

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XLIV.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1922

2283

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES
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THE PROBLEM OF THE SIX NORTH-EASTERN COUNTIES

Of course the overshadowing Irish problem today is that of the six North-Eastern counties which constitute Carsonia. Since the English first put foot in Ireland 760 years ago, the next great misfortune that befell the land was the dividing of it, along supposed religious lines, by British "statesmen." Since the time when, 125 years ago, the Protestant descendants of the English settlers, and the Catholic Old Irish, joined hands in the great United Irishmen movement, and together arose in rebellion against England, the good English policy of fostering religious bias has been practiced—with marked success—only in North Eastern Ireland. In North-Western, Western, Southern, Eastern, and Central Ireland—that is to say in five-sixths of the country, where the old Catholic Irish are in the vast majority, sectarianism never found root—as is rightly, and gladly, testified to every day by the grateful minority of Protestant British descendants who live in the most laudable amity with the vast majority of Catholic Irish among whom they are interspersed.

When, eventually, Britain found, a year or so ago, that she had to relax her greedy grasp upon Ireland as a whole, she struck her masterstroke by first making a sectarian division which gave the Orangemen in the North-East complete control over six Irish counties (in only four of which counties, by the way, were they in a majority). Having effected this coup the British told the world they were generously evacuating Ireland—and they "evacuated" it, laughing satanically. They had done their work well, and since England was not going to get any more good out of Ireland they had seen to it that Ireland herself could not. And now that the witches cauldron of Belfast bigotry is boiling and that the minority in that city is groaning and suffering, and dying violent deaths, and that the Orange Special Constabulary are spreading death and desolation, to the ends of the Six County territory which they dominate, the British are once again pouring their regiments, through the port of Belfast, into the land which they never relinquished. And, advancing to the borders of the facetiously-named Free State, are giving the inhabitants to understand once more she is master in this land of Ireland. And under the supreme confidence that comes from a hearty, and enthusiastic, backing of all the powers of the British Empire, every minion of the Belfast Government is proclaiming, throughout every corner of the six counties, that the Nationalist minority must quickly get out of their territory, get out, or be stamped out. It is every day nearing the fearful issue for the North-Eastern minority whether they shall leave and lose their little all, and escape with their lives from the territory that used to be Ireland—or whether they are to remain, and fearfully perish.

THE BELFAST POGROM

A glance at the progress of the prolonged Belfast pogrom will bring the foregoing home to any reader. The present pogrom began in Belfast two years ago with the brutal driving out of their employment of 8,000 Nationalist workmen—leaving practically 4,000 men, women, and children, without knowing where they were to get the next meal from. From that time to the present somewhere over 400 people—men, women and children, and babies—have been shot, stabbed, stoned or kicked to death in the streets of Belfast—and over 1,700 wounded—maltreated, short of death. Four thousand poor Nationalist families have been driven from their homes—homes which were in many cases, wrecked, looted, and burned. Since Sir James Craig, a couple of months ago made a peace pact with Michael Collins there have been more than 160 killed, and more than 200 wounded, 25 Nationalist houses were burned, 81 fired into, and 221 Nationalist families evicted, and burned—three-fourths of the killed and wounded being Nationalists, one-fourth Loyalists. For be it noted, that after the Nationalists found that meek submission to the latter's appetite for more murder, the bolder spirit of them formed an armed defence for the Nationalist quarters, and met the murderous bands with rifles.

BOMBS ONLY EXCITE MOMENTARY INTEREST

Outside of Ireland people cannot begin to realize the terrible sufferings, worse than those of Armenians under Turkish rule, of the Nationalist minority in Belfast. A

friend told me of sitting in a garden of a Belfast suburb, on a beautiful afternoon recently, looking over the pretty suburban gardens around, where children were playing, and householders leisurely working. Then hearing, from the direction of the city, the fierce bursting of a bomb, after that rifle firing, another bomb bursting, then Lewis guns getting into action—hearing all these, she was astonished to note that where, at the first sound of the bomb bursting, the children turned from their play for a moment to look in that direction, and the workers in the gardens paused for a moment to listen, the children and the workers were, next instant, going leisurely forward with their play, and work, again. These sounds from the city, which so startled my friend, (a visiting stranger), had become too common to excite more than momentary interest in the minds of the suburban children and adults.

A PATHETIC NARRATIVE

Here is a simple, intimate, picture of the home life led by the Armenians of Belfast—a picture drawn by another visitor. I had been warned, says this visitor, that there were "bad parts" around the Herbert Street quarter, and trusted to Providence for a guide. The guide sent me was a small Nationalist boy, waiting for the tram, who confided to me that he lived there, and talked to me gravely, and intelligently, in cautious whispers, all the way. He had got some dinner, he said, in a friend's house; there was no one in his own house working, but the neighbors were good. He would not let me get down at the main street because "the people there'd kick you," a boy had been beaten and kicked—so he led me to his home by devious ways, past houses with bullet marks on every wall. His father and mother were taking their dinner—mugs of weak tea and crusts of bread. They received me kindly, glad to talk to any one from the incredible South, where there is safety and peace. Dan is the only child at home, a white-faced, hunger-stricken child, who takes his religion and his country very seriously. "He was carrying home two bottles of holy water on Sunday," his mother told me, "and I asked him what he'd say if they stopped him and wanted to know what it was. 'I'd say 'tis blessed water,' says he. 'They'll shoot if ye tell them that,' says I. 'Well then,' says he, 'do you have the blessed candle ready?'"

He sang for me, in a sweet strong voice, ballads of Florence MacSwiney, and Kevin Barry, at though he were singing out his creed, and quietly, at his mother's command, showed me a great half-healed shrapnel wound in his thigh. "There were six children wounded that time," his mother said, "they threw a bomb into a crowd of them in the street." His father was away when that happened; he had been driven out from the mill, and himself, too, was working, and had gone across the water for work. It was a bad time for her. Three times the Specials came raiding, breaking in the door, swearing she had a man in the house, using language she winced to remember, shouting "We'll put a bullet in you if you don't tell," and trampled her sacred pictures, and ripped up the bed, "roaring like wild elephants. They have more power than the devil, for he can only come in the spirit, but they come in the flesh." She saw a thing one evening that frightened her. Specials were passing in a cage car, and a baby, ten months old, crawled to the door of the house opposite. "Look, she heard one of them yell, there's a Fenian bastard! Put a bullet through it!"—and they fired, and only just missed the child. After that she sent her own baby, where so many mothers have sent their children, to the Falls Road, for the Nationalist population is stronger there, and the persecution is not so incessant yet. From her own little district so many families have fled, so many of their vacated houses have been taken by Loyalists—the terrible circle of hatred is closing in.

STEPHEN GWYNN PUTS RESPONSIBILITY ON IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT

The well-known Stephen Gwynn, writing in the London Observer, puts on the Imperial Parliament, thousands of whose troops are in Belfast, the responsibility for the terrible state of affairs there. He ordered out, to quell an Orange riot, they are ordered to fire high. If a man shoots to hit he is sent back to barracks. "One private of the Norfolks," says Gwynn, "had his comrade shot beside him; he saw a figure on a house roof, fired, and brought down a man whose rifle fell with him. He proved to be an Orangeman, and the official report recorded his death as due to having accidentally got into the line of fire!" The soldier was sent back to barracks. Word was conveyed that three lives of the Norfolks would be taken in return.

The Norfolks were withdrawn from the streets. In another case Gwynn says the troops were sent out to search for arms—Nationalist arms of course. By mistake they stumbled upon a Loyalist arsenal. The search for arms was stopped. There had been a lack of tact. Naturally the men found where the arsenal was concealed escaped conviction. Gwynn points out that besides the Special Constabulary of "A's" and "B's," there are the "C" police, unpaid, who are enrolled wholesale by the magistrates. Any Loyalist can go in, put down his name as an unpaid "C" policeman, get arms and ammunition—and then go forth to make use of them. Says Gwynn in the Observer: "These combined forces are crushing the Nationalists out of the quarters which they inhabit."

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Mount Charles,
County Donegal.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE

The publication of the Carnegie Report of Educational Survey in the Maritime Provinces is still a source of much discussion. A Halifax daily paper, The Herald, in its issue of June 27, had an editorial on St. Francis Xavier's of Antigonish. The writer thinks that the Report recommends "a policy which runs counter to the denominational spirit." This statement is open to serious question. However, The Herald's article is here given in full:

In the recent Carnegie Report a feature which especially attracted our notice is the reference to the University of St. Francis Xavier's College at Antigonish. Here is one among many marks of that breadth of vision which our visitors displayed, that in recommending a policy which runs counter to the denominational spirit and method they would be sharp critics of a college in which these have found peculiar embodiment. But the policy advocated in the Report is one which makes ample room for all that has been found valuable in the system of independent universities that it proposes to supersede. The constructive genius always seeks to preserve the past, except in so far as the past would be a handicap in the future. And the Commissioners realize that one's case is not weakened but strengthened when one does ample justice to "the other side."

St. Francis Xavier's College made strong appeal to these investigators, as it has always made strong appeal to ourselves. They report that it impressed them as "a very genuine institution." Its courses appeared to them sound, its aims well defined, its standard high. They admired its annual two months "People's Schools"—a product, we believe, of the tireless enthusiasm of Father Tompkins—for in this provision for untrained adults they saw an original and a successful effort to extend the scope of university teaching and to bring the college into closer relations with the public. As this is a point upon which we have repeatedly insisted in these columns, we say devotedly Amen. And in their report they singled out St. Francis Xavier as sharing with Acadia a distinction in which other institutions of our province are notably deficient. Interest is taken by these two colleges in the training of teachers and in the work of the common school. We quote these significant lines:

"Some active interest was found at Acadia and at St. Francis Xavier's; otherwise, so far as the colleges concern themselves, the lower schools might as well not exist. For them students are born out of the air at matriculation, and little notice is apparently taken either of the educational conditions through which they have arisen or the processes by which they have been prepared. There is but faint perception of the fact that the university is directly responsible for a correct attitude among educated people with reference to the health of the elementary and secondary schools as essential parts of the whole fabric of education."

We look forward to the influence of St. Francis Xavier's College inside the coming central university as a distinct gain to the corporate life. It would contribute something of its own, a special character and policy, which would make the life of the whole larger and fuller and richer. We need various types; and, though we have in the past insisted upon this requirement too much—even pressed it to the grave disadvantage of general education—we must not now so react against it as to fall into the errors of the opposite extreme.

For example, St. Francis Xavier's College stands for the association between scholarship and spiritual culture, an historic association which may be perverted, but which

we cannot afford either to ignore or to break. In preserving this the men of all Christian creeds may well unite, and none is compromising his own faith because he recognizes and supports the devotion that belongs to another. As one passes among the structures, educational and ecclesiastical, that stand side by side in Antigonish, and that make it one of the most picturesque and romantic spots in our provinces one wonders whether anywhere else in Canada there is a centre more reminiscent of Oxford. There indeed the Oxford man cannot but feel the East a real insight into the Christian world. The story of his persistent efforts to begin the evangelization of China, the record of the risks he ran and the opposition he encountered and the sufferings beneath which he finally sank—all this is part of the common heritage of all Christendom. Well may any college in our day be proud of bearing such a name for it is a mission of the East a real insight into the Christian world. The story of his persistent efforts to begin the evangelization of China, the record of the risks he ran and the opposition he encountered and the sufferings beneath which he finally sank—all this is part of the common heritage of all Christendom. Well may any college in our day be proud of bearing such a name for it is a mission of the East a real insight into the Christian world.

Nor should one forget the inspiration which must come to all alumni of the college by the recollection of the great self-sacrificing missionary whose name it bears. The Christian world, regardless of the divisions of sect or party, is at one in doing reverence to the name of St. Francis Xavier. He it was who, nearly four centuries ago, carried the message of the Cross to India, to Ceylon, and to Japan. It was he who amid many dangers and many hardships, by the fervor of a preaching that was united to the force of his example and the sanctity of his life, brought to tens of thousands the East a real insight into the Christian world. The story of his persistent efforts to begin the evangelization of China, the record of the risks he ran and the opposition he encountered and the sufferings beneath which he finally sank—all this is part of the common heritage of all Christendom. Well may any college in our day be proud of bearing such a name for it is a mission of the East a real insight into the Christian world.

THE KLAN AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION

California, as well as Oregon, may be called upon to fight legislation that would mean the dissolution of Catholic parochial as well as other denominational schools at the fall election.

Plans to inject the religious issue into the November election were disclosed here with the circulation of petitions to place on the ballot an initiative measure based on the similar measure framed for Oregon, which would force all children of school age to attend schools maintained by the State.

Officials of the State Capitol declare that the measure is sponsored by the Ku Klux Klan and that the petitions are being circulated for the most part by Klansmen.

LETTERS OF KLANSMAN CHARGED WITH FELONY CONTRADICT SIMMONS

Los Angeles, July 1.—More than one million dollars has been received by Imperial Wizard Simmons and Imperial Klaxif Clarke of the Ku Klux Klan as their share of money paid by the Klansmen for initiation and the hooded robes worn by members of the Klan, according to information disclosed by the District Attorney's office here as being set forth in correspondence of William S. Coburn, former grand goffin of the Klan, who is under indictment on a felony charge in this county. The correspondence, according to Deputy District Attorney W. C. Doran, contradicts testimony given by Simmons and Clarke when they appeared before a Congressional committee in Washington during a government investigation of the Klan.

It is recalled that during the Congressional investigation last October, Imperial Wizard Simmons was notably embarrassed when questioned as to the financial returns of the organization. Bookkeepers' figures, prepared at the request of Simmons and submitted by him to the committee with a great flourish early in the hearing, showed that the receipts of the organization up to June 1, 1920, were \$151,088.72. Later Simmons declared that in the first five years preceding June 1, 1920, the income was but \$15,000. When asked how the bookkeeper could possibly have increased \$15,000 to \$151,088.72 the "Wizard" contented himself with asserting that the bookkeeper was wrong.

Later exhibits on the part of the Klan showed that from June 1, 1920, the date on which Edward Young Clarke, and Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, entered into a contract to conduct its propaganda, the organization had received \$171,000 or a total of \$322,000 since its organization. Of this money, the exhibit indicated, there was but \$12,000 in bank and \$11,000 was invested in

furniture and other equipment. The balance, "Wizard" Simmons, declared went into "field work, et cetera." The "et cetera" was not itemized and no explanation was offered to its exact disposition.

Chairman Campbell of the Congressional committee then read a report which disclosed that \$225,568.84 had gone to Clarke and Mrs. Tyler, but the Imperial Wizard, who had been glibly eloquent on the subject of the Klan's labors in behalf of "honor," "charity," "patriotism," and "Americanism," was halting and incoherent in his replies as to questions concerning finances when Congressman Campbell called his attention to these facts.

A SOLEMN PROTEST

Irish Weekly Independent, June 21

The following is a copy of the document which was issued on Tuesday:

"Statement of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland in reference to recent insults to Cardinal Logue, unanimously adopted, His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin presiding in the absence of His Eminence.

"Things have come to a strange pass when the Cardinal Primate of All Ireland is thrice held up in the course of the visitation of his Archdiocese, and rudely searched by Ulster Specials. On the second occasion His Eminence was covered with revolver and rifle at close range while his correspondence was examined and the box containing the Sacred Oils opened, in face of repeated protest.

"On the third occasion His Eminence was ordered out of his car into the road, and personally searched, while the car and bags were ransacked to the accompaniment of language not wanting in insolence.

"For such maltreatment of an old man in such exalted station there is scarcely a parallel in the annals of the most savage tribe, and as, despite the presence of numerous British troops in the Northern area, there is no Government to give protection or redress to Catholics, we deem it a solemn duty to lay before the Holy Father and the whole civilized world a faint outline of the barbarities heaped upon him, who is the beloved head of the Irish Church.

"EDWARD, Archbishop of Dublin, Chairman.
"ROBERT, Bishop of Cloyne,
"DENIS, Bishop of Ross,
"Secretaries."

FAMOUS SHRINE DESTROYED

Santa Fe, New Mexico, June 28.—Guadalupe Shrine, said to be 275 years old, and famous all through the Southwest as a place of pilgrimage, was destroyed by fire early Tuesday as a result of a defective electric circuit, and the priceless painting of the Blessed Virgin behind the altar was slightly damaged.

