

The Catholic Record.

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

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"IRELAND AND ENGLAND IN PAST AND PRESENT"

BY EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER

With the laudable desire of pouring oil upon the Irish sea of troubles, Professor Turner has prepared an irenic primarily for American opinion, but intended also to influence that of the nations involved. If soft, emollient words, sweet reasonableness, a desire to be fair to both sides, and a style with all the virtues but none of the soporific qualities of an anodyne could ever heal an ancient, festering sore, his book would prove the adequate solution of the problem. Of course he has hardly expected to do so much; for the very real contribution he has made to the subject let us be duly thankful and not ask for the impossible.

While the author is studiously correct in his presentation of Ireland's case, and while he forces himself to be kind even to the "miled leaders of the Dublin rebellion" it is plain that his whole sympathies are strong with England. "With the exception of France, perhaps, there is no people in medieval and modern times which has developed so finely as the English or contributed richer gifts to mankind." Everything English is eulogized; even her Puritan wars "were among the best and noblest civil wars ever fought." So, perhaps, the oppression of Ireland has been one of the best and noblest oppressions; but some of us do not think so, and most of us do not care for civil war or oppression at all. Even so the Mad Hatter waxed indignant when he found butter would not make his watch go, though he had been careful to procure "the best butter." Butter, however, is not the proper lubricant for clockworks, nor are civil wars, excellent though their quality, the best way to make a people happy and contented. But, it may be argued, Ireland's wrongs are a thing of the past; for a long time she has been not the Cinderella but the spoiled child of the United Kingdom. Land laws, religious freedom, (2) disestablished church—what more could she want? True, her population has declined from over eight millions in 1840 to little more than half that in 1910, while the neighbouring island has been growing by leaps and bounds, but this is due to "natural causes." In short, it is Ireland's interest to be ruled from London, and this rule must be good for her because "the British Empire is one of the best and most beneficent organizations in the world." England's crimes in the past are admitted, but her character in the present is lauded. It is the old expedient of all lawyers; when the defendant has no alibi, no explanation of the facts, no evidence to offer on the crime as charged, witnesses are called to testify to his character, and they rarely fail to make him out as one of the best and noblest of mankind.

One of the strongest arguments for Irish self-determination is that her case is beyond argument; it is not a matter of interest with her, but of old loyalty and sentiment stronger than death. Has Professor Turner ever visited the forlorn land of which he writes? Has he ever felt the weird sense of "old, unhappy,—far-off things" that broods over the land like a mist? The Irish are still in this enlightened and progressive twentieth century, fighting Cromwell and William III. The people are fey with their ancient heart-break; the eyes of the poor cannot look at the stranger frankly and more, they will not answer him what they think but what they fancy he wants them to say. Blarney on this side of the water passes for a delightful, trivial insincerity; in Ireland it is the curse of a race that dares not speak its own thoughts, but ponders them in the heart until the mind is crazed with sorrow and want. And how the pent-up fury bursts out now and then! And the next day soldiers are hurried from England, and they fire on the "offenders" and kill and wound some and drive the rest to prison, and this is the Government of Ireland that Professor Turner is satisfied with.

The question remains, what to do about it? There are just two theories of Government; to give people what they want or to give them "what is good for them"—which means, what you want. If England must keep Ireland against her will for strategic reasons—for this is Professor Turner's final argument—England will have a perpetual enemy in her own house, and Ireland will be condemned to live forever in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Professor Turner's scholarship is in general so accurate that a few mistakes stand out all the more prominently. George W. Russell usually signs his name "E." not "A. E." Most people, we venture to think, are not "convinced that the Bolsheviks are in German pay." (page 426) "People pledged themselves in a covenant like their ancestors had done once" (page 200) is not good English.

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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SOME FACTS ABOUT THE LATE ELECTIONS

In view of the attempt of the cables to minimize the great Sinn Féin victory of the recent Municipal elections there are a few facts well worth recording. Of the several former assumed to be Unionist corporate cities in Ireland the late election has proved that only one solitary such city is really Unionist. Only one Unionist mayor has been elected in all Ireland, namely the Mayor of Belfast! They have been cleaned out of all the other cities they presumed to be theirs. It has proved a terrific shock to the Orangemen and a startling surprise to Englishmen. Moreover, in three of the largest cities of Ireland outside of Belfast, namely in Dublin, Cork and Kilkenny, the Sinn Féin mayors were unanimously elected—including the unanimous election to the Dublin Lord Mayorship of the "criminal," Tom Kelly, who lay in Wormwood Scrubs prison. Even in the alleged Ulster stronghold of Unionism Sinn Féin captured the following urban Councils—Ballybay, Cootehill, Ballyshannon, Cavan, Monaghan, Clones, Strabane, Castleblayney, Warrenpoint, Omagh and Ballyturk.

The retiring Lord Mayor of Dublin, O'Neill, when nominating as his successor the Wormwood Scrubs convict gave, from his own bitter experience of a year in the Dublin Mansion House, an interesting word-picture of the respect shown the Dublin Lord Mayorship by the English garrison. He said: "The soldiers of the King break his windows, hammer at his hall door with trench tools. His official residence is raided by military and police; his family and himself openly and rudely insulted, at the whim of some understrapper who pulls the wires in Dublin Castle." "But," said O'Neill, "he signs no pledge, and takes no oath, gives no allegiance to any power of authority except to the people who return him, and to you who elect him."

THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN

So high is the esteem in which is held Dublin's new Lord Mayor, the prisoner, Tom Kelly, that even the few bitter Unionists in the Dublin corporation heartily joined in electing him, and loudly cheered his choosing. All this because of the enthusiastic respect and regard that this singularly upright and honorable working-man has, during his long public career, compelled even from his enemies. Yet the treatment accorded to him by the foreigners who feel that the Lord has called on them to establish law and order in Ireland, and to make them respect it. "His home was surrounded in the early hours of a winter morning," said Lord Mayor O'Neill, when he was nominating Tom Kelly, "and he was without summons or warrant, taken from his family, guarded by military with fixed bayonets, thrown into a military wagon, put on a warship, taken to Holyhead, and railed to a distant part of England, and was detained without charge or trial—treated worse than the most abominable criminal, and left lingering—he was a delicate man—in an English jail, perhaps to die."

INDIGNANT UNIONIST PROTESTS

How the English policy of cursing Irish trade is affecting the Unionists in Ireland is well illustrated by the indignant remarks of the Unionist, Alderman Baamish, at the Cork corporation meeting, when he was supporting the election of the Sinn Féin Thomas MacMurton to the chair of Lord Mayor of the city. Baamish said: "I, though a Unionist, was very greatly roused when I heard of the election of Henry Ford's works in Cork. It distinctly showed me that the English were not going to have mercy upon Ireland, in regard to commerce."

THE WALL OF THE IRISH TIMES

The revelation and the blow which the wonderful Sinn Féin sweep of Ireland in these elections meant to the Unionists is well expressed by the howl raised immediately after the election by the leading Irish Unionist paper, the Irish Times. In its editorial it said: "Yesterday, Sinn Féin entered into possession of most of the Borough and Urban Councils in Ireland, and the Republican flag was hoisted over the City Hall of Dublin. Everywhere throughout the country the Councils where Sinn Féin commands a majority brandished defiance at the British Government and proclaimed the supremacy of an Irish Republic. Some of these manifestations were deliberate and audacious declarations of war. In Dublin, Cork, and Limerick the Councils declined to send to the Lord Lieutenant the customary nominations for the High Sheriffs. The Cork and Limerick Councils declared by resolution their unqualified allegiance to the Dail Eireann. In other words, the local administration of the South and West of Ireland is now in the hands of a party which publicly repudiates British government alike in political and in municipal affairs. On the other side of the Channel yesterday's news from Ireland will bring many politicians into rude contact with facts which they have been trying to ignore."

THE PRIME MINISTER'S PRETTY WIT

The many Irish members of Parliament who, without charge and without trial, have for months been occupying English prison cells, (including Lord Mayor Tom Kelly) must certainly have been much moved by the pretty wit of the English Prime Minister when, recently, each of them got from him an official document saying: "Sir,—On Tuesday next His Majesty will open Parliament in person. An address will be moved and seconded in answer to the gracious speech from the Throne. 'I hope you will find it convenient to be in your place.' 'Yours faithfully, 'D. LLOYD GEORGE.'"

IRISH TRADE WITH AMERICA

The quantity of freight that the Moore-McCormack ship Company, trading between Dublin and New York, are securing in Ireland for the return cargo to America, is far exceeding the expectations of those concerned. The steamer Delco of this line, five thousand tons, developed for New York, with a cargo consisting of poplin, moss, beads, skins, books and other printed matter, waste-paper, mackerel, etc. The captain of the Delco, highly pleased with the manner of packing the goods in Dublin, said that they were much better packed than was usual for cargoes coming from that side of the ocean. Mr. McCormack, of the Moore-McCormack Company, New York, has now decided himself to go to Ireland for the purpose of developing the export possibilities of the Irish people are highly delighted with the rapid and assured success of the Dublin-New York direct service.

SHOE PINCHERS ORANGEMEN

Ulster Orange farmers who had been the backbone of Carsonism are now very much in revolt against the British Government, because the shoe is pinching them. The Flax Control Board of the Government is compelling them to sell their flax at an average rate of 325 pounds per ton. While outside of Ireland it is being permitted to be sold at several times that rate, some of it being sold at as high as 1,200 pounds per ton. These Orange farmers have rioted against the Government at Ballynahinch and other Northern markets—and have resisted and defied the police and Government authorities. The London Daily Mail correspondent, sent over to investigate the situation, says: "Large demonstrations are about to take place in Ireland. Even the most loyal of Ulstermen are harboring a resentment sufficiently vigorous to please their Sinn Féin compatriots."

THE BELLEEK POTTERY

One of Ireland's characteristic industries was the manufacture of the Belleek pottery—the exquisite and rarely matched delicate and beautiful pottery, that is made at Belleek on Lough Erne between the counties Fermanagh and Donegal. It was a grief to Irishmen interested in Ireland's industrial development to read in the papers, recently, that these works were to be sold. It has, however, fortunately turned out that a few Irishmen who are keenly interested in Ireland, have purchased the work—have purchased them, too, for a song. This beautiful Belleek pottery has got a name for itself in every corner of the world—and, given the industry, energy and initiative, which it deserves, the works could be turned into gold mine. The sleepy company who had had charge of them hitherto, did not believe in the bother of developing, so long as they had enough demand for as much ware as they were able to turn out, without getting new buildings, new machinery, or employing new hands, they were

well pleased, and let it go at that. Developing was a botheration. Advertising was a triviality. And getting more orders than one could fill, disturbing their armchair repose, was altogether a nuisance. Consequently they were glad to sell out at a profit—for a total figure of only ten thousand pounds—to Mr. Joseph Bolan of Ardee, County Louth, and two associates, who, it is expected, will put new energy into the business, and will develop the noted industry.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE TURK

CAUSTIC ANALYSIS OF BRITISH PREMIER'S SPEECH AND POLICY BY N. Y. TIMES

Having taken all the Turkish territory that would be useful to Britain, Mr. Lloyd George is willing to let the Turk keep the rest. The Armenians are to be protected by losing three-fourths of their territory, and by a warning to the Turks that if they kill very many more Armenians something will really have to be done about it; but in the meantime we are told that rumors of recent massacres are probably exaggerated or untrue, and Mr. Lloyd George does not intend to believe them until there is no getting away from it. And the Kurds are to be punished for their prominent part in getting rid of the Armenians by acquiring independence—under a British mandate.

It would perhaps be cynical to summarize in terms such as these the Turkish policy which Mr. Lloyd George so successfully defended on Friday in the House of Commons; cynical perhaps and ungracious certainly; but that is about what it comes to. Americans, whose own failure to aid in the solution of the Turkish problem has undoubtedly helped to make possible this unjust and unstable arrangement, cannot wholly free their country from the blame; but they are under no obligation to extend admiration of a covenant with death which has nowhere been bitingly and accurately criticized as in Britain itself.

Mr. Lloyd George makes a great play of keeping his word of honor given in January, 1918, that England was not fighting to deprive the Turks of their capital. In the very same sentence he said that England was not fighting to break up Austria-Hungary; but Austria-Hungary was broken up, despite the desperate efforts of a coalition of forces to preserve it, and Mr. Lloyd George has accepted that result. Moreover, to whom was this promise given? Mr. Lloyd George is right in saying that it was not a promise to the Turks. He calls it a promise to the English people and the Mohammedans of India. In form, at least, it was a promise to some labor delegates, and Labor members who took part in the debate in Parliament were all for putting the Turks out of Europe. The English people are, to say the least, divided in their support of the Turk. The Indian argument has undoubtedly some validity, but one is inclined to fear that Mr. Montagu has made a great deal more out of it than the facts warrant.

The international control of the Straits may or may not work. If it does, the same system would work as well with the Turkish Government back in Brusa or Konieh. The freeing of all non-Turkish communities from the Ottoman army," described as another essential part of the treaty accomplished in a somewhat hasty and hasty manner; and the Arabs and Kurds are freed, the Christians are mostly left. "Protection for oppressed minorities" the Premier thinks it easy; merely speak a word to the Turkish Government, which is within reach of an allied fleet. The whole nineteenth century shows that are almost certain to prevent that word being spoken at the right time or in a convincing tone. Also, the Turk must no longer "veto the development of those rich lands which were once the granaries of the Mediterranean." Assuming that this means Mesopotamia, that one war aim has been attained. England has the granaries.

The Premier expressed horror at the possibility that some of the objections to this scheme might be due to "the old feeling of Christendom against the Crescent"—doubtless a polite rejoinder to the recent memorial from a long list of clergymen headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. It may be said that, of the various religious influences which have affected this matter, Christian "has been the smallest. It is somewhat extraordinary that Mr. Lloyd George should be so accommodating to the claims of all religions except the one which he himself professes.

Finally the Premier delivered "a solemn warning against a policy of revenge." The Turk has lost half his empire, he must give up his army and navy and see his capital under an allied flag—that is punishment enough. But his army is still a flourishing and active institution.

The allied flags in his capital amount to nothing if his Government is there. True, he has lost half his empire, and nearly all of it to England. The Turk can take no immediate revenge on England because she is too strong; but there are beneath his hood those on whom he has been accustomed to avenge every defeat at the hands of European Powers—his own Christian subjects. The territory claimed by Armenia has been divided into four parts. The Armenians got one; the Turks got one—around Trebizond; the French got one, and are already having a little war to hold it; the Kurds, got one, under a British mandate. And the irrepressible Armenians are beginning to get massacred again.

The Premier said that up to the present he had not heard anything to indicate that this deplorable rumor was true. He sincerely hoped it was not. But he added if such news came to the Conference tomorrow they would have to consider what steps were necessary to arrest horrors of this kind. Sometimes these rumors were exaggerated; he certainly hoped this was.

SOME FALLACIES OF MODERN FEMINISM

REV. JOHN A. RYAN POINTS OUT ERRORS OF EMANCIPATION MOVEMENT

The Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University at Washington, discussed "Some Fallacies of the Feminist Movement" in an instructive lecture at D'Youville College, Buffalo, on Monday night. He condemned the revolt against all artificial barriers which laws and customs have imposed against woman's unrestricted freedom, and declared that the complete economic independence of woman demanded by the extreme feminists would result in incalculable harm to the whole of society.

Father Ryan discussed the political, economic and moral phases of the question. Pointing to the fallacy of woman's endeavor to compete with men in all things, he contended woman should be complementary to man, and co-operate instead of competing with him. "Woman should set up her own standards instead of striving to reach the standards of men," he said. "Woman's mission in life is just as high and just as noble as that of man. To deny the social claims that rest upon her would be to act contrary to the interests of the social body."

