

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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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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A GRACIOUS ACT APPRECIATED

It must be confessed that even among many thousands of opponents of the so-called Free State, there was a feeling of relief at the announcement that Tim Healy would be the appointee of the Crown for Governor of Ireland. This is not because Tim is the most welcome choice, but because he is really not the bad choice that had been on all sides anticipated. It was of course expected that, following former precedent in the case of the appointment of Lords Lieutenant of Ireland, and governors of Canada and other British dominions or colonies, an English Lord should be sent over—even, maybe, a member of the Royal Family. The appointment of any such as Governor of Ireland would have been resented not alone by Irish Government enemies but by hundreds of thousands of Irish Government supporters. One of the chief complaints against the Treaty and the Constitution was that the Governor appointed by the Crown would gather around him and strengthen the position of all the West British toadies in Dublin and in Ireland—that his residence and his social functions would afford a rallying ground for everything that was anti-national and un-national in Ireland, and that his near-Royal Court would put all the climber class in Dublin back into the state of demoralization in which they used to exist under the old Lord Lieutenant system—and from which they were being dragged up by the militant national spirit which existed during recent years.

Tim Healy is a man who despises the climber class. He has his faults, and serious ones, but the lack of virile national spirit is not among them. He'll not establish anything like a Court: and Society apes and toadies will take good care to keep out of his way. His appointment will cause a grumbling, but in those circles of worthless creatures who live only for Society. On the day on which Tim is installed, fake Society in Dublin will have got its death-knell.

A SURVIVAL OF OLD TIME BITTERNESS

Another very important reason why the members of the Dail and the members of the Irish Government will rejoice at the appointment of Tim Healy, is that it instantly lifts them out of one abysmal dilemma which lay across their path. In commonest courtesy they would have to receive most respectfully, would have occasionally to wait upon, and to render homage and respect to, any Governor that was sent to Dublin. If an English lord or English royalty came, these militant, democratic and anti-English body of men would be bitterly humiliated to have to wait upon, receive with homage, and pay their respects to an individual for whom all of them would feel antagonism, and most of them feel contempt. And it would be a damaging political blow for them to have their opponents show them up as toadying to a titled English representative of England's King. Tim Healy will neither expect nor tolerate homage—and even if he did, the paying of respect and homage to a democratic Irishman who has been in the main militantly Irish, could not remotely damage them with the country.

A PRECEDENT

The appointment of Healy bestows still another advantage on which both Treatyites and anti-Treatyites should rejoice. The appointment of a democratic and militant Irishman as Governor, sets a precedent which the English powers will have to live up to. Even the mildest, most peaceable Irishman, will henceforth insist, that if he must have a Governor, appointed over him by the English Crown, that Governor must be not only Irish but nationally Irish. The English Government will hardly dare to disregard the powerful public opinion that will have grown up on the matter—or if they desire to disregard it, they can hardly induce any English lord to face the ostracism and contempt with which Ireland would greet him. So the many good people who are conscientiously opposed to the very faulty treaty will derive some little comfort from the fact that desirable Irishmen may henceforth be expected to fill the undesirable post of Governor of Ireland.

INCIDENTS OF OTHER DAYS

Tim Healy was the stormy petrel of Irish politics for several decades. After being for years the trusted lieutenant of Parnell, he was the first man to mutiny against his commander, when Parnell was guilty of the base act of sending the husband of his paramour, Captain O'Shea, to the electors of Galway City, commanding them to return him to Parliament. And when Parnell's other followers covered before the blow that was delivered to Ireland's self-respect, Tim Healy

valiantly jumped into the breach. He flew to Galway City, threw off his coat, and in no uncertain terms denounced O'Shea as a mean blackguard, who, if elected, would bring disgrace upon Galway and the Irish cause. Though Parnell succeeded in breaking Tim's opposition, and, to Ireland's disgrace, electing O'Shea, Tim had anyhow thereby established a reputation for dauntless courage; for at that time none but the most heroically courageous—almost the most recklessly courageous—would dare oppose Parnell, whose slightest word was law to the Irish race the world over.

Again Tim Healy was about the first man to lead the assault upon Parnell when the Parnell-O'Shea divorce case startled Ireland and the world. He led the opposition to his old chief in such a bold and slashing way as earned for him the eternal and virulent enmity of all Parnellites. Years afterward when Redmond succeeded Parnell, as leader of the re-united Parliamentarians, Healy revolted against the new chief, when he found him too hopelessly complacent toward the English liberals. He made John Redmond hate and fear him. Also did he make William O'Brien, who was then Redmond's faithful lieutenant, hate him, and try to break him. Later, when William too, turned upon Redmond, Healy joined O'Brien in a noted and picturesque insurgency against the former chief. Tim Healy was too strong a character, too frank, and too impetuous to permit him long to be a follower in any camp. On the other hand, he had not enough attractive geniality to build up a following of his own. Tim's nationalism was by no means the most undiluted that one could wish for. He never took his stand for Ireland's complete freedom; but at least he went as far as, or may be a little farther than, any of his fellows in the ranks of the Parliamentarians. But his frankness in the expression of his limitations, won for him a measure of respect, and at the same time his sledgehammer blows in demolishing the national humbuggy practiced by such leaders as Redmond, T. P. O'Connor, Devlin, etc., aroused some enthusiasm for him, in true national ranks.

Editor's Note:—In Ireland—as elsewhere—the younger generation often fail to appreciate the solid achievement of their predecessors which made their own advance possible.

THE NEW GOVERNOR AS A WIT

Tim Healy was for years the wit of the English House of Commons; and when the announcement, "Healy is up!" was made in the House of Commons smoking room and other refuge rooms to which members retire to escape the speeches of their fellows, there was always an immediate rush for the floor of the House again. Tim's humor was sardonic, mordant, as grateful to his victim as the cut of a whip. A muscle in his face did not seem to move as he got out his biting witticisms. He would himself remain imperturbable while he had the whole House of Commons in roars of laughter. With one short, sharp sentence, like the crack of a whip, he could raise the hide of such member of the Government as he wished to flay. Seldom did he stoop to humor that was merely genial. But once he did. One of the Tory Die-Hards, after delivering himself of violent rhodomontade against Ireland, had sat down very emphatically—on his silk hat which he squashed beyond cure. The polite laugh which the incident evoked from the House was accelerated to a roar when Tim Healy jumping to his feet said: "Mr. Speaker, allow me to congratulate the honorable member that he had been sat down upon his hat, his head did not happen to be in it."

WILLIAM O'BRIEN REFUSES SENATORSHIP

In connection with Tim's being offered the governorship of Ireland, it is interesting to note that his former enemy and later friend, William O'Brien, has been offered, and has refused, a senatorship. He refuses because he considers that by his acceptance he would passively acquiesce in the partition of Ireland. The Dublin papers published the following correspondence on the subject. The writer of the letter offering him a seat in the Senate, is the present Postmaster-General for Ireland:

"To Mr. William O'Brien, Mallow; "A Chara—Because of your services to Ireland I venture to say it will be generally conceded that you are entitled to a seat in the new Irish Senate. There are only thirty vacancies on the open list, and no doubt the starters will be numerous. If you agree to submitting to the ordeal of an election I will, in memory of old times, be very pleased to act the sponsor. Hoping you are quite well,

"(Signed) J. J. WALSH."