Father H. P. M. Le Guillou, in charge of the Shrine, risked his life in his successful effort to save the Most Blessed Sacrament. Entering the chapel Father Le Guillou found the smoke so dense that he was temporarily blinded and unable to find the key to the Tabernacle. He was compelled to force the door with an iron bar. All the statues and precious objects in the chapel were removed.

The painting of Our Lady in the burnt Shrine is a faithful replica of the miraculous picture of the Shrine of Guadalupe, Mexico. This latter is the picture wrought in beautiful colors on the tilma of the Indian Juan Diego by the hand of the Blessed Virgin. The Santa Fe duplicate of the original was executed by Joseph Alzidor in 1783. He was one of the most famous artists of his time in the New World.

Although small, the Shrine of Our Lady here was one of the most beautiful in the Western Hemisphere. Its paintings and statues are dear to the hearts of the devout Spanish-speaking people. The building which sheltered the Shrine and its riches of paintings and statuary was reconstructed many times. There were three roofs between which the fire gained great headway before the volunteer firemen began their fight. They continued their struggle against the blaze for five hours and at last conquered the flames.

IRISH FREE STATE CONSTITUTION

PROVIDES AGAINST THE SECULARIZATION OF SCHOOLS

Dublin, Ireland.—The Constitution of the Irish Free State drafted by the Provisional Government and approved by the British Government as in conformity with the treaty is a document in which many points of the American, Canadian, and Swiss Constitutions have been absorbed and applied. Under the instrument the Free State becomes "a co-equal member of the community of nations forming the British Commonwealth."

Further: "all power of government and all authority, legislative, executive and judicial, are derived from the people."

Parliament shall consist of a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate with an Executive Council or Cabinet responsible thereto. Elaborate and ingenious provisions are inserted with the object of securing the presence of minorities in Parliament and their active participation in government, and of safeguarding religious rights and liberties. The liberty of the individual is inviolable.

The Article relating to the free exercise of religion provides: "Freedom of conscience and the free profession and practice of religion are inviolable rights of every citizen, and no law may be made either directly or indirectly to endow any religion or prohibit or restrict the free exercise thereof, or give any preference or impose any disability on account of religious belief or religious status, or affect prejudicially the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction in the school, or make any discrimination as respects State aid between schools under the management of different religious denominations or divert from any religious denomination or any educational institution any of its property."

Denominationalism in education is here fully recognized. A guarantee is therefore afforded against secularization of the schools—a process which has been carried out to a dangerous and mischievous extent in other countries. The proviso that discrimination shall not be made "as respects State aid between schools under the management of different religious denominations" is extremely important as affecting one of the greatest teaching orders in Ireland, the Christian Brothers. In the past, discrimination has been made against the Christian Brothers in their primary schools. They were excluded from participation in State grants simply because they insisted upon exhibiting emblems of the Catholic religion in their schools. This great and daring wrong in a Catholic country under the Free State Constitution has been rectified.

Clergymen are hereby rendered ineligible for membership in local bodies such as county and district councils. In respect of membership in the Irish Parliament there is no such qualification. So far as the Catholic clergy are concerned, while they have objected to the slur implied in express exclusion, they are not disposed to participate as candidates in parliamentary elections.

It is not yet known what attitude the Irish Hierarchy may take up in regard to membership of the Free State Senate. It is provided that: "The Senate shall be composed of citizens who have done honor to the nation by reason of useful public service, or who, because of special qualifications or attainments, represent important aspects of the Nation's life."

The bishops and many of the priests fulfil this qualification in a pre-eminent degree.

INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM

The Executive Council or Cabinet shall consist of twelve ministers of whom only four need be members of the Chamber. The eight ministers who shall not be members of Parliament shall be nominated by a Committee of Dail Eireann. In this way it would be possible for a bishop or clergyman to become a Cabinet Minister without having to face the ordeal of election.

A feature of the Free State Constitution not to be found in any Dominion Constitution is a provision introducing the system of Referendum and Initiative.

It is interesting to recall that in an article on "Some recent Developments in Politics," by Rev. Michael Cronin, M. A., D. D., Professor of Ethics and Politics, University College, Dublin, published towards the end of last year, a cabinet consisting of persons debarred from membership of Parliament, the Referendum, and the right of initiative on the part of the people were recommended for Ireland. These recommendations have been substantially adopted in the Free State Constitution.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Catholic missionaries first introduced the sugar-cane to the South.

London, Eng.—The diocesan War memorial for the Catholic diocese of Plymouth is a new Lady Chapel in the Cathedral, which has now been completed. This fine building in the West of England has now a Lady Chapel which has been erected at a cost of \$16,000, with its altar costing something like \$1,500. On the front of the Lady altar is a carved panel, recording that the new chapel is the diocesan memorial to the Catholic men of the diocese who fell in active service during the War.

Paris, June 23.—At the General Assembly of the Society of Voluntary Catechists held at the Sacred Heart Basilica, the diocesan director reported that in Paris there are 4,800 women and girls engaged in teaching catechism to children in the churches and Catholic community centers. A certain number of men and also several groups of university students are likewise giving their help to the clergy for the teaching of catechism. The association has branches throughout France and is now being established in Syria.

Paris, June 27.—In connection with the reception of Cardinal Mercier here this week, the French Committee for the Restoration of Louvain announced that the children of the schools of France and other persons had contributed 250,000 francs towards the replenishment of the famous library. This is in addition to 80,000 volumes purchased or donated. The schools of Belgium have subscribed about 200,000 francs. The subscriptions by French and Belgians, it is expected, will reach a million francs, a sum equal to the aggregate of the contributions made by American universities.

Archbishop Mostyn of Cardiff, in opening a new Catholic school in the dingy mining Welsh town of Llanelly, renewed an old offer made to the Catholics of the town which he was Bishop of Menevia. The Archbishop offered to supplement every thousand pounds raised by local Catholics by two thousand pounds from himself. The revenues of the Metropolitan See of Cardiff are by no means considerable, at least not for an archbishopric, and may be taken for granted that in making this offer to the Catholics of Llanelly the Archbishop has been assured of the most generous assistance by the many influential Catholics who live in the Welsh Metropolitan.

Glasgow, June 25.—One of the most notable rallies held by the Knights and Handmaids of the Blessed Sacrament in Scotland was that which marked the first appearance of the new archbishop, the Most Rev. Donald Mackintosh, after his arrival from Rome. The rally was attended by the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, the Lord Abbot of Fort Augustus and many of the clergy. Monsignor Mackintosh spoke of the crusade in Glasgow in a manner that has put new heart into those interested in the success of the movement and it was decided to make the rally an annual event. Father Lester, is the Knight Director of the movement was given a great ovation when he spoke.

New York.—Announcement that the Rev. Laurence J. Kelly has been elected provincial of the Maryland-New York Province of the Jesuit Order to succeed the Very Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, who has been in poor health for some time, was made at the Jesuit Church of St. Francis Xavier in West Sixteenth Street on the occasion of the special services held to implore God's blessing on a group of fourteen missionaries selected to labor in Jamaica and the Philippine Islands. Father Kelly at the time of his election was superior and master of novices of St. Stanislaus Novitiate at Woodstock-on-Hudson. He has held many important posts in the Order, and was for some time superior of the Jesuit missions at Lennardtown, Md. Father Kelly was appointed to the novitiate at Yonkers in 1917.

London, June 20.—For some years the Anglicans have been engaged in the revision of their Book of Common Prayer, which for them answers the purpose of a combined Missal and Breviary, from which Catholic liturgical books it was originally adapted. But as the Church of England is a State Church, established by law, it can do nothing in this direction unless it has first received Royal sanction, since the English Sovereign is also Supreme Governor of the Church of England. Every now and then a report is issued by the Bishops; outlining the revisions proposed. The position for the revisers is rather difficult; for while some of the revising bodies might wish to revise in a Romeward direction, there are others who are only too interested to revise in the direction of the conventicles of Geneva.

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVEY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XXXII—CONTINUED

"Come joy, or come sorrow," was the cry of his will, "let my feet still keep the upward path!" And then a deep and tranquil joy took possession of him. It seemed to him that before this lonely altar his soul had been wedded to some high ideal purity, and he arose and turned away with a paler lip, but with a more steadfast reliance on the law of the Supreme Director of his fate.

Glancing upwards, he was startled to catch the eye of a monk in white garments, who was peering down on him from a small window in a gallery above his head, as if silently and secretly witnessing the compact that the stranger had made with his God. A second and more attentive look discovered to him that it was only the picture of a Carthusian, a cunning fresco, the whim of a painter, who had placed this monk on guard, never to be released from his watch till the walls of the Certosa shall have crumbled into dust.

Having visited the refectory, sacristy, lavatory, chapter-room, and other parts of the monastery, all rich beyond description in marbles, painting, sculpture, Kevin found himself at last treading the great cloister, round which stood the monks' dwellings. Each Carthusian had a little house to himself, four chambers in each, two above and two below, and a sweet little garden, now a wilderness of weeds and flowers, with grapes hanging unplucked from the walls. Here he worked at the particular trade or industry cultivated by him, tended his vine, his bees, his flowers, taught the birds to feed from his hand, and meditated on death and eternity. All was now empty, silent, deserted. As Kevin stood with folded arms at the window, looking down into the neglected garden, the secret of the lives of such men as these, who dwell here, seemed known to him. Overpowered with affliction, crushed by the loss of some one too dearly loved, he imagined the sick heart turning away from a world that could not comfort it, and finding here peace, toiling for the good of others in silent self-effacement, praying, dreaming, with eyes fixed beyond the grave, caring only for the poor, and taking no natural pleasure except from the work he coaxed out of the earth at his feet, or the bird he had lured to his window.

"Poor soul!" he thought, "that hid its struggles here. What was the sorrow that drove it into such shelter?—where is it now reaping the reward of its patient toil? How long the time must have seemed! As for me, I would rather take my burden out into the world, and falter and limp with the disabled and the halt; I should want to hear the world's great voice in my ear, even its groans and cries, and coin my own woe into language that might bring assuagement to its pain. Neither the needle nor the loom would content me. I should want to speak, to sing—"

Here a sound like the echo of a soft, rich note of music, just like the stillness to his ear, as a star will gleam and vanish; and Kevin caught his breath with an impatient sigh, thinking his imagination had deceived him. "It is the old story," he said, as he listened in vain for a repetition of the sound. "Every note in Nature disturbs me with the echo of her voice. So easily beguiled as I am, how slender is the hope I am clinging to now. Let me take warning, and nerve myself for the perpetual disappointment that awaits me!"

Fan and the Signora had arrived earlier than Kevin, and having explored all the wonders of the monastery, were now lingering about those spots which interested them most. Mamzelle was deeply engaged in studying the meanings of strange paintings in an arched gateway leading from one part of the building to another, while Fan, having left her to her reflections upon the same, was fitting up and down and round the Cloister of the Fountain, breathless with excitement and joy. Standing under the shadow of one part of that arched gateway, she had seen Kevin pass with his guide. He had passed without looking up, but she had quickly recognized him. He was on the spot, in the very building. She had only to run after him, call out his name, stretch forth her hands, and end the long separation of years. And yet she hesitated and lingered, possessed by some feeling which she could not understand, which made her hands tremble and her feet refuse to run. She shrank from flying in search of him, from seeing him start in surprise, perhaps perceiving a look of disappointment flash into his eyes at the first sight of her. How did she know that he would not be dissatisfied with the girl, the woman who had now taken the place of little Fan? She would rather see him coming to meet her, prepared to behold her, getting a glimpse of her in the distance, and then seeking her of his own accord. Without having shaped such a feeling into thought, she acted upon it, and flinging herself upon the low wall of the cloister, looking into the garden, and supporting herself by an arm

twined round one of those exquisite pillars that support the arches of lovely terracotta work, she opened her lips, uttering a few rich, sweet notes, like the beginning of a blackbird's song.

"He said he should know me by my voice," she thought. "Now, if his memory be so good, he will come."

Then she paused to gather courage and breath for a louder longer song, a fuller, clearer message to the friend she was going to summon to her side, and in a few minutes the "Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant" broke the solemn stillness, rang through the ancient cloister, and floated, with all its tender supplication, its quaint, wild grandeur, away through the old, startled passages, and across echoing walls, till it fell mysteriously, pathetically, urgently, like a call from Heaven, upon the ear for which its message was intended.

At the first notes of the hymn Kevin gazed at the old monk who had just re-appeared beside him, and the monk gazed back at him, coming with a slight pallor on his withered cheek.

"What is that music?" asked Kevin, scarcely daring to credit the evidence of his own senses. "I cannot say," said the monk, with a happy smile flitting over his grave countenance; "but I have often at night heard heavenly music resounding through these ancient walls. Many saints have lived and died here, and it would not be wonderful if sometimes the angelic choirs should descend to praise God in this now silent and deserted shrine. But I have never before heard them in the daytime."

"That is no angel's voice," replied Kevin, "unless, indeed, a woman may be an angel."

And with these words, which rather shocked the good old monk, he dashed away and left him.

As he hurried along the quadrangle, and threaded the passages that led to the Cloister of the Fountain, the psalm of Killevee, the hymn of his native mountains, swelled fuller and clearer on his ear, and beat more urgently on his heart. He followed the sound, and, guided by it, drew nearer every moment to the singer.

"Ah," he thought, "what bewitchment is this! remembering the night when the same voice, the same strain, waking him out of his sleep, had hurried him out into the midnight streets of London, only to fade away as he pursued it, and to lose itself in the noises of the thoroughfare. 'Am I waking or sleeping? Has an angel, indeed, descended out of the heavens to mock me?'"

But the voice did not grow fainter as he proceeded; on the contrary, it sweet, richer, fuller, more soft and sweet, and following it he entered the Cloister of the Fountain—a delicious, dreamy spot, a tangled garden where tall plants and flowers grew in wild luxuriance, in the centre the wide, white marble basin of a fountain, its carven urn crowned with the blossoms of the cactus. Here and there a straight, reed-like plant, covered with bloom, shot high above the rest, and caught the broad sunlight that fell full upon this wilderness of beauty and the same sunshine dyed to a richer coral-color the sculptured arches of terra cotta upon their light pilasters, which, springing from a low wall around the garden, formed the shady red-roofed alleys of the Cloister.

With one hasty glance Kevin took in the entire scene: the wild, green garden, the light, fairy cloisters, with their coral glow, and high above, soaring in the clouds, the wonderful cupola, circling upwards with its airy galleries and spires and its delicate varieties of tint. But the voice he pursued did not come up out of the fountain, nor did it descend from the heavens. It was coming from a slight dark figure leaning over the wall in a nook by one of the pillars, the head and shoulders in the light, the dark draperies flowing back into the shade, a young, upturned face, with wide, arch blue eyes, and a cloud of soft curls over the forehead, a fair and rosy face, as sweet, as saucy, almost as childlike as the face that had vanished from his home one night, and which he had been longing for and dreaming of ever since. It was not Elsa, it was not Francesca, but it was the very little Fan lost from Killevee mountain long ago. With a slight spring she came to meet him, flying with outstretched hands, and was caught in his arms.

"Oh, Fan! oh, Kevin! is it you? Is it really true?" Weeping, laughing, stammering, clasping and unclasping hands, they knew not how the first minutes passed over their heads.

"My darling, my Fanchea, you are exactly the same; but with what a difference! Half a yard more height, and all these black gauzes; but that is not it all. What the half-blown rose is to the bud, that is what you are to the little one of my memory. And oh, my darling, how beautiful, how lovely you have grown!"

"Have I?" said Fanchea, delighted; "I was afraid I might not be nice enough to please you. And oh, Kevin, do you know how changed you are. If I had not caught a glimpse of you and been able to piece you together, and make you out to be really Kevin, I should have been afraid to introduce myself to so elegant a gentleman." "You saw me, then, before today—lately?"

"I saw you in the cathedral; and you passed me in the cloisters a little time ago."

"You let me go past; you did not speak to me!"

"I had to get up my courage. I think I never could have spoken to you, except by singing. I thought, he will remember my voice, and I sang our hymn. I knew if you were within hearing, it would bring you to me."

"Had I been dead, it would have called me out of the grave," said Kevin, and then broke into further extravagances which it is unnecessary to record.

And then, walking up and down the old cloister, hand-in-hand, like a pair of strayed children, who had lost each other in a wood, been frightened at the loneliness, and found each other before the night came on, they told each other their separate stories, of all that had befallen them during the passing of those eight eventful years. After that they went on the island again together, with the sea rolling in their ears and the white birds circling above their heads. Fan forgot that she had sung upon a stage, and Kevin that he had given poems to the world. They were boy and child again, on the rocks, amid the sea-foam, with Nature's inimitable music ringing in their ears and in their souls; till the sun began to burn redder on the cloister roof, and Mamzelle came from out of the shadows somewhere, in search of her charge.