Woman's competition with man in the economic field has not benefited her, Father Ryan declared. He contended that the great majority of occupations in factories and mercantile establishments are injurious to woman if persevered in for any number of years. "According to the United States census," Father Ryan continued, "8,000,000 women and 30,000,000 men were employed in gainful occupation in 1910. Of the 8,000,000 women, 4,000,000 were, however, engaged in agriculture and domestic service. A great number of others were engaged as nurses and teachers, telephone operators and saleswomen, so that probably not more than 1,000,000 remained in active competition with man in the economic field."

Women are entitled for much of the work in which they are engaged at present, and it has therefore become necessary to enact special laws for their protection. Unfortunately many of the measures proposed for the benefit of women are frequently opposed by women themselves, Father Ryan said. The opponents are usually the extreme feminists who contend that woman must be regarded as equal to man in all things and therefore requires no special protection, or others who are actuated by sordid economic motives.

"The objection is made," he continued, "that legislation on behalf of women in industry is class legislation. It is. And class legislation is the only kind of sane legislation. So long as there are classes which differ in their strength, sane legislation should take account of this fact in providing for the various classes of people, according to their needs. The weak need more protection than do the strong."

Father Ryan does not believe that woman suffrage will result in a marked betterment of our political conditions. "In some of the Western States," he said, "the women have had the vote for several decades and so far as I can learn, the votes divide there on the same lines as men. For the most part the women vote as do their husbands, fathers or brothers."

Father Ryan strongly condemned the new sex ethics advanced by wild and fantastic feminists. "The movement is particularly pernicious," he said, "since it aims at the emancipation of woman from all moral law. It is a fallacy to state that the supporters of this movement desire only the individual development of woman. True individual development implies self-sacrifice. What they are aiming at is not equality but the freedom of woman from all moral restraints."

In conclusion Father Ryan expressed the conviction that the extreme notions of the feminist movement will gradually disappear, because they are against the interests of society.—The Echo.

CRUCIFIX UNVEILED IN CITY HALL

THIS ACT ILLUSTRATES THAT POLAND HAS NO USE FOR ANTI-CATHOLIC TACTICS

Posen, (Poland), Jan 21.—An interesting ceremony took place in this city a few days ago when a large crucifix was solemnly unveiled in the large chamber of the city hall, in the presence of the town council and the bench of magistrates. The ceremony of dedication was performed by one of the parish priests of the city, Father Bedmarkiewicz.

The occasion was a festive as well as a religious one, and Father Bedmarkiewicz delivered an address in which he expressed the wish that under the Sign of the Victorious Cross the whole population would labor, both for the welfare of their city and for the entire country.

GREAT EVENT IN MADRAS

An event which is said to have been unparalleled in the annals of the Catholic Church in Madras was the great peace procession recently held there. It was the most solemn and impressive feature of the peace celebrations conducted there. In the procession the Catholics of the two dioceses united in prayer and intercession. The celebration was inaugurated by the Archbishop of Madras, the Most Rev. Dr. J. Adlan, with the co-operation of the Bishop of Mysore. Seventeen parishes participated in the ceremonies, and it was estimated that some 15,000 persons took part in the procession. Masses of Thanksgiving ushered in the observance of the day in all the churches, the Archbishop pontificating at the Cathedral. There Right Rev. Mgr. D. Kues, the Vicar General preached a special sermon on the significance of the solemnities. The walls of the Cathedral were draped with the flags, and the Chief Justice of Madras attended in state. The procession in the afternoon was fully a mile long. Benediction was given at the High Court Park by the Archbishop, and the Te Deum was sung.

PRIEST CHALLENGES DEPUTY

C. P. A. SERVICE

London, January 15.—A sensation has been caused in the district of Reggio de Calabria by a challenge issued by a priest, curate of a small parish in the country, to the Hon. Prampolini, a deputy of the neighborhood, who made what he called a Christmas speech, in which he insulted Christianity and misrepresented the Church. The priest challenges him to submit his statements to ten scientists well versed in Christianity and ecclesiastical history, five to be chosen by the deputy and five by the priest. If the scientists declare that the Hon. Prampolini is right, then the priest will pay 10,000 lire to a local educational institute; while, should the scientists declare against the deputy, he is to pay only 1,000 lire for the Artisans Institute.

The priest makes his offer public through the press, and points out that, if the deputy does not accept it, he will consider it shows fear of the verdict.

So far the deputy has, naturally enough made no sign. This action by a quiet country priest is significant of the way in which Italian Catholics are finding their feet.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Recent excavation in the ancient city of Carthage, Africa, have disclosed numerous buildings and churches.

The First Eucharistic Congress of Cuba was convened at Havana recently in fitting commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the founding of the city.

Father Chan, S. J., belongs to a Chinese family that preserved the Faith for two and a half centuries in spite of all difficulties and even of persecution.

Through the decree of Very Rev. Father Vladimir Ledochowsky, General of the Society of Jesus, the New Orleans Province of the Jesuit Order has been extended from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rio Grande.

Birmahendris, near Algiers, in Africa, has recently celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the Mother House of the White Sisters of Our Lady, who have done a very great deal for the neglected women and girls of that part of the world.

All of the buildings and recreational equipment of the Knights of Columbus in Nome, Alaska, has been turned over to 1,000 Indian children, whose parents were victims of the influenza epidemic.

Affiliated to the Catholic University, Washington, are now 184 of our leading Catholic academies and high schools. The University had, up to this academic year, examined 33,000 papers sent from academies, colleges and schools.

Engaged in the mission fields there were, in 1918, 3,839 Jesuits. In Asia there were 781, in the Pacific Islands, 226; in Africa, 240; the others were mostly in North and South America. The War occasioned the order a loss of nearly 2,000 priests, brothers and scholars.

Three of the most important Sees in the Church, whose archbishops are generally created cardinals, are now without that dignity. They are Breslau, Cologne, and New York, and they are numerically and in importance the three largest Sees in the Church.

Rome, Feb. 21.—Count Camillo Pecci, nephew of the late Pope Leo XIII, is dead. When his uncle was Pope the Count was an important personage at the Pontifical court. He married Silvia Bueno Garzon of Havana. Count Pecci's daughter married the son of the Duchess of Montemorency.

Marshal Foch's field automobile, which carried the allied generalissimo to all parts of the west front during the critical phases of the War, was "knocked off" at auction in Paris for 74,000 francs (normally \$14,800). The Government bought it for Foch at about one-fifth of that price. The present owner intends to present the machine to a museum.

No contribution to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith shows a deeper sense of religious obligation or probably represents more self-sacrifice than that coming from the afflicted lepers at Molokai. The latest annual report of the Hawaiian Branch of the Society, Rev. Reginald Yzendoorn, S. H. Pic, Diocesan Director, shows that the lepers gave \$155.25 to foreign missions.

The Government of the Republic of Poland has decided to reopen the Catholic University of Vilms. This university was founded in 1878, and in the days of its prosperity the number of students attending the courses ran into several thousands. Already steps have been taken to begin the courses of study, and in a short time the university will be established on a sound footing.

The death is announced of the Right Rev. Bernard Ward, Catholic Bishop of Brentwood (Essex) England. He was born in 1857, in a house which now forms the preparatory portion of St. Edmund's College, at which establishment his father William George Ward—"Ideal Ward," of the Oxford Movement—was then a professor of theology. He was a brother of the late Wilfrid Ward.

King Victor Emmanuel, at the invitation of Cardinal Maffi, Archbishop of Pisa, visited the ancient basilica of St. Peter, near Pisa, where excavations are being made which seem to prove that the site was actually visited by St. Peter, in whose memory the original church was erected. The present basilica was erected on the ruins of the early church, built in the fourth century. Tradition says the church marks the landing place of St. Peter on his way to Rome, the church being near the seashore.

The Austrian Government has requested the Vatican to agree to the appointment of Prof. Ludwig Pastor as its diplomatic representative to the Holy See. Professor Pastor would simply be chargé d'affaires, pending the creation of an Austrian legation. The Vatican at once agreed to the appointment of Professor Pastor, who is a well-known author on the history of the Popes of the Renaissance and has many friends at the Vatican whom he met during his studies there.

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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XIII.

OLD OCEAN VISITED AND NEW FRIENDS FOUND

The month of August had come, and Rosine, never fully recovered from the spring campaign, was drooping. Dr. Hartland advised his father, who was overworked, to try sea bathing for himself and his daughter. Accordingly a small quiet farm house was rented, adjoining one of the finest beaches in the country, and a place of great resort for those seeking health or pleasure. Mrs. Hartland remained in town to keep house for the doctor, who could not leave his station during the most unhealthy season. This retirement and freedom from care gave the Colonel an opportunity for nearer and more intimate acquaintance with the daughter who was growing daily into his heart. We have said before, and they were not wrong, although it would be hard to believe that a mile above them, multitudes sought not a place of rest and repose, but the occasion of displaying themselves and their appointments. The snug farm-house, ill-contrived and small, was selected by our friends for its freedom from company and its proximity to the beach, only a few barren acres separating them from the full sea. Here, with only a maid-servant, Rosine and her dear Colonel were fairly domiciled; she declaring she would be bored to death with his company, she asserting that she wanted no other society. To Rosine the sea in all its sublimity and beauty was a newly opened volume, and she never tired of its study, gazing at the brilliant pictures, and perusing the unwritten pages with an ever new delight. Colonel Hartland gave her daily lessons in swimming, and in an incredibly short time the timid venturer, who scarcely felt secure when supported by a stout arm, would leap into the surf alone, and venture further than even her teacher thought quite prudent. She soon learned the hours when she could have a quiet stroll, meeting only an occasional straggler, who, like herself, sought solitude.

From the windows she loved to watch the fashionables who at set times came to the beach and donned their hideous dresses for bathing, as well as the same fashionables when they came with their splendid turnouts for driving. The fine horses were objects of admiration to both Rosine and her companion, and though they did not bet on the winners in the race, they would always, in true Yankee fashion, give a "guess" as to the fortunate one. They had been in their new quarters nearly two weeks, when they were surprised one evening by the entrance of Dr. Hartland and his mother.

"We have come for the whole of tomorrow," said the doctor, as Rosine rushed to the door to greet them, "and perhaps longer," he added. "I am driven to death, and as for mother, she can't live another day without a sight of the Colonel. I can go up town for lodgings, if you can't accommodate me."

"Of course we can," replied Rosine, "and I will see about dinner." "Dinner!" he exclaimed; "we attended to that vain affair in the mundane sphere from which we have just emerged; but hurry, Rosita, for I want you to show me the sea before the sun dips."

She ran for her hat with delight. "You really look better already, both you and father," said he, drawing her arm within his; "not a word have I heard, only business letters from father. I expected you to keep a journal for me, and tell me if you were disappointed in old ocean."

"Disappointed, Ned? Impossible! I can't say this beach reaches my expectations, but the sea—boundless, fathomless, sublime—all language seems spiritless when speaking of its majesty."

"Yes, Rosie, there is everything in it to excite wonder, awe, and admiration, but do you love it?" "Not exactly," she replied, "not as I do the dear brook at grandfather's, or the lovely Quineboag that we see from Hawthorndean. I love it as I might the Empress Eugenie, or some great, far off personage, not as I do the Colonel and my home friends. Fear never leaves me when I look far off into its depths. I don't think I would like to live near it, but it makes me feel how very little and weak I am; and I think," she added, reverentially, "it gives me grander thoughts of the Creator."

"Yes," said her companion, thoughtfully, "it must inspire every thinking mind with the vastness of the unfathomable nature that could create such an image of infinity; but I don't love it, I am free to say it has no charm for me; it is too changing and inconstant; it has shattered too many human hopes, and swept so many dear ones into its unknown depths. It is infinitely without mercy. Give me

"The woodland scene, Where wanders the stream with its waters of green.

O, Rosa, one clear trout-brook, shaded by an alder copse or the shrived willow, is dearer to me than all old ocean's waters; that makes me calmer, happier, better; this excites my stormy nature to rebellion. It is antagonistic; not without cause, perhaps," he added, dropping his voice,

and putting his hand to his brow, as if to suppress some painful emotion, "for it covers in its depths the dearest earthly friend I shall ever know." Rosine let her hand slip into his with a gentle pressure, and said, "Tell me about it; but he shook off the sudden sadness as instantly as it had come upon him, and continued the conversation in his usual tone, as if nothing had occurred to disturb him.

"Come, tell me, sister mine, are you happy here? What do you find to do? Do you dive every day, and has the Colonel taught you to swim?" "So many questions!" replied she, in a gay tone, assisting his effort to disguise his emotion. "I will begin with the last; yes, we swim, and father and I take a dive every morning before the gentry quit their beds," she added, disengaging her arm from his, and running forward to meet the coming breaker, and scampering back again to escape a wetting.

"Behave yourself, Rosa," cried the doctor, laughing, as she barely escaped ducking by giving a great leap, "here are strangers coming. I wish they'd staid away."

"O, no," replied she, eagerly, "these are not strangers. I meant to have told you of them; they are Miss Greenwood and her grandfather." The doctor looked sharply at her, turned instantly upon his heel, and walked rapidly in another direction. Accustomed, however, as Rosine was to his sudden and hasty movements, this did not surprise her, and she continued, "They come out always for a walk at this hour, the old gentleman is imbecile, has almost entirely lost his mind, and she devotes herself to him so assiduously—she is very lovely."

"Another sudden friendship!" said the doctor, pulling his cap over his brows, "and you meant to tell me of it—go on."

"I met her every day for several days, she with her grandfather, I with the Colonel, before we spoke; but one morning I wandered from him, and came upon her alone, her grandfather was sitting in a cleft of the rocks they call the Devil's Armchair; she had been gathering sea-weeds and mosses, but never where she could not see him. There was a beautiful sea anemone beyond where her grandfather was seated; we had never spoken, but I saw by her earnest gaze how much she wanted it, so I clambered along the rocks into the cleft where it had fastened itself, and brought it to her, and she was so grateful, so kind, I had been in danger for it."

"That's the way you scramble about, risking your neck for strangers," said the doctor. "I shall advise the Colonel to keep with you hereafter."

"No great risk, Ned, the tide was out; besides Miss Greenwood is so dignified and tall, I don't think she ever climbed a rock in her life. From that time, which is four days since, we have met every day, twice a day."

"Systematic, regular, and conscientious. I dare say, like everything Miss Greenwood does," replied he, in a tone slightly sarcastic.

"Do you know her Ned?" exclaimed his companion, stopping in her hasty walk, and looking at him with surprise.

"I knew her once, Rosa," he said, in a tone changed to regret. "Yes," he added, making a vain effort to speak gayly, with something very like a smothered sigh, "I've known her all my life. Indeed, she was an old flame of mine in those days when.

"With sanguine cheer, and streamers gay We cut our cable, launch into the world. And fondly deem each wind and star our friend."

You see, the sea makes me poetic; but I must smother, he continued, pulling out his cigar case, "or I shall have the blues. But you remember you promised me not to make another sudden friendship; however, even Father Roberts and Sister Agnes can find no serious objection to this intimacy, as she is a staunch Catholic."

"A Catholic!" said Rosine with a start of surprise. "I'm so glad! Is she really? How came it about?" "That's a change since I knew her, but you may believe it was not from worldly motives, for by its nature she is alienated from her Protestant friends, exasperated the Commodore, more particularly I think because her brother Harry followed her lead."

