?"

"Because," the prelate replied,
"the 1 per cent. has deprived
the 99 per cent. of all their
arms and made it impossible for them to obtain more. Everything with which resistance could be made as been confiscated, and if peace comes to Mexico it must come from the outside. Meanwhile the United States is selling arms to the 1 per cent. of anarchists and Socialists who have practically destroyed the

country.
"One hundred and eighty priests are still in jail in Mexico City," the Archbishop went on; "hundreds of others are scattered through the Republic, just as badly off as if they were in jail, because they cannot escape from the towns in which they have been marconed by the bandit bands.

WORST IN MEXICO CITY "The entire nation is suffering from hunger, but the worst situation is in Mexico City, where the 650,000 inhabitants, even though they have money, are unable to get food. The Madero revolution imposed Madero money on the people; the Villa regime forced them to take paper bearing the signature of Villa, and now the Carranzistas, under Alvaro Obregon, have declared both the Madero and Villa money illegal and imposed their own money on the

"Most of the inhabitants of Mexico City had Madero and Villa money; now it is worthless and they cannot now it is worthless and they cannot even pay their debts with it, let alone, buy food. On the other hand, all the people fear that the Carranza See.—St. Paul Bulletin.

The Choir

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noney will be worthless soon, so they refuse to accept it in payment for work or in business deals. The result is that the laboring classes have no means of getting money. If they accept the Carranza paper the merchants refuse to take it in return for goods. Thus the famine which is bad enough, but by the worthlessness of the money in circulation there.

TELLS OF LEVY ON PRIESTS "When Obregon ordered the levy of 500,000 pesos on the clergy of Mexico City, the pricets replied that they did not have the money, but as Obregon announced the funds were to be used to alleviate the condition of the poor, the clergy offered to sell anything or everything belonging to the churches and turn over the resulting moneys to a committee which would distribute them among the

poor.
"Obregon accepted this offer, pro vided the money be given to him, but would not allow the committee to ct. This was such complete proof that the Carranza leaders wanted the money for themselves and not for the poor that the priesthood refused to accede to the demand. For this they were thrown in jail and 180 of hem still are there.

CHARGES CRIME IN LIBERTY'S NAME "No pen can portray the looting the rapine, the murder, the anarchy which has taken possession of Mexico all because these few bandits have been allowed to attempt to establish what they and some people in the United States call 'liberty.'

"In Durango alone 140 haciendas were looted by bands of men composed of all sides. First they stripped all the people of their arms, and then they began their campaign of loot. From the hacienda of Julio Bracho, as an example, 110,000 pesos and 20,-000 sacks of wheatwere taken. From the others similar amounts were looted. All who protested—men, women and children-were shot, while some of the young women met

worse fates.
"Automobiles, paintings, statuary, furniture, anything of value which the Carranzistas can get across the line are being sold in the United States, and the resulting moneys pocketed by the Carranza leaders or their agents here. No railroads are open, or at least none are operating ONLY ONE PER CENT. AT WAR, HE SAYS regularly, and statements issued that "Ninety nine per cent. of the 16,entirely false.

HAD FAITH IN FUNSTON

In the face of all this, there seems to be no hope that any Mexican ever will be able to restore peace in the Republic. Some external force must be used, and that speedily, else we shall say 'this was Mexico,' for the Republic will be wiped from the face of the earth is left to the control of

the handits which now overrun her. "General Funston and his army could have restored peace in Mexico if he had been allowed to take the

aggressive. 'America or any other power, even if the revolutionists combined, would not have to face over 160,000 armed men. The Mexicans will never govern themselves until the bandits are whipped and the peace loving leaders put in control. America or ome other power will have to do this.'

ANGLICAN CONVERTS MANY HAVE BEEN MEMBERS OF THE

COWLEY FATHERS The following is a list of converts from the Cowley Fathers, an Anglican community of religious: Father Luke Rivington; Father Basil Maturin, at present working amongst the Oxford undergraduates; Father Ernest Grimes, rector of the Catho-lic Church at Brigg; Father Ran-

dolph Traill, rector of the Catholic Church at Thame; Father Cyprian lston, O. S. B., rector of the Catholie Church at Dulwich. Besides these, who were all "protessed" at Cowley, the novitiate has given us Father Charles Heurtley of the Oratory, Birmingham, and Father

Gorman, C. SS. R. Father Grimes was precentor at Cowley, and soon after he became a Catholic the organist and three of the choir boys followed. The organ-ist is now Father Wilfrid Shebbeare,

NEW MOTHER GENERAL OF THE RELIGIOUS OF THE SACRED HEART

On Feb. 22 the Reverend Mother de Loe was elected General of the Religious of the Sacred Heart by the general congregation assembled in Rome. The new Mother General was born in the Rhineland of a Belgian mother and a German father. Her family has long been distinguished for its interest in the welfare of the Church, one of her uncles, General de Loe, doing heroic service for Cath-olics during the Kulturkampt. Mother de Loe, who was educated at Blumenchal, Holland, has had a distinguished career. At twenty six she was mistress of novices in Brussels; later, in 1889, she went to Italy, where she held various important offices, becoming first mistress general of studies in an important convent in Rome, then superintendent of the same convent and mistress of novices, too, and finally, in 1896, vicar of all the Italian houses. On the death of the lamented Mother Stuart, Mother de Loe became vicar-general and now the general congregation has conferred upon her the high but difficult office of general. - Standard and Times.