CHAPTER XXXIII CONCLUSION

"So this is you, sir!" said Lord Wilderspin, glaring at Kevin. "You are the Kevin who has kept us all in fear, holding a sword over our heads for the last seven years, obliging us to resort to dark plots and heartless advertisements lest our little prima donna should be snatched out of our fingers. And here you come, confound you, just in time to destroy all our prospects."

"I am delighted to hear I gave you so much trouble," said Kevin, smiling. "It would hardly have been fair if the pain had been all on my side."

"Impertinent rascal. You are as saucy as the mixx herself. Hallo, Fan, this fellow will beat you."

"My lord," said Fan, gravely. "I have promised Herr Harfenspieler and Mamzelle. Kevin and I have resolved that I must not disappoint you. I will keep the engagement that you made for me."

"You shall do no such thing, you monkey. Those two old people will have to be put in prison! I tell you you are as free as air, and shall do only what you please. As for me, I am not the least disappointed. I have known for a long time that you were only a wild bird fit for a hedge, that you would never do a thing in a cage. Now, I have already bought a hedge for you in your own country, and you can fly off and sing in it as soon as you like!"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said Fan, coloring.

"I mean that I have looked on you as my own child, that is all. Every bird needs a bit of green sod to sing on, and I have bought you a little territory of your own, in the neighborhood of your beloved Killevee. Mind you have a room always ready for me, for I mean to pay you visits."

"Lord Wilderspin," said Kevin, "we cannot accept so much. You have already been too generous to Fanchea. We can never forget—"

"Hold your tongue, sir, and go on writing your poetry, which by the way is extraordinarily good. I tell you this girl has been my daughter for seven years, and you not only come and dare to come and take her from me, but you presume to dictate to me as to what I am to do for her. If you do not like her with the fortune I choose to give her, you can go and seek a wife somewhere else."

So that night, when "Lohengrin" was performed at Milan, saw Fanchea's first and last appearance upon a public stage. The two wild birds, after their long flight round the world, winged their way home to Killevee at last, and took possession of the little kingdom Lord Wilderspin's thoughtful generosity had bestowed upon them. Kevin works hard with his pen, and his name is every day becoming more and more honored by the nobler and purer-minded section of the reading public. Fanchea, in his home, singing over her womanly tasks by his side, is the inspiration of his genius, even as she was in the old childish days when she sang to him on the island and he saw pictures in her songs.

Connor Mor did not long survive his delight at seeing his son return, and at finding him a "clerk and a book-learned man" after all; but the good old mother lives with the young people in their pretty house, and tells her beads, and spins and knits as she used to do in her humble home. Her joy in the success of her children is unutterable, and she often bids them pray that after all the toils of her life "pride may not keep her out of heaven at the last."

Shawn Rua was at first very shy of the handsome young lady and gentleman who claimed his old acquaintance, but he is now a frequent visitor at their fireside, and Kevin takes greater pleasure

than ever in drawing forth the poetic and legendary treasures that are stored up in the memory of his childhood's friend.

Lord Wilderspin keeps his promise of paying frequent visits to Killevee, and is fond of appearing there suddenly, scolding every one within reach vehemently for an hour or two, enjoying himself thoroughly, and in the end going away perfectly happy. His present craze is enthusiasm for Kevin's poetry, though all his life he had prided himself on being a hater of poets.

Herr Harfenspieler still walks his chosen way, with a heart modestly and ardently worshipful of music, cheering himself up with meek and heroic maxims. He has so far forgiven Fanchea sometimes to come and see her in her home; on which occasions delightful concerts may be heard by the birds that flit about Killevee mountain. He loves to wander away alone among the great rocks, and sitting on some airy perch, with his violin upon his shoulder, to pour out delicious wailings that mingle fitly with the piping of the winds and the booming of the ocean-waves at his feet.

Mamzelle has been the slowest to forgive, and is still beating about the world, still subject to fits of the old madness, when she dreams that she may yet paint wonderful pictures which shall be as the works of another Raphael or Fra Angelico. But Fan hopes that when she grows very old and weary she will come to her for shelter and die in her arms.

We will now take leave of our hero and heroine on a summer evening after sunset as they sit in their own little territory—a garden of roses extending down to the cliffs, with the crimsoned ocean at their feet and all the hundred isles they know so well burning on it like as many jewels set with amethyst and amber and gold.

Kevin has just finished reading his new poem to Fanchea. Her hand is in his; her eyes are full of tears. She is not thinking of the applause of the world which may follow this work, but of the higher audience that have been present at the reading, the choirs of angels that have witnessed this new utterance of a strong man's soul.

"Let them be the judges," is the thought of her heart; and she smiles, feeling conscious of their approval.

A cloud of sea-birds rises from their favorite island; they circle and wheel, and fly off in a trail towards the glory of the sun.

So wing all white souls to a happy eternity. THE END

THE FINGER OF GOD

"How can you confess your sins to a mere man?" came from a low-headed, sparkling-eyed student as he haughtily confronted his shrunken and room-mate, Tom Ryan.

"I tell you, Joe, you're not confessing to a mere man in the confessional, but to one who is representative of God," was the now oft-repeated answer from a dark-haired and thoughtful slow-but-sure individual.

By this and similar questions Joe Winter had lately evinced an inclination toward Catholicism, but it was evident from this oft-repeated question that the confessional was his stumbling block. He had been Joe's intimate friend from early childhood and the fact that they now were the varsity battery—"Tom the twirler" and Joe the "receiver"—had further strengthened the intimate friendship which existed between these college chums of such diverse characters and dispositions.

Heretofore Joe had been too vivacious to ever consider anything seriously, but now a strange curiosity regarding religion gripped him. It was the first of February, and the annual retreat was to begin in a few days. Non-Catholic students were not obliged to attend the various exercises, so during the last retreat Joe had remained in undisturbed leisure in his room occupying his time in delving into the Red Book, the Green Book, and in reality voraciously devouring the contents of a host of magazines, while Tom promptly and joyfully attended the exercises of the retreat.

Nor was Tom's example without effect upon his roommate who had observed him closely. Imagine his surprise when upon leaving his room to attend the opening exercises, to hear Joe call after him, "Wait a minute, Tom, I think I'll go over to the chapel with you."

"What?" incredulously stammered Tom.

"I said, wait a second and I'll be with you."

"You don't mean that you are going to make the retreat?" ventured Tom.

"Why not?" chuckled Joe, enjoying his friend's discomfort.

"Well then, hurry up or else we'll be late," was the response of the still "doubting Thomas."

Thus it happened that the two inseparables attended every exercise of the retreat, much to the inward delight and pleasure of Ryan who was so elated over the prospects of converting his friend Joe. This incident led to many animated discussions, concerning the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, but this religious zeal was only ephemeral. The all-absorbing baseball season soon came and upon its arrival, vivacious Joe forgot religion at least outwardly,

but inwardly it was far different. Tom determined to become another St. Paul by praying for his friend's conversion, but Joe's mind became more and more obscured in spiritual darkness and doubt. How Tom Ryan prayed; how he longed that his bosom friend would see the true Light and follow it; but, no, the expected of seeing his prayer answered on commencement day was but one of the many disappointments which he had experienced concerning his most intimate friend. His departure from college days and the separation from Joe Winter are thoughts too sacred for words.

Five years have now flown over the heads of the erstwhile inseparables, for the fifth time commencement day at their alma mater has come and gone with the usual ceremonies of convocation and class day.

Tom Ryan is now ordained and faithfully fulfilling duties of his high calling as curate in the prosperous City of Wallingford, and through all these years he always kindly remembered his college chum during his seminary days in his prayers and now in the Holy Sacrifice.

Dr. Joseph Winter is now a successful practitioner in the young yet thriving town of Sheffield. The sparkling-eyed student of a few years ago is now a religious indifferent.

Although constant contact with men of his kind has strengthened him in his absurd folly, yet somehow he has at times felt that he was not in the "right atmosphere," and though wealthy he was for some reason unhappy.

Early one beautiful May morning as Dr. Winter was returning from a professional visit to an out-of-town patient, he took advantage of this opportunity to indulge in the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country. While slowly riding along his mind occupied with thoughts of college days, his attention was arrested by a peculiar looking object by the roadside. Ever alert to matters concerning his profession he quickly alighted and approached, and to his surprise found that the object of his solicitude was an unfortunate tramp.

The flushed face and agonising groans of the derelict soon convinced the doctor that this was no usual case and upon further examination it was found that this outcast of society was suffering from a severe case of the dreaded disease, smallpox. He gave the poor sufferer what medical assistance he could render, but he knew that death was near. He was about to leave for a nearby farm house in order to telephone the case to the proper authorities, when glancing at the tramp, he noticed that he was desperately trying to speak. The doctor hastily bent over and caught the faintly whispered word, "priest."

"What," he said straightening up and studying the creature before him, "are you a Catholic?"

A light nod and a mute appeal from pleading eyes were the only answer.

"A Catholic and he wants a priest," mused the doctor, but he soon aroused himself to a sense of his duty and was soon driving rapidly for aid. "Should he try to get a priest? Should he endanger the life of the venerable old priest of Sheffield, for the sake of this dying outcast?—these were some of the questions occupying his mind. He would like to have forgotten the request of the tramp, but somehow or other it seemed that he could not banish from his mind the pleading look of the dying man.

Arrived at the cottage, his knock was answered and he was ushered into the hall. "Have a chair doctor, and I'll be—"

"Not now," he answered, "I have important business to attend to, and would like to use your phone."

The authorities having been notified, Dr. Winter was about to leave, when much to his surprise, he saw the venerable pastor of Sheffield enter the hall, and heard a few disconnected parting words: "The danger is past."

"I cannot administer the Sacrament because there is no imminent danger of death. I think he will recover."

Yes, the son of the house would recover, for a stranger was present. Dr. Winter amazed at finding a priest so near, forgetting his own religious indifference, and influenced perhaps by the peculiar position in which he was placed by mere chance, could no longer resist the appealing eyes of the dying tramp.

"Kindly excuse my haste," looking at the man of the house, "will you please step outside a moment, Father?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, sir; I am at your service."

When outside the doctor briefly explained the case, ending with: "Now remember, Father, you are taking your life in your own hands, for it is an aggravated case of malignant smallpox, over which we doctors have no control."

"Never mind further explanations, this is a most urgent case," was the interruption, "and I must go at once; make no delay, doctor, or perchance it will be too late."

Soon the doctor, his mind filled with alternating thoughts of respect and doubt, and the priest, his heart burning with the zeal of an apostle, were driving rapidly away. Arrived at their destination, the priest hurriedly bent over the prostrate man, heard his last confession and with the assistance of the now thoroughly amazed doctor, admin-

istered the last sacred rites of the Church, and soon the weary soul of this suffering derelict winged its flight to heaven. After some moments in silent prayer the priest arose and addressed the doctor.

Doctor, today you have truly played the role of the good Samaritan, and more, you have been instrumental in saving a soul. Let us hope that God, Who is ever generous in rewarding the giver of a cup of cold water to the weary, will not let this kindly act of yours go unrewarded. Verily God is good, God is good!"

"Indeed, Father, yours was the heroic act, for you have exposed yourself to the danger of losing your very life to save the soul, as you say, of a worthless creature."

"My act was only the external fulfillment of my duty as a priest, for when the welfare of one of the children of our Holy Mother the Church is at stake, we must for the sake of saving a soul brave even the danger of death to bring to its salvation. I simply did what any other priest would have done."

"Heroic nevertheless," sententiously, and then with a deferential "good-by" Dr. Winter drove away. His heart now was beating with an hitherto unexperienced emotion and in his mind a veritable tempest between his conscience and doubt was spending itself. What was it that made him feel as if he were fleeing from some pursuing phantom, what was it that had profoundly impressed him so forcibly since the event just narrated? With a searching curiosity of a mind hungering for truth, he recalled again and again the haunting scene of the dying tramp.

"What happiness! What resignation! Not beamed in that weather-beaten face on the arrival of the priest, what a supernatural look had not shot forth from those appealing eyes! And what could have been the source of the mystical qualities at such an awful hour—the hour of death? Suddenly as if by magic like a flash, the answer came—"The Sacraments. These were the soothing anodyne, the panacea which made death so easy for Catholics, which had made the outcast so happy, yes and the ceremonies of the Sacrament and the self-sacrificing priest!" Thus soliloquized the doctor. "Truly there must be something in a religion which possesses such consoling Sacraments and is governed by such holy and self-sacrificing priests or else I'm losing my mind."

Two weeks later Dr. Winter was called to attend the pastor of Sheffield and upon entering the sick chamber, found the venerable priest in intense pain. "What can be the matter?" he questioned, suspecting the dreaded truth.

"Yesterday afternoon," explained the priest, "I felt rather indisposed; thinking that this was caused by overwork I retired early but today I am feeling very ill."

After a brief examination the doctor queried, "I can be frank with you, Father?"

"Yes, doctor, but I suppose there is nothing serious about my case?"

"It pains me to tell you, but you have contracted smallpox, presumably from that tramp whom we attended recently, and although I will do all in my power to save you, I fear your end is near."

"For a moment there was deep silence and then, "Doctor, I will be grateful for all the assistance you can render, and if I must die God's will be done. Since my seminary days long ago, I have always prayed that I might never fail in the fulfillment of my sacred duty, and it seems that God has granted my prayer. Surely the finger of God is here; and some day perhaps you will be rewarded by Him for being the instrument by which I was enabled to fulfil my last duty."

The end came on the third day, and in the course of time a successor to the martyr to duty was appointed in the person of the Rev. Thomas Ryan.

The college chums again are inseparable and one as a Catholic priest discharges his duties as physician of the souls to his flock, while the other as a Catholic doctor is the healer of their physical maladies.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL

(JULY 16)

Like a rose of snowy whiteness in the midst of crimson sisters, the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel shines in the centre of the month of the Precious Blood. Blood has its red and white corpuscles. Hence it is most appropriate that the purity of Mary should blend with the love of Jesus, and that in the month on which the Church especially honours His adorable Blood she should be remembered from whose veins that Blood was drawn.

Her memory has been, according to tradition from the earliest days of the Christian era, attracting to the beautiful mount overlooking the Mediterranean, known as Mt. Carmel. "Carmel's flowery top" was a favorite image for exquisite beauty and fragrance with Old Testament writers. It was one of the most sacred of the sacred spots of the Holy Land, particularly on account of its association with the greatest of Jewish prophets, Elias and Elisha. In fact, there is good foundation for the belief that a school of their disciples dwelt there pretty much on lines of some relig-

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ious communities of post-Christian times.

Because of Old Testament allusions, Mt. Carmel was by the earliest Christian writers used as an image of the Blessed Virgin and the place came to be associated with her. Indeed, according to some accounts, this association began during her life here on earth. Whatever may be thought of such accounts, we have indubitable evidence of the existence from the twelfth century on Mt. Carmel of an organized community of the Order which bears that name today. And the scapular which is associated with the same Order, and which has done so much to cultivate devotion to Our Lady, dates back to the beginning of the thirteenth century of our era. The worth of that badge of consecration, the Mother of our Redeemer, has been emphasized by the many favours the Church has attached to the devout wearing thereof and has become so general that during the late War the finding of it on a wounded soldier was an immediate call for the ministrations of a priest. May this practical testimony to devotion to Mary grow and continue to bring as it has for so many years, special protection in life and death.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

A GLORIOUS RECORD

When His Holiness Pope Pius XI. opened the Twenty-Sixth International Eucharistic Congress in Rome a few weeks ago, he expressed abiding faith and firm confidence in its complete success. In a letter to the Cardinal Vicar after the close of the Congress the Holy Father declares that that hope has been realized in a way that fills his soul with holy joy. The whole world following the proceedings of the Congress with keen interest and ever increasing emotion, and after incident revealed clearly and more clearly to them that this year's Eucharistic Congress was a tremendous tribute to the Prisoner of Love in the Tabernacle.

From the words of the Holy Father we learn how complete and satisfying the triumph has been. "We have seen with special pleasure," says His Holiness, "not only the piety and zeal, but the enthusiasm too, with which the faithful have desired to show their filial affection towards their dear Lord Jesus Christ, Offering of peace and love, and to honor the Prisoner of the Divine Tabernacles with religious manifestations worthy of the city which is the centre of the Catholic world and the seat of the Vicar of Christ."