"Why is she Commodore Greenwood's daughter?" again exclaimed Rosine, "remember—," she paused for her only memory of him was in connection with her father's disgrace. She blushed painfully, but the doctor taking no notice apparently of her confusion replied, "Yes, Commodore Greenwood's only daughter, and a greater scamp than he was never suffered to live. I tell you Dora Greenwood did not choose a path of roses, when she went against his will, and from what she at least thought was pure conviction, joined herself as her father said in his cruel bitter taunts, with the effacing of all creation; (showed his stupid ignorance there.) After all, the old wretch is to be pitied, to be so disappointed in his children. Dora as good as dead, as he says; meaning thereby that she will never marry, and Harry in the navy and hating the service with such dislike, that he is only kept in it by obedience to his father's wishes. Ah, Rosa," he added sadly, pointing far out to the purple waves white crested, "the deep treacherous

sea covers his first born, my dearest friend—had he but lived," the saddest of words, it might have been."

Nothing was heard for a few moments but the booming of the rocks; as they dashed against the water; at last Rosine ventured to speak, but very timidly. "Why have I never heard of him?"

"Because I must not be sympathized with," he said, turning about a little snappishly; "O, I forgot these," he added more mildly, diving down into his pockets and bringing up two letters. She took them with-out a word; one was in the handwriting of Lieutenant Hartland, and she immediately broke the seal and gave the enclosure to his brother, simply saying, "for Laura."

"Poor Laura!" he ejaculated, "she has her death-blow, I fear."

"O Ned," cried his companion, turning eagerly towards him, "what do you mean? Is she really so ill? We parted in anger; O, if I could but see her! Can I?" she said, pleadingly.

"There could be no satisfaction in an interview," he replied, "she is entirely oblivious to everything, raves continually of Aleck—it is fearful to hear her self-reproaches, and her pleadings for forgiveness. I was called in consultation and declined at first, but could not resist the old Captain's entreaties. But I am wicked to tell you all this," he added, feeling her arm trembling violently, "let us sit here."

"They had come to a cleft in the huge rock, forming a sort of sheltering over everything but sky and sea."

"This is the Devil's Armchair," he said, making Rosine sit down; "I am glad his majesty had it made large enough for two," he added, seating himself by her side.

"Tell me just how she is, will you, Ned?" sobbed Rosine.

"Don't distress yourself," he replied, "you shall know all I know. She has brain fever of a most dangerous type; the physician in attendance has given her up; but I think she has a small chance yet, she has such a vigorous constitution, and a strong hold on life; but her ravings are horrible. To tell you the whole truth, this visit to Laura nearly unmanned me, and was the chief cause of my leaving town; I was worked to death before, but this was the last ounce. If I had not left everything, I believe I should have been down myself."

"Poor Laura! to die so!" murmured Rosine, her tears still flowing. "God reigns," he said, gravely, "and He has determined that as we sow we shall reap; it is a comfort that He is more merciful in His judgments than we are. But I am counteracting my own orders, and keeping you out after nightfall; come," he added, wrapping her shawl carefully about her, "I don't fret so about Laura, or I shall wish I had not come to tell you; cheer up and I will go tomorrow and fulfil, with you and mother for company, a duty too long neglected, and call on your new friend, now we can do so without fear of meeting the Commodore. I am glad for your sake you have made this friendship, it will do you both good."

Rosine's heart was too full for words. Miss Greenwood and all were forgotten in the one thought of her early friend, her first friend, lying at death's door and she powerless to help her by word or deed. The other letter, which she still held unopened, claimed her attention when she resumed her house.

"What does grandpa say?" said the doctor, standing over her, a little anxious about the effect of his communication. She had seated herself near the light, her hat still shading her eyes lest the Colonel should see traces of tears, but they came again as she read aloud in reply to Ned's question: "Willie is feeble, his general health is delicate and his eye-sight much affected; we wish Dr. Hartland could see him, but he is happy and cheerful as a lark." There was more, a message from himself, telling dear Rosa that he was much interested in learning his catechism, and preparing for his first Communion, which she did not read.

"O, how I wish I could have him here!" she exclaimed, turning to Colonel Hartland, and then shrinking back as she observed Mrs. Hartland's eyes fixed upon her with penetrating gaze, so like Ned's, and yet so unlike; "I thought perhaps the sea air might do him good," she added timidly.

"The sea-air gets a great deal more credit than it deserves," replied Mrs. Hartland, coldly.

"Let her have him here," said the Colonel, looking towards his son.

"The care of a feeble child I should think," continued Mrs. Hartland, "would not tend to benefit Rosine's health, and I always heard a sea-beach was the worst possible place for difficulties of the eye; it might bring on blindness at once."

"I'll tell you what will do," said the doctor, after a few moments' thought; "when you and the Colonel get tired of each other, you and I will run up to Hawthorndean, and I will leave you there for a few days."

"Thank you, Ned, that will be very pleasant," she said, almost with a sigh.

Laura and her dear Willie mingled in her dreams that night, and the next morning found her looking pale and despondent. The Colonel reproached his son for keeping her out late at night, but Ned reproached himself for the true cause of her bad looks, and wished he had held his peace about Laura. He exerted himself to carry out his plan for a call on Miss Greenwood, thinking

that the making of a new friend was the best way to help Rosine to forget the old one. His father wondered what could have brought her son so suddenly to a point for which he had been striving for years, and Mrs. Hartland assented to the proposition coldly and stiffly, the lady was never a favorite of hers. Miss Greenwood received her guests formally, as if it was quite an unexpected event, hardly a pleasure, and took her seat by Rosine. Dr. Hartland stood, after the first cold greeting, with his hands behind his back, gazing at the pictures which ornamented the walls of this private parlor of the Seagirt House, hazzarding a word only now and then, till his eye caught a volume turned down upon the table, as if to be taken up and finished when they had gone; the title attracted him as he leaned over the table to get a nearer view of a wonderful copy of La Nothe, by Carl Maratti. He remembered to have seen it in his early days in Miss Greenwood's own home, and feeling that what was so full of memories, he took up the book and exclaimed, "Jane Eyes! I meet it everywhere."

"That is an odd volume," said Miss Greenwood, coloring slightly, as she addressed him, and their eyes met. "Harry purchased the book when he was at home last, and he mislaid the other volume. I took this up while grandfather was sleeping, having heard it so often spoken of; but I have little time for such reading," she added, turning away from the doctor's fixed gaze.

In passing, she begged the Colonel, between whom and herself the ice had rapidly thawed, to allow her as much of Rosine's company as he could spare.

"What a pity," said the Colonel, as they entered the carriage; "how I did long to kiss her and call her Dora, as I did in old times."

No one replied to this remark, the truth was slowly dawning upon Rosine that there had some time been something quite serious between the doctor and Miss Greenwood, and she was afraid to speak lest she might say something that would hurt his feelings.

"I have found out your secret, Rosa, during this call, said the doctor, when he found conversation flagging, and wishing to turn the thoughts of the company in another direction. "It is very funny how things will come about. I could swear, if I ever did such a wicked thing, that that volume of Jane Eyes on Miss Greenwood's table is fellow to the one left on the flower-table, and that Harry Greenwood is Rosa's gentleman."

"You don't really know?" inquired Rosine, her interest excited. "I should be glad if he were Miss Greenwood's friend, but I don't think I have certainly never seen any one like her."

"Yes, not unlike Doris—his sister; the same wonderful eyes—and Harry's a fine fellow and a gentleman, a little stiff like his sister about matters of propriety." There was slight sarcasm creeping into his tone, and the Colonel looked it up at once by saying, "Dora's a pattern woman! Look at her devotion to her grandfather, it is something beautiful, and so in contrast with the manners of the present age, when old folks and children are left to the care of servants. I have certainly never seen any one like her."

She intends becoming a Sister of Charity after his death, I hear," said Mrs. Hartland.

The doctor flinched, the Colonel did not reply, and the remainder of the ride was a silent one.

Mrs. Hartland expressed her doubts that evening to her son, as to how the Commodore would regard a friendship between his daughter and Rosine. "You know, Ned," she said, "I don't have seen the cause of his pecuniary losses."

"Even the cantankerous old rascal could not find fault with the girls for loving each other," replied the doctor, "arbitrary and domineering as he is."

The call brought Rosine and her new friend nearer; and after the Colonel and she were again alone, each day brought the girls together, and the grandfather becoming accustomed to Rosine's presence in their walks, their intercourses were often prolonged through many hours. Miss Greenwood would seat her parent comfortably in the camp chair, where he could see the sun shining on the waves, and feel the sea-breeze playing with his long white locks, and above all, watch the girls as they walked up and down the beach, never out of sight or out of reach of his call.

The fair had one day been brought incidentally into their conversation, and Rosine had related her adventure at the flower table, with the doctor's surmise that she was indebted to Miss Greenwood's brother as her protector.

"We can soon tell if Harry were the fortunate man," said her companion, pausing in her walk; and taking a double lock of her hair, she touched a secret spring and placed the trinket in the young girl's hand. "Is it like that gentleman?" she said smiling.

"I should know it anywhere!" exclaimed Rosine. "I am so glad."

"So am I," said her friend, drawing her arm within her own as they continued their walk; "you must know Harry when he comes home; he's a noble fellow."

"Where is he now?" inquired Rosine.

"He is on a cruise to the Mediterranean. There is talk in the Department of a recall of the squadron with which he sailed, to join the forces against Mexico. I think it is comes

to this, it will decide my brother at once to leave the service for which he already has no fondness. Such an unjustifiable war! I pray Jesus and our Holy Mother to save him from shedding blood in such a cause."

Rosine made no answer, her eyes were riveted on the lockets, when, as if by magic, the reverse side of the trinket sprang open. "O, how beautiful how lovely!" she exclaimed, pausing suddenly in her walk and looking to her friend for an explanation.

TO BE CONTINUED

A PRIEST'S GHOST STORY

(By Ross Mulholland Gilbert, in Ave Maria)

The old priest looked thoughtful. "Yes," he said. "I have had some ghostly experiences, and so have some others of my kindred; for which I have reason to thank God."

Father Anselm was a member of a religious Order, and was engaged in giving a retreat in a retired part of England at the time of his telling the following story to the friends in whose house he had been received for the occasion.

"I have had been of spiritual experiences, ghostly manifestations. Father Anselm had been appealed to. Had he ever known an authenticated case of the return of a spirit from the other world? He reflected a little and there stole over his warm face that beautiful light which was familiar to those who knew him, making them feel that it was good to be in his presence. Then he began:

"I will tell you the story. It dates a long way back, even from the time when I was a mere child. My father had died a Protestant, leaving my Catholic mother with two young children—my brother and myself. No quarrel, no unkindness had ever existed between my father and mother on account of the difference in their religion; but my father was resolved that his sons should not suffer the worldly disadvantage of being educated in the Catholic faith. He, therefore, appointed his brother our guardian in this particular matter."

"Our home was on the side of a Scottish mountain with heathery crags at its back, and the sea within sight—though not so near as it seemed; for as we stood in some of our windows it looked as if the tumbling waves were threatening to sweep us all away and make an end of us. Up in a high nook, my mother had her little oratory, and there she burned her little lamp to the Sacred Heart night and day, imploring protection for her sons who were too young to know the danger that hung over them. The fishermen used to turn their eyes to that lighted window, which was never darkened, and had many a story of perils from which it had rescued them on wintry nights. There was a vague belief among even the most ignorant that there was a blessing on that light, and that the lady in the old castle up there was a saint."

"My uncle lived in London, and had never visited his brother since he had sinned against the religious prejudices of an old family by marrying a Papist. Much affected by my father's death and the trust he had reposed in him, my uncle wrote to my mother, asking permission to come to see her for the purpose of making arrangements to carry out her husband's instructions as to placing his sons in a Protestant school."

"I remember vividly to this day how my mother received that letter, how she led my brother and me to her little place of prayer, and there, before the lamp, with an arm round each of us, she offered us to God, calling on Him to save us. We were frightened, and clung to her and wept."

"Rather take them to Thysel, O God!" she prayed, "as Thou dost take their little sister. If Thou hast no good work allotted for them to do in this world, take them!" We both remembered the death of our little sister, and we wept the more when our mother brought her into her prayer."

"Meanwhile our uncle was journeying toward us from London, full of a benevolence which was to exercise itself by taking steps for the promotion of our future welfare in the world. Judging by my mother's letters, he knew that he would have difficulties to encounter in the discharge of his duty and, though benevolent, he was prepared to be stern. His sister-in-law was doubtless a good woman, romantic and poetic, whose Catholicism was wont to be firmness which would make it impossible for her to destroy the worldly prospects of her children."

"He used much on the subject, as he travelled the whole of a long winter's day up north; old associations revived, old affections stirred by the sight of once familiar land scapes long unseen. Unlike my father, who was a sincere Protestant, my uncle had little or no religious faith of any kind, and was known among his London friends as a Positivist; therefore, the removal of his brother's sons from the teaching of their mother was to him nothing more than a prudent arrangement, securing them against misfortune in this life. As the Scottish hills came in sight, it occurred to him that such scenery would naturally tend to encourage the fantasies of religious beliefs, all of which seemed to him quite illusory—the Catholic only a little more so than the Protestant faith."

"All poetry!" he reflected, "that

subtle thing called poetry. In one form or another, how it dominates the whole world! It is more powerful than the steam-engine, the electric fluid, than dynamite or the tides of the ocean."

"It was late in the evening when he arrived at the small country town from which he intended to post up to his home. He drove to the hotel and made arrangements to stay there for the night, preparing for an early start next morning. Taking possession of a private sitting-room, he directed the waiter to fetch him some light refreshment. The room was brilliantly lighted with gas, and while waiting for the return of the attendant with his supper, my uncle stood at the table looking over a note-book which he had taken from his pocket. For the moment he was absorbed in the details of a business matter concerning himself only, and quite oblivious of the affair which had induced him to make a winter's journey."

"Some slight sound caused him to raise his eyes, and he saw a little girl run into the room and come straight up to the table where he stood—a bright little creature about seven years old, with fair hair falling about her shoulders, and dressed in a pale blue muslin frock. She stood looking at him silently for a few seconds, with her head uplifted and her keenly intelligent blue eyes fixed on his face. Before he could ask her who she was and what she wanted with him, she spoke.

"Don't interfere with the boys!" she said sharply, warningly.

"What do you mean, child?" asked my uncle not for the moment seeing any connection between the words said and anything he knew of. She put her little hands on the edge of the table and leaned forward, fixing a still more piercing glance on his countenance.

"Don't interfere with the boys!" she repeated urgently. "If you do, God will punish you."

"Then the meaning of her words flashed on the man who was going on a certain errand, and he looked at her in mute astonishment. Mechanically, he closed his note-book before replying to her, and in doing so, his glance shifted momentarily from her to the book.

"Now," he said, "come and tell me what you mean."

He looked around. He was alone in the apartment. Gone! Who was she? Where had she come from? Had he been sleeping on his feet—dreaming? No; for he had just made an important calculation, which he had recorded with his pencil in his pocket book. The jingle of glass and china announced the return of the waiter with his tray, and my uncle at once inquired of him:

"Who is the little girl who has just been in here paying me a visit?"

"The waiter smiled and shook his head. "We have no little girl in this house sir—no children of any sort."

"But you have visitors?"

"No children, sir. A young gentleman and two elderly ladies. We don't have many persons in the house just at this time of the year."

"My uncle persisted in asserting that a little girl had come into the room and had spoken to him, until he found that he was only making himself an object of ridicule. Then he tried to put the matter out of his mind and went to bed."

"In the morning he awakened with the curious warning ringing in his ears: 'Don't interfere with the boys! If you do, God will punish you!'"

The words seemed to take a real meaning which at first had appeared accidental. Had the whole incident been the creation of his own brain, supplied by some latent impression of which he had been unconscious? But no; he was certain that no doubt of the integrity of what he was doing had lain anywhere unobserved within the limits of his intelligence. Then where did the girl come from, and what did she know about the boys, whose future welfare was so present a subject of his anxiety? For that her presence had been a real one, that her sharp, clear, menacing words had pierced his actual fleshy ears, the morning's reflections left him not the shadow of a doubt.