And here is Mr. O'Brien's reply. Bellevue, Mallow, Co. Cork. "Dear Mr. Walsh:—I am sincerely grateful for your kind offer to propose me for a seat in the new

Irish Senate. The honour would be an enviable one indeed if the new Parliament were to be really the Parliament of Ireland and were not, what I cannot unhappily forget it is, to be the Parliament of those dismembered portions of Ireland to which an Act of the English Parliament had the insolence to affix the nickname of "Southern Ireland." It would be a reversal of the work of my whole life to do anything that could be interpreted as a recognition of the partition of our nation.

"The partition crime which might have been with comparatively little difficulty prevented, must be undone at any hazard, but it is a task which can scarcely be effected within the dwindling span of years in which I could have any hope to be of service. I must ask you, therefore, to hold me excused if I feel compelled to decline the honour you so generously intended for me.

"With all personal good wishes for your worthy self, and a fervent hope that in the trying time before us means may be found of re-establishing among the fighting forces of Ireland that spirit of comradeship and mutual toleration of honest differences which made them irresistible up to the time of the truce last year.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.
SEUMAS MACMANUS,
264 West 94th Street,
New York City.

KU KLUX DENOUNCED

"LEAVE THEM TO US" SAYS EX-AMBASSADOR

The Ku Klux Klan was denounced not only as un-American and sinister, but as misrepresentative of the Protestantism it professed to uphold, by clergymen and other speakers at Thanksgiving Day services in New York.

GERARD WARNS JEWS

A warning to Jewish organizations that attacks by them on the Klan would intensify the conflict between them was issued by James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, in an address to the Congregation B'Nai Jeshurun, 257 West Eighty-eighth Street. After condemning the Klan as a menace to American democracy, Mr. Gerard referred to newspaper reports of a resolution adopted by the Independent Order of E'rih Abraham last Wednesday, and said:

"I think it would be a mistake for Jews to wage war against the Ku Klux Klan. It would simply increase the very racial and religious antipathies which the Klan seeks to stir up. It is for us to attend to the Klansmen, and we shall do it. Leave them to us.

"For masked men to pretend to fight in the name of religion and morality is out of place in a democracy like ours. If they are really fighting for these things, they have no need for masks. The practices of the Ku Klux Klan in the present day is contrary to the American principles of democracy and fair-mindedness. The Klan is breeding racial and religious dissension. If changes in our institutions of government are needed, they can be brought about by lawful means."

DENOUNCES KLAN METHODS

"One of the most considerable of our present dangers is an astonishing organization, ostensibly pledged to the support of the Protestantism, but in reality a secret order of masked men who work in the dark," said Dr. Fosdick at the First Presbyterian Church. "One never would have supposed it likely that in a New York pulpit it would be necessary to refer to the Ku Klux Klan. Yet here is an organization pretending to represent Protestantism, which, having swept across the country, is now proposing to organize in this city its oath-bound, secret order of sheeted men.

"But whatever may be its professions, its methods and principles are perilously un-American. It says that it wishes to keep the Roman Catholic Church out of politics. Very well. But since when was it likely to prove efficient to that end that a fighting, secret, oath-bound order of Protestants should organize to control politics? Are the Protestants of America such fools as to suppose that such high-handed hypocrisy is likely in the end to prove convincing?

"I, too, wish the Roman Church out of politics. For Catholic Christians I have only respect. They are my spiritual brethren, and for their service to this country in the interests of personal purity, decency and piety we may well be grateful. But I, too, fear the Roman hierarchy with its temptation to use spiritual power for political purposes. Nevertheless, if we wish to keep the Roman hierarchy from baneful political activity, we must not try to do it by substituting the baneful political activity of a Protestant secret order. We must appeal rather on the basis of a broad Americanism to the whole body of our citizens, Jews, Protestants and Catholics alike.

"The Roman Church in America is full of free spirits who, with sincere loyalty to the spiritual authority of their church, are for all that determined not to be political serfs of a foreign potentate in Rome, or of an ecclesiastical hierarchy here. The one thing that will never do any good is this utterly un-American thing—this secret order of Protestants oath-bound, making the night its covering, and tar and feathers its instruments."

VIOLATION OF CONSTITUTION

The Rev. William Carter, Pastor of the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, attacked the Klan in a sermon at a union Thanksgiving service at the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church. He said:

"Based, as they say upon the Constitution and so upholding the majesty of the law, they daily violate the Constitution and break the holiest laws of the land. The Constitution guarantees to every man the right of trial by a jury of his peers. The Ku Klux Klan constitutes itself judge and jury and without any trial condemns not only criminals, but oftentimes innocent men to punishment and death.

"Are they any better than criminals? Are not they all law-breakers, and is it not time that we should consider that judgment and righteousness begin at home and that we cannot save others until we save ourselves?"

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise also referred to the Klan in a sermon at a union service of the Community Church and several synagogues at Temple Israel, Ninety-first Street and Broadway. "Such un-Americanism of intolerance and inhospitality as lifts up its head and yet masks itself behind the veil of the Ku Klux Klan must be driven out of America," he said.

CORK SETS EXAMPLE

Dublin, Nov. 24.—All classes in the community deplore the frequency and the disastrous effect of strikers. Very Rev. Father Thomas, O. S. F. C., addressing the Rotary Club, said the time had come when reason and moral law should be the deciding factors in the relations between employers and employees and when a strike should be an exception instead of a rule. If labor unrest was to be allayed without an upheaval of society its cause should be studied and as far as possible removed. The general convictions of the majority of the people regarding the factors that made for the well-being of the toiler were woefully out of date. Too much emphasis had been laid on the rights of employers and the duties of employees; an emphasis that led people to forget that employers had duties as well as rights and that workers had rights as well as duties.

Class consciousness and class antagonism were the besetting evils of society. Proceeding Father Thomas observed that Cork was one of the first, if not actually the first city in the world, in which civic spirit asserted itself so forcibly, as to induce representatives of employers and labor to agree that reason, and not prejudice and force should be a dominant factor governing their relations. A Conciliation Board with equal representation of capital and labor under an independent chairman was established. If similar Boards were created in all other industrial centres they would form one of the most desirable means of allaying class discontent in the city of Ottawa; I have discussed every phase of Separate school work with him, and I never heard him utter one word, I never read a word from his pen, that would justify the statement that he is a "protagonist on the side of restricting French."