What particular manifestations to single out the outstanding features of the Congress has been a difficult task for correspondents. All agree that the Grand Procession and Te Deum was the most wonderful event of the whole Congress. As the Holy Father said of it, "the truly memorable and glorious culmination of the Congress was yesterday, when the City of the Popes and Martyrs celebrated the apotheosis of the Holy Eucharist, carried in triumph through the streets decorated for a great festival, in the midst of innumerable multitudes whose applause was the outcome of heartfelt religious exultation. It is an event of world-wide grandeur and significance, such as to remain one of the most glorious pages in the story of Christian Rome."

If the Grand Procession was the most wonderful scene, the ceremony at the Coliseum was a most beautifully impressive. The historic remnant of ancient pagan and Christian Rome reddened with the blood of so many Christian martyrs, and the scene of imperial triumphs, was changed for the day into a vast temple of the Holy Eucharist. Priests innumerable celebrated Masses and carried Holy Communion to thousands on the floor space and to every corner of the old ruin. Fifteen thousand souls, of whom ten thousand were children, received Him that morning. Mothers and fathers, with the tradition of faith and beautiful simplicity of the Italian parent, lifted their tiny children to their shoulders "per vedere Gesu," at the Elevation, that they might see their Lord and their God.

With a swell of jubilation surging in their hearts the vast concourse of people from every nation and tongue that had gathered to view this most impressive of pageants and most holy of ceremonies returned with the Holy Father's prayer in their minds, a prayer that we shall all do well to utter frequently in these tempestuous days when salvation and peace must come if they come at all through the power of Christ in the Eucharist.

"And now," concluded the Holy Father in his letter to his Cardinal Vicar, "that the Catholics of all the world in this centre of Christianity, have consecrated their hearts to Christ Jesus, Victim of love for humanity. We shall continue to pray that these treasures of Eternal life may never be scattered, gathered as they have been in these days of joy and propitiation at the tomb of the Apostles in the arenas where the martyrs shed their blood, in the glorious basilicas of Rome, in the mystic recesses of the catacombs; rather may they form the initiation full of promise, of the second series of Eucharistic Congresses. May it please the Lord, the Prince of Peace, to extend His kingdom over every branch of human society, that the minds of all

men may be brought together in the brotherhood of faith and love, and over the land but lately drowned in blood and tears the dawn of peace may arise, from the mystic ark of the holy tabernacles the dove with olive branch may wing its flight through the skies.—The Pilot.

JASPER PARK LODGE

AN IDEAL STOP-OFF POINT

With the advent of reduced fares to Alberta and British Columbia points, many who have long anticipated seeing the Canadian Rockies and Pacific Coast will make the journey this year. To them, and to the individual travelling "Across Canada" for purely business reasons, the "National Way" and the Canadian National Railways' premier trains, "Continental Limited" and the "National" appeal most strongly, the route connecting as it does the great urban centres of Canada, and traversing regions of outstanding interest. The various Canadian National hostleries en route suggest excellent stop-off points and are noted for the excellence of their service. To their number is added this year Jasper Park Lodge on Lac Beauvert.

Jasper Park, Alberta, in the Canadian Rockies is the largest of Canada's National Parks, its area of 4,400 square miles offering unlimited holiday possibilities to the Tourist and the Sportsman. Dolley Varden trout lurk in the clear, pure mountain streams. Beautiful transparent lakes mirror the encircling mountains, and a new unspoiled Alpine wonderland of snow-crowned peaks and verdant valleys gladdens the eye. In this delightful setting on Lac Beauvert, three miles from Jasper Station (with which it is connected by motor car service), is Jasper Park Lodge, operated by the Canadian National Railways' Hotels Department, and now open for the reception of guests.

Of artistic log construction, the Lodge comprises a large, comfortable Lounge building, surrounded by Dining Hall and separate Sleeping buildings, each containing sitting-room and four bed-rooms, electric lighted, with all modern conveniences, running water in each room, baths, etc. In conjunction with the Lodge is a Dancing Pavilion where good music assures to the guests delightful evening diversion.

From the Lodge a magnificent panorama greets the eye. Mount Edith Cavel, so called in memory of the martyred British Red Cross Nurse, stands out in bold relief, its glittering slopes making it to appear as "a sheet suspended from the heavens." The picturesque valley of the Athabasca is flanked by Pyramid Mountain, the richness of its varied color effects presenting a very striking contrast. Whistlers Mountain, Colon Range, Roche Moutonnee, are but a few of the mighty peaks that meet the gaze. Riding is, of course the popular pastime and ponies are available for this exhilarating sport. Within easy reach of the Lodge, afoot or by motor car, are numerous points of interest. Maligne Canon and Gorge, one of the most interesting attractions in the Park, is but six miles distant. Easily accessible streams will tempt the fisherman. The amateur photographer will revel in Nature's bounteousness. Animal, bird and plant life is found in wonderful variety. Seventy different species of birds, seven hundred different species of plants and flowers have been accounted for, and within the confines of the Park, which is a bird and game preserve are big horn mountain sheep and goat; bear, cinnamon, elk, beaver, otter, marten and deer.

For those more venturesome, who would explore the more difficult and extended trails, guides, ponies, pack-horses and complete outfits can be obtained at the Lodge, from which point also parties set out on hunting expeditions beyond the confines of the Park.

This delightful region is fully described in a new booklet entitled "Jasper Park Lodge," copies of which may be obtained from the nearest Canadian National or Grand Trunk Agent.

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THE ROSARY AND MEN

During the stirring days of the War the professional patriots prophesied that many good things would be effected by it. They told us that it would make men better, stronger. They told us that it would give us a more unselfish outlook upon life. They told us that it would weld the human race together into solidarity. This is not the place to say whether these prophecies have been fulfilled.

One thing, however, the War has accomplished, and that is a deepening of love amongst men for the Rosary beads. In the feminine days that preceded the War only really pious men carried their beads along with them. The general run of men looked upon the Rosary as something fit enough for women and children, but just a trifle exaggerated and piecistic for men. However, out in the trenches, in the long watches of the night, or in the cantonments, after the day's hard work, men learned to love the Rosary beads that not only kept them spiritually in touch with the loved ones at home, but established also a living contact between themselves and the good Mother in Heaven. It is proverbial that practically all of our Catholic soldiers carried their beads with them. Many a boy "going West" asked as a last favor of his pals that they buy him a set of the beads. And many a regiment going into action saw vast numbers of the men with the Rosary beads slung over their arms or hung around their necks. And today at Lourdes there is a touching mountain made up of the Rosary beads which the boys at the front made for themselves out of twigs, bullets, pieces of shrapnel, and such other objects as they could lay hands on. If, then, the War did nothing else than make our men realize that nothing is better than the realizing of suffering, that there is nothing like a love for the Mother of God to cheer and bear up the human heart, the struggle was not entirely in vain. Those who have much dealing with men declare that since the War more rosaries are carried by the male contingent of our Catholic population than ever before. It is a hopeful and healthy sign of a deeper unity.

In the solution of the great problems of reconstruction the Rosary has an important part to play, if we may believe the words of Pope Leo XIII., who in 1885 addressed an encyclical letter to the world on "The Rosary and the Social Question." The evils which he then saw ravaging society are still doing their deadly work—namely, forgetfulness of God, selfishness, and unwillingness to suffer. If in the mind of that great Pontiff the Rosary better than any other form of prayer counteracted the evils of his day, then surely in our day it will not be one whit less potent.

Just because our Catholic men in increasing numbers are carrying their Rosary beads with them daily and saying them dutifully, we may confidently hope they will play a silent but none the less powerful

part in healing the social sores from which post-bellum society is suffering.—Rosary Magazine.

POPE PIUS AND THE GENOA CONFERENCE

The Genoa Conference probably raised more hopes than it could reasonably fulfil. Whether success or failure must be written over it, remains for the future to determine. But one bright page at least was written into the records of the Conference by the attitude and action of His Holiness Pope Pius XI. Before the Conference had assembled the Holy Father hailed it as a harbinger of peace and understanding and took his rightful stand as the champion of charity and elementary human right.

Pope Pius pointed out a fact that some had been inclined to depreciate, namely that this was the first time since the War that representatives of the victorious and vanquished peoples sat down together to consult for the common good, and that therefore the Conference marked a step forward towards the realization of the cherished desire of European understanding and peace. But the Holy Father took care to insist that in the amicable discussion of present conditions mutual confidence and friendship were better guarantees of peace than a forest of bayonets and that the help of Almighty God besought through the fervent prayers of His people was a mightier force than any that statesmen and cabinets could muster.

In the name of the universal mission of charity entrusted to him by the Divine Redeemer of mankind, His Holiness pleaded not for Bolshevism but for its fanning people. He requested that in any settlement of the Russian problem three explicit clauses should be inserted into the articles of agreement, one to guarantee full liberty of conscience to all Russians and foreigners in Russia, another to provide for the private and public exercise of religion and worship, and a third to ensure the security for or restoration of the property belonging to religious bodies.

Such action was needed in view of the reports of the despoiling of Church property in Russia, the imprisonment of its clergy and the barriers that were being raised against the free exercise of religion by the Russian people.

No one will ever be able to estimate the power for good exercised by the Holy Father over the deliberations of the Genoa Conference. His inspiring words to the delegates to "unite in a Christian spirit and mutual good will" for "the great and lasting benefit" of nations and peoples, his insistence that justice should not be separated from charity, and his fatherly appeal for the poor suffering people of Russia with their War troubles aggravated by famine and disease raised the Conference above the plane of mere human expediency to the plane of broad statesmanship and Christian charity. "When the full story of the Conference comes to be told," says the London Tablet, "the action and attitude of Pope Pius XI. will provide not the least bright page in the record."—The Pilot.

WORK ON NATIONAL SHRINE BEGUN

By Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. (Rector of Catholic University of America)

Washington, D. C., June 16.—The countless lovers of Our Blessed Mother will rejoice to know that the long-awaited work of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Washington has begun. On May 31, the Feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, the contract for the construction of the Crypt or basement, was awarded by the building committee of the National Shrine to the Charles J. Cassidy Company of Washington, the lowest of ten bidders. The workmen and materials are being rapidly assembled.

The corner-stone of the National Shrine was laid September 29, 1920, by Cardinal Gibbons, before an audience of ten thousand, and in the presence of Cardinal O'Connell, of the Apostolic Delegate, seventy bishops, and several hundred priests. The Archbishop of Philadelphia, now Cardinal Dougherty, gave Solemn Benediction on the occasion. The ambassadors of Spain, France, Italy, England and other countries were present, besides representatives of President Wilson, the Supreme Court, and the Army and Navy. Altogether, it was the greatest public honor ever paid in our country to Mary Immaculate, and a good omen of the happy completion of her glorious monument.

It is hoped that the Crypt can be opened for worship in two years. It is about two hundred feet long, and occupies the space beneath the great sanctuary of the church. The transept measures one hundred and sixty feet. The height of the Crypt is nearly twenty-five feet. From these figures it can be seen that the Crypt is in itself a very large and impressive edifice. It will hold about eighteen hundred people, and will be none too large for the demands that will be at once made upon it.

The Crypt will have fifteen altars arranged in three semi-circular groups of five each. The High Altar will bear the name of Our Lady of the Catacombs. With its pavement, walls and vaulting, it

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will be the gift of the Marys of the New World, and when completed will be one of the loveliest tributes of the grateful American Catholic heart to the Mother of Our Redeemer, combining all that piety and art can suggest in honor of her who made famous the name of Mary through time and eternity.

The five chapels that close the apse will be dedicated to the Sacred Heart, Saint Joseph, Saint John the Evangelist, Saint Anne, and Saint Elizabeth, the dearest friends on earth of Our Blessed Mother. Of the two other groups of chapels, one will be in honor of Saint Agnes, Saint Agatha, Saint Cecilia, Saint Lucy, and Saint Anastasia, and the other in honor of Saint Margaret, Saint Barbara, Saint Catherine, Saint Dorothy, and Saints Perpetua and Felicitas. All of these holy women were martyrs of Christ, and most of them are commemorated daily in the Canon of the Mass. They will form like a perpetual guard of honor about the Queen of Martyrs.

The plans of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception are now complete, and if all the means were at hand, the noble edifice, one of the world's great churches, could go up at once, and our debt of honor to Mary Immaculate could be discharged by the generation which saw the beginnings of her glorious monument by the stately Potomac.



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Price of subscription—\$1.00 per annum. United States and Europe—\$2.00.

Publisher & Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.

Editors (Rev. James T. Foley, B.A., D.D., Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.)

Associate Editor—H. F. Mackintosh.

Manager—Robert M. Burns.

Address business letters to the Manager.

Classified Advertising 15 cents per line. Remittance must accompany the order.

Where Catholic Record box address is required send 10 cents to prepay expense of postage upon replies.

Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

The Editor cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Every endeavor will be made to return rejected contributions when stamped addressed envelopes are enclosed.

The Catholic Record has been approved and recommended by Archbishops Falconio and Barette, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1922

THE OTHER SIDE

For more than a year the people of Ontario have been requested in a variety of ways to give heed to the school rights of the Catholic minority in the matter of taxation. It has to be admitted that the majority has so far refused to listen. Why? There are various reasons. In this article we can only deal with one of them.

Wars and other evils have in the past resulted from taxation without representation. Today the Catholics of Ontario are suffering from taxation with misrepresentation. Our claims have been deliberately misrepresented, and the general public accepted as true mere statements which are essentially false.

In reporting a speech of H. C. Hocken, M. P., the Toronto Evening Telegram had flaming three-column headlines to the effect that the Catholics sought to divert "millions of dollars of taxes" from the Public Schools and thus "destroy efficiency of school system." This misrepresented even the Hocken exaggeration, for he argued that the diversion would amount to about one million. Of course, he had no ground for his guess. It was only a guess, uttered for effect, but he put it forward with the seriousness of a man who assumed to be truthful, and the point is that many believed him. They did not stop to ask themselves the pertinent question: are we really taking a million dollars per year from the Catholics of Ontario to educate Protestant children? This is the conclusion that should have been drawn, for Catholics only claim to be exempted from Public School taxes where they support Separate schools, according to Section 14 of the Act of 1863.

An amendment of the Assessment Act to give effect to Section 14 would give a few hundred thousand dollars to the Separate schools throughout Ontario. The talk of a million is absurd; but a large part of the public swallowed the absurdity.

The Catholic minority has carefully abstained from suggesting the basis of tax division for incorporated companies. The basis given by the law as it stands is the religion of the shareholders. This has been found to be unworkable, and in any case it is left to the discretion of each company whether to make any division or none. Different Provinces have adopted other plans of division, and the Catholic minority has felt that in Ontario the Legislature is the body which should determine an equitable basis. This omission has been misrepresented. The public has been told time and again that Catholics sought to pool all company school taxes and divide according to population. This is a falsehood. It never even occurred to any of us that we should get part of the school taxes paid by companies when all the shareholders are non-Catholics. But the public has been untruthfully informed that such was our claim, and a large part of the public accepted the misrepresentation.

It is commonly supposed that the Separate School Act of 1863 was accepted as a final settlement. We are not concerned to deny at present that it was so accepted. Archbishop Lynch refused to use the word "finality" in this connection, and

his position has been justified by the false meaning attached to the word now by many who find a morbid satisfaction in misrepresenting the claims of the Catholic minority. The British North America Act of 1867 was a final settlement of Provincial claims and counter claims in the matter of confederation; but the putting of that Act into effect has called forth a stream of legislation in Canada from 1867 to 1922. The legislation which any Act demands or imposes does not prevent such Act from being a final settlement, providing the Legislature does not depart from the requirements of the original Act. Let us assume that the Act of 1863 was a final settlement. In one particular at least it could only lay down what the Legislature of Ontario should do from time to time. It provided that the Separate school supporter "shall be" exempted from the payment of taxes imposed for the support of other schools; but this "shall be" cannot reach assessors and tax collectors directly. It can only reach them through the Assessment Act of the Province. "Finality" in this case means that the Legislature is bound to provide for the exemption of Separate school supporters as often as a new form of ownership involves the diversion of taxes from Separate school supporters to other schools. In other words, a final settlement does not mean a dead thing. A school system is not a fossil. It grows. And it grows in the midst of deep economic changes. The Act of 1863 involved legislative amendments in the Assessment Act. We do not seek to change the Act of 1863, but the Assessment Act. Many opponents have represented that we sought a departure from the Act of 1863, and many others accepted the misrepresentation.