"After an early breakfast, he hired a carriage and arrived at our home about noon. Having asked to see my mother, he was shown into a morning room, to which he had long been a stranger, but which in a moment was sweetly familiar to him. It was little changed, even as to arrangement; for my mother was one of those tender souls who love to keep things as they were long ago within the sanctuary of an old home. There was the quaint old satin-wood bureau, in which his mother used to keep her letters and papers; he remembered the tragedy of an overturned ink bottle, as to which he had confessed his infant guilt. That was his mother's worktable, evidently still utilized by feminine industry, as witness the skeins of colored silks lying within the open lid. Books—the same books—were there in their honored place behind the panes of the antique bookcases. The windows were still full of the sea; and yonder stern grey crag, which seemed to rise out of it, had just the old threatening aspect which once made little children fear its frown like a conscience. The pictures on the wall were the same—Cromwell here, the Pretender there, heroes for boys to wrangle over. Though a determined Loyalist, how, as a youth, he used to love the Jacobite songs! And at this piano his mother used to sing to them. Yet there were one or two changes in the pictures on the wall. The chimney glass over the mantelpiece had been removed, and a painting—apparently

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a portrait—had been substituted for it.

"My uncle adjusted his eye-glasses and planted himself before the picture to examine it.

"My God!" he suddenly ejaculated, "my God, what an extraordinary coincidence!"

"The picture was an exact representation of his little visitor of the evening before.

"The boys!" he suddenly exclaimed, "my God, what an extraordinary coincidence!"

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well as from her Divine Son!

Pray especially, dear children, for the grace of a happy death, through his intercession, for he is the patron of a happy death, having died in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

One who has never asked his intercession in vain.

IRELAND

THE MOTHER OF MEDIEVAL UNIVERSITIES

By Rev. John M. Ryan, C. S. C.

It is commonly believed that some seven hundred years ago, when a body of Norman knights conquered Ireland they found there an ignorant and degraded people, to whom they brought the first knowledge of the arts and sciences. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The Irish people have a long record of wrongs done them as a nation, but the most ignominious and refined of all is precisely this. Their oppressors systematically destroyed all knowledge of the past.

They robbed a noble and gifted people of the very memories of their ancient glories. They made trembling slaves or savage beasts out of them, and then they proceeded to kill in their souls the one gleam of comfort and hope, even the reminiscences of the ages when they were the schoolmasters of Europe.

and the apostles of nations, which look proudly down on the little island whence they received 1200 years ago the divine lights of faith and science.

Long before the Norman set foot on English soil, when he was yet a Northman, a sanguinary robber of the weak and defenseless all over Europe, Ireland had earned the splendid title of "Island of Saints and Doctors." She had numerous famous schools in which countless thousands from all over Europe came as students, and acquired a knowledge of religion, philosophy, history, languages, exact and natural sciences, fine arts, music, law and medicine, such a knowledge as could not be obtained from one end of Europe to the other.

The whole island was covered with establishments of piety and learning from the sixth to the tenth century. Numberless teachers taught all the sciences of antiquity. Numberless others transcribed the teachings of the scientists. All—both teachers and students, were devoted with a thirst for knowledge such as perhaps has never before or since existed among any people.

MIGHT HAVE SAVED WORLD

Had these peaceful arts been allowed to flourish, had the human mind in the west been allowed to evolve its gifts under the guidance of these Irish Christian teachers, who knew what might have been the course of the world's history. We might have been spared much of the barbarism and ignorance of the middle ages.

Christianity might have been left more free to develop the better qualities of man, the transition from the antique to the modern society would have been accomplished with fewer convulsions, and in briefer time. We would not have had to wait the fall of Constantinople for a re-awakening of interest in the learning and culture of the polished nations of antiquity.

In order to understand why the Irish people ought to be proud of their ancient reputation for scholarship and refinement, we must go back in spirit to the history of those times, from the year 500 to 800. It was the period of the barbarian invasions of the Roman empire. Multitudes after multitudes of brutal heathen people, without law and without culture, fell upon the fairest provinces of the great empire. They deluged with blood the soil of Gaul, Spain and Italy. They reduced the populations into slavery or misery. They visited upon the subjects of mighty Rome an awful retribution for the wrongs she had wreaked upon their forefathers. In one dread night the light of civilization, fed by the streams of a thousand years of Greek and Roman culture, went out, and an appalling darkness hung over the world, which was accustomed to look upon the Roman majesty as invincible, eternal and having the promises of temporal glory and permanence.

EUROPE IN RUINS

So vast was the ruin and so complete the collapse of all that the intellect and the skill of man had produced in southern and central Europe, that the writers of the day could find no words to describe it, and for our knowledge of it we are reduced mainly to the evidence of our eyes—the tremendous wreckage of antiquity, whose disordered heaps are yet visible to every traveler.

It was in this period, some twelve hundred to fourteen hundred years ago, from the fifth to the ninth centuries of our era, that the schools of Ireland flourished. The great Greek and Roman schools were closed, the civilizations they fed destroyed, the libraries consumed or scattered, the teachers made slaves, driven into the desert places or wanderers on the face of the earth. Had it not been for the arduous and intelligence with which the children of Saint Patrick took up the dying torch of science, and handed it down to one another in the glorious race for knowledge, Europe would have sunk into its original barbarism; Charlemagne and the medieval papacy would have been impossible; the great universities would not have arisen; the classics would have come down to us in fragments, and the task of Christian teaching and discipline would have been well-nigh hopeless. If the man who opens a schoolhouse in the wilderness is a

public benefactor, how much more so that multitude of holy men who built their schools, little and great, in every sweet valley and on every rounded hill of Ireland, who dotted the islands of the lakes with schools and wove a splendid garland of monasteries around the picturesque coast, of the entire island, like so many beacons of welcome and safety to the thousands who fled from the wars and the disorders of the continent.

PEOPLE OF CULTURE

The ancient Irish were a people of great refinement, barbaric and warlike in their tastes, but generous, gifted, inclined to the mystic and spiritual sides of creation. They were deeply versed in the science of poetry and history, in the weaving of narratives and romances, in such knowledge of the natural and exact sciences as was then attainable. We need not therefore wonder at the sudden blossoming of learning which took place within a century of St. Patrick's death. The soil and the time were admirably adapted. The learning of pagan Ireland was in the hands of the Druids and the Bardae. Among the Christian Irish the priests at once stepped into the places and the privileges of this high literary caste and thus by the easiest of transitions the whole system of teaching became at once Christian, Ecclesiastical and Roman.

Twenty years after Saint Patrick's death the chief king of Ireland was converted and Armagh was made the chief See of Ireland. Monasteries sprang up everywhere and were the centers of learning and piety, not only for Ireland, but for all of Europe during the early middle ages. There were many communities founded for the girls and women, and particularly that of St. Brigid became very famous. Thus we see that Ireland fully merited the title of "saints and scholars," or rather "the island of saints and scholars," and from it was spread the learning that preserved Europe to the faith and reconquered the greater part after the barbarian invasions.

The most venerable of these ancient schools is that of Armagh. All the Christian learning of the Gael comes down from the swelling heights of Macha, where Patrick built his Church, and fixed his episcopal chair. Long before Patrick, it had been famous as a school of poetry and romance, for Armagh was the classic land of the ancient Celtic chivalry—the home of the Red Branch Knights, and close by was the splendid palace of the northern kings. The piety and fancy of the Celts have woven the facts of the foundation into the tenderest of legends.

TEMPLE OF LEARNING

It is told how when Patrick was ascending the slope of the sacred hill, book in hand, surrounded by the clergy and people, a startled deer with its little fawn, broke from the thicket nearby. The attendants wanted to kill them, but the gentle old man forbade it. He took the little fawn upon his shoulders, the timid doe followed after him, and thus they went to the convent of the Nuns of Na Feara, where the fawn and the doe were tenderly cared for. Even in this Patrick was a teacher, for he impressed upon the rough warriors about him, lessons of Christian mildness. "He showed himself the Good Shepherd, of whom he spoke to them so often, and they were made to learn that the gospel of Patrick was a gospel of love—of love of God, their Great Father in heaven, and for all their fellow men on earth."

Beside the little Cathedral there arose the houses of monks and students, the library and the archives were soon added, and in a short while the Hill of Macha was a busy center of Christian students and studies. The material wants were well provided for, and the discipline was closely locked after. A prison for the refractory was built upon the grounds. For protection of his church and school, Patrick surrounded them with a huge earthen mound, and in the neighborhood he planted a large grove in which the students and the clergy might refresh themselves from their labors.

MUSIC IS DEVELOPED

The first president of this school was Benignus, an affectionate youth especially beloved by St. Patrick. In the first days of Patrick's mission Benignus had abandoned all to follow our Saint, and now Patrick placed him over the most important of his foundations, the new Cathedral school of Armagh. Benignus was a sweet musician, he was the psalm singer of St. Patrick, that is, he directed the musical services which the wise apostle established wherever he went. The ancient Celts were passionately fond of music and highly gifted with the necessary vocal and instrumental talents. In the school of Armagh, we may well imagine that the ancient church music flourished. The wild-eyed Celtic youth learned to submit to strict training and the throats which had loved to chant the sorrows of Deirdre, or the high deeds of Cuchulain, now learned to pour forth the solemn, majestic church song of Rome.

The Christian sons of the Bards tuned their harps and their pipes to the classic harmonies of Greece and the children of the proud Celtic chieftains, who had scorned the Roman yoke, began to learn Greek, Latin and Hebrew. They had escaped the yoke of the pagan only to bear the sweet and salutary yoke of the Christian Rome. The sacred Scriptures were studied daily. They were copied with accuracy and devotion. The only complete copy of the New Testament which the old Celtic

church has handed down to us was made in the school of Armagh. The theological students were well acquainted with the works of St. Jerome and every scholar knows what a mine of erudition they are. For over twelve hundred years they were the chief resources of all Christian students of the Scriptures. Countless priests and bishops were schooled at Armagh on the writings of Gregory the Great, notably his Moralia, the most successful work ever written on the relations of bishops, priests and people. The writings and the sayings of St. Patrick were for centuries part of the teaching at Armagh. The autographs of the Apostle were preserved with reverence by the professors, as well as the writings of Benignus, the first president, who brought peace among the discordant clans by his Book of Rights, which established the various rights and privileges of the various civil rulers in Ireland, from the chief king to the lowest chieftain. It is a work which may compare in interest with the Domesday book of England, and like it, throws a flood of light on the manners and habits of the people. Benignus wrote also a life of St. Patrick, which has been lost in the period of wild disorder that came on in the ninth and tenth centuries, and we well may regret it, for who could so well depict the gentle Apostle of Erin, as his bosom friend and his constant companion, the beloved Benen.

MANY BOOKS MADE

For a thousand years the school of Armagh was a busy center, where books were written, transcribed and given away. Copies of the Scriptures, the Fathers, the classical writers, the grammarians, geometrical and the natural scientists of the old classical world, were sent over the continent. Today out of all that incessant activity there remains but one volume—the Famous Book of Armagh, copied in the year 807, over one thousand years ago, by the scribe Ferdomnach. It contains the oldest and most authentic account of the life of St. Patrick. Even in the middle ages the book was looked on as a priceless treasure.

In 987 the king of Ireland had a splendid shrine made for it, and a special custodian was appointed. The office was handed down from father to son, until 1681, when an apostate pledged the treasure for 45 sterling, which he used to go to London to swear away the head of Oliver Plunkett, the holy Archbishop of Armagh. It was at last found its way into the library of Trinity College, having been purchased from its owner in 1833 for 43,000. Today many thousands of pounds could not purchase this last holy relic of the school of Armagh, the oldest and the last venerable link that binds the Ireland of the past and the Ireland of the nineteenth century.

MAGNET FOR STUDENTS

The school of Armagh became at once the intellectual center of northern Europe. Soon swarms of students came across from Wales and Britain. A whole quarter of the town was given over to the Saxon students, just as centuries later they had a section of Rome for themselves. They were the sons of the fierce German pirates, who had scourged the great waterways of the north; but they learned refinement, gentle manners, the arts and sciences from the Irish school masters. Armagh was chiefly a school of theology. It was to be expected that the Christian learning of Ireland should be based on Christian principles and an accurate knowledge of the teachings of Jesus. But no narrow nationalism presided over its development. One of the early presidents was a Welshman, Gildas the Wise, whose piety and learning did much to make the school popular among the neighboring Kingdoms.

Armagh has always been the true center of Irish national life. When the Danes began their murderous career at the end of the eighth century, that closed only with the opening of the eleventh, Armagh was the objective point at all times of their piratical raids. Nine times in two centuries this ancient seat of learning was pillaged by the northmen. On every occasion they brought the books of the professors and students into the open court of the cloisters and made bonfires of them.

MANUSCRIPTS DESTROYED

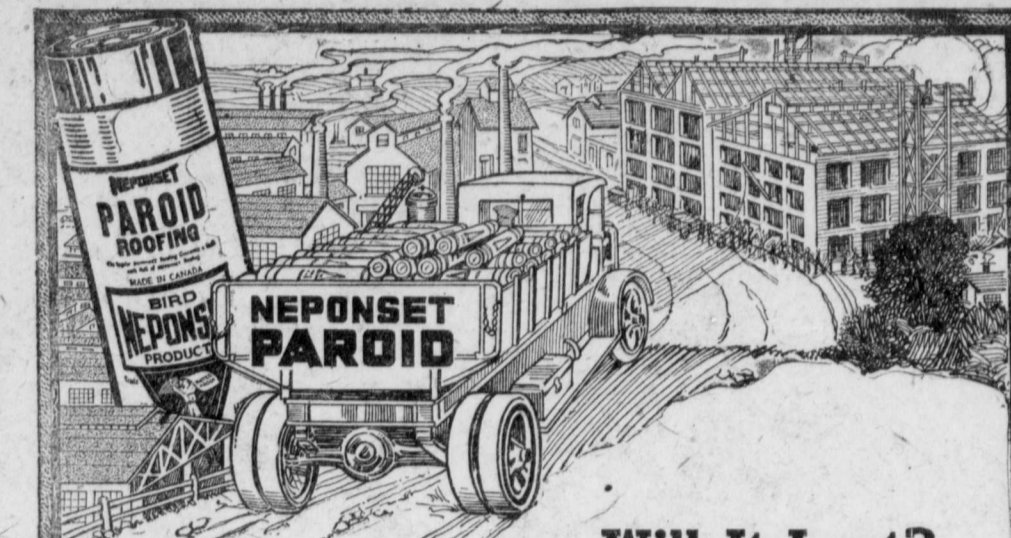
Within five centuries it was burned to the ground sixteen times. No wonder that the literary labors of its inmates have disappeared. The sword, the flames, neglect, ignorance, barbarism, and, worst of all, the contempt of later centuries have made havoc with the thousands of manuscripts that once adorned the shelves of the library. The Irish annals mention frequently the death of famous professors at Armagh. They are called learned scribes, professors of divinity, wise doctors, moderators of the school, paragons of learning, the heads of western Europe for piety, devotion and scientific acquisitions. Some of their names have come down to us, such as O'Hagan, O'Drughan and St. Malachi, whom St. Bernard pronounced the most accomplished priest of his age. For over a thousand years this venerable school spread the light of religious and profane science. It really belongs to the order of the Christian schools of Edessa and Nisibis, with those of Alexandria and Antioch. As the light of faith grew dark in the orient, it blazed up with new splendor at the extremity of the west. Oxford and Cambridge are of yesterday compared with it.