Bishop Fallon came to the Diocese of London about a dozen years ago. In making his first pastoral visitations he found that many of the Separate schools in French-speaking centres were wretchedly inefficient; the children were receiving very little instruction in either French or English; many of the teachers did not know either language sufficiently well, or had not enough education of any kind to teach any school. Young men and women were growing up illiterate; many were drifting out into the neighboring cities—Windsor, London, Chatham, Detroit, etc.—where they were compelled to engage in the most menial occupations because of their literary unfitness for anything better. This situation could not be otherwise than an occasion of mortification and the deepest humiliation to a man of Bishop Fallon's temperament. I can verify all his findings regarding the unhappy educational conditions; I inspected every Separate school in London Diocese long before he became its Bishop.

He did not blame the schools nor the French people; he sympathized with them deeply and sincerely. He blamed the Department of Education and the Government of the Province, and he communicated his complaint to them in the quietest and most unobtrusive manner possible; he spoke privately to a

CARDINAL DUBOIS REBUKES CATHOLIC PAPER

Paris, Nov. 25.—Cardinal Dubois has given a marked proof of his love of fair play by disavowing publicly a cartoon published by an illustrated Catholic paper. Following certain incidents which occurred in a hospital in the provinces, a hospital from which the nursing sisters have been absent for many years, the paper in question published a cartoon involving the entire lay personnel of the hospital.

Cardinal Dubois wrote to the director of the paper: "Such procedure is unjust. We regret that a Catholic paper, animated by excellent intentions, should have allowed itself to make a wholesale attack against an honorable profession in which is found so much competence and devotion in the service of the sick."

A copy of this letter was sent to the Director-General of the Assistance Publique, who is head of the department in charge of all the secular personnel of France.

AN OLD CALUMNY REVIVED

ITS REFUTATION PROMPT AND EFFECTIVE

Globe, Dec. 4

PROFESSOR WRONG'S STRANGE INFORMATION

To the Editor of the Globe: You have been so good as to publish the report made to the Unity League of Ontario by Dr. James L. Hughes and at the same time you published comment upon it by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Toronto, and by Mr. H. C. Hoeken, M. P., the Editor of The Orange Sentinel.

From your giving these opinions only, the implication seems to be that the problem of teaching and using French in our schools is chiefly religious. May I demur to this? One protagonist on the side of restricting the use of French is the Roman Catholic Bishop of London, Ontario, while the author of the published report, who favors a free use of French, is a Past Grand Master of the Orange Order.

The question is not religious, nor is it political, in any sense relating to party politics. It is one vitally affecting the relations of the French-speaking and the English-speaking elements in Canada, bound together in a political union. For a variety of reasons relation have become strained and the Unity League of Ontario has been formed in the hope of aiding in the task of conciliation. Two at least of its chief officers are Orangemen and one is a Roman Catholic. It confronts a fact—racial cleavage and suspicion—and it seeks a remedy. It supports no political party and it is not a party.

It asks the good citizens of Ontario of all parties and creeds to make earnest efforts to build up a united Canadian nation. It desires that every child in Ontario shall learn to use correctly the English language, and it confronts the grave problem of achieving this in the case of children whose language in the home is French. Does Regulation 17 provide a good way? Does it tend to promote unity, or does it stir up resentment? The League would like citizens of Ontario to study this question and to answer it on the basis of knowledge. What Dr. Hughes has shown is that in Ottawa, in schools where French is the language of instruction, the pupils have an excellent understanding of English. If, in Ontario, we can effect this result, without racial strife, an advance will be made in unity.

GEORGE M. WRONG.

Toronto.

A GRACEFUL RETRACTION

To the Editor of the Globe:—While I was clearly in error in accepting the view which has crept into the literature respecting Regulation 17 that Bishop Fallon is a "protagonist on the side of restricting the use of French," I can only partly regret the mistake since it has brought forth the admirable exposition of the Bishop's views by the Secretary of the Catholic Educational Council. My respect for the Bishop is increased by this statement, and I offer him an apology for misunderstanding his position.

GEORGE M. WRONG.

Toronto, Ont.

CALUMNY REFUTED

Dublin, Nov. 27.—Owing to the disturbed state of the south and west, a certain number of individuals had for their personal safety to quit those parts of the country. They all went to Great Britain.

These departures were cited by the anti-Irish press as a proof that Protestants, as such, were being subjected to persecution. The charge has been completely shattered by facts. A committee was appointed in London "to investigate applications by, or on behalf of, persons ordinarily resident in Ireland who, for reasons of personal safety, have come to Great Britain and are represented to be in urgent need of assistance."

A report has been just issued by this committee. It states that 598 applicants were Protestants and 1,063 Catholics. It is impossible to find evidence of religious persecution in these figures. They present a remarkable contrast to what occurred in the Six Counties, from which thousands of Catholics and practically no Protestants had to flee.

POPE'S GENEROUS ACT

Dublin, Nov. 27.—A very gracious act on the part of His Holiness the Pope was incidentally revealed in a case tried in the Dublin law courts. Count Blake, an uncle of Colonel Maurice Moore, left his estate to the Pope for religious and charitable purposes. A request was made to His Holiness by Colonel Moore and his sister for a donation out of the estate. The Pope allocated \$5,000 to the Colonel and \$10,000 to his sister, although under the terms of their uncle's will they were not legally entitled to any benefit.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Cîteaux, France, Nov. 18.—Most Rev. Dom John Baptist Ollivault de Keryvallan was today elected Abbot-General of the Order of Reformed Cistercians, at the general chapter now in session at the mother-house of the Order here.

Rome Nov. 27.—Premier Mussolini, it is understood, is anxious to end the breach that has existed between the Vatican and the Italian government for the past half century and has declared his wish to admit cardinals and other high church prelates to the Senate.

Hoboken, N. J., Nov. 25.—Plans for the 1933 season of "Veronica's Veil," America's Passion Play, which is annually produced at St. Joseph's Auditorium, West Hoboken, N. J., have been completed and everything is in readiness for the most successful year in the history of this wonderful religious dramatic spectacle.

Father Murry, S. J., has just died at Strasburg in the eighty-fourth year of his age and the sixty-sixth of his religious profession. A well-known writer and famous educator, he numbered among his former pupils many young men who have since become famous. Among them are Marshal Foch, General de Maud'huy and General de Castell-nau.

Holland, by a recent appointment, now has a Catholic Prime Minister. The growth of the Catholic Church in that country has been very great. The fact is that there are now nearly as many Catholics as Protestants in Holland. The latest census gives the population as 6,805,314 souls. Of these, 2,835,597 belong to the Reformed (Protestant) Church and 2,144,582 to the Catholic Church.

Paris, November 17.—From the recently published account of the missionary work and activities of the Congregation of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, which has its headquarters in Paris, it appears that the number of fathers and postulants in the various houses of the order in France and abroad is 2,800, with 19 bishops and about 800 priests.

Mr. Theodore Schierlman, Mayor of Liberty, Kansas, and one of the few Catholics in the town, has instituted suit for \$100,000 against the town of Liberty for injuries received when he was flogged by men representing themselves as members of the Ku Klux Klan. His action is taken under the provisions of the Kansas law which makes a community responsible for injuries done to citizens within its limits by mob violence.