In one of his many speeches on this subject Mr. Hocken is reported by the daily press to have made this statement:

"Every dollar of school taxes collected from any form of taxable property held by Roman Catholics, that can be shown to be held by Roman Catholics, now goes to the Separate schools."

Truth compels us to brand this statement as a deliberate falsehood. No public man can be as dense or as ignorant as one who could make a statement like that in good faith.

We have given only a few samples of the misrepresentations flying about. When, therefore, it is asked why the Catholic minority has failed to make an impression on the general public, part of the answer is found in the campaign of misrepresentation waged against us, while we are debarred by the Ten Commandments from resorting to similar tactics.

NATIONALISM AND CATHOLICISM

When the Great War ended, good men in every country looked over the world to see what means could be devised to prevent future wars. One of the most remarkable essays on the subject was written by Lord Hugh Cecil, M. P., with the title Nationalism and Catholicism. By Nationalism he means the attitude of a patriot to other nations. Patriotism makes a man love his country. Nationalism makes a man hate other countries. The word is not always used in this sense; but this is how he uses it, and we cannot understand his thesis without bearing this in mind.

Corporate sentiment, or what the French call *esprit de corps*, operates potently upon human nature. "If you group three men together and call them by a distinctive name, they will begin to feel a zeal for their body and an antagonism for every other similar body." Organization unites, but also divides. "Men feel this sentiment for all sorts of bodies and organizations with which they are connected; for their families, clans, and nationalities; for the Army as against the Navy; for their trade unions; for their schools, colleges, and regiments." Of all these various bodies, the nation is the only one for the sake of which men now feel justified in killing one another in war. "Oxford men do not shoot Cambridge men, neither do officers of the Guards officers of the Line; and though the contentions of faction have sometimes raised men's minds to such a degree of passion that crime and bloodshed have resulted, no one coolly and soberly defends such excesses. But Englishmen and Germans do feel

justified in killing and mutilating one another for the sake of their respective nationalities."

The League of Nations would be a restriction of nationalism if it could be effectually constituted; but can it? For multitudes of men nationalism is the strongest corporate sentiment of which they have experience. Of all the causes which make men cling together as one nation, "the strongest is not their own mutual affection, but their common fear of some enemy repulsive to them by reason of a distinction of race or language or religion or temperament." The seeds of antagonism are inherent in nationality. "Even from its cradle the sentiment of nationality combines evil with good, nationalism with patriotism, a spirit of emulation and self-assertion which fructifies in war. Nationality has tremendous power, and we shall scarcely charm it into obedience by the pippings of diplomacy."

Why do men make almost an idol of the State? What disposes them to make supreme sacrifices for it? The obvious answer is that man was created a social being, that he is meant to live in society, that the State is part of the divine purpose, and that man has, therefore, the instincts of a citizen as he has those of a husband or father, the State being no less essential to his existence than the family. But whence comes the morbid element in this divine arrangement? "When you pass from the inner life of the State to its international relations, the sentiment has a different ethical character and effect. Why does patriotism develop into nationalism? What makes the wholesome social instincts and passions of man degenerate so as to become the parents of all the wickedness of war?" It will not suffice to give only a summary of Cecil's answer to these questions. He must be quoted in full as follows:

"I suggest that the explanation of this problem is that man is intended to give his highest loyalty and supremest devotion to something greater than the State of which he is a citizen. Just as he loves his country better than his school or his regiment or his trade union, so there is something which he ought to love better than his country. Nationality is not, or ought not to be, the highest object for the corporate sentiment that is so potent a force. Accordingly, when a man devotes to the nation to which he belongs the very highest and best that he has to give, when it becomes the greatest thing that he knows, the supreme object of his love and sacrifice, there is a perversion. And all through human nature perversion is always a deadly danger. It is neither an archaic superstition nor an obsolete doctrine, that idolatry is the first of sins. For it is the perversion of religious instinct, and the religious instinct is the highest and the strongest of human motives. And nationalism may easily be discerned to be a sort of idolatry. For it is one of the commonplaces of theology that every Christian is a member of a body greater than any nation, of a body indeed, which, by a mystery transcending human understanding, is the body of Christ Himself. This body is the Catholic Church. It is that man may play his part as a member of this body that he is gifted with the corporate sentiment and its tremendous power. That he may give himself over with all his soul and all his mind and all his strength to this body and its corporate life he is endowed with the portentous passion which, perverted, desolates the world. And it is by restoring this passion to its true and natural object that nationalism can be purified and restrained and the League of Nations sustained in its work by sufficient power. If every Christian were filled, as he ought to be, with a true spirit of devotion to the Body of Christ, his feeling for nationality would sink naturally into its proper place. The element of hatred would drop out of it because that is inconsistent with the higher allegiance. He would no longer feel hostile to other nations; for his love of the whole catholic body would extinguish all national hatreds and jealousies. All that would be left in his mind would be a healthy patriotic sentiment conditioned at every stage by its higher devotion to the Church, and seen, like all the other sentiments for all the other bodies to which he might belong, in its true proportion, entitled to a duly limited loyalty, the object of a real but strictly controlled enthusiasm."

If, then, humanity is to be rescued from war it cannot be done merely by diplomatic instruments, however wisely conceived, or by leagues of peace, however skillfully organized. The League of Nations will be indeed indispensable as an organ, a body. But it will be weak and futile if it lacks a potent sentiment to be its inspiration, its soul. Only if it is felt to be the organ, in diplomatic affairs, of the true spiritual unity of mankind will it have life and power and authority. It must overwhelm nationalism

with something stronger and purer. And this can only be done by turning devotion and enthusiasm from the nation to that universal Christian Society, the Church."

As an Anglican, Lord Hugh Cecil has not the same conception of the Catholic Church that a Catholic has. He is still entangled in the very nationalism which he seeks to restrain as far as the constitution of the Church of Christ is concerned, as the rest of his essay reveals; but he conceives clearly and expresses admirably the general conditions of a lasting peace.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR M. J. BRADY

Right Rev. Monsignor M. J. Brady, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, London, Ont., has been signally honored by the Holy Father. Monsignor Brady accompanied his Lordship, Bishop Fallon, to Rome to attend the Eucharistic Congress. During a private audience with the Holy Father, His Holiness conferred upon Father Brady the title of Monsignor, in recognition of his long and faithful service in the interests of the Church in London Diocese.

Monsignor Brady was ordained Dec. 8th, 1882, by the late Bishop Walsh, and during his long and active career in the priesthood has had charge of various parishes in the diocese. The magnificent church properties in Woodstock and Wallaceburg, consisting of church, convent and school, are a standing memorial to the untiring zeal of the new prelate.

The CATHOLIC RECORD joins with his many friends in offering congratulations to Monsignor Brady and wishing him many years to enjoy his new honor.

REVELATION

The Bible is an inspired book, or rather a collection of books and contains revelations which God made to man for the purpose of making known to him what he must believe and do in order to attain his eternal salvation. The Bible does not contain the whole revelation which God made to man, but only a part of it. The rest has been handed down to us by tradition.

Man by the light of reason can arrive at the knowledge of God; but it is morally impossible for all men to acquire by reason alone the whole truth about God and the things necessary for salvation. Since God intends that all men should be saved there was need of revelation.

Salvation is the one thing necessary, for which all men must strive. Christ came on earth to teach man how to attain it. His teaching was to show man the truth, to lay down certain definite principles which were to guide men in their belief and conduct. These principles in order to be effective had to be clear and definite, not vague and indefinite. Uncertainties and ambiguities do not tend to foster the truth, but lead to scepticism. It is impossible to suppose that the Divine Teacher would leave men in a state of contradiction. But outside the Catholic Church there exists only vagueness, uncertainty and confusion as to what men must believe and do in order to gain heaven. The reason of this is not far to seek. One by one the doctrines which Christ taught have been rejected, until today revelation itself is disbelieved. Rationalizing modernism has done its work only too well; so well, in fact, that Christianity is merely a name, conveying no meaning.

Revelation is God's truth revealed to man by God. God's truth is unchangeable, for truth is one. What was true twenty centuries ago is true today. Christ founded a Church as it is revealed in the Bible; and with that Church He promised to be to the end of time. He promised that it should be guided by the Holy Spirit. Surely if this means anything, it means that His people should always be taught the truth. We cannot imagine that He did His divine work so badly that there should be no certainty that His Church would teach the truth.

It would indeed be a blasphemous thought to imagine that the truths which all Christians held as revealed by God, from the very dawn of Christianity, should be rejected either as "a beautiful piece of poetry" as Dr. Hensley Henson told his audience at Westminster Abbey when speaking of the Nativity in St. Luke, or as "mere

speculation," as Rev. D. H. A. Major, Principle of Ripon Hall, Oxford, stated in the same ancient cathedral.

Christ's words had a real meaning and they were meant to reveal living facts. The dogmas of religion are not "correct speculation." The Church has never taught speculative theories as necessary for salvation. The dogmas of the Church are the principles of religion which have been revealed by God to man. They are the truth as God is the truth. They are unchangeable as God Himself. And unless we reject the truth of the existence of God and of His revelation to man, we must accept these doctrines with absolute certainty as truth, without doubt or fear of error.

ADVERTISING AND FICTION BY THE OBSERVER

The Co-operative System of purchase, sale, and manufacture has no need of the arts of fiction for its business purposes. The present system divides the community on a false and uneconomic basis; those who want to sell and those who are prospective buyers. There is not much identity of interest between these classes. We do sometimes hear sellers say that it is their best policy to supply sound and valuable goods; but the general practice is not based on that principle, but on the very different principle of giving the least possible value for the most money that can be got.

In a current magazine I notice an editorial from which I may quote in illustration of what I have been saying about the methods of advertising:

"Editors and readers are far from being the only people that buy stories. And writers have many rivals in the art of fiction who never sold a manuscript for publication. It has seemed to us at times that magazine fiction is in reality merely a very small part of the total story output in America.

"Clever business people never lose sight of the value of a story in the sale of their commodities, for they have found out that customers are more likely to fall for a good yarn than the stuff on sale. Up-to-date advertisers now rake and scour the fields of history, romance and poetry for glamorous data to go with their product. If they purvey food, you are told of the feasts given by Lucullus or Epicurus and you may be informed how prehistoric man came to eat his first oyster. If it is jewels that you are offered by the wily merchants, you are reminded of a famous line of poetry which celebrates the eternal fires of diamonds and ruby. If soap is called to your attention, your mind is regaled with an anecdote about the beautiful Cleopatra or maybe the soft and scented lathers that Henry the Eighth liked.

"The stories that have been concocted for patent medicines have perhaps attained the highest degree of artistry and imagination of any commercial effort of the kind. Patent-medicine labels and circulars are always read with fascinated interest by a vast majority of the public. Even when they do not convince the reader, they entertain. "Who will deny that often the real lure of an antique is the story which accompanies it? An object of this description may possess no charm outside of its history. We have seen a worn and cracked mirror, useless for service or ornamental, fetching a dizzy price because Du Barry sold his legendary owner.

"Of course, stock promoters and sharpers are keenly aware of the importance of story value in their fortune-making projects, and apply the full capacity of their brains in putting together the elements of a plausible and persuasive bit of fiction to go with their pretty certificates. Next to appealing to the cupidity of a prospect, they work on his imagination. Fairy tales have been adopted by business to a certain extent.

"Steer clear of the smooth talker who greets you with a disarming smile and a fragrant cigar and who says he would like to interest you in a little proposition. The chances are that he has only a story to sell you—and nothing else."

If the stories were true, their application to the business of selling goods would not be a sound practice, economically; and it is with the economic aspects of this matter that I am concerned. But in fact the stories are so often false or highly colored with fiction, that as a method of selling, they take their place as part of a widespread system of deceit which is as indefensible as it is injurious.

No sound financial and economic foundations can be laid in lies.

sumers in Canada at all. Farmers have begun to organize as consumers; but only partially, as yet. Their principal organization is as sellers. However, that is itself a good thing and will no doubt lead to the adoption of co-operative buying, not only of a few standard farm supplies, but of all kinds of manufactured goods.

A book on co-operation gives the following figures to show the amount of money spent in newspaper advertising; and these figures show also the extent to which the advertising side of the press has come to overshadow the journalistic side. The figures are for the United States.

	Subscriptions	Sales
1880	\$ 49,872,768	\$ 39,136,306
1890	72,354,087	71,243,361
1900	79,928,488	95,961,127
1909	135,065,043	202,538,245

There is an interesting story. Forty years ago, sales of newspapers exceeding advertising receipts by ten million dollars. In 1909, advertising exceeded sales by sixty-seven million dollars.

About one billion dollars is spent every year in the United States in advertising. In 1913, less than two-thirds of that amount was spent on education, including everything from the elementary schools to the universities.

That is a most striking fact. That great country spends a dollar for advertisements to every seventy cents for education. The "education" of consumers to do what it will pay the sellers to have them do, costs a dollar to every seven cents spent on all schools, colleges and universities.

There is food for reflection here, is there not? But how does the Co-operative System better all that?

Under the Co-operative System, the sellers and the buyers are the same people; and human beings will not spend billions of dollars to sell themselves goods; especially not goods they don't want.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WHEN THAT happy day comes which shall see Ireland restored to tranquility, and the arts of peace entered upon that era of development which, historically and temperamentally is the nation's due, the loss of historical documents involved in the destruction of the Four Courts will undoubtedly be regarded as among the greatest penalties Ireland has had to pay for her restored national autonomy, the toll of precious human lives not excepted. To a nation wedded indissolubly to a glorious past, and which has cherished with peculiar affection the few memorials which centuries of repression and oppression have left to her, the loss of the Four Courts archives takes on the character of a national calamity, which will be increasingly so estimated as the years go by.

THIS REFERENCE to Ireland's past may be bracketed with the recent "treasure hunt" (as the daily papers have rather inaptly christened it) at Penatungishene. If that venture has done no more it has at least called public attention to the importance of preserving or restoring such monuments of Canada's past as long years of neglect have left to her. Than the Huron country, watered as it has been by the blood of martyrs, there is no portion of the soil of Canada which has a better right to be regarded as sacred, and therefore merits more the attention of the authorities. Much precious time has been lost, but sufficient historic remains are still in evidence to warrant immediate action, ere these be completely obliterated. There is no surer way of fostering true national sentiment than by keeping alive the memory of those who by their labors or their sufferings laid the foundation upon which the fabric of the nation has been reared.

"By remnants of the past such as these," the Collingwood Bulletin very truly observes, "is the sentiment of the country kept aroused. With everything of this character torn away, the influence of the pioneer would soon be lost. Preserved carefully, these memoirs of the past will be of very great value, not mercenary, but educational, as around them and their associations the writers of history and romance will weave their stories and thereby keep before us the accomplishments of the heroes and heroines who played and lost or won in the great game of opening and developing our Dominion."

IRISH PROTESTANT MINISTER DENOUNCES OUTRAGE ON CARDINAL

A Protestant clergyman, Rev. Canon Trotter, County Galway, has written to the Dublin press declaring that:

"There is not a decent Protestant in Ireland whose blood will not boil with the fiercest indignation at the insult, annoyance and sacrilege proffered to Cardinal Logue as detailed by His Eminence in terms of Christian mildness."

"What," he asks, "has Ireland come to, when any clergyman, not to speak of the most exalted dignitary of his church and one who in his honored old age had by his public utterances shown himself to be the friend of all and the enemy of none, could have to endure such an experience even for a brief period at the hands of scoundrels."

He feels sure that the Protestant Prime, on behalf of the Protestant community, "will express indignation and abhorrence of the dastardly outrage."

AMONG THE newcomers to Canada this spring were a party of thirteen stalwarts from the Hebrides which arrived at St. John on the Canadian Pacific steamer "Tunisian." On the vessel being docked, a St. John reporter seeing a friend aboard called out to him: "Hullo Mac," and every one of the party responded. They all proved to be Macs, says a writer in the Forestry Journal, three being Macleans, three Macdonalds, two Mackenzies, two Mactavishes, a Macpherson, a Macintyre and a Mackintosh. And to accent the Highland and Catholic flavor (for they were piloted by a priest) at their head was a Father Macdonell.