In those days of Celtic culture and independence, reedy swamps and

great oak forests covered the soil, where now rise the proud turrets of these great schools, which owe their existence to the earlier labors of

Celtic students. How grateful they have been, let countless legions of Irish martyrs tell before the Supreme Court of the Judge of Nations, let

the sorrows, the wanderings, the manifold woes of seven centuries be witnesses before the tribunal of humanity.



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The best shoe stores sell Dominion Rubber System Rubbers.



ST. JOSEPH

Let us ask the good St. Joseph during this month, dedicated in a special manner to him, to obtain for us faith and humility like unto his own.

In all the Catholic Calendar there is no purer, no holier, type of profound humility and of strong faith than St. Joseph, nor is there any saint who possessed similar opportunities to study our Blessed Saviour closely and to lavish upon Him every token of tenderest love.

How intimately he studied Jesus and loved Him; how well he learned humility and faith from Mary, as

The Catholic Record

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Approved and recommended by Archbishops Falconio and Sheehan, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order. Where Catholic Record Box address is required send 10 cents to cover expense of postage upon reply.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1920

SCIENTIFIC, PERSONAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL

The superstitious belief in the infallibility of "Scientists" even when they invaded the sphere of religion is fast waning; though to the man in the street and to the half-educated "Science" is still limited to the physical sciences.

And we tell the same thing to materialistic psychologists who see in the mind of man only the development of the instinct of brutes; who see its beginnings even in plants; whose assumptions rest on a basis even less secure than the poor superstition which serves as the substitute for religion in so great a Scientist as Sir Oliver Lodge.

Professor Jastrow can hardly repress his indignation and contempt for any one who believes in "survival." He says: "In the interests of social sanity as well as in the name of sound science, it is important to make it plain that the men of science, psychologists and all others who have a concern for the logic of right thinking, regard the position of Sir Oliver as a personal matter without scientific standing."

For a psychologist he is very emphatic in his assertions, but meagre, and in his explanations of how Sir Oliver's "personal views" become so insantly "unscientific."

Through all ages people have believed in the survival of the personality on the basis of communications from the departed; the attempt to demonstrate the matter by knocks and raps and spirit forms and the revelations of mediums is an American invention, about seventy years old.

Now here is a distinction which rivals that of the Schoolmen when Scholasticism was in its decline. The subtleties of decadent Scholasticism have long been a subject for contemptuous laughter on the part of modern scholarship—often quite innocent of any knowledge of Scholastic Philosophy beyond the trite subtleties derided. But here we have a perfectly good modern scientific psychologist explaining away the mental aberrations of a much better and equally modern Scientist whose scientific training and mentality has led him to conclusions "totally unscientific and misleading." This is no laughing matter. It is serious.

Sir Oliver has prestige, that is admitted. But when his prestige as a physicist "carries over" to his "personal belief"—that is all wrong. Why? Because "as a fact the operations of his mind in the physical

laboratory move in one manner, and in his reaction to the communications of mediums behave in altogether different fashion." Q. E. D.

"This, remember, is no laughing matter. It is Science. You may hold that Sir Oliver Lodge is the same man, that his mind is the same mind; and that this highly educated man, this highly trained—and scientifically trained—mind is the same mind, and therefore you can't see how he can be so easily fooled. You have the "Scientific" explanation—"the operations of his mind in the laboratory move in one manner"—we have to concede that. But, "in his reaction to the communications of mediums (the operations of his mind) behave in altogether different fashion." We have to accept this on the psychological prestige of Professor Jastrow, for he vouchsafes no other proof whatever.

Stripped of the pedantic verbiage of pompous but superficial modern psychology, Professor Jastrow merely says: "Let the shoemaker stick to his last." That is just what Catholics have for years been telling "Scientists" who included this world and the next, the material and the spiritual, within the domain of their general philosophizing and dogmatizing. We have always emphatically protested that it is "totally unwarranted to accredit the personal views" of scientists on matters of religion "with the weight of their reputation as physicists" or chemists or electricians.

And we tell the same thing to materialistic psychologists who see in the mind of man only the development of the instinct of brutes; who see its beginnings even in plants; whose assumptions rest on a basis even less secure than the poor superstition which serves as the substitute for religion in so great a Scientist as Sir Oliver Lodge.

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tenuous Christian faith of such multitudes: "It is generally admitted that modern spiritualism began with the manifestations at Hydesville, in Wayne County, New York, in which the two Fox sisters played a principal part that it seems useless to heap up testimonies on the subject. Margaretta Fox was then (March, 1848) 14 or 15 years old, and her sister Katie 12. Inexplicable noises and rappings, it is said, had been heard for some time in the farmhouse occupied by the family, and one night, Margaretta Fox, snapping her fingers a certain number of times, challenged the powers which produced these sounds to reply by making the same number of raps. This was done. Then their mother, Mrs. Fox, who was present, asked the spirit to give raps, first of all the number of her children (only the two young girls were actually living in the house), and afterwards their respective ages. To all these questions a correct answer was returned. After some further experiments of the same sort on different occasions, it occurred to the children to try to ascertain the name of the rapping spirit; which they did by calling out the letters of the alphabet in turn and requesting that a rap should be given at the proper letter. In this way the name "Charles Rayn" was spelt out and a basis for further communications was established. It is quite unnecessary to describe in detail the developments of this new system of spiritual telegraphy. Great excitement was caused in the neighborhood, and when the family, a few months later, moved to Rochester, the rappings followed them there. Gossip and the newspapers spread the report of these occurrences far and wide. Other curious persons soon began to try to put themselves in communication with the spirits

"The rapidity with which the craze spread almost passes belief. Judge Edmonds, a man of unimpeachable integrity, who had occupied the highest judicial position in the United States, became an early convert. He himself had spiritual visions, in which he saw spirit forms as clearly as the objects he beheld with his bodily eyes, endless communications were made to him in automatic script which purported to emanate from Francis Bacon, Swedenborg, Benjamin Franklin and other celebrities of the past; his daughter developed mediumistic powers, and in her trances is said to have spoken in half a dozen different languages which she had never learned. Now Judge Edmonds, after travelling in every part of the States to lecture to his fellow Spiritualists, seriously computed that already in 1854 the followers of the movement in America numbered as many as 3,000,000.

"It is worthy of notice that Mrs. Jencken (Katie Fox) died of drink in June, 1892, and Mrs. Kane (Margaretta Fox), the last survivor of the Fox sisters, followed her, in March, 1893. Her end was pitiable and tragic. Witness the following account of her last days, March 7, 1893: "The tenement house of No. 456 West 57th Street, New York, is deserted now, except one room, from cellar to roof. The room is occupied by a woman nearly 60 years of age, an object of charity, a mental and physical wreck whose appetite is only for intoxicating liquors. The face, though marked by age and dissipation, shows unmistakably that the woman was once beautiful. This wreck of womanhood has been a guest in palaces and courts. The powers of mind, now almost imbecile, were the wonder and study of scientific men in America, Europe and Australia. Her name was eulogised, sung and ridiculed in a dozen languages. The lips that utter little else now than profanity once promulgated the doctrine of a new religion which still numbers its tens of thousands of enthusiastic believers."

A SALUTARY LESSON After suit had been entered in the civil courts against Le Droit on behalf of Bishop Scollard the French paper in question published in full the Bishop's Pastoral Letter. The Letter which we reproduced in the RECORD last week scathingly denounced the mendacious, scandalous, and libellous statements which had appeared in Le Droit. Accompanying the Letter Le Droit published the following retraction: "We regret that this correspondence escaped the notice of our controlling authority, and we accept the pastoral letter of Bishop Scollard. We believe that the testimony of Bishop Scollard in all that concerns the administration of his diocese is true, and in accordance with the facts. We therefore withdraw every thing."

THE PRICE OF PRODUCTION The High Cost of Living is a trite and tiresome subject; but it is a fact, indisputable, inescapable, ever present. Many causes contribute to it; but the high cost of production is one self-evident factor. Suppose you build a house; you find that every ounce of material, every hour of labor, is enormously increased. You simply can not rent that house at the same rate you could under conditions prevailing a few years ago. We all know there is profiteering; that is taking advantage of conditions to exact an exorbitant profit. But the tailor who pays two or three times as much for cloth, and pays much higher wages, is not profiteering when he advances the price of a suit of clothes in proportion to the increased cost of production. Where the article is continuously produced, and the cost of production has materially advanced, it is not the profiteering spirit but the compelling force of absolute necessity that demands a proportionate increase in price. The cost of producing the CATHOLIC RECORD is a case in point. We submit herewith two invoices of the sheet newspaper, one of April 5th, 1917, the other January 22nd, 1920.

These, as will be seen, are not merely samples of what such accounts are like; they are the facsimiles, the photographic reproductions, of the actual invoices, every letter and every figure precisely the same as in the originals. It will be seen that the price of the paper used by the CATHOLIC RECORD has gone up since 1917 from 2 1/2 cents a pound to 5.08 cents; the price being doubled and the freight being added in the last invoice. Altogether that means an increase in the cost of the paper that goes into the CATHOLIC RECORD, of a little less than \$6,000.00 a year.

THE IRISH SITUATION As we are about to close our forms some interesting despatches come to hand. The Graphic (London, Eng.) features a Dublin despatch in which occurs the following: "Nothing can avert a fresh tragedy except the utmost coolness on the part of the authorities. Any increase in the rigor of martial law will inevitably precipitate such a tragedy, causing dangerous complications for England in America."

"The chief danger, according to The Graphic advice, is on the wide-spread conviction that a small Dublin Castle clique is bent on getting Ireland's youth into the open, so that the morale of the Sinn Fein may be broken by bloody repression." The Daily News severely condemned the so-called Home Rule proposal of the Government, and asks: "Can the insouciant jugglers who are thus mocking the maddened victims of their own cowardly policy be relied upon to give real effect to the slight promise of happier development which may be hidden in its crooked premises?"

The Morning Post, reactionary organ of the British Junkers, and the advocate of a naked and unshamed Prussianism in Ireland that would

Printing ink has increased 100 per cent. Type 100 per cent. Printing machinery from 150 to 200 per cent. Wages 75 per cent. Other items of cost enter into the production of the CATHOLIC RECORD, but these will suffice to make the situation plain to our readers. There is only one thing to do and that is to increase the price.

The Management has deferred this step for two or three years in the hope that the normal pre-War prices might return. They decreased the weight of the paper, thereby getting a few more reams to the ton; they increased advertising rates; they retrenched expenses wherever retrenchment was possible. Now, however reluctantly, they are compelled to advance the rates to subscribers. The subscription rates henceforth will be, \$2.00 in Canada, \$2.50 foreign. However, we would impress very clearly this fact: the increased rates take effect only after your present subscription expires. If your subscription expires Oct. 10th, 1920, the new rate will go into effect, so far as you are concerned, for the year Oct. 10th, 1920—Oct. 10th, 1921.

INVOICE OF APRIL 5, 1917

Table with columns: No., Description, Price, Total. Includes '2 1/2 News 362441-62 12800 lbs @ 0.02' and '247.20'.

INVOICE OF JAN. 22, 1920

Table with columns: No., Description, Price, Total. Includes '240 Systems News 322441-59 L.L.S. 20000 lbs @ 0.02' and '950.00'.

go for its models not to Belgium or to Poland, but to Turkey, tells Viscount French that he has failed and should resign unless he redeems himself by ordering that all "criminals" (Ian MacPherson says there are 200,000 of them) should be "court-martialed and shot." Sounds like the bleating of that gentle Orange lamb who was lately with us—Mr. Coote, M. P.—"Shoot them down like dogs."

Sir Horace Plunkett in Dublin Thursday evening said: "Ireland has become increasingly during the last decade the final proof to every enemy of England and America that British aims in war and peace are mere hypocries, where they profess to have any regard whatsoever for the liberty of small nationalities."

"In America I found more bitter anti-English feeling than in all my forty years of observations. As usual, although due to many other causes, it was tangled up with the Irish trouble, and was generally expressed in Irish terms."

"Sir Horace criticized the Home Rule Bill because it gave Ulster a minority of not more than one-fifth of the Irish people a 'virtual mandatory over Ireland—a mandatory without responsibility.'"

HOW FAR SHALL WE LET IT GO? BY THE OBSERVER

Motion-pictures are a veritable craze. Millions of people attend them constantly; and the vast patronage embraces all classes, educated and uneducated, rich and poor, from the toddling child to the doddering old man. On the very face of such a situation the moral considerations are so plain as to need no pointing out. No other thing to which public attention is invited receives that attention so readily, so eagerly, or on such a vast scale. The most eloquent preachers can hardly hold the attention of an average congregation for an hour, once or twice a week. The school teacher is under constant strain to hold the attention of his classes. The journalist knows well that the best of what he writes will be wholly neglected by thousands of those who take his paper in their hands.

For the purpose of making an impression it is necessary to secure and to hold attention. And nothing has ever caught and held public attention so easily and so completely as motion pictures. And it is impossible to hold and interest millions year in and year out, night after night, to interest them, to fill their minds with images, without producing upon them some effect. Those who are friends of morality cannot see this vast influence at work without asking themselves in what direction that influence tends; and what results it is producing. It is impossible that there should be no results at all.

In the first place have any educational results been produced? Have the public learned anything that is worth knowing? Take the average boy or girl who has been attending the pictures for two or three years and inquire for yourself. You will find that hardly one useful or valuable idea has been left in the mind by all the fitting shadows of the screen. You will, however, in most cases, find a certain nervous restlessness and a precocious knowledge of evil which it is not desirable that children should have at all, and which grown up people can get along without to a much greater extent than some people seem to suppose.

When the devil tempted Eve to eat the forbidden fruit, he said to her, "In what day you shall eat thereof your eyes shall be opened, and you shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil." And ever since that day, the same devil has tempted the human race by offering to human curiosity the knowledge of evil; nor has he ever lacked helpers; nor will he ever lack them while money is to be made by serving him. Knowledge of evil! Satan's methods are the same now as they were in the Garden of Eden; but Satan is an up-to-date player of the game. Not one of the many possibilities contained in the changing affairs of men, ever escapes his eye; and he uses them all; every last one of them; to ensnare the human heart and to deaden the conscience. Nothing that can by any means be turned to his purposes, ever escapes the attention of the devil.

Never, since the Church, by the hands of apostles and saints, with miracle and with martyrdom, won the nations away from the sin of lust, has the thought of lust been so generally familiar to youthful minds as it is today. "Ah, they can't sing; its nothin' but a leg show," said a boy of hardly ten years, coming out of a nickel theatre the other evening. Babies who ought to be in bed are, today, regular patrons and cynical critics of "leg-shows."

The topics of lust; of sexual relations; of a husband humorously deceived; of a prostitute tempting a boy; of a girl who is "in trouble;" of a gilded youth who has a "good time" amongst female "reports;" the topics of lust; they are everywhere and constantly on the screen. Boys and girls see them; and between the scenes, a half-naked woman comes on the stage, without a voice, without beauty, without grace; with only two assets, impudence and lascivious suggestiveness. She sings. What about? about sexual relations. She jokes. What about? about adultery and fornication. She dances. What sort of dance? No poetry of motion; simple exposure of the person. As the ten-year-old put it: "a leg show;" that's all.

Knowledge of good and evil! much evil; little good; evil very often; good very seldom; that is the record of the moving picture business of today; especially when allied with vaudeville. Lust and crime! Take these two subjects of the screen, as the screen now is and how many pictures would you have left? The present stock would be very much reduced. No; we are not condemning the whole business of moving pictures. It could be a great power for good. It is a great power for evil.