DEATH OF FATHER TRAYLING'S MOTHER

On Friday morning, March 12th Mrs. B. Trayling, mother of Rev. Father Trayling, Rector of St. Michel's Cathedral, Toronto, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Gray St. Patrick's street. The deceased lady was a native of Ireland and was in her eighty-third year.

The funeral, which was largely at tended, was held from St. Michael's Cathedral on March 16th at 9 o'clock when a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung by her son, Rev. Father Trayling, assisted by Rev. P. J. Fiana gan as deacon, and Rev. William J Kelly of Orillia as sub-deacon, and Ray, Father Pennylegion as Master of Ceremonies.

The following members of the clergy assisted in the sanctuary Right Rev. Monsignor Whelan, V. G. Right Rev. Monsignor Kidd, Presi dent St. Augustine's Seminary, Very Rev. Dean Hand, Rev. Fath McCann, Murray, Oshawa; Bonner, Ed. Kelly, Thornhill; Doherty, Treacy, Gibney, Alliston; Staley, A. Staley, M. Boylan, O'Connor, Hay den, Bench, O'Brien, O'Malley, O'Reilly McBride, O'Hara, C. SS. R., Doyle, Finegan and Longo. R. I. P.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS WIN LIBEL SUIT

In the District Court of Le Sueur county, A. M. Morrison and G. E. Morrison, father and son, editors and publishers of the Mankato Morning Journal, of Mankato, Minn., pleaded guilty to the charge of criminal libel and were fined \$25 each or in default of payment, thirty days in jail. The trial took place in Le Sueur Centre on Thursday, February 25, before Judge Orr, of the District Court of Ramshy county. It was an appeal from the sentence imposed on the defendants by Judge Dressel, of Waterville, on July 29, 1914, in an action of criminal libel, brought by E. M. Lawless, editor of the Water-ville Sentinel, against the Morrisons, who charged Mr. Lawless with having taken the bogue fourth degree Knights of Columbus oath.

Being a criminal case, the action was brought in the name of the State.

Shortly after the work of empanelling a jury had begun the attorneys ence with the attorneys for the State and as a result agreed to plead guilty to the charge of criminal libel. After the plea had been entered Attorney Morris explained that since the former trial every effort had been made by them to obtain evidence in support of their contention that Mr Lawless had taken the bogus Knights of Columbus Oath, but that they were unable to secure a scintilla of proof in support of their assertion.

There was no desire on the part of the Knights of Columbus to prosecut the case further. They were satisfied with the confession of guilt made by the defendants .- Catholic Bulletin, St. Paul, Minn.

> ASSISTANT TO JESUITS' GENERAL

A press despatch from Rome says The Rev. Father Thomas Gannon S. J., of New York has been chosen assistant to the general of the Society of Jesus, for the American assistancy The American members have hitherto been under the jurisdiction of the assistant in charge of the English speaking peoples. The English as-sistancy has now been divided into two parts, with an assistant for Eng-land and one for America. The American assistant is expected to have charge of the United States and Canada, with the understanding that his jurisdiction will be extended to Mexico and Cuba.

Father Gannon was born in Cam bridge, Mass., sixty years ago. He was rector of Fordham university from 1893 to 1897. Recently he has been instructor of tertians at the Novitiate of St. Andrew's on Hudson. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Miss Katherine E. Conway tells us the story of a matter-of-fact business man, who had become a Catholic, and who was asked by a fellow guest at a dinner party: "Are you no Romanist?" "No, madam," Romanist?" "No, madam," answered, "I was born in Ohio."

BIRTH

CUTHBERT. — At Arcola, Sask., March 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cuthbert, a daughter.

McCool.—At Pembroke, Ont., on February 17, 1915, Mrs. John McCool. May her soul rest in peace!

No less than 6.406 Jews have been converted to Catholicity in the last ten years.

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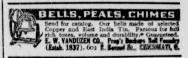
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C. M. B. A. Branch No. 4. London Meets on the and and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parish Hall, Richmond Street. Frank Smith, President.



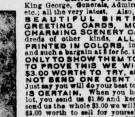
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APPRECIATION

A prominent Canadian Insurance Periodical, under date March 10th, 1915, says of the Capital Life Assurance Co.:

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