"THEY WERE a handsome lot," proceeds the same writer, "all single men, under thirty, strong and healthy and handpicked for their qualities, all bent on tearing up more Canadian soil. They created considerable attention in the vicinity of Windsor Station on their arrival in Montreal for all are near the six foot mark and some over it and their chests and shoulders are built in proportion. Every one is a veteran of the Imperial Army and several wear decorations won in the late War. Best of all they are only the forerunners of one hundred and fifty Scottish crofters coming to Canada this summer to transfer their farming activities to Canadian soil. And every one is a Mac." Which fact, having regard to similar arrivals in the past, bodes well for Canada.

TO REVERT to the more material, a contributor to the same valuable and purely Canadian periodical, not as well known as it should be, dilates on the monetary value to Canada of the innumerable attractions to tourists which exist throughout her length and breadth. Last year, he affirms, the total number of visitors to our National Parks was approximately 160,000, about 60,000 of whom were from foreign parts. On a low estimate of expenditure per capita, these visitors left in the country over \$18,000,000, for which they received full return in healthful recreation. They left our forests and streams no poorer, and Canada gained the eighteen million and much more in the way of reputation.

THAT BEING SO, why should not Canada with her ideal position and possessions, build up a tourist business worth \$100,000,000 a year? France, before the War, were we reminded, had a tourist trade worth to her some \$600,000,000 a year, and to rehabilitate this source of wealth has now instituted a special Touring portfolio under the jurisdiction of a Cabinet Minister. Belgium, too, has ambitions in this direction, and is spending 16,000,000 francs to put her roads in shape for visiting motorists.

CANADA, THEREFORE, without descending to vulgar schemes of "advertising," should awake to her possibilities by developing her inherent powers of attraction. In her glorious scenery, her game and fish, added to the ease and luxuriance of travelling facilities, lies a magnet asset from which enormous revenues may be drawn. Probably no remaining industrial opportunity, concludes the Forestry Journal, matches the "export of scenery" for sane development, not, it may be added, to speak of its possibilities as a solvent of the taxation problem.

BOY LIFE

Second installment of "Talks to Boys" By the Rev. J. P. Conroy, S. J.

ON BAD UMPIRING

A heart that goeth two ways shall not have success.—Ecclesiasticus. The most irritating thing in any game, and the thing most destructive of real interest, is a bad umpire.

Now, if we study this umpire question we shall discover that there are three kinds of bad umpires. There is the stupid umpire. He means well, but he doesn't know the game, or he can't follow the plays quickly enough.

Next we have the umpire who deliberately cheats, openly and horribly. He calls a fair ball a foul; he shows open prejudices against individuals or against a whole team—a Nero on the ball-field.

And finally, the umpire with a leaning. He secretly favors one side; at first apparently fair, but on closer inspection found to be "giving edge" to his favorites.

This is the umpire who makes us wild. The reason is that he adds sneaking, hypocrisy, to cheating and we are to a great degree defenseless. We may laugh at the stupid umpire and remove him; shake our fist in the cheating umpire's face and eliminate him.

And why the constant increase in strength of our temptations? Because we gave the edge to the notion that we could read whatever we pleased, look at whatever we pleased, go wherever we pleased.

Again, why this ever increasing independence of, even arrogance toward, our parents? Because we let in the little idea some time back that as we grow large they grow small, and as we grow up they have to go down.

And why the constant increase in strength of our temptations? Because we gave the edge to the notion that we could read whatever we pleased, look at whatever we pleased, go wherever we pleased.

Where is this battle fought, and when, and how? It is fought in our own souls, every day, every hour. A continual contest between good and evil goes on within us between the powers of light and the powers of darkness; between grace on one side and sin on the other.

Sin is the aggressor upon grace in our souls, the intruder breaking into our house, struggling to possess the field of our soul. Now, in this battle between grace and sin in our soul grace should win always, sin always be defeated.

Remember, we are the umpires in this all-important series of battles. We know that sin is an intruder, a destroyer, attacking the soul to wreck it. We know that against grace it ought never win a decision, and that when sin wins every rule of the game of life is broken.

And in this contest we do not act as stupid umpires either, but with our eyes wide open. We know all along what we are doing. We know we are cheating God. And it isn't

open cheating in big things. We shall arrive at that stage later.

But we choose little things to start our cheating with. We give the edge to sin. We shade the decisions in sin's favor. We "lean" toward sin, and we do it so cleverly that we render the spectators helpless. God and the angels and the saints can do nothing for us, because we put on an innocent face and assure them that we are really deciding as we see things.

Apply all this to our everyday life and we shall see how true it is that we finally defeat God's grace by giving the edge, the little decisions, to the devil. For example, our prayers, morning and evening. We used to say them and consider it a matter of importance. But now they are gone almost altogether.

Where are our old-time weekly Communions? Look over the list of excuses we have given ourselves for reducing these to monthly and maybe bi-monthly Communions. "I forgot." "I was too tired."

Then our companions: Why have they become steadily of a deteriorating grade? "Oh I let them talk. They can't hurt me. I'd like to see them get me off the track!" That is precisely why they do get us off the track; because we "like to see them do it."

And when the year's end comes, why the "flunks"? Trace them back and we shall see they all began in little laziness, loppings off of home study, little evenings out, little postponements, little misunderstandings the next day at class, little "explanations" at home and to the professor, until finally we could explain anything and everything. And were explaining them, too.

Again, why this ever increasing independence of, even arrogance toward, our parents? Because we let in the little idea some time back that as we grow large they grow small, and as we grow up they have to go down.

And why the constant increase in strength of our temptations? Because we gave the edge to the notion that we could read whatever we pleased, look at whatever we pleased, go wherever we pleased.

Always giving the edge, we finally gave the game to sin. Our umpiring is false, unfair, and worst of all, hypocritical, disgusting God and making Him reject us.

If we are hovering anywhere near this kind of umpiring, my dear boys, if we find ourselves giving the little decisions to the devil, and at the same time are making constant excuses to ourselves that we are perfectly just, let us make up our minds to stop it. Be square on this point, fearless, candid. Decide the case as we see it, but be sure to see it. There is where we lose—we refuse to see the play. After all, this affected blindness, this double-dealing of ours, this sly cheating of God—whom does it hurt in the long run? Only ourselves. We can never win at this game.

JESUIT 'TREASURE CHEST' MERELY A LARGE ROCK

The supposed Jesuit treasure chest at the bottom of the Wye River near Penetanguishene, Ont., turned out to be a flat rock about six feet long, and the inventor of the metal divining rod is disappointed.

Captain Carson, whose dredge moved tons of sand to reach the spot where he had been assured the



Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. J. Brady, D. P.

long lost treasure lay, put on his diving suit and descended to find the chest and put hook chains around it for hoisting to the surface. When he had been under water for about three minutes the bubbles from his air tube increased with such rapidity that onlookers thought he was under great excitement because his search was over.

They were right. The Captain was excited. He was hoisted to the dredge and when his helmet was unsecured the crowd waited anxiously.

"Up anchor, and put for home," barked the Captain. "There's your blasted treasure," and he held up a piece of black rock. "The blasted thing is six feet long, and to think we wasted all this time on such a dumb idea."

The search for the "golden chest" was over.

AN URGENT NEED

The School Question is always with us. To every Catholic worthy of the name the question of Catholic education must ever be a vital one. At the present day, especially, when all parties are struggling for the possession of the child and, through it, of the future generation, Catholics cannot be indifferent to the education of their children in a Catholic school.

But, while championing the cause of our schools and striving for constitutional rights and financial support, may we not sometimes lose sight of what is, perhaps, the most serious aspect of the Catholic school question in our country today? The building and equipping of numerous and palatial school-buildings and the assembling therein of large numbers of our children do not, by any means, solve our educational problem.

It is the teacher that makes the school. Without teachers, all our efforts along other lines will have been in vain. For our Catholic schools, the logical teachers must ever be religious teachers—men and women who consecrate their whole lives to the work in the spirit of an apostleship, solely for the glory of God, the good of souls, and the future of the Church.

In this matter, our conditions today call for serious thought and sympathetic co-operation on the part of all who are interested in the question of Catholic education. There is, at the present time, a most lamentable dearth of religious teachers in Ontario and Western Canada. The supply is tremendously below the demand.

In this connection, "America," the great Catholic Weekly, says: "The greatest and most urgent need, without question, that the Church militant in this country

suffers from today is the necessity of strong reinforcements for the ranks of the devoted men and women who are wholeheartedly engaged in teaching and training the Catholic boys and girls that fill our parish schools, academies, high schools and colleges. The "non-sectarian" or religionless Public school, as thoughtful men are beginning to realize, is the chief reason why American Protestant churches are so empty today; why there are so few candidates for the ministry; why the families of non-Catholics, as a rule, are very small and why the evil of divorce is constantly growing worse.

It is precisely in an effort to meet this pressing need for the education of our Catholic boys in Ontario and Western Canada that the Christian Brothers have established a separate Province of their Order here and erected the De La Salle College at Aurora to prepare religious male teachers for this vast field of labor. They aim to bring to our youth in Ontario and the West the same intellectual development and moral training that have characterized their work throughout the world since the past two hundred years.

The Methodists already have taken advantage of it by establishing the Wesley Foundation, the first unit of which, costing approximately \$500,000, is already built, and plans for a complete group to cost three and a half millions are being worked out and financed. The Disciples are also operating a Foundation and other sects have plans under way.

This opportunity offered the young men and women of the Catholic faith attending the State University to balance their secular training with a higher religious course naturally should appeal to them. That the university officials welcome the Catholic representation is indicated by the following letter written by David Kinley, President of the University of Illinois, to the correspondent of the N. C. W. C. News Service.

"Under the constitution and the laws, State supported institutions cannot in this country provide the religious training necessary to a complete and well rounded education. Therefore, special provision for religious instruction of the young people at such institutions is necessary and should be provided by the denominations to which they belong. This need has already been recognized by the people of the Methodist Church in the establishment of the Wesley Foundation, which has done a great work in the past year for the Methodist students who are attending the University.

The Wesley Foundation and others like it are regularly chartered educational institutions and receive the same treatment in the matter of transfer of credits as other regularly chartered educational institutions located elsewhere. These foundations are intended to give such courses of instruction of collegiate and university credits as necessary to carry out the purposes of the foundation. They also provide for the religious instruction of their own young people."

The frank admission of President Kinley that "religious training is necessary to complete a well rounded education" and "should be provided by the denominations to which they belong," coming as it does from the head of one of our greatest American State Universities which is stopped by law from including religious training in its course, may be indicative of a new thought in popular education.

That Catholic young men and women are present in large numbers in the State schools, supported by public taxes with unlimited means for providing facilities for engineering, agricultural, and other technical training, was disclosed by Dr. O'Brien in a survey made by him at the direction of Archbishop Dowling, head of the educational department of the N. C. W. C. In a statement made by Dr. O'Brien concerning his findings, he said:

"An exhaustive survey conducted by the writer (Dr. O'Brien) for the National Catholic Welfare Council, revealed the startling fact that last year there were in attendance at all

NEW EDUCATIONAL PLAN IN ILLINOIS

WILL ENDOW FOUNDATION TO TEACH RELIGION AT STATE UNIVERSITY

Chicago, Illinois, June 2.—The erection of a Catholic College almost upon the campus of a State university and at which students may take courses in religious subjects and secure credit for them on their university course is the educational innovation worked out between the trustees and senate of the University of Illinois on the one hand and Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph. D., Director of the Catholic Foundation at the University of Illinois on the other. This end already has been consummated at the present foundation and is to be expanded and completed by the proposed foundation for which a million dollars is being raised among the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Knights of America, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the Catholic Order of Foresters, aided by the Catholic Alumni of the University.

INITIATED BY DR. O'BRIEN

The unique educational plan was initiated by Dr. O'Brien, who is a graduate of the Catholic University of Washington and holds his Doctor of Philosophy Degree from the University of Illinois. Under it Catholic students attending the university may elect one or all of three courses at the Catholic Foundation which they may take during their Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years. These are Fundamental Christian Apologetics, the Moral Teachings of Religion, and the History of the Church.

This program can be carried out conveniently by the University of Illinois students as though the Catholic Foundation were an integral part of the University itself. The same opportunity, of course, is open also to the students of any other religious faith which establishes a Foundation at the University.

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MANY CATHOLICS IN STATE SCHOOLS

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the tax-supported educational institutions above the High school in the United States, approximately 40,000 Catholics, as compared with a total registration of approximately 19,000 in all the Catholic colleges for men and women in the country. The Catholic enrollment at Illinois is thus seen to be only the reflex of a nation-wide condition. This is simply stating a fact, a condition actually existing.

"These are facts which cannot be waived aside with a gesture. They must be recognized and grappled with. Owing to the fact that adequate equipment in such technical courses as mechanical, electrical, chemical and railway engineering, in ceramics, agriculture, etc., necessitates an outlay of many millions of dollars, few, if any, private institutions are in a position to offer complete courses in all these lines. Hence, many Catholic students can find only at the State University technical courses—engineering, ceramics, architecture and agriculture."

BURSES

FOR EDUCATION OF PRIESTS FOR CHINESE MISSIONS

These burses will be complete at \$5,000 each, and will provide a perpetual scholarship for boys wishing to study for the missionary priesthood and go evangelize China. Donors to these burses will be remembered by these future priests during their whole sacerdotal ministry.

Rev. J. M. Fraser, M. A., China Mission College, Amonte, Ontario.

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$2,339 55

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$1,367 00

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$2,637 43

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$391 50

A BURSE..... 1 00

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$2,477 43

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$854 05

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$314 80

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$249 00

HOLY SOULS BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$1,433 94

LITTLE FLOWER BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$850 04

SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$2,425 25

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

"MASS POSSIBLE FOR EVERY CATHOLIC"

"From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation: for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts."

These words are constantly interpreted as referring to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. They are considered by preachers and commentators to be a direct prophetic reference to the august oblation on our altars. Do Catholics pause frequently enough to reflect on the importance of the fact that the same sacrifice is offered everywhere by a priesthood united in one faith, in one fold under one visible head on earth? In what other Church can similar conditions be found? These priests are born from different races, under different circumstances of life, their social and political conditions are vastly different, yet with the intention which the Church has they advance each day to the altar of God to offer to Him that sacrifice of adoration. My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts."

The great honor given the Divine Name is closely connected by the Prophet of God with the offering of this sacrifice. It is scarcely an exaggeration to point to that fact as an indication of the active presence of the hand of God. The Church at all times keeps before the minds of the faithful and proclaims before all the world how it was the intention of God to have that "clean oblation" everywhere. Governments might persecute, the Gentiles might rage, and the people devise vain things, there might arise scandals and misfortunes within the very household of Christ, but the will of God would eventually triumph.

THE CHURCH MUST BE MISSIONARY

But how is this accomplished? By the missionary spirit of the Church acting effectively. This means necessarily that the missionary duty of the Church herself be fulfilled, that she establish and maintain missionaries. There cannot be a sacrifice without a priesthood, there cannot be Mass everywhere without missionaries. It is our duty to see that they be sent and supported.

CATHOLICS EVERYWHERE

Another powerful incentive is the presence almost everywhere of Catholics. There is scarcely a corner into which the priest may penetrate that some are not to be found. Often they are careless, often they value little the faith they have not practised perhaps for years, often vice has taken its frightful hold on their lives, but even at the worst there is always a hidden spark of spiritual life. To these people the advent of a missionary is the first step on the road leading to their final salvation. Timid at his approach, they soon begin to realize that he alone can heal the misery of their souls and supply their longing. Mass to them is the great spiritual treasury that God intended as well as the fulfillment of their first duty to Him.

THEY ARE OUR CHILDREN

In Canada we cannot possibly forget that these are often our own flesh and blood. It is our children who are peopling the vast provinces that lie as yet but partially tilled. We may labor to leave them the means to prosper in the world, we may invest with the idea that we are providing for their future. What better inheritance could we leave them than the means to practise their faith!

THE MISSIONARY'S IDEAL

The missionary who goes forth with the authority of the Church to serve the pioneer districts has but one idea—to reach the souls that are there and maintain their Christian heritage. "Mass possible for every Catholic"—that is his great ideal and it is also ours. To gain that object, we appeal to our Catholic people who have this untold advantage at their doors to do their share towards the men who carry the faith into the world of which they have but little practical knowledge. Ask yourself today what you are doing for the Church missionary, the Church really militant in its most difficult environment. Do not say I will attend to it tomorrow. You can begin at once to pray for the missionary, that God may bless his work, you can perhaps share his great Sacrifice of the altar by sending him an Intention, you can aid in our "Dollar Club" by helping to sustain him in the field, you can give something to educate a missionary for the Church, and it may be possible that you are able to build a little chapel for the priest who wishes to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass in suitable surroundings. Let your help be ever so little, it has a value in the sight of God which makes it very real, it is yours, a reasonable service; added to the work of others, it is a powerful factor in building up the Kingdom of God.