Dublin, Nov. 17.—While excavating for building purposes near the ruins of his ancestral home in Cong, County Galway, Mr. Walter Jennings unearthed a wooden box containing a chalice and paten and a set of vestments. The chalice and paten were in a splendid state of preservation. So far as could be ascertained they are about three hundred years old. They were handed over by the finder to Arch-bishop Gilmartin.

The world-wide Crusade of the Knights and Handmaids of the Blessed Sacrament which has been approved and blessed by two Popes and many Bishops throughout the world has recently received approbation from six Bishops in India—the Bishops of Quilon, Mangalore, Coimbatore, Ernakulam and Changanacherry. The Crusade has done much in promoting weekly and daily Communion and has fostered many vocations. Its chief offices are—Manresa Press, Roehampton, England, and 380 West 42nd St., New York City.

Calcutta, Nov. 2.—One of the most important manifestations of the vigor of the Church in India is the splendid progress of the Carmelite Order. The Carmelite congregation is the only one operating among the Syrian Catholics, of Malabar, and has several houses in Travencore, Cochín and British Malabar, with numerous members engaged in preaching retreats and missions, conducting schools and catechumens, publishing newspapers and magazines, and distributing religious pamphlets and tracts.

Paris, November 17.—The Semaine Religieuse of Arras reports an increase in the number of vocations to the priesthood in that diocese, which is the devastated region of France. Eighty-eight new students registered this year in the little seminaries, a figure which had not been reached in twenty-two years. In Arras there are 104 students in the great seminaries, not counting those who are studying for the priesthood outside of the diocese or who are doing their term of military service. The offerings of the faithful for vocations to the priesthood have doubled since last year.

HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER XV.

THE CALL OF DARK ROSALEEN
"O! the Erne shall run red
With redundancy of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread.

The first few months of 1916 passed quietly but happily for our two friends. Clare was busy preparing for her Reception into the Catholic Church, in March, going twice weekly into Limerick for instruction, and reading and praying earnestly. As for Mary Carmichael she was certainly happier and more interested than she had been since her great trouble; she seemed to be living over again those past days when she, like Clare, stood at the "Threshold," looking half fearfully, half longingly at the wondrous "Mystery of Faith" within the Sanctuary. She was of untold help and comfort to Clare, helping her over many a difficulty, and explaining much that troubled her. No one can understand a convert's point of view—their difficulties and trials, their doubts and fears, so well as another convert. The same hard road, walked often with tired and bleeding feet, has to be gone over, the same trials, a smile here, a sneer there—have to be borne. Each individual case naturally has his or her own special cross at this time, but they have so much in common, no matter how differently they may be situated, that there is always a strong bond between them.

One thing, which is the source of great pain to many converts, was spared to Clare Castlemaine. She had no other religious beliefs to give up—for there was no wrenching away from the old faiths, the old ideas. Catholics who are born in the Faith cannot realize that a would-be-convert can possibly have much to give up from a spiritual point of view; to their mind one has nothing to lose and all to gain on entering the Catholic Church. They are right of course. But human nature is human nature, and one clings almost insensibly to the hymns one sang as a child to "Grannie" on Sunday afternoons, and to the prayers—imperfect though they be—which were learned at one's mother's knee. Clare had no such regrets, and neither had she the greater bitterness of seeing her nearest and dearest turn away from her—to find herself cut off from the friends of her girlhood, and to be cast more or less adrift except for her new friends on earth and "the millions of new friends in Heaven"—as a nun once said to a recent convert who had been left very desolate by her own people.

She was baptised on the 15th of March and made her First Communion on St. Patrick's Day. Mary had obtained a week's holiday, and they went to Limerick together. Clare was almost frightened at the thrill of perfect happiness which she experienced as she knelt at the Altar rail. She had been very nervous—although not at all of a nervous type—and felt herself actually shaking as she heard, as though in a dream, the voice of the priest coming nearer and nearer—"Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi—"

The next moment he had come to her. He had waited long, but though to show his forgiveness and love, he now poured forth into her heart that "perfect peace that passeth understanding." Yet of the two girls, Mary was the more moved. She had none of Clare's English temperament, which can hide its deepest feelings under a calm—almost cold—exterior, and the tears were running down her face as she groped her way back to her seat. Never had the two loved each other more or felt more in sympathy with each other than on this March morning when they gave each other the "kiss of peace" in the little sitting room of their lodgings after their return from Mass.

Anthony Farrell came down from Dublin for a day shortly afterwards, and Clare's happiness was complete. It was arranged that they were to be married after the summer. "So I must look out for another companion," said Mary, trying to smile bravely, although her eyes betrayed her pain. It was the one blot on Clare's happiness. She knew that Mary would not return to Dublin, and it went to her heart to leave her in loneliness. "It's nearly two years now since it happened," she said to Anthony, when they were alone together, "and I do believe that it is as fresh as ever in her mind—and as painful."

"What a pity she should waste her thoughts over such a cad as Delaney," said Farrell regretfully; "if only she would think of poor Tom Blake! Do you think he has a chance at all Clare, or ever will?" "O! I'm afraid not! I'm afraid not!" replied the girl; "she doesn't even realize that he cares for her!"

"Ah, well," said Anthony, with a half smile, "Father Time is a wonderful old fellow—a better healer than all the physicians in the world. Who knows what the future has in store for her?"

Before going, he spoke a few words to Mary herself, but on a different subject—a subject that he had not mentioned at all to Clare. His words caused Mary to turn very white, and look at him with dilated eyes. "But not yet, Tony," she breathed "not soon?" "Sooner than you think perhaps," he said briefly, and turned away as Clare entered.

Easter Sunday and Monday passed peacefully and quietly in the little Co. Clare village, the inhabitants of which little dreamt of the tragedy already begun in Dublin city. The two girls were in the habit of repeating the Rosary together at night, and at its close on Easter Monday, Mary astonished Clare by suddenly bursting into tears—violent heart-breaking sobs that shook her from head to foot. "Mary! Mary! my dear! What is it?" cried Clare. But only sobs answered her.

"Mary! my dear! What is it?" cried Clare. But only sobs answered her. "What is the matter? Please tell me!" "O! I don't know! I don't know what it is; but O! I wish I was back in Dublin—I'm wanted there!" "Wanted in Dublin?" repeated the other, in puzzled tones, "but, Mary, if the Blakes or anyone else wanted you they would surely send for you."

Mary was trying to regain command of herself, and partly succeeded. "I don't really know what is wrong with me, Clare," she said, trying pitifully to smile; "nerves, I suppose!—rather a new state for me." "Yes; but, Mary, what did you mean about Dublin?—and being wanted there?" Mary rose rather unsteadily from her knees, and looked at Clare with a strangely worried look. "I can hardly explain," she said, in a troubled voice; "a most overwhelming longing came over me to go back to Dublin at once, and I seemed to feel as if my native city was calling aloud to me!—calling me to return. Clare I know—I am sure something has happened there!"