NOTES AND COMMENTS "SOME VERY foolish fellows are still keeping up the practice of teaching children manners. I remember a well-known citizen who complained that when he advertised for a servant, of the dozen applicants not one of them knew enough to bow to his wife. I will not teach any one to bow down to another. I want every girl and boy to go with soul erect." This, according to the daily papers, is the deliberate opinion of Dr. James L. Hughes of Toronto, as expressed in a public address. The painful lack of manners of the rising generation is the subject of general comment. We have often wondered whence this lack was derived. As Dr. Hughes was for many years Superintendent of the Toronto Public Schools, and had a free hand in drawing up the curriculum, we need now wonder no longer. Education, like other things, is to be judged by its results. And Dr. Hughes is quite candid about his philosophy.

THE ENORMOUS stakes offered for the Dempsey-Carpenter boxing contest removes the performance from the field of sport, in the judgment of the London Times. But was not that done years ago, and has it not since been the normal condition of professional athletics? The intent is not to determine the superiority of this or that athlete or group of athletes, but to create abnormal profits for certain financial interests. Some day there will be a great revolution, and amateur sport come into its own. Meanwhile those who pay preposterous admission fees to spectacles of the kind are but receiving their deserts when treated, as not infrequently they are, to a grotesque farce.

DISCUSSING the bloodless revolution which England is now undergoing in the matter of proprietorship of the land, the special-London correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, Mr. John S. Steele, says: "The last revolution of the kind occurred when King Henry VIII. broke up the monasteries and gave the abbey lands to his favorites, restoring the feudal system. "Now the wheel is taking a turn still further back. Before the feudal lords were the free yeomen farmers of England, men who owned and worked their own land and owed allegiance to no man but the king. Today the yeomen of England are coming back to their own. The descendants of King Henry's new men of five hundred years ago are selling out. They are selling out because it no longer pays to be a landlord."

IT HAS taken England almost four centuries to learn the lesson, and learning it at length she appears to be. The "Reformation" has been hailed as the "great emancipation." Men are coming slowly to see that in reality it turned back the march of progress at least four hundred years. "It is doubtful," wrote Prof. Frederick Stokes, thirty years ago, "whether the influences of the nineteenth century do not tend to degenerate men rather than to elevate them." The individual withers, and the State is more and more. There is scant opportunity for prayer and repose in the restless, commonplace age in which we live. The whole atmosphere of the time is fatal to that spirit of faith which is the motive power of all real progress."

IF THESE words were true of the nineteenth century, they are even more true of the twentieth. Wealth, comfort, amusement, these form the triple divinity at whose shrine humanity worships. It remains to be seen whether the silent revolution referred to will, by restoring the tiller of the soil to his primal status as a proprietor, also recall him to his one time sense of stewardship. The post-bellum signs are not propitious, yet out of the gross materialism of the age may yet emerge something of the pre-Reformation spirit; when men were governed by men, not by machinery in the shape of Government enactments tending to the total elimination of the individual.

AS TO social conditions in England in the centuries preceding the "Re-

formation, we are tempted to quote once more from Professor Stokes. In an impressive Introduction to the 1899 edition of Maitland's "Dark Ages," he says: "Civilization has done much for the few, but it is questionable whether it has really benefited the many. Shelter, food and clothing are the three great bodily wants of men, and the poorer classes in older times were at least as well supplied with these in the Dark Ages as they are now. They had no votes, nor third class carriages, nor cheap newspapers, but they lived for the most part in the open country, not penned together like swine in huge cities. They had at least fresh air, and pure water, and healthful environment, which is more than can be said of the bulk of our city populations nowadays. Nor was their ignorance so deep as is commonly supposed. In those days faith was a vivid reality, and the confessional and the services of the Church in themselves constituted an education in that which is the most important of all knowledge—the knowledge how to live.—and die." It may be added, neither was it the age of so-called "forward movements," hinging solely on the power of the dollar.

It is charged by one side in the discussion of the proposed removal of the American soldier dead to the United States that an "undertakers' lobby" is behind the agitation. It is insinuated on the other hand that France's desire to retain the bodies on the field of honor is backed by interests which hope to capitalize the travel of mourning relatives. It is unfortunate that considerations like these should protrude themselves into a matter sacred to so many thousands on both sides of the Atlantic. We need not be surprised, however, at any lengths to which the war profiteer may go. His calibre has already been pretty well revealed. It is to be hoped then that the declaration of the New York Evening Journal, that "there must be no scandal, public or private, about the return of the army of the American dead," or that of the Seattle Times: "No class of men should be permitted to capitalize the solemn reverence of America for its hero dead in France," represent a body of public sentiment sufficiently strong to make the thing hinted at impossible. The integrity of humanity demands that.

PASTEUR'S RELIGION

Much has been written of late in the Catholic press concerning the religion of the great French scientist, Pasteur. That he was a Catholic, in name at least, is admitted by all. But was he a Catholic who faithfully practised his religion, one who can be pointed to as a true light and glory of the Catholic Church? We reprint from the Pittsburgh Observer the latest contribution to this question. It appears in the shape of a letter from the Right Rev. Mgr. Joseph Guillot, of St. Paul, Minn., who says:

Some three years ago a letter was published from Detroit, and made the rounds of the press of the country, in which it was stated that Catholics had no claims on Pasteur, one of the greatest men of the last century, that his religion was mere Deism, and that he never was a practical member of Holy Church. At the time I sought authentic information in the matter. It is only of late, owing no doubt to the many cares of my correspondents, during the last dreadful few years, that I have received complete answers to my inquiries, and they may be summed up in these very striking facts written in a letter I have from the chancellor of the diocese of St. Cloud. The testimony of that diocese comprises the department of Jura, in which is situated the pretty little city of Arbois, where Louis Pasteur was born and raised, and where his remains are buried between those of his good Catholic father and mother. The chancellor writes: (1) Pasteur was always known here as a good Catholic. (2) Even in his busiest days, he never failed to take at Paris a night train that would bring him to Arbois on the morning of Corpus Christi, so that he could join the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. And he came again every year at the end of September, to be present at what is called here the vintage feast, when the first ripe grapes gathered are brought by the most notable Catholics to the parish Church, where they are blessed by the pastor. (3) A few years before his death, presiding at the commencement exercises of the College of Dole, in the same department, he pronounced before his young audience these beautiful words, which were then quoted and commented upon by the papers: "When one has studied much he comes back to the faith of a Breton peasant: as to me, had I studied more, I would have the faith of a Breton peasant woman." (4) In April, 1895, the year in which he died, he insisted on going, with his worthy wife, to receive his Easter

Communion in the parish church. (5) On Friday, September 25, the day of his death, he very plausibly received the last Sacraments from Father Richard, one of the assistant priests, and was able afterwards to have a lengthy conversation with Father Boulanger, a Dominican, who was the great man's confessor. I believe this will satisfy anyone, as a proof that Pasteur was a faithful child of the Church, and his example is another confirmation of the words of Pascal that "a little knowledge estranges one from God, whilst great knowledge brings one nearer to God."

GREAT IRISH RALLY

SELF-DETERMINATION DEMAND AT BIG LONDON MEETING

A NATION CANNOT BE SUPPRESSED

Derry Journal, Feb. 13

Scenes of unbounded enthusiasm were associated with the demonstration addressed by Mr. Arthur Griffith and Professor John MacNeill in the Albert Hall, London, on Wednesday night, under the auspices of the Irish Self-Determination League of Great Britain, says the Freeman's Journal. For hours before the proceedings were announced to begin ticket-holders formed in queues outside the various entrances of the building which contains the largest hall in Great Britain, and is capable of accommodating over ten thousand persons. Had the accommodation been quadrupled every seat would have been occupied, as the applicants for tickets numbered over fifty thousand. The applications were not confined to the London area or to persons of Irish birth or descent. From the remotest parts of Great Britain persons applied for tickets, and while the audience was, of course, overwhelmingly Irish, Americans, Canadians, Australians, French, Norwegians, Swedes, Belgians, Egyptians, Indians, English, Scotch, Welsh, Portuguese, Spaniards, and other nationalities were represented. The international character of the gathering was also emphasized by the number of foreign journalists present, the Irish, British, American, Continental, and Australian Press being represented. Some military officers who were anxious to attend the meeting were prevented from doing so by military police as they were about to enter the hall.

Outside the building Sinn Fein flags were prominently displayed and some enterprising vendors did a brisk trade in the sale of photographs of the leaders of the 1916 insurrection. No attempt was made to interfere with them by the police. The hall was densely packed. The tri-color was generally worn. Republican flags waved on the platform and in the stalls, arena, and in the various balconies.

The Irish costumes worn by the girl collectors lent color to the historic scene. The expenses of the meeting amounted to over £400, but these were met by the collection among the audience. The gathering was a tribute to the patriotism of Irish exiles in Great Britain and of the world wide interest taken in Ireland's claim for freedom.

Mr. B. E. Barrett, gave a selection of Irish airs on the organ, and the Irish Pipers' Band also added to the enthusiasm by their excellent rendering of "St. Patrick's Day," "Wrap the Green Flag Round Me," and "The White Cockade." Miss Isolda O'Farrell sang "The Soldier's Song," in the chorus of which the audience joined.

An overflow meeting was held outside the building, and was largely attended.

When Mr. Art. O'Brien, who presided at the indoor meeting, appeared on the platform in company with Mr. Griffith and Professor MacNeill, the cheering was renewed again and again.

THE UNITED IRISH FRONT

The Chairman having spoken in Irish said that their kindred in Australia under the leadership of Archbishop Mannix—(cheers)—and their kinsmen in the United States, under the guidance of Eamonn de Valera—(renewed cheers)—had ranged themselves definitely and clearly in support of Ireland's claim to return to her place amongst the free nations of the earth. It was fully time that the Irish exiles in Great Britain should place themselves definitely and unmistakably beside their people in Australia and in America. "You are called here tonight," Mr. O'Brien proceeded, "to demand the recognition of the Irish Republic." (Loud cheers.) Eventually and universally, he continued the recognition of the Irish Republic is a certainty. There is only one nation that is opposed to it, and that nation is England. She is her opposition behind her the might of the greatest empire that the world had ever known, but they on their side had behind them the right which is given by God to all nations to choose for themselves the form of government under which they wished to live. (Cheers.)

A MESSAGE FROM SCOTLAND

The Chairman read a message from the Scottish National Committee sending fraternal salutations to the Irish representatives, saying they were preparing with them "for the dawn of the not far distant day when English control of Ireland and Scotland will cease to be." The message was signed by Robert Smillie, President of the National Committee; R. Erskine, of Marr, Convener. The Chairman also read the following message to Mr. Griffith from

Dublin: "Ireland is too tough to carve after seven centuries of roasting." (Laughter and cheers.) Mr. P. J. Kelly (President of the Irish Self-Determination League of Great Britain) moved resolutions demanding recognition of the Irish Republic, and demanding the release of the Irishmen who have been seized, deported, and imprisoned in recent weeks.

A message of greeting to the Irish prisoners in Wormwood Scrubs was also enthusiastically endorsed.

LOED FRENCH AND BRITISH POLICY OF EXPATRIATION

Mr. Griffith, on rising to speak, had a great ovation, the whole audience rising, cheering and waving hats, handkerchiefs, and Sinn Fein flags. Ireland, he said, according to the principle of self-determination, had declared by a vote of five to one for an independent Irish Republic. The English army of occupation is using every instrument of tyranny and sabotage against the declared will of the Irish people. The Policy of the English Government in Ireland is the extirpation of the Irish people. Lord French stated two weeks ago that the cause of the trouble was that from 100,000 to 200,000 young Irish people who normally would have been expatriated had remained at home.

That showed that the policy of the British Government in Ireland depended upon the extirpation of the Irish people. To combat that had been the first duty of the elected representatives of the Irish people. In the last seventy years the population of Ireland has been reduced from 8½ millions to 4½ millions. Under the rule of Russia the population doubled in oppressed Poland. In A'ace and Lorraine under Germany the population had also doubled.

There were renewed cries of "Shame" as Mr. Griffith gave an instance from Dingle where three of the elected representatives of the Irish people met some fisherman and confer about development of the fisheries. These three men were carried off by the forces of the English Government, and were sentenced to three months imprisonment for illegal assembly.

A voice from the gallery cried: "We are going back to Ireland." Mr. Griffith said: "We are not only going back, but we are bringing a world force." The Irish question is not only a question of four millions in Ireland; it is also a question of forty millions of Irish throughout the world.

The English people, he went on, seemed to fear "a hostile Ireland on the flank." But there was now and would be a hostile Ireland on their flank so long as they tried to rule Ireland by foreign force. If they wanted to get rid of the hostile Ireland on their flank let them recognize in Ireland that for which they claimed they fought for in the War on behalf of all small nations, the right to choose their own government. (Cheers.) If that were done there would be no necessity for the Irish people to live on other than terms of amity with the English people.

Mr. Griffith next dealt with Mr. Lloyd George's speech on the opening day of Parliament.

Loud hissing came from the audience when the Prime Minister's name was mentioned.

Mr. Lloyd George had said that self-determination would mean an Irish Republic. What did Mr. Lloyd George mean, asked Mr. Griffith, when he said that little nations were as much entitled to their freedom as big ones, and when he accepted the points laid down by President Wilson?

Mr. Lloyd George had also something to say about murders. What about the murders of Irish civilians? Coroners' juries had returned verdicts of wilful murder, but no one had been put on trial or punished.

The proposer of the resolution, Mr. Kelly, had referred to Lord French, but the fact was, remarked Mr. Griffith, that Lord French and Mr. Macpherson were not the real governors of Ireland. There was a small camarilla in Dublin Castle. Many in the audience might remember the conspiracy some thirty years ago against Mr. Parnell. ("Cheers for Parnell.") The Times, under its then management, published letters attributed to Mr. Parnell, and they were proved to be forgeries. Pigott, their author, committed suicide. Houston, who also helped the Times in the case against Mr. Parnell, disappeared. But there was one man whose name did not transpire at that time. Dublin Castle placed his services at the disposal of the Times.

"We have no fear for the future," said Mr. Griffith. "The will of the Irish people is stronger than any law that England can invent. As John Mitchell once said, the aspiration for Irish nationality will outlive the British empire. Many people were indifferent in Ireland and are now strong and fierce antagonists of English rule. If the English go on with the present system we are going on, and our determination will beat all their resources.

We must regard the people of England as our enemies so long as they deny our freedom, but if our rights as a nation are recognized we are willing to live in peace and friendship. Let England recognise our independence and I would say Ireland should no longer bear any hatred.

The Chairman stated that the following messages were being sent from the meeting:

"To Archbishop Mannix—Irish residents in England, ten thousand in Albert Hall, join kinstick in America and Australia in demanding Irish independence." (Cheers.)

A similar message was sent to Mr. Eamonn de Valera, and also the following: "Ald. Tom Kelly, Lord Mayor of Dublin, Wormwood Scrubs Prison—Mass meeting of Irish residents in England assembled in Albert Hall, demanded release of you and your colleagues." (Cheers.)

MR. MACNEILL AND THE MEANING OF SELF-DETERMINATION

Professor MacNeill, who was loudly cheered, briefly addressed the meeting in Irish. Speaking in English he said that whether the Labor Party or the Prime Minister knew the meaning of self-determination now, they knew it in 1918 when they were looking for Irish soldiers—(cheers)—and the meaning they knew then they would teach those English politicians again. (Renewed cheers.) The people of Ireland were not in the least intimidated by the military rule of the last few years, as was shown by the recent municipal elections all over Ireland. (Cheers.) They were told it was the duty of the British Government to maintain law and order in Ireland.

"There is only one way in which they can do that, the speaker declared, and that is by giving force to law—because the law in Ireland is no law. It is only organized violence."