Donations may be addressed to:

Rev. T. O'Donnell, President Catholic Church Extension Society 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE London, Ont.

DONATIONS

Previously acknowledged \$5,299 48

MASS INTENTIONE

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes M. Ottawa (7 00), E. G. P. Ottawa (4 00), Miss M. L. Murphy, Montreal (5 00), Friend, Elora (1 00), Bathurst, N. B. (3 00)

3,000 FOLLOW STATUE OF VIRGIN ONCE BORNE BY DE VARGAS AND MEN

Santa Fe, New Mexico, June 28.—Three thousand people of Santa Fe marched in the De Vargas procession here last Sunday afternoon, carrying the small image of the Blessed Virgin from the Cathedral to the chapel in Rosario cemetery, where it is to remain until next Sunday, when it will again be borne publicly through the streets and replaced in the Cathedral.

According to tradition this ceremony has taken place in Santa Fe regularly for two hundred and thirty years, since the reconquest of the city by General De Vargas in 1692 and 1693. The Indians revolted in 1680 and massacred the Franciscan missionaries and Spanish settlers. De Vargas was sent to Santa Fe and promised the Blessed Virgin that if with her help he could take the city from the Indians he would commemorate the victory every year.

Tradition says the image of the Blessed Virgin borne through Santa Fe last Sunday and in many previous years is the same that De Vargas carried. Right Rev. Monsignor A. Fourcheu, for twenty-eight years rector of the Cathedral and for half a century a priest of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, says the procession has taken place every year since he was ordained here, and that it has always been the tradition that it has occurred annually since the time of De Vargas. He says the image is the one De Vargas and his men carried in 1692. Monsignor Fourcheu has a letter signed by the Ordinary of the Diocese of Durango, Mexico, in 1806, authorizing the building of Rosario chapel in the cemetery to receive the image.

A tendency to sin is not a sin, but a will to sin is actually sin.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

HEAVEN OUR TRUE HOME

"In those days again, when there was a great multitude, and had nothing to eat; calling His disciples together, He said to them, I have compassion on the multitude, for behold they have now been with Me three days, and have nothing to eat." (Mark vii, 1, 2).

God made all men for heaven. It is true, He put us upon earth, but our sojourn here will be temporal only; and during these days we spend upon earth, we are to fit ourselves for the blessed home that God intends us to possess. He made us without our co-operation, but He wishes us, because of the nature we have, to merit our reward. The more earnestly and sincerely we work to fit ourselves for our great future happiness, the more does He help us. Every day granted us should be a day of gain; if it is not, it is a day lost. When we say gain, we mean spiritual gain, for we may daily lose in temporal goods, and yet increase wonderfully in spiritual merit. Only he, however, who sees and understands the ways of God, as far as man can see them, will grasp this truth. Others, who do not understand it, will attribute worldly misfortune, loss, and disasters to unfavorable fate, or to a lack of providence on the part of God. God will help us through life, as long as He wishes us to roam the world. He will give every one sufficient time in which to save his soul, and if any one, during this time, is not aided by God, it is because He has rendered himself unworthy of his Maker's help.

The beautiful narrative in today's Gospel, besides showing the power of God, opens up clearly to us the truth that God will protect those who follow Him. The multitude forgot about the material needs of their bodies, while receiving spiritual food for their souls. It would not have been right for them to expose themselves to the danger resulting from the lack of nourishment for their bodies, had they not been under the power and influence of Him who gave them life; for men must not only preserve and protect their life by every ordinary means, but also preserve it as wholly as possible. So it is with the martyr's sacrifice. Had it not been that he was giving back his life to his Maker, he would have been bound to use every lawful means in his power to preserve it; but overflowing with zeal and with an unlimited love for his Heavenly Father, who has promised that whosoever should give his life for Him should find it, he well knew that he poured out his life for Christ.

The lesson that Christians should learn from this instance in the Gospel is that as long as they faithfully follow Christ, they will be protected. But, some one may object, instances can be cited in which true followers of Christ were not protected. In some of the disasters of recent years, many of the victims were God-fearing and honest people. Some would have lost their earthly possessions, totally, or even life itself, rather than offend God. It is true that many who were innocent have met death thus. But even so, nevertheless we assert the more strongly that God protected them. If we were made for earth only, then it would be true that God failed to protect the innocent who were sent unexpectedly to their grave; but we were created for heaven; this was the ultimate end that God had in view when He gave us life. If, therefore, some are taken to their true, eternal home sooner than the rest of humanity expected, or wished, these are not to be pitied; rather should we rejoice that new members are added to the heavenly court. We may feel sure that if these souls were offered another chance upon earth, they would refuse it, rather than leave, even for a day, their happy heavenly home. God granted them an infinitely greater blessing than He would have bestowed by allowing them a longer time upon earth. No one has a right to fix the time or the manner of his death. It belongs to God to summon us from earth as He desires, and when He pleases.

If others are made to suffer because of the death of a parent or a husband, we may be sure that God has reasons for permitting it. Of course, they should not be allowed to suffer bodily want. The State or country should care for them fittingly; nothing could be more proper, nor could money be spent in a better cause than in supplying their material needs. If we are each, individually, to a certain extent, our brother's keeper, how much more should not the State be the keeper of its subjects, especially its desolate ones? Dear Christians, remember always that heaven is your home. If your dear ones are taken there sooner than you would have wished, rejoice over their great blessing. You, yourselves, follow Christ faithfully whither He calls you, and He will care for you, both here and hereafter.

Those who deal in falsehoods must either have a very large stock, or a good memory, or must often change company.

URGES NECESSITY OF RIGID ECONOMY

HOME BANK PRESIDENT DISCUSSES SITUATION

The Globe, June 28th.

Shareholders of the Home Bank of Canada met in Toronto yesterday, and received and approved the annual statement, which was reviewed in these columns yesterday morning. Addresses dealing both with the position of the bank and with the general business outlook in Canada were delivered by President H. J. Daly and General Manager J. Cooper Mason. Perhaps of outstanding interest was the reference by the General Manager to the increased taxes on circulation and the stamp dues to be applied by the Dominion Government. This burden, he pointed out, was distributed among all banks and each would have to bear a share according to its business during the year. As a result of its very widespread application, with its reaction throughout the entire sphere of business, the banks, he said, would be under the necessity of paying more attention to what are termed "minor profits" in order to equalize this new overhead expense. There were many small services that banks customarily performed for the public without charge, but at a small incidental loss upon each transaction. While Mr. Mason does not enter into details on the plan proposed to offset this loss, it is understood that the public will pay for this service, and it is presumed that this was a decision reached at a recent meeting of the Canadian Bankers' Association held in Montreal.

Mr. Daly reviewed the crop outlook, and was optimistic in his judgment of the situation. With an advance toward the realization of the harvest for 1922, he said, it was possible to look hopefully forward to the passing of the depression which marked the close of the year 1921. The reports covering the growing conditions of the crops, he added, were highly satisfactory, and the present condition of growth compared very favorably with the standing of the crop of 1915 for the same period of that year. He sounded a note of warning, however, against the development of an excess of optimism and the undertaking of heavy commitments on prospect alone. He said: "Even though the crop should be a record one, there is still the same necessity for rigid economy to be exercised in the matter of unproductive expenditure. Our greatest need in Canada is for a stimulative immigration of agricultural workers, the erection of comfortable dwellings for urban workers, the increase and extension of manufacturing into the lines of many articles which we now unnecessarily import, and a systematic co-operation between the Government and the manufacturers to create a demand for Canadian products."

In explaining the small decrease in deposits shown in the statement, General Manager Mason stated that it was inevitable that the savings of the community should be drawn upon to meet living expenses in agricultural sections where the crop was disappointing, and in industrial centres where factories that were the support of a large portion of the population had been closed or working part time only. The motive of thrift, on the other hand, he said, had prompted the opening of many new savings accounts by persons who had been less cautious with their money when the volume in general circulation was larger. This increase in the number of accounts, however, was offset by the smaller balances maintained in the average account as compared with deposits of two years ago.

While business conditions are undoubtedly improving in the West, he concluded, "the application of the high protective tariff on exports to the United States has so far had an adverse effect. This enactment had been in operation for a year, and has very materially checked the exports of the products of the Prairie Provinces into the United States, the export of cattle suffering the most serious curtailment."

Reference was made to the appointment of J. F. M. Stewart to the Board of Directors several days ago.

"FULL CATHOLICS"

At the "Social Week" for Catholic students at Brussels, Cardinal Mercier, gave a stirring address to the assembled students. "You must be apostles," said the Cardinal. "Why, then, is our apostlehood, at least partially, so very often unfruitful, though we possess the fountains of life, both for thought and for action? It is because we think that a Catholic is someone who believes in God and observes the laws of the Church. He who is a Catholic in that way will perhaps get to Heaven, but he does not understand the true sense of Catholic life."

"Catholic life must be guided by the presence of the Holy Ghost in the soul. If you want to be 'men,' have time, amidst your daily occupations, to withdraw every day, for a quarter of an hour, for serious

intercourse with God. Meditate, and pray that the Holy Ghost may keep alight in you the divine light. Read the sacred Scriptures. Too many don't know them. Read them every day. Be no half-Catholics. Go to the very end both in virtue and charity. The day of my consecration as a bishop, I said: 'I am saying it still every day to my priests: Be not priests by halves. Be saints.' So I say to you. Feed yourselves at the fountains of the Holy Scriptures and the Divine Eucharist. Why did the martyrs so generously lay down their lives? Because they possessed in themselves the divine life. So I ask you to go to the people with justice and charity. I beg of you, especially of those who will be social apostles, to be full Catholics.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE CHILDLESS

Health Commissioner Copeland of New York City, speaking before the State Federation of Music Clubs, voiced the fear of all sensible people, regarding the effect of race suicide on our American cities. "If it were not for the influx from our outside places," Dr. Copeland affirmed, "New York would be a metropolis of foreigners in ten years. London is 97% English; Berlin is 100% German; Rome is 100% Italian and Paris is 100% French; but in New York 42 different languages are spoken by as many people. The well-to-do of New York city have a birth rate of only 7 to the 1,000, while on the lower east side the rate is 57 to the 1,000."

The problem is not peculiar to New York, to some extent it exists in all our large American cities; but it is very pronounced there, and in no other city is there such concentration of home life in apartment hotels, those institutions of the childless women who have taken the vow of perpetual youth. They strike you as amusing at first, those florid establishments where barren women do a little light housekeeping for Pomeranian dogs, and devote the rest of their lives to decorating their bodies. Grotesque, but after awhile disgusting, horrible. All these empty women dreaming, longing for the indefinite preservation of one thing—youth, youth ever slipping out of their fingers. Dresses without end, of course, and jewelry, but more important still, day after day their squads of renovators and embalmers who work continually the miracle of chemical youth. The product is, of course, frightful. They are no longer human beings, they are so much manufactured goods. What a perversion of a sublime destiny. One could almost be glad at the elimination of such useless things. Yet they arouse sympathy, too, for they suffer so much because they are so hopeless. The things on which they depend for happiness mock them bitterly. It is not so, that there lurks always destruction and bitterness in the violation of God's laws, be our scheming, ever so skillful.—The Missionary.

THE "NEW NORTH"

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

To men who spend their vacation fishing, hunting or canoeing, Canada is first among the countries of the world for the opportunities it affords for indulgence in either of these inviting, invigorating and exciting pastimes. But there is one part of the Dominion which is particularly inviting to the sporting fisherman, the big game hunter or the canoeist. It is what is aptly termed Canada's "New North," reached via Cochran, and comprehends that vast stretch of virgin country contiguous to the Canadian National Railways, Transcontinental Division extending across the upper part of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec for a distance of over a thousand miles, with Hudson Bay as its northern limit. To quote a traveler who knows it well: "It is a virgin country just as God made it."

To the sportsman this northern country is a veritable paradise. Within its vast forests there roam at will nearly all species of big game common to the North American continent. Of the big and burly moose it is the home. Red deer have a wide range and in some sections are numerous, while caribou are to be had by the hunter who seeks them in their feeding grounds. In several districts bear are to be found, while the smaller fur-bearing animals are common to a wide range of territory.

Disciples of Frank Walton will find in the numerous rivers and lakes all that the most ardent of them can desire, both in regard to extent and variety of fish which abound in their waters. Lake, or grey trout, ranging in weight from six to twenty pounds, are common to several of the lakes. Waters in which speckled trout abound are easily accessible, although, naturally, the more remote the districts the better the sport. In some of the rivers and streams are to be caught speckled brook trout (known also as the square tail trout) weighing from five to seven pounds. Good bass fishing is to be had in certain parts, and particularly in northwestern Quebec. One species of fish which is common to some of the older parts of Canada not found in this far-northern country is the maskinonge. But in some of the waters flowing into James Bay are to be caught the lordly

sturgeon, sportsmen having landed fish of this species ranging in weight all the way from twenty to two hundred pounds. In the waters contiguous to Hudson Bay excellent salmon fishing is occasionally experienced. Pike and pickerel are common to the waters of this northern wild.

To the canoeist who seeks adventure in territory beyond the fringe of civilization the waters of the northern parts of Quebec and Ontario afford ideal facilities. Rivers, many of them mighty streams which for generations have served as highways to adventurers, fur-traders and trappers bound to and from Hudson Bay, are almost beyond compute in number, the country being grid-ironed by them. Wonderfully interesting canoe trips, either extended or limited, are available. Take for example the six routes to Moose Factory all of which find their way into Moose River about 80 miles south of Moose Factory on James Bay.

Until within recent years this great new north was inaccessible to those who had but a few weeks' vacation at their disposal. It could not even be reached during an ordinary vacation term. Now, over the lines of the Canadian National Railways, the sporting fisherman, the hunter, the canoeist and holiday seekers in general can, occupying en route modern appointed steel-constructed trains, reach points in this "Happy Hunting Ground" in the course of a twenty-four-hour journey from such centres as Toronto and Montreal and from New York, Chicago and Boston in approximately thirty-six hours.

And there is an interesting little booklet entitled "Where to Hunt, Fish and Paddle in the New North," obtainable from any office of the Canadian National Railways, which enables the holiday seeker to select his camping ground in this primeval paradise.

THE POWER OF THE CROSS

From the middle of this month until the middle of September hundreds of thousands of people from all parts of the world will turn their steps toward Oberammergau, in Bavaria, to witness the Passion Play, which for three hundred years has been performed every decade by the peasants as an act of thanksgiving for the deliverance of their village from famine and pestilence after the Thirty Years' War.

There is perhaps no more soul-touching spectacle, nor one which makes a more powerful appeal to men of all religious persuasions, than this simple story of Christ's surpassing love for men, as manifested in His bitter Passion and death. With none of the adventitious helps of the ordinary stage, with no high-flown dramatic outbursts, this wonderful representation of the sublime tragedy of Calvary, so reverently given by the humble peasants, compels the human heart as nothing else in our modern lives. It is not unusual to find the entire audience of thousands melted to tears at some particularly moving scene, such as the parting of Our Lord from Our Lady, the meeting of the women on the Way of the Cross, or the crucifixion.

The Oberammergau Passion Play is always needed in a world which is ever inclined to drift away from God, but probably never more so than at the present time, when the fundamental lessons of love, reconciliation and forgiveness which it brings out in such a powerful way seem to have been entirely forgotten. But it can teach us also the uses of simplicity. As a consequence of the pyrotechnic methods which were found necessary during the War to promote all kinds of drives, our modern pulpits have become in many instances miniature stages, from which famous preachers, introduced from far-away places, set forth in a theatrical way the story of our Redemption on that day when least of all the human heart is responsive to the artificialities of life. Whilst no one will deny that oratory has its uses—especially if it arouse the latent piety and contrition of our hearts—still it remains forever true that the most soul-stirring account of Our Blessed Saviour's Passion is that narrated for us with such simplicity and directness by the Inspired Writers. Meditation on the Gospel account of the Passion is enough to move the hardest heart. The power of the Cross is seen to the best advantage in the Evangelists' account of Him who made it the emblem of our salvation. It should be the endeavor, therefore, of every sincere Christian to penetrate as deeply as possible into this vast ocean of love.—Rosary Magazine.