"Something has happened in Dublin?" repeated Clare, half amused. "What nonsense, Mary, you must be over-tired, you have had such a hard time lately. Let us get to bed early, and you will feel better in the morning." Next day Mary was in the village about post-time—they had one delivery early in the morning, but had to call for their mid-day letters—and she entered the little Post Office to inquire for letters and to get her newspaper. She was surprised to observe quite a crowd round the door, and excited comments and remarks were being freely exchanged.

"Good-day, Miss Phelan," Mary said, going up to the counter. "Any letters for me?" "O! there are no letters at all, Nurse!" replied the little woman who kept the Post Office and fancy shop combined; "the Sinn Feiners have broken out in Dublin, and there are no mails or papers. I only got a few words over the wire from Limerick, and they are cut off from Dublin already, and we can get no news from anywhere!" Mary Carmichael reeled against the counter. "Are you sure! O! are you sure it's true?" she asked, putting out her shaking hands to steady herself. "O! it's true, Miss—sure enough!" replied the woman. "Come into the room beyond, and I'll get you a glass of water. Sure I forgot ye were from the city Miss, and will have friends up there!"

How she got home eventually, Mary never remembered—it was like a dream, or rather a terrible nightmare like the days and nights that followed—a nightmare of horror and cruelty and murder—an orgy of bloodshed from which there seemed to be no awakening. During the first few days—against her better judgment—Mary had tried to hope for the best, especially as the most inspiring rumours of all kinds reached the village in some extraordinary way. An Irish Republic was firmly established—English rule in Ireland was over—finished for ever—and so on. But with the first newspaper that drifted in all her hopes and dreams vanished like smoke. She would never forget that evening when Clare came running to the cottage with the paper clutched in her hand. Mary almost tore it from her grasp, but with one agonised glance at the headlines it fell to the floor, and Mary was lying beside it in a perfect agony of sorrow and desolation. Clare had no comfort to give—no words to say. She read the paper in silence, trying to realize what it meant for her mother's country, for her new friends—for her cousins in Dublin—and, above all—for love is ever selfish though perhaps unconsciously—so for Anthony Farrell. That his sympathies were with them she knew, but whether he would take an active part or not was another matter.

"Mary," she said, putting out a trembling hand to the sobbing girl, "what about the Blakes? and Tony?" "O! if I only knew!" sobbed the other. "Mother of God! if I only knew! Oh, Shamus! Shamus!" Clare started. In her fear for her lover she had forgotten this cousin of hers. "O! yes—Shamus!" she exclaimed, "he is sure to be in it—sure!" "Sure!" replied Mary briefly. Then she raised herself and staggered to a chair. "O! Clare!" she said, "if I was only there! if I was only there! I would give anything in the world to be with them now!"

The next day's papers came, and the next, and still the dreadful massacres went on. Then came news of the North King Street shootings, of the Potobello murders, and many other relations of what English martial law means for Ireland. Truth to tell Clare was aghast. Never for one moment had she honestly believed that her father's countrymen would have acted in this matter with such an utter absence of the merest dictates of humanity—not to speak of justice or mercy. And for the first time in her life she was ashamed of her English origin. And yet all this time Mary Carmichael never said one word of the "I told you so" type. Clare wondered had she forgotten their conversation in Limerick on the day when they had journeyed from Dublin together, and she had been so offended when Mary laughed at the idea of English justice for Ireland.

As for Mary herself she was suffering as she had never thought she would again after her other trouble. For days she practically did without either food or sleep—and never felt the want of them. Many of the leaders had been dear friends of hers, and others had been known to her by reputation, and through the talk of Shamus. As for him, she never doubted for one moment that he had given his life for his "darling Rosaleen"—for his dear, ill-fated land—the land that all down through the centuries has always had, and always will have, the power to bring under her banner all the best and brightest, and purest of young Irish manhood.

Mary had wired to the Blakes as soon as telegraphic communication was re-established, but she had received no reply, and Clare had wired to Tony with a similar result. That week was one that neither of them ever wished to look back upon—but alas! it could never be forgotten—it was never to be erased from their memory. And then one evening in the second week Clare was standing at the gate of the cottage looking down the road, when she suddenly gave a cry that brought Mary to her side. Anthony Farrell was approaching the cottage, but—was it really Anthony? As he reached the gate both exclaimed at his appearance, and Clare, with a quick sob, went straight to his arms. "O! Tony, Tony!" she said, when she could speak, "how you must have suffered!"

A spasm of pain crossed his haggard and drawn features as he turned to greet Mary. Her shaking lips formed the word, "Shamus?" "Anthony did not answer in words, but, alas! it was not necessary. "It is only what I expected, Tony," Mary said with the quietness of despair; "but, thank God, that you are safe. Come in now, and tell us all. We have gone through days of misery and suspense, that any news—even the worst—will be better for us."

Anthony followed her into the cottage and flung himself into a chair. "O! Mary, Mary! God help me," he said. "How am I to tell you at all?"

TO BE CONTINUED

A LESSON IN XMAS

BY COLIN O'NEIL

Written for N. C. W. U. Christmas Service

Judge Joseph Rhimer—the Honorable Justice Joseph Rhimer of the Supreme Court of the State of New York—might have been mistaken for the traditionally genial figure of the Man in the Moon, as he stood under the green paper bell that hung above the centre window of the bay that commanded a view of the town. The judge's home, set upon the height of the hump-backed hill that was the spine of the little Hudson River town, gave opportunity to envisage the sprawled streets, which, now, half-submissive to assaulting winter, appeared with their small, unmelted mounds of snow and mud, like a mangled proof pulled by a drunken printer. The snow fell against the window in increasing quantity which promised that the morrow—Christmas Day—would not disappoint the greeting-card expectations. A grocery-wagon, bursting with its load, chugged laboriously up the hill, its tires slipping at every turn on a rail of the single-track trolley line, its hood sweating melted snow-drops in comic parody of winter. The street, otherwise, was deserted—although green paper bells, similar to that bobbing restlessly on the judge's round head touched it, were in every window.

The atmosphere was unquestionably Yuletide, even if the dull lead

of the clouds foretold nothing of joy; yet nobody could ever by any possibility have mistaken Judge Rhimer for Santa Claus. Perhaps his somewhat pudgy face might have been forced to the resemblance by skillful attachment of the required quantity of white whiskers; but the whiskers would certainly have been needed—for the Judge's mouth and chin were not altogether genial: eighteen years on the bench with a never-ending procession of always erring and sometimes atrocious humanity had stiffened what had once been pliable. But the Judge's eyes, large and grey and placed neatly in extraordinarily wrinkled surroundings, while not readily and persistently smiling, contained something more welcome than the ready and persistent smile—a quiet, probing light that penetrated everything in the eyes opposed to it, good and bad.