The English Government proposals were not intended to do Ireland any good, but to pull English politicians out of a difficulty. The last time he was in London was when he was in Pentonville Prison. (Cheers.) He left the prison, like all his colleagues, unrepentant. (Cheers.) Now the British Government had 65 men more in prison, and what did they expect? The Irish people's determination was fixed; they were not going back. (Cheers.) He did not think it was possible for the British Government to intimidate one per thousand of the men, women, and children of Ireland. (Cheers.) Young people were growing up free from the slavish notions of the past.

He came before them that night not only as an Irishman, but an Ulster man. (Cheers.) The game of the British Government in using Ulster as its instrument for its own purpose in Ireland was being found out, and what was known as "Carsonism" was becoming a very damp squib. (Cheers.)

"We are very little concerned," Prof. MacNeill continued, "whether Mr. Lloyd George—(groans)—thinks it worth his while to attempt to make out that the elected representatives of the Irish people are assassins. That does not concern us, but we have an answer to it. Some time ago when Mr. Lloyd George was in charge of his militia in England, he used rather threatening language towards a section of the British public. He told them that their proposals were tantamount to making war on the community. Now that is exactly what Mr. Lloyd George is doing in Ireland. (Cheers.) At the present moment he and his Government are engaged in making war on the Irish community."

Mr. Cahal O'Shannon said they did not mean by self-determination a generous measure of self-government. (Laughter and cheers.) As an Ulster man he claimed that the common people of Ulster were heart and soul with the common people of Ireland. (Cheers.) Let the workers of England understand, once and for all, that if the Labor Party came into power in England, with a subject Ireland at their doorsteps, they would have the same hostility as the Coalition Government had. (Cheers.)

Rev. James Campbell formally seconded the resolution, which was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted.

The proceedings closed with the singing of "The Soldier's Song," in the chorus of which the whole audience joined.

NEWMAN CLUB

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

It has been a busy year at Newman Club. General interest has been taken in the various activities of the Club. At present the main topic is the coming elections. There is a keen rivalry on all sides. Next Sunday, March 7th, the elections of Officers will be held.

Among the activities are the inter-faculty debates, men's oratorical contest, and women's oratorical contest. On Friday, Feb. 27th, the Law Debating Team defeated Arts. Law was represented by Mr. John Grace and Mr. Wm. Unger, and Arts by Mr. W. Gendron and Mr. Arthur Kelly. The subject of debate was "Resolved that sympathetic strikes are justifiable." On March 19th, the Dentistry Debating Team, represented by Mr. Frank McKee and Mr. J. A. Boyd, will oppose the Medical Debating Team represented by Mr. Wm. Blatz and Mr. Wm. O'Chear. The question of discussion is "Resolved

that men are not to work for profit." The affirmative will be upheld by Dentistry. The winners of these debates will appear in a final debate for which they will be awarded first \$50 donated by Mrs. Sternedale Murphy in memory of her late husband, Major Sterndale Murphy, and for second \$25 donated by Mr. Hugh Humphrey of Hamilton.

On Tuesday, March 2nd, the first of a series of the men's oratorical contest will be held. In the final contest a gold medal awarded by Mr. Sullivan of Hamilton will be given to the best speaker, and a silver medal to the second best speaker.

The women will hold their third oratorical contest on Friday, March 5th. A gold medal offered by Mr. Frank Hughes will be awarded to the best speaker in the final contest, and a silver medal to the second best.

The Newman Canadian Society has had its program in operation for some time. Already several prominent speakers have addressed the Club, such as J. O. O'Donoghue, Esq., Hon. Mr. Justice Latchford, and Gordon Waldron, Esq. Hon. Mr. Justice Kelly will address the Club on March 10th, and Hon. Manning Doherty on March 24th. The Society conducts on Wednesday evenings when there is no special lecture open discussions on current topics such as "Farmer Government," "The Tariff," "Capital and Labor," etc.

The Newman Medical and the Newman Dental Societies also hold a course of lectures and have had several prominent speakers. Sir Bertram Windle and Rev. Dean Harris will address the Club within the next few weeks. On Sundays after Mass a Catholic physician will give a talk to the Newman Medical Society. Col. Dr. McKeeon will address the members next Sunday.

Beginning Wednesday, March 24th, the Rev. John M. Handy, C. S. P. of Chicago, will conduct the Annual Retreat at the Club. Father Handy is a well known missionary and is a convert to the Church.

IF EVERYBODY HELPED

Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD:

Will you kindly allow me a small space in your valuable paper to express an opinion on your article in the issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD of the 31st January relative to Rev. E. J. Devine's suggestion in the Dec. Number of the League of the Sacred Heart Magazine, for a League of the Sacred Heart Bursae, to be donated to Rev. Father Fraser's China Mission College at Almonte, Ont. Just stop for a moment and think, if the members of the Sacred Heart League—560,000 members in Canada and Newfoundland—would each contribute one cent a year it would found a Bursae whereby one priest for the Chinese Mission could be educated in perpetuity. Now when we see what sacrifices the other Church members in Canada will make to obtain their objective of \$11,000,000 to be raised in their forthcoming drive—the forward movement scheme—it should most assuredly make us Catholics ask ourselves "what are we going to do to raise funds for our Home and Foreign Missions," and again "what have we been doing in the past along these same lines?" practically nothing compared with what our separated brethren have done and will do to assist in carrying on their religious propaganda at home and abroad.

Now as Rev. Father Devine said if each member of the Sacred Heart League would contribute one cent each a Bursae would be assured, and I wish to say that if each member would contribute the small sum of only 10 cents each for one year, we would have eleven Bursae established, this small sum would not hardship any member in the least, and just see what a glorious deed we would have done for the glory of God and our dear Sacred Heart.

I would be very pleased to have, through your columns, the opinion of some other members of the League of the Sacred Heart on the matter under discussion.

Thanking you for your valuable space, I am,
Member of League of Sacred Heart,
Summerside, P. E. I.

THE LATEST PROP OF ANGLICANISM

It must be a sad day for devout Anglicans in England when they behold Spiritualism made a prop of the tottering and rapidly disintegrating structure of their Church. Speaking from his cathedra, Dr. Weildon, Dean of Durham, recently announced: "For the present it is enough to declare that Spiritualism is the ally and not the enemy of Christianity."

Christians are naturally drawn towards Spiritualism. Bishop Weildon, as the London United Press remarks, has of course no claim to speak for the 800,000,000 Catholic Christians: "To the Catholic the truth about Spiritualism, except as a study in natural science or human vagaries, possesses little interest. He needs no 'messages' to reinforce his belief in an after-life for the human soul. The so-called 'messages' obtained under stage management are so banal—fall so far below the clear and universal teaching of the Church guided by the spirit of truth, that he can afford to give the go-by to all

this hotch-potch of fraud, morbid curiosity, and devilry."

Bishop Weildon's statement that Christians will be drawn to Spiritualism by "their belief in the Resurrection of Christ," shows what a shrunken, faded, threadbare, washed-out Christianity remains to be worn for Sunday use in Durham. To quote again from the page of the Universe: "There is no parallel at all between communication with the truly risen Humanity of Christ, living visibly on earth, and those dead people whose 'spiritualized' bodies are supposed to be interviewed by any Spiritist Paul Pry, but of whose real identity no proof whatever that would satisfy a doddering grandam, has ever been produced. The Dean had better seek for a prop to Anglicanism in some other quarter."

It is worthy of note that while Spiritualism is bitterly attacking the Catholic Church, as its one great enemy, it often caters to Protestantism, and gently with signal success, Dr. Weildon presents no isolated instance.—Americo.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE STRANGERS

"Those foreigners are no good anyhow." "You can't do anything for them." These words are the form of abuse used by some Catholics to silence the voice of conscience when it reminds them of their responsibility in regard to the spiritual and temporal necessities of their foreign Catholic brethren.

The abuse is invalid. The general, all-condemning statement is not true. A little thought will convince the least charitable among us of our duty as Catholics towards the strangers within our gates. After all, they are our brethren—Catholics as we are Catholics. They are worth while—worth the very Blood of Jesus Christ.

Change certain conditions—it is within our power to do so—and the foreign Catholic becomes an ornament of the Catholic Church in this country. Education, religious instruction and social uplift will do much for even the most backward among them for their national characteristics are formed by Catholic principles.

We have, too, this argument to urge in their behalf. No matter how impossible we may think them, Protestants are eager to spend with-out stint time and money so long as they can separate the so-called new-Canadian from the detested Catholic Church. Can we permit it to be said that we were indifferent and unbecoming when robbers came and stole away from the fold the sheep marked with the sign of the Good Shepherd?

It is stated, sometimes with truth, that the foreign Catholics in our midst will not help themselves. Well, what of it? This only means that we must do all the more for them. Because the savage will do little for his salvation we send missionaries into foreign countries to preach God's word in poverty and suffering. Does not the Good Master tell us of the number we must "compel" to come in so that the Kingdom of heaven may be filled? The more helpless we find God's creatures the more need there is for the exercise of Christian Charity.

We hear, too, that the foreign Catholics have money for everything except for the support of religion. There is an element of truth in this statement but the statement is too general and as such, is not true. We must remember that our ways and means of doing things in this country are brand new to the foreign Catholic. Voluntary contribution is to him a queer method for the support of religion. He meets it for the first time and is confused. Give him time, let him learn; the process of education will be slow. Until such time as we will have learned it less, we must take on ourselves some of the burden of support. Time will alter all this. The children of the new-comers educated in our schools will aid in bringing about a better understanding of our queer system of church support.

On the other hand, some newcomers, the Ruthenians for example, are very zealous Catholics and when organized into congregations are ever ready to make sacrifices for their faith. In Manitoba the Ruthenians have very poor land as a rule and little of the world's goods, yet the Redeemptorist Fathers in charge of the Ruthenian parishes assure us that these Catholic people support the Church willingly and generously according to their means. The fact, too, that they have so many churches and missions in the prairie provinces convinces us of their generous and religious spirit. Mostly all of their churches and missions have been built and paid for by themselves.

The Ruthenians have been in Canada not a quarter of a century and their achievements for religion in that short period are most praiseworthy for a disorganized people scattered over the Dominion of Canada. We doubt very much if our forbears—new-comers and foreigners, too—in their day were able to show so much in so short a period.

A practical charity now exercised in favor of our foreign brethren in Canada will surely bear splendid fruit in the years to come. Let us even suppose the worst, that no response will be forthcoming after all our sacrifices—that "those foreigners are no good"—anyhow we have the consolation that we have

acted as Catholics; we did the right thing, even if we did fail.

Donations may be addressed to:
REV. T. O'DONNELL, President,
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IGNORING LENT

Some Catholics ignore Lent entirely, and must necessarily suffer spiritually in return. Christ lived through a night of agony, the target for foul and blasphemous words and actions of the soldiers. He suffered for you; and now, during Lent, you'll sit through a silly movie or show, just like the soldiers of old, heedless of your God. You'll go to parties as though you had no regard for Christ, who was forsaken and alone in His sufferings and had no one to comfort Him. But what shall I do with myself during Lent?—the evenings are so long. Read or study religious books. Refresh your knowledge of your faith and the practices of the Church. The Lives of the Saints, the Story of Jesus' Sufferings, are good Lenten food. Work for charity, for the poor, for the poor missions, etc., and Lent will pass profitably. Say the Stations, the best Lenten devotional practice after Holy Mass.

All those home parties will be more agreeable after Lent. Just try it and see for yourself.—St. Anthony Messenger.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario.

Dear Friends—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to you charity to assist in founding bursae for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursae. The interest on this amount will support a student when he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary
J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following bursae for subscription.

SACRED HEART BURSE

Previously acknowledged... \$4,234 55
Thanksgiving, Presque, Nfld. 1 00
Mrs. D. Bonang, Yarmouth 1 00
Jerminal, Sullivan, Brent Cove..... 5 00
E. P. Kenney, Merrickville 2 00
Mrs. John O'Mara, Sombra 3 00
Mrs. W. Connor, St. John's 50
M. R. Cuddihy, Montreal.... 3 50
John Brick, Fisherville..... 5 00
A Friend, Newton Centre, Mass..... 2 00

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$1,513 28

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$824 45
Francis Linegar, St. John's 1 00

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE

Previously acknowledged... \$1,834 00
Terra Nova..... 2 00

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$292 70
A Friend..... 30

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSE

Previously acknowledged... \$1,254 97
Mary L. Phelan, Antigonish 5 15

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE

Previously acknowledged... \$225 25

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE

Previously acknowledged... \$282 80
Francis, St. John's, Nfld..... 1 00

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE

Previously acknowledged... \$196 00

HOLY SOULS BURSE

Previously acknowledged... \$480 25
Mrs. P. J. H., Terre Haute, Ind..... 2 00
In memory of Philip Evoy, Quebec..... 24 00

LITTLE FLOWER BURSE

Previously acknowledged... \$311 55

SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSE

Previously acknowledged... \$87 50

St. Catharine's Parish, St. Catharines, Ont..... 102 00

Mrs. James Coughlin, Schreiber..... 5 00

Promoter, Quebec..... 1 00

Adeline, Gravenhurst..... 50

MARCH, 13, 1920

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY

Dear Harp of my country! In darkness I found thee; The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long.

Dear Harp of my country, farewell to thy numbers; This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine:

WHEN AT WORK KEEP BUSY

Sometimes an abundance of time spoils a man for the best work. It has been noted that most men do their best under pressure.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE KERRY DANCE

O the days of the Kerry dancing, O the ring of the piper's tune! O for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas! like our youth too soon!

AN O'CONNELL STORY

The many anecdotes about the Liberator which have been in circulation from his own time down to the present, are in spite of their being so well known and frequently recounted, such as do not pall by repetition and keep their humor unimpaired.

ST. JOSEPH

Saints know thee best, O hidden, silent Saint; And would that I could feel a little part Of that great love Theresa's kindred heart.

ST. PATRICK

For many reasons Ireland stands unique among the nations of the earth. Her history, her national traits, her sufferings and her triumphs place Erin in a distinctive class among all peoples.

GOOD BEGINNINGS

"Well begun is half done," is an old-time saying. No matter what the work may be, a good beginning is half the battle.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO SAVE

Just as respect for authority—or obedience—is one of the great cornerstones upon which rests the moral excellence of a family, so thrift or economy is the foundation of its material prosperity.

LEAVES ON THE WIND

A New Volume of Verse by Rev. D. A. Casey. AUTHOR OF "At the Gate of the Temple" Editor of "The Canadian Freeman"

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS

Deprived of national unity, throttled for ages by a relentless and unreasoning foe, struck down ignominiously at every attempt to rise, Ireland still makes her name and her influence felt in the councils of men.

B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q.

We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

ual step and a clearness to our mental vision. It floods the heart with a breath of life and opens the windows of our soul to the sunshine of God.

How sad to think that many Christian men and women start the day without ever lifting their heart and mind to God. A few minutes in the morning recalls to us that all we do and suffer should be done for the service of God and our fellowmen.

When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night, And the Kerry piper's tuning made us long with wild delight,

Was there ever a sweeter colleen in the dance than Eily Moore? Or a prouder lad than Thady, as he boldly took the floor?

Time goes on and the happy years are dead, And one by one the merry hearts are fled;

When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night, And the Kerry piper's tuning made us long with wild delight,

One of the many lessons which the late War and the present high cost of living has taught us, is the necessity of national as well as domestic economy.

Although the present high cost of living is a deplorable evil, it will not be without its good results, if we are alert and willing enough to learn a lesson which the present force of circumstances teaches us.

Some of us are beginning to learn how to get along with less, and to live just as well if not better. "Frugality," according to William Penn, "is good if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality."

Experiments are being introduced into the schools of the various countries. It is, without a doubt, a big step in the right direction, but unless the home puts into practice what is aimed at in schools, these experiments cannot produce the desired results.