PILES

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. One, a box of ointment, or Edman's, Bay St. Co., Ltd., Toronto. Sample box sent on request. Paper and enclosure 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.

ASPIRIN

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Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions of

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Try Lifebuoy ONE WEEK

See the improvement it will make in your skin in that short time.

The odour of Lifebuoy is the greatest health principle ever put into a soap.



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The Piano worthy of your Home is "Canada's Biggest Piano Value" because it is not only a true, quality piano, but one that is built to stand the hard usage of home life.

Hear it at our nearest dealers Write us for Art Catalogue and Prices

Sherlock-Manning Piano Company LONDON CANADA

BLMYER B. CHURCH

Advertisement for Cuticura hair cream, featuring an illustration of a woman's face and text describing its benefits for dandruff and hair health.

Protection Not Investment

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada has no stock upon which investors draw dividends, or which can be bought and sold in the Stock Exchange. It is a Company of policyholders, not shareholders. The policyholders of the Mutual Life are protected by Government supervision, like all other old-line companies. During the half-century since Confederation, the Mutual Life of Canada, with business in force amounting to \$228,697,118, and assets of \$48,211,204.98 has established itself upon an unshakable foundation of public confidence and good will. The MUTUAL LIFE OF Canada WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Advertisement for ABSORBINE, a medicinal product for treating various ailments, including a large knee injury.

LONDON OPTICAL CO

Have Your Eyes Examined Dominion Savings Building Richmond St. Phone 6180

Stained Glass MEMORIAL WINDOWS

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Advertisement for Hotel Wolverine in Detroit, featuring an illustration of the hotel building and text describing its amenities.

Hotel Wolverine DETROIT Newest and Most Modern 500 Rooms 500 Baths Rates \$2.50 Up

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE HARP OF IRELAND

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee, The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long.

REFORMERS

There are few men who have not experienced at some period of their existence the zeal of the reformer.

There are those who would reform our social customs, our personal habits that cling to us and have become dear by their very shabbiness.

There are reformers who attempt to make over our clothing as soon as it is comfortably settled on our backs—reformers who attempt almost everything except our very lives—but, strange to say, there are few who try to make us kind men.

There was a gentleman who was noted for the grace of his social usages, and who, rather late in life, entered the Catholic Church, becoming a member of the congregation of St. Philip Neri.

We are forced to confess that, unhappily there are few reformers who have taken this theme to their hearts.

If no one can well say what is the damage done by an unkind act on a multitude of men—it can truly be affirmed that words cannot measure the magnificent strength of one kind act.

The story is told of a cabman who signed the pledge to please a kind patron, but shortly afterward, fell miserably from grace.

found the unhappy man, and taking him kindly by the hand, said: "John, when the road is slippery, and your horse falls down, what do you do with him?"

The poor cabby's heart was touched to the quick. He caught the proffered hand in a vice-like grip, and said: "God bless you, sir! You'll never have cause to regret this! I'll never fall again!"

"God bless you!" There is no sweeter word that can be uttered in mortal ears than the poor cabman's response to a kindly act.

The greatest men in history, both religious and civil, have never been the keen cutting clever men who could wield the sword "two-edged with pain," but rather men like St. Paul or the Beloved Disciple, who, although the greatness of their revelations uplifted them to the stars—did not disdain to honor the lowly virtue of kindness which stoops even to the dust to serve.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

APPLYING THE SERMON

"O! the pastor'd a sermon was splendid this mornin'!" Said Nora O'Hare.

There are reformers who attempt to make over our clothing as soon as it is comfortably settled on our backs—reformers who attempt almost everything except our very lives—but, strange to say, there are few who try to make us kind men.

"That's the way he went at them, an' faith, it was splendid— But wasted, I fear.

Not there for to hear. An' thinks I to meself, walkin' home, what a pity

"But, indeed, 'twas a glorious sermon this mornin'!"

"Though I'm sorry that some o' the parish had warnin'!"

Vocations—what are they? A simple definition would be—a calling or occupation.

The average young woman of today must learn the wisdom of choosing a vocation. Those who are drawn to God have chosen the most beautiful of all vocations, that of dedicating themselves to God, of becoming a nun.

Then, another vocation may be added, that of the woman who

remains in single blessedness. Perhaps, she in her mind, knows that she would best obtain heaven's reward in that way.

When her vocation is chosen every girl must live up to it. She does not necessarily have to take vows nor become a recluse, for the temptations overcome in the world in daily life are the stepping stones to eternal glory in heaven.

HUMILITY

"The one big thing I strive to keep," said a wealthy young woman to a group of girl friends, "is a sane balance. My good mother taught me this. She had the advantage of me in that she was a poor girl, and she knows the full meaning of simplicity, frugality and patient industry.

This daughter of a wealthy father was speaking mainly of riches. But the same truth would apply to success or advancement in any line of endeavor.

Humility is always a blessed trait, in that it makes the best, and the greatest of us so simple, so plain, so sincere and sympathetic that all mankind will be drawn to us.

Some very successful people have been thrown from their high places by force of circumstances because they did not keep a "sane balance."

Conversation, as conversation, is hard to teach; we can only lead the way and lay down a few principles which keep it in the right way.

And even observing them all, we may be just as far from conversation as before; how often among English-speaking people, through shyness or otherwise, it simply faints from inanition.

True Voice. To be interested in many things, and to give enough personal application to a few things to have some things worth saying about them.

CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM

Then She Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES" And Has Been Well Ever Since



MADAM SLOAT

PREMIER JUNCTION, N.B., Jan. 22nd, 1920 "For many years, I was a great sufferer from Indigestion, Constipation and Rheumatism. My Stomach was weak and gave me constant distress, while Rheumatism in my joints made me almost a cripple.

Then I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and at once that fruit medicine helped me. Soon the Constipation and Indigestion were relieved and the Rheumatism began to go away, and in a few months entirely disappeared.

Mrs. CLARA SLOAT, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa

Do you drink "SALADA"

OR JUST TEA?

There's a distinct difference in favor of "Salada"

For the lack of the spiritual exercises among the faithful—for the lack of a serious remembrance, meditation and appreciation of, those truths of reason and of faith



Cheap lockers are not really cheap—they only look that way. Dennistee! is truly economical.

Write for folders



DENNISTEEL LOCKERS THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED LONDON CANADA

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen advertisement featuring an illustration of a man writing and a fountain pen.

Capital Trust Corporation advertisement listing authorized capital, board of directors, and services.

Begin, live, aspire, realize the best ideal of the moment; and this earnest effort shall lead the way to greater achievement.—H. W. Dresser.

TEA - COFFEE advertisement for Kearney Brothers, Limited, Montreal, Quebec.

Sanctuary Oil advertisement for "PERPETUO" Brand, used in all churches in Rome.

The Home Bank of Canada advertisement featuring an annual report statement of the result of the business of the bank for the year ending May 31st, 1922.

Financial statement table for The Home Bank of Canada, including Profit and Loss Account, Capital Profit Account, Liabilities, Assets, and Auditor's Report.

SUMMER TOURISTS

Catholic visitors at summer resorts in the Muskoka and Lake of Bays districts sometimes find it difficult to attend at Mass on Sundays, through lack of information about the location of churches and the time for Masses. To meet inquiries by interested persons, a subscriber has compiled for publication, from information supplied by the clergy in charge, the following schedule of the times for celebration of Mass at the places here named during the coming summer months:

On the first Sunday of each month, At Bracebridge, 9 o'clock. At Morinus, 10:30 o'clock. At Gravenhurst, 9 o'clock. At Beaumaris, 7 o'clock. On Sundays other than the first Sunday of the month. At Bracebridge, 11 o'clock. At Morinus, 10:30 o'clock. At Gravenhurst, 9 o'clock. At Beaumaris, 7 o'clock. At St. Anne's, four miles from Bala, Mass at 9 o'clock when it is possible to obtain an extra priest. At the Wa Wa Hotel, Norway Point, Lake of Bays, Mass will be celebrated every Sunday during July and August at 10 a. m. Masses will also be celebrated during July and August at the following places: At Depot Harbor, on July 2nd, 16th, and 30th. At Maetier, July 23rd and August 30th. At Port Severn, July 9th, and August 6th. At Honey Harbor, July 10th, and August 7th.

POPE'S WORDS USED TO ANIMATE THOSE WHO SCALED EVEREST

London, Eng.—Words written by Father Ratti—now Pope Pius XI—more than thirty years ago were the inspirations of the Englishmen who climbed to a point within 1,700 feet of the summit of Mt. Everest, according to Sir Francis Young-husband, late president of the Royal Geographic Society.

"Mountaineering proper is not necessarily rashness, but entirely a question of prudence, courage, strength, and steadiness and of feeling for nature and her most hidden beauties, which are often awe-inspiring, and for that reason more sublime and to the contemplative spirit more suggestive," wrote Father Ratti in the Alpinist Bulletin.

"Those words were written thirty-three years ago by an Italian Alpine climber, Father Ratti," said Sir Francis. "That mountaineer is now become Pope Pius XI. and his words exactly express the sentiment which animated all those connected with the Everest expedition, whether in its initiation or execution, and which will continue to animate them until the final goal is reached."

Sir Francis made these statements in his valedictory as president of the Royal Geographic Society.

OBITUARY

EDWARD HOGAN

One of the largest funerals that has ever been seen in Douro was held from St. Joseph's Church, on Thursday, when the body of the late Edward Hogan was laid at rest. Rev. Father McGuire, assisted by Rev. Father Collins, celebrated the Requiem Mass. The Holy Name Society of Douro, of which the deceased was a faithful member, attended in a body and formed a guard of honor at the church and cemetery. Amongst the relatives who attended the funeral were: Sister Berchmans, Cornwall, Sister

St. Rose, Peterborough, Mr. Thos. Babbitt, Oregon, Mr. and Miss Brick, Ennismore, Mr. and Mrs. Perdue, Peterboro, Mrs. and Miss Hogan, Peterboro, Mr. and Miss Maloney, Ennismore, Mrs. Condon, Lakefield, and several others. May his soul rest in peace.

NOVENA OF MASSES FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS

The attention of the clergy and Laity is again called to the Novena of Masses for the Conversion of the Jews, to be held from September 29 to October 7. Priests, willing to offer a Mass for this intention, will kindly send their name as well as the place of celebration of the Holy Sacrifice and the date thereof.

Those persons, who can procure a Mass will be good enough to notify us also, as to the above particulars. We cordially thank all those, who in any way took part in the Novena last year. May God Himself reward them and record their names in His Sacred Heart.

REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR, Convent N. D. de St. West, Prince Albert, Sask.

MARRIAGE

WHITE-FARRELL.—At St. Basil's Church, Brantford, Ont., on Tuesday, June 27, by Rev. Father White, of Tilbury, Miss Mary Farrell, daughter of Mrs. Jane C. Farrell, 24 James Street, Brantford, to Mr. Frank White, of London, Ont.

STEPHENS-RALEIGH.—On Tuesday, June 27th, by the Very Rev. J. F. Player, C. S. B., at Holy Rosary Church, Toronto, Agnes Loreto, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Raleigh, formerly of Dublin, Ont., to Robert E. Stephens, B. A., son of Mr. Robert Stephens, Toronto, and the late Mrs. R. Stephens.

IN MEMORIAM

MAGUIRE.—In sad and loving memory of my dear husband, Patrick J. Maguire Anniversary Requiem Mass on 2nd July by Father Le Rue, Port Arthur.

DIED

NEVEN.—At his home in Chicago, on June 30th, John Neven, a former resident of Dublin, Ont., in his seventieth year. May his soul rest in peace.

CARROLL.—At 1,000 South Main St., Los Angeles, California, June 23, 1922, of heart failure, Francis V. Carroll, aged thirty-two years, youngest son of Mrs. Margaret Carroll, formerly of Arthur, Ont. May his soul rest in peace.

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TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHERS wanted, holding second class Ontario certificates, for Catholic Separate schools, Fort William, Ont. Salary \$80 per annum. Apply to G. P. Smith, Secretary, Room 11, Murray Block, Fort William, Ont. 2284-4f

WANTED a teacher holding 2nd class professional certificate for Separate School Section No. 7, Sylvania, Gray Co. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1922. Apply stating experience and salary to Michael J. Duggan, Annap, Ont. 2284-4

WANTED three qualified teachers, speaking French and English, holding second class certificates, for Ansonville near Trochu Falls. Salary \$100 per annum. Address Box 20, Trochu Falls, Ont. 2284-3

WANTED Catholic teacher holding first or second class certificate for S. S. No. 10, Carleton Place, Ontario. Apply stating experience and salary to Charles Schefter, Sec. Treas., R. 3, Midway, Ontario. 2284-3

WANTED two teachers for Separate School Section No. 6, Stephen & McGillivray, for Senior and Junior classes; first and second class certificates, but first class preferred. School three minutes walk from boarding house. Apply stating salary and experience to John J. Hays, Sec., R. R. 8, Parkhill, Ont. 2284-4f

APPLICATIONS for English speaking teachers, holding second class professional certificates, will be received by the undersigned up to the 15th July, 1922. Minimum salary \$800, maximum \$1,100. Applicants to state years of experience. Apply to M. J. Powell, Secretary of Catholic Separate School Board, Box 102, Sudbury, Ont. 2282-3

WANTED Catholic teacher for C. S. S. No. 4, Polish settlement, district of Hagarty, Wilno, Ont., holding second class certificate. Duties to commence September 4, 1922. Salary \$900. Apply giving references and stating experience to Albert J. Gormon, Sec. Treas., C. S. S. No. 4, Hagarty, Wilno P. O., Ont. 2282-2

TEACHER wanted for Catholic Separate School No. 17, Tp. of Cornwall, holding second class professional certificate. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply stating salary and experience to Alex. J. McLaughlin, Harrison Corners, Ont. 2282-4

AN experienced teacher wanted for U. S. Sep. School No. 1, McKillop and Logan. One holding a first class and agriculture certificates preferred. Salary \$1,000. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1922. Apply to Edward Moran, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 3, Searforth, Ont. 2284-4

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TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 4, Admiston, (Shanrock); Normal trained, 2nd class. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Apply stating salary, etc., to James O'Gorman, Sec., R. R. No. 4, Bonfroy, Ont. 2283-3

SECOND class professional teacher wanted for C. S. S. No. 4, Havelock, in village of Fletcher, on M. C. R. Small school, about 20 on roll. Convenient to church. Duties to commence Sept. 4. Salary \$80. Apply to Clarence Gleason, Sec. Treas., Fletcher, Ont. 2283-4f

TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 12, Peol. Must have second class professional certificate. Salary \$1,000. State experience. Apply to Cornelius Callaghan, Sec. Treas., Box 53, Arthur, Ont. 2282-2

TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 6, Meath, holding first or second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. New school. Salary \$1,000. One quarter mile to boarding place. Address W. Gordon Dew, Sec., Fletcher, Ont., R. R. No. 1. 2284-4

WANTED fully qualified teacher for Separate School No. 8, Havelock. Salary \$850 per annum. Boarding, telephone and church convenient. Apply stating experience, church organist much preferred. Apply to Rev. A. Stanton, P. P., Sec. Treas., Colkery P. O., Ont. 2283-3

TEACHER wanted for C. S. S. No. 10, Admiston. Must have experience. School conveniently situated and beside church. State qualifications. Salary \$1,100. Duties to begin Sept. 1st. Apply to Rev. H. P. Wajsh, Sec. Treas., Colgan, Ont. 2282-2

TEACHER wanted for P. S. Markstay, second class certificate, experience preferred. School, church, etc., in Village on main line R. R. Apply stating salary required to J. Brown, Markstay, Ont. 2283-4f

WANTED teacher for C. S. S. No. 2, Essex Co., Madoc, Ont., state qualifications, and experience. Salary \$1,000. Duties to begin Sept. 1st. Apply to Sec. Treas., James Quinlan, Essex P. O., R. R. No. 3. 2282-1

WANTED for S. S. No. 6, Bromley, an experienced teacher holding second class professional certificate. School beside church and boarding house. Salary \$1,000. Apply to Rev. Wm. H. Deoner, P. P., Sec., Golden, Ont. 2282-3

TEACHER wanted for Public School, Sec. No. 8, Wolfe Island, Normal trained, salary \$90. Apply John T. Murphy, Sec. Treas., Wolfe Island, R. R. 1, Ont. 2282-3

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