He was speculating before that window, wondering whether he was justified in the telephone conversation he had just had with the Governor of the State. The Governor had not enthusiastically granted Judge Rhimer's request. The Governor was a young man of considerable prospects in national politics, and this business of pardoning convicts had elements of danger on the eve of an election year; especially where murderers were concerned. Governors must reflect upon such things.

Judge Rhimer, perusing the little black book he kept always in the top drawer of his study desk, had decided that the thing must be done. The time had arrived; even if it had necessitated a personal visit to the Governor with the most cogent appeal—the thing must be done. He had sacrificed the liberty of other men whose freedom he had intended to gain for them this year as a Christmas gift, in order to have this pardon granted. Every year in early November the Judge consulted the little black book which contained a summarized record of the men and women it had been his duty to subject to punishment at the hands of the Commonwealth. Every year at about the same time Judge Rhimer addressed his appeal to the reigning Governor.

This year, he had requested but one pardon. He had desired many. There were, for instance, those two lads convicted of burglary at Newburgh. They had served two years at Auburn; which seemed almost sufficient. But they were very young; they could afford another year of correction without any substantial injury to their future. The request that the Governor had granted with no marked willingness had been a test;—something of a personal test for the Judge. His wide brows closed together as he remembered the harsh voice of Robert Nichols whom he had sentenced to prison for life. It had been a threat, a desperate threat, Judge Rhimer could recall the man's pale, distorted face, his quivering white fist and awful hush in the courtroom as the threat was uttered. Even in that moment the Judge had wanted to curse the counsel for the defense for not having frankly advised his client to expect the worst.

Now the prison doors were swinging open to return Robert Nichols to a world he had not seen for fifteen years. A thin voice of complaint reached the Judge from above. It was his sick wife. His face fixed with worry, he went to her. This was, really, the thing that worried him most; it had been the most decisive factor in the end to form his determination to secure pardon for Nichols, for Judge Rhimer realized that he had involuntarily placed his wife's illness as a barrier in the way of that decision. He had not relished the thought of Nichols attempting to carry out at this time the threat he had made fifteen years ago from the grim walls of the prison, because he had determined not to be swayed by that slim selfishness, Nichols was free.

As he sat by his wife's bedside in that early evening the picture of a man's emancipation ran through his mind. He could see Robert Nichols, a dim, black figure bending against the white veil of the snow, hurrying from the grim walls of the prison. Even after fifteen years, and with the passage of hundreds of the captives of society before him, he could remember the face of Nichols: the startling black eyes, the high forehead, the beak nose and sinister mouth. Now he could see it, grey as the prison walls, the eyes sunken and dull, the mouth fixed. That was the Nichols type after prison life. The Judge knew it, knew all types. Nichols would seek vengeance on society. It might have been wiser to have refrained from interceding. For to Nichols the voice of society was the voice of the judge who had sentenced him. Judge Rhimer had taken his chance, or rather to give Robert Nichols a chance.

He had taken an unusual interest in Robert Nichols. The man's case had been exceptional, and the death of his poor wife and disposition of the little three year old daughter were items duly recorded in the Judge's small black book. And Nichols' threat was not omitted—although its imprint was so deep and bold upon the Judge's memory that it scarcely needed memorandum. The lamps were lit and the clouds knitted thicker and thicker quilts of snow. It was, indeed, Christmas Eve. Streams of muffled figures hurried through the streets, pack-

age laden; sleigh bells tinkled and youngsters battled with the winter element. A party of men stopped at Judge Rhimer's house, depositing there a large sack of toys and eatables which the Judge at first declined; but the spokesman reminded His Honor of his promise to play Santa Claus that evening at one of the city's few public institutions. Judge Rhimer, by this time obsessed with the portents of the night, murmured; but, his promise was his promise; and as he finally assented a strangely humorous gleam lightened his face.

The committee departed with echoing salutations, and the Judge ate a listless dinner, alone. His wife slept peacefully above. He permitted the servants to absent themselves for their last-minute Christmas errands. Now he sat silently in his front room, smoking one of the long stogies for which he was infamous in chambers. Nichols' lean face appeared again. It might be a precaution to telephone the police station and have an officer on guard outside the house. Patrolman Sheedy was passing now, thumping his nightstick playfully in the mounting snow and glancing, as he always did, toward the Judge's house in instinctive respect for authority that earned respect. But Judge Rhimer dismissed the thought: deep in his soul he had the comforting Christian conviction that hurt or death in a good cause was martyrdom. Whatever might befall he had done his duty by his fellow-man according to his lights.

The clock striking ten aroused the Judge from a troubled doze dimly suggestive of important funerals. The house was becoming chilled in the absence of the servants. Challenging his bravery, Judge Rhimer trudged out of the room and through the kitchen made his way to the cellar—glad that an electric switch enabled him to light up that hateful cavern before advancing through the dark door. He heaped it high with coal and, smiling thinly at his sneaking sense of heroism, returned to the floor above.

His over-stimulated mind imagined the stealthy approach of a black, bent figure with a face like the stone of a grey prison wall and hate in its heart. Coming into the passage way the Judge floundered and seized a helpful stair rail. For the grey face he had dreamed of was pressed against the window of the first front door. Judge Rhimer quickly recovered himself. Slowly, but without hesitation, he advanced through the first doorway to the street door as the muffled bell buzzed. Two black eyes stared eagerly at his approach, and a month like a line of steel opened as if to emit a curse. The judge threw open the door and Robert Nichols, bent and shivering, staggered past him. His eyes glared wildly and a hawklike hand emerged from the coat pocket; but he thrust it in again. Judge Rhimer's back was turned in the act of closing the door; this seemed to halt the convict's immediate intent. The Judge looked at him with calm, penetrating eyes that belied his apprehension. "Step inside that room," he said, gesturing, indicating the room adjoining the front living room—his library.

His visitor's mouth did not appear to open so much as that the lips fell apart. "You know who I am?" he grunted. "Yes," the Judge replied, evenly. "I know you and where you have come from—and why you are here." It seemed much like a snarl on the convict's face. But he obeyed the Judge and went into the library. The dim light could not hide the utter pitifulness of his condition. Newly enough clad, although insufficiently, his frame appeared wasted. Mud-grey hair, prison-clipped, showed under the edges of his hat; his face was angry with pallor and his eyes were bitter points. He surveyed the room uneasily, as if suspicious of witnesses and assailants. "I'm quite alone," the Judge explained, seating himself in a rocker by his reading desk. "Take off your hat and sit down. I've been expecting you."

The convict looked at the Judge in surprised doubt. Then he burst out in words like one who had suddenly found the gift of speech after an untried dumbness. "I saw the cop at the end of the block," he blurted. "That's why I came straight to the front door." "I'm glad I was on hand to open it for you myself," said the Judge, pleasantly. The convict, in a mechanical act of respect, swept his hat off; his bullet head was scarred and threatening. He laid two bluish, hard hands on the desk and spoke harshly at the Judge. "I don't want none of that," he warned. "You know what I'm here for. Fifteen years I've waited for this, and I'd have done it the minute I set eyes on you. I ain't afraid of any chair after fifteen years. You know what I want first. You're clever, ain't you; but I'm going to get it from you."