If children are taught even at a tender age, never to waste anything, no matter how small, they will soon learn the value, and acquire the virtue of thrift. There is only one

danger connected with the thrift idea; we might, in our enthusiasm for it, carry it to extremes and produce the detested miser. Waste for waste's sake is just as bad a feature as saving merely for saving's sake.

There is such a thing as a well-spent penny and a wisely-saved dollar. The penny or nickel which is spent by a child for another's use or pleasure is not wasted, and the idea of teaching children to help and to give from their own savings will be a splendid means of avoiding opposite extremes.

Frugality like everything else should be founded upon principle. Thrift is a positive virtue which may be acquired in a negative way. Just as we may become "holy" by avoiding sin so we may become thrifty by avoiding waste.

Years ago the idea that a penny saved is a penny earned, and the wisdom of laying aside a nest egg for a rainy day, were inculcated almost from babyhood. Indeed, in those economical times, Fourth of July, the circus, and Christmas were about the only spending days for children—days anticipated months ahead and enjoyed to the full.

Nowadays, a boy or girl of seven or eight, must spend five or ten cents a day for candy—or feel poor and miserable! These little "self-indulgences" are the foundation for the savers of the next generation!

In educating our boys and girls to be thrifty, we not only help them to build solid foundations for a useful happy life and economic independence, but we prepare them at the same time, to meet with dignity and composure, the greater and sterner realities of life.—Lordman.

Patron of all who work in humble ways! Pray that, from pure and honest motive, I May fill with patient toil the moments flying;

Patron of happy death beds; when my days Have reached their term, be thou, dear Joseph, nigh, With Mary and with Jesus, while I'm dying.

Patron of all who work in humble ways! Pray that, from pure and honest motive, I May fill with patient toil the moments flying;

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Patron of all who work in humble ways! Pray that, from pure and honest motive, I May fill with patient toil the moments flying;

Get a Packet, and Realize what an infusion of Really Pure Fine Tea Tastes like "SALADA" Black, Green or Mixed - Never Sold in Bulk

Traitors there have been, traitors there are among them as amongst all peoples; but the genuine Irishman, the true son of Erin will gladly, nay, longingly, embrace death rather than betray his mother, old Erin, or his mistress, the Catholic Church.

The spirit of Ireland often has been misunderstood and misinterpreted. Her light-heartedness has been assigned to levity; her simplicity has been termed childishness, and her restlessness has been ascribed to lack of thrift.

Knit Socks and Dollars with the Auto Knitter Profitable employment at home in war or peace time

Socks—more socks—the Soldiers' call! The hosiery industry is booming and the demand far exceeds the supply.

The Auto Knitter is simple and easily learned—and secures a big income for full or spare time work right in your own home and no previous experience is essential.

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Canadian National Railways

LEAVES ON THE WIND A New Volume of Verse by Rev. D. A. Casey

FATHER CASEY writes with sincere and deep feeling. His uplifting heart-sonnets carry many cheery winged messages to the earth-worn weary children of men.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q.

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Make Your Will Today and appoint the Capital Trust Corporation your Executor. You can then rest assured that your wishes will be carried out, faithfully and efficiently, with profit and protection to your heirs.

It often happens that when a man is spending all his efforts on something, and it does not come about in the way and to the end that he wants, his mind falls into weariness and sadness.

The Sacred Heart's Calendar For 1920 Size 11" x 14"

Worthy of occupying a place of honor in each home. De Luxe impression in Brown and Gold. Contains Promises of the Sacred Heart to the Blessed Margaret Mary, good thoughts, invocations and several Engravings, Etc.

By Mail 40c. Special Price in Quantity Address J. P. LAURIN 95 George Street, Ottawa, Ont.



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600 ROOMS \$2.50 UP CAFETERIA PAR EXCELLENCE ROSE AND CASCADE ROOMS

TRY US FOR LUNCHES AND BANQUETS



Lovely as when new! Those delicately tinted, filmy Georgette and Crepe blouses—those sheer and gossamer under things, laces, etc., are really benefited by being cleansed with LUX.

LUX takes out any perspiration stains—leaves everything fresh and NEW. You see, there is no rubbing with LUX and it is so pure that it will harm nothing at all that pure water itself may touch.

LUX is matchless in purity—matchless in results. Lux is sold at all Grocers, Departmental Stores, etc.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO 76 LUX

OBITUARY

THE LATE REVEREND FATHER COLLINS, C. S. B.

The funeral of the late Rev. John B. Collins, C. S. B., whose death was recorded on February 24th, was held at St. Basil's Church, Toronto, on the Friday following, in the presence of a large concourse of sincere admirers and friends.

Father Collins was a highly-esteemed member of the Community of St. Basil, priests in charge of St. Michael's College, Toronto, Assumption College, Sandwich, and of many other houses of education throughout Canada, the United States and England. He was born near Lindsay, Ont.; was in his sixty-seventh year; had been ordained to the priesthood in 1888 and had held many important positions in his community at Toronto, Sandwich, Detroit, Owen Sound, Ont.; had been the first master of novices when the Basilians instituted their first novitiate for the American Province at Toronto in 1892. In his declining years he had returned to Toronto to accept the assistant-pastorship of St. Basil's Church.

The Reverend Father Collins always took a keen interest in questions for the advancement of religion and education and he was an ardent defender of Ireland's cause. He was an honored member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and also of the Detroit Council, of the Knights of Columbus. All the positions held by him among the Fathers of St. Basil, he filled with much grace and distinction, endearing himself with all with whom he came in contact, by his gentle and kind nature, his Irish wit and humor accentuating a strong and pleasing personality.

The immediate relatives surviving him are his three brothers and one sister: Cornelius, Helen and Charles, of Lindsay, Ont., and Terence, of Rochester, N. Y. His brother, the Rev. Timothy Collins, pastor of Bracebridge, Ont., predeceased him by several years. His nephew, J. B. Collins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Collins, of Lindsay, is a member of the Redemptorist Order, at Esopus, N. Y.

The solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung by the Very Rev. James F. Player, C. S. B., Superior General, assisted by the Rev. M. J. Christian, deacon, and Rev. J. C. Plomer, Sub-deacon. The funeral oration was delivered by the Very Rev. Nicholas Roche, C. S. B.

The chief mourners' bench was occupied by the immediately near ones of the family and friends. Besides these were present: Right Rev. M. D. Whelan, V. G. of Toronto; Very Rev. Dean Harrison; Sir Bertram Windle; Rev. Doctors: J. P. Tracy and Arthur O'Leary; Rev. Henry Carr; G. Kirby; F. G. Powell; J. D. Cushing; A. Lucier; M. Oline; J. M. Aboulin, Detroit, Mich.; T. Ryder, C. S. P.; J. M. Sullivan, C. S. P.; Father E. Cox, S. J., Montreal; A. T. Oughlin, C. S. S. R.; W. Muckle; R. Miller; S. McGrath; McCann; W. James; A. T. Clancy; E. McCabe; L. Minehan; P. Lamarche; M. Moyn; G. France, Benventon; J. Joseph Ferguson, Warkworth; M. O'Neill, Port Dalhousie; E. Kelly, Richmond Hill; J. C. Plomer, Sandwich; J. L. O'Connor; V. I. Donnelly, Amherstburg; N. J. McNulty; T. J. Hayes; V. J. Murphy; E. McCormick, C. S. B.; H. Bellisle; R. T. Burke; Murray; E. F. Murray; J. E. Pageau, C. S. B.; R. McBrady; E. O'Neill; V. Reath; M. Oliver; J. Walsh; D. Meader; W. A. Murray; several Christian Brothers; inspectors of Separate schools O'Brien and Powers; and representatives of the staffs of St. Joseph College Academy, the Patrons Blood Community, Sacred Heart Orphanage, St. Michael's Hospital, and the Good Shepherd Community.

The interment was made in Mount Hope cemetery. May his soul forever rest in peace.

BROTHER J. J. MCGROGAN

The funeral of Brother James J. McGrogan, for twelve years sacristan of St. Ignatius Catholic Church, was held February 23rd from the church. It was attended by nearly the entire faculty and student body of Loyola College, members of the congregation and other friends of the Jesuit Brother.

The Very Rev. Joseph A. McEneaney, president of the college, celebrated a low Mass of Requiem. Twenty-six priests were in attendance in the sanctuary.

The body was taken during the afternoon to Woodstock College, the Jesuit Novitiate, where burial took place according to the rites of the order. A large delegation of Brother McGrogan's friends made the trip.

The following, all present or former students at Loyola, and altar boys during Brother McGrogan's regime as sacristan of the altar at St. Ignatius, were the pall bearers: Leo A. Codd, Francis J. Weira, Frank K. Knecht, Alphonse Knecht and Frank Le Grand Knecht.

LATE VINCENT GRANT

The death occurred on Friday, Feb. 20th, of Mr. Vincent Grant, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Grant of Osgoode, Ont. The deceased, who was eighteen years of age, was attending high school in Metcalfe, Ont., where he died after a week's illness from pneumonia. He was a clever and popular boy and his early death is regretted by a large number of friends. He is survived by his parents, Mr. Thomas Grant, merchant, of Osgoode, and Mrs. Grant; six sisters, Rev. Sister Flora and Sister Marion of Peterborough. Misses Mabel, Gertrude and Ethel, at home,

SISTER M. JOSEPH DAVIS

On Friday, March 5th, the Month's Mind of the death of Sister M. Joseph Davis will be solemnized.

The deceased was a member of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph and for many years cared for the sick at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton. In her long years of service she had acquired great skill and her solicitude for the welfare of the suffering was proved by her utter forgetfulness of self. If not even a cup of cold water given for love of the Divine Master shall be without its reward what shall we say of the recompense of a life devoted to the sick and afflicted?

Sister Joseph entered the Novitiate in Hamilton on Dec. 8, 1885 and received the habit on Nov. 25, 1886. The earlier years of her religious life were spent at St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, where the characteristic virtues of her life were manifested in the discharge of the duties assigned her. She esteemed it a glory to succor the miserable and in caring for the sick, in lessening the suffering of the afflicted, was always actuated by the noble motive of rendering service to Him, Who lovingly accepts such kind ministrations. "I was sick and ye visited Me."

At St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, Sister Joseph became remarkable for her magnanimous spirit of self-sacrifice. She has left a grand record of a well-spent life during which her close communion with God and her interior spirit gave her spiritual strength to bear patiently and trustfully the sufferings of her last illness.

The funeral ceremonies took place in the chapel of St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, on Saturday, Feb. 7th. Rev. G. Cassidy of St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, sang the requiem Mass. The remains were interred in the Sisters' plot at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

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and Miss Irene, attending boarding school in Douglas, Ont., and one brother, Anthony, at home. The funeral service which was held in St. John's church, Osgoode, on Sunday, was chanted by Rev. Father Oskery, P.P. of Osgoode, assisted by Rev. M. J. Gorman, P.P. of Metcalfe, and Rev. Geo. Prudhomme, P.P. of South Gloucester, Ont.

Deep sympathy is extended to the family of Mrs. Moriarty, 76 Wilson Ave., Toronto, through the death of her beloved daughter Nora. The deceased young lady was born in Toronto. She was educated by the Sisters of St. Joseph in her native parish, St. Patrick's, and subsequently graduated from St. Joseph's High School. The gracious and modest disposition that marked her school days is remembered.

Ten years ago she was appointed Assistant Librarian in the Toronto Public Library. For the past three years she presided with capability and courtesy over the High Park Branch. The Directors of the Library esteemed her a literary authority and attached much weight and merit to her decisions.

Mrs. Moriarty possessed an impressive personality, marked by brilliant and virtuous qualities of mind and heart. Fidelity to the God-given ideals of their country had brought severe suffering to her Irish parents. From them she inherited an abiding love for Ireland which proved itself in generous efforts to promote the best interests of that afflicted land. She loved her native Canada and gloried in the prospect of its great future but the tenderness of her heart went out to the home of her race. "My soul is Irish, my heart is with the Irish why not pray for the liberation of the true and gallant people from whom I come," she would say.

She was a zealous student of the Irish Language and by unfailing attendance at the Gaelic League lectures had gained adeptness of expression in it. Her fellow members will sadly miss her genial aid and presence. The afflicted family and sorrowing friends are consoled by the recollection of her saintly life rendered sweeter at its close by the saving graces of the Church she faithfully served.

She was buried in St. Michael's Cemetery from Holy Family Church, Parkdale, Toronto. Her soul rests in the bosom of God praying the Eternal Reunion of friends promised in the solemn words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me though he be dead, shall live."

Surviving are the following sisters: Mrs. A. Barwash, Haliburton, Ont.; Mrs. Percy Simon, Calgary; Mrs. R. Allan, Hileybury; and Rev. Sister Flora, Rideson, St. Constant, Ottawa; two brothers, John of Calgary, and Thomas of North Bay, Ont.; and the following nieces: Mrs. Dr. Bartlette, Hanover, N. H.; Mrs. Dr. Foeter, Wiarnton, Ont.; Mrs. Major Leckie, Sudbury; Mrs. Captain McDonald, S. P.; Mrs. Thompson, St. Foy Road, Quebec City.

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GUARD AGAINST THE 'FLU
Serious Outbreaks of Influenza all over Canada

GOOD HEALTH IS THE SUREST SAFEGUARD
"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brings Vigor and Vitality and Thus Protects Against Disease

There can be no doubt that the situation regarding the spread of influenza throughout Canada is one of grave concern. It is quite true that the number of cases does not constitute an epidemic such as caused the suffering and sorrow during the terrible days of '18. Yet there is no discounting the fact that everyone should be on their guard against the disease.

In Montreal alone, from January 20th to February 21st, three thousand, one hundred and thirty cases of influenza and 159 deaths from the disease were reported to the Health Department.

If the outbreak had come at the beginning of the winter instead of the end, the very cold weather would check the spread of the disease. But coming as it has, at the end of the winter, there is grave fear that an epidemic may develop. For spring, with its slush and rain underfoot, its dampness and chill, its constant changing from cold to warm and back again, is a prolific source of coughs and colds, pleurisy and pneumonia.

The best protection, in fact, the only safeguard against the 'Flu, is, GOOD HEALTH.

Those who are not as well and strong as they should be; those who are underweight; those who are "run-down" through overwork or sickness; those who build up at once. What they need is a Blood-purifier, a body-builder, a strength-giver, like "Fruit-a-tives", the wonderful fruit medicine.

"Fruit-a-tives" regulates the kidneys and bowels, causing these organs to eliminate waste regularly and naturally as nature intended. "Fruit-a-tives" cleanses the system, and insures an abundant supply of pure, rich blood. "Fruit-a-tives" tones up and strengthens the organs of digestion, sharpens the appetite, brings restful sleep and renews the vitality of the nervous system.

"Fruit-a-tives" contains everything that an ideal tonic should have; to purify the blood, to build up strength and vigor, and to regulate the eliminating organs, so that the whole system would be in the best possible condition to resist disease.

Now is the time to build up your health and strength, not only as a precaution against the ravages of influenza, but also to protect you against "spring fever" and the inevitable reaction which comes with the appearance of warmer weather. Get a box of "Fruit-a-tives" today and let this fruit medicine keep you well.

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

The bill continues, saying that the employer has a reasonable right to expect a comfortable living from his business, but that interest on the inevitable reaction which comes with the appearance of warmer weather. Get a box of "Fruit-a-tives" today and let this fruit medicine keep you well.

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There is a page in the Home Bank's Thrift Account Book for entering the date of purchase, amount, and interest dates on Government Bonds, War Stamps, and Savings Certificates. The form is very concise, and will preserve all the details for ready reference. Ask for a copy of the Thrift Book Distributed free at all branches.

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