His brow clouded threateningly; he beat aside the Judge's calm gaze by the sheer violence of his stare. "You had better sit down while I talk to you," the Judge invited. But the convict swung away from the table, stood as erect as years bent over a compulsory work bench permitted, and glared defiance. A

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loud and happy Christmas greeting changed between passers by came dimly into them.

"Robert, Nichols," the Judge said slowly, leaning forward in his chair, fingers interlaced, the light showing his profile dignified and judicial, "you were sentenced by me fifteen years ago to prison for life. You killed a man in the heat of passion and the jury found you guilty of murder in the first degree with a strong recommendation for mercy."

Nichols stood, hearing the calm recital with a frozen snarl.

"I sent you to prison for life," the Judge proceeded. "Not to the electric chair."

"You would have if you could," Nichols blurted. "Why didn't you do it—instead of hell for life?"

"Robert, Nichols," the Judge went on. "Your attorney probably advised you that the sentence would be not more than ten years. But I am not that kind of a judge."

"You—" oaths rushed to Nichols' trembling lips; but the Judge's even voice went on—

"Your attorney was not your judge. I was; I had a duty to perform, and I did it. Now, Robert, Nichols, you have been released, pardoned, before you expected it. You are not an old man, as years go—forty-five. You can still make something of your life."

"If you think a sermon will save yours," Nichols sneered, and a hand plunged in his pocket.

Judge Rhimer winced. He did not relish even an ex-convict's slur.

"You don't realize, Nichols, that you are a fortunate man."

A dry laugh answered him.

"Yes," Nichols mocked, hoarsely. "Fifteen years in hell. Nobody to see me. Wife dead; kid gone. God knows where, and you bribing some sister this or that to write me holy letters to convert me. Think I don't know your game. You knew I was going to get out—so you thought this nun or whatever she is could give a correspondence course in forgive and forget."

He laughed again, bitterly.

"I have no idea what the good woman wrote," said the Judge, his forehead slightly wrinkled with pain.

"I asked her to write you."

"Well," Nichols mocked, "ask her what replies she got. Just one: 'Quit your kiddin' on a prison postcard.'"

"But the letters continued," said the Judge, quietly. "You see, she was doing her part to help you."

"I don't want help," Nichols blurted, moving nearer the judge.

"You know what I want. Where's that kid of mine you appointed a guardian for? Where is she? Dead, eh? I knew it. Dead like her mother—and me not given a chance to see her. That's your recommendation to mercy!"

He swore savagely, angry tears beading his eyes. The Judge sat, head bowed, as if a guilty man.

"You killed the two of them," Nichols hoarsely panted. "You and your good of society. A thieving crook can turn me and mine out of house and home and taunt me till I kill him—then you and your society finish the job by killing off wife and kid while I tear out my heart behind the bars."

Quickly his hand sought his pocket. But the Judge, a stronger man despite the ex-convict following him, knocking the weapon from his hand, and securing it as Nichols staggered against a towering book shelf. The Judge did not point the revolver at the man. Instead, he slipped the weapon into his coat pocket. His face was flushed with both anger and triumph as he pointed a compelling finger at the ex-convict.

"Now, Nichols," he said, his teeth together as if tightened to prevent an outburst of non-judicial temper. "You've tried your trick and failed. I could shoot you like a dog and you'd deserve nothing better. But I won't."

He paused, while Nichols, cowed, shot furtive glances about the room, disturbed by the noise of the servants entering the house.

The Judge motioned to Nichols to sit down in the rocking chair he had him if vacated. The ex-convict offered weak resistance but the Judge's steady eyes conquered. The man seated himself, sullen in defeat.

"I'm not going to lecture you, Robert, Nichols," Judge Rhimer said, slowly, standing, hand in pockets, before the beaten man.

"I'm not going to turn you over to the police or seek to punish you in any other way for your attempt to lead your soul with the guilt of a second murder. I'm just going to give you a little lesson in Christmas. It ought to help you make something out of your life. If it doesn't, you'll soon find a way back to where you came from to-day."

Nichols looked at the judge dully, his lips shifting as if in a sudden whimper.

"It's the wife and kid I've always thought of, Judge," he stammered. "You've got me, now. Shoot—or do anything you want."

Judge Rhimer regarded him pityingly. The man's spirit was completely broken: the first murderous resolve thwarted his will was for the time shattered; even his frame was limp. A considerable task, the Judge thought, to brace a man of this age—broken by his punishment, to the pitch of true effort.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

Nichols nodded a vacant negative.

Judge Rhimer went to a sideboard, opened the cupboard and

took out a bottle of brandy.

"Here," he invited, proffering Nichols' tumbler. "You needn't be afraid of this. It's been in the house for years; I never use the stuff except when I'm as you are now, in need of medicine." He had to coax Nichols to drink. But the draught warmed the man in his scant clothing. His utter dejection showed slight relief. The Judge went into the hall and returned with an overcoat.

"Put this on," he said briskly. "You'll take your lesson in Christmas now."

Nichols mechanically put on the coat. The Judge also prepared for the street. Then, motioning the ex-convict to precede him, he left the house and turned into the garage at the side of the lawn. The ex-convict sided him while he started his coupe.

Nichols sat, mute and puzzled, beside the judge as the car backed out and drew up before the house.

"There's a large sack of stuff at the right hand side of the hallway," the Judge directed him. "Go get it. The door is open."

Nichols obeyed the order, depositing the sack in the rear of the car.

With a salutary patrolman Shedy whose curiosity had caused him to cross the road, the Judge drove away over the hardening snow.

Quickly traversing the tangled streets of the town, they came into the wind-swept country roads, snow-clothed and distinguishable only by the hedgerows from the rolling white fields. It occurred both to Judge Rhimer and to his passenger that the opportunity for assault upon the jurist was excellent; his hands engaged in driving.

Perhaps Nichols had an evil flash of imagination that the discovery of a wrecked coupe with the bodies in it of a celebrated judge and a man he had sentenced to prison for life, bordered on the fantastic. But he sat dumbly, warm in the Judge's coat, keenly curious as to his fate—as to the lesson of Christmas he was to be taught.

Through a long terrace of tall maples that looked like a cathedral nave of lace-like tracery, the coupe sped and at the end it came upon a somber brick building picked out in yellow lights. The Judge drove to the front door of the place.

Pressing the bell, both then lifted the bulging sack from the car and brought it to the door.

A soft-voiced sister, in a black habit, with a sweeping white hood, admitted them to a bare but exceedingly polished hallway. She closed the heavy door, disappeared, and almost immediately an older nun came with hands outstretched to welcome the Judge.

"A little late, Mother," bade Judge Rhimer cheerily. "But the sack was heavy and I had to wait for a minute to come along to help me with it."

"We had to put the children to bed, Judge," said the Mother Superior, in a low crooning voice.

"But you can be a real Santa Claus if you like and put their things in their beds. They were terribly disappointed."

"Well," said the Judge, "Santa doesn't wear black overcoats and heavy shoes. But we can try."

Their coats and hats removed, the Judge and the ex-convict followed the Mother Superior up the stairs. On the first floor of the building were class-rooms and a large refectory. Up another flight they went, the two men holding the heavy sack.

Here were the dormitories—a long, rambling one to the right, where the elder orphans slept, and a smaller room on the left, containing the younger children, each tucked away in a spotlessly white cot.

Sitting at a little table in the corner of the second room, her prayer book in hand and a dimly-burning wax-light, throwing her shadow fantastically on the picture-punctuated white wall, was a sister.

"Now," the Judge whispered to Nichols. "We'll leave the sack right here by the door and put a bundle at the foot of each bed."

The Mother Superior smiled. "Is that Sister Euphemia?" the Judge sullenly asked. The Superior nodded.

As silently as possible, the Judge and the ex-convict went to work. The little sister on night watch did not notice them, apparently. She remained perfectly still. For fifteen minutes they moved up and down in the narrow aisles of little beds until at the foot of each was deposited a sturdy-looking parcel of Christmas delight, wrapped neatly in red ribbon and green. It was the ex-convict who blundered at the last bed—the one closest to the screaming, stirred, and struggled into sitting posture. Nichols, scared, turned, but Sister Euphemia came to the rescue. He watched, half fascinated, her tender, calm face beside the crying child's. Then the Judge motioned to him, and he tiptoed from the room. The Mother Superior had gone downstairs to order refreshment for her visitors.

Judge Rhimer held Nichols' arm as the two stood outside the room, watching the nun lull back to sleep the scared youngster. The Judge spoke in a low, strained voice.

"Don't speak or move, Nichols," he warned, and he looked about him to see that none could hear. "You have just seen your daughter."

The man's pallor became ashen, his hands clutched forward, and a deep gurgle of struggling words filled his throat. The Judge urged him from the doorway, but Nichols

eyes bored through the dim light of the room, craving a view of the face he had seen next the child's. It required all the Judge's strength to force him to the top of the stairway.

"Nichols," said the Judge rapidly, his words easy now the first shock had passed, "Don't attempt to talk to her, now. Don't attempt it. I've told you she's your daughter—only, one other person here knows it."

"My God!" was all Nichols could utter.

"Could she go into the world bearing the shame of her father's crime?" the Judge hoarsely demanded with an insistent earnestness. "She came here as a child; she grew to love the nuns and their work. Now she is one of them—happy contented, a saintly soul. Would you have anybody tell her how and why she came here?"

Nichols broke down, sobbing. The Judge led him, step by step. Suddenly he wrenched away as if to leap upstairs into the little dormitory. But the Judge gripped his arm again.

Nichols—be a man. This is your biggest chance to atone, to make good!"

For moments that seemed like minutes the ex-convict swayed in the Judge's arms, his eyes fixed with internal combat, his lips soundlessly twitching. Then, suddenly, he hurried through the Judge down the stairs. The Mother Superior awaited them. With quiet, awestruck eyes she regarded Nichols, conducting him and the Judge to a small, plainly furnished parlor where was steaming coffee and sandwiches. She withdrew, while the two men ate and drank in silence. As they finished, the Judge said to Nichols:

"You will stay at my house tonight, Nichols."

All the way back through the curtained fields no word was said. Nichols sat beside the Judge, deep in thought. The Judge peered through the windshield, smiling at intervals as if some pleasing emotion touched him.

They came to the outskirts of the town, and the Judge turned to his passenger.

"It's my practice to go to Midnight Mass at Christmas, Nichols," he said. "You don't happen to be a Catholic, but you might care to come along."

Nichols nodded. The car turned several slippery corners and halted before a rambling frame church, brave with illumination and carrying on its forehead the green and red holly of the Yuletide. The chimes rang out and an organ boldly rolled out the Adeste Fideles.

Stepping from the car, Judge Rhimer handed to Nichols the weapon he had taken from him. But the ex-convict thrust it back.

"Well," said the Judge, quietly, so that those thronging to the church did not hear. "I'll keep it as your Christmas box." He paused to close the coupe door. Then he added: "I've had something to do with your past, Nichols—but I haven't overlooked your future."

Then passing friends saluted the jurist and he entered the church side by side with the man he had judged.

NEW KIND OF LIGHT

INVENTOR DISCOVERS WAY OF PRODUCING WHITER LIGHT THAN ELECTRIC FROM KEROSENE OIL

A new lamp has recently been invented which burns common kerosene oil and produces a soft, white light said to be even better than electric or gas. Tests by the Government and leading Universities prove this new light is superior to ten ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise, is simple and economical, requires no pumping up and has been approved by the Underwriters for insurance.

The inventor M. G. Johnson, 246 Craig St., W., Montreal, is offering to send one of these new lamps on ten days' free trial, or even give one to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for particulars. Also ask him to explain his agency proposition.

GLOBE-CIRCLING MISSIONARY

SAYS HAWAIIAN MUSIC AND DANCES MISREPRESENTED IN UNITED STATES

By the Rev. Michael Mathis, C.S.C.

Honolulu, October 13.—Missionary work in the Hawaiian Islands is under the direction of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary of Belgium. The principal educational institution, St. Louis University, under the direction of the Society of Mary in Paris and is under the direct jurisdiction of the provincial house of Dayton, Ohio. There are about one thousand pupils.

We were not able to visit St. Louis University—a fact deeply regretted by Monsignor McGillichey, Father Delauney and myself—due to circumstance that we had only seven hours in which to see Hawaii.

We were but a few minutes in Father Stephen's Chevrolet however before we drove up to the mission compound, which had been the center of Catholic activity on the islands for ninety-five years, or since the Prefecture-Apostolic of the Hawaiian Islands was established in 1827. The mission com-

pond comprises a very devotional church built of coral, a roomy welcoming home for Bishop Boynoens and has missionaries and a boarding and day school for girls in charge of the Sisters of the Sacred Hearts, which has 555 pupils. There are at present 99 missionary priests in the five inhabited islands, 41 churches and 65 chapels.

The Catholic population of the Vicariate Apostolic, which was created in 1847, after the Islands had remained a Prefecture Apostolic for thirteen years and was then a part of the Vicariate Apostolic of Oceania for seven years more, is now 65,000. The total enrollment in Catholic schools is 4,300. There are four academies, one conducted by the Franciscan Sisters from Syracuse, New York and nine parochial schools.

A VISIT TO WAIKIKI

We felt peculiarly at home in the company of the twelve cheerful missionaries who gathered around the community table, at which Bishop Boynoens presided like an indulgent father. The predominance of native pineapples and bananas gave the lunch a fine tropical flavor and after lunch we set out for the famous beach at Waikiki.

The road lay along King Street, the principal highway of the city. It gave us a chance to size up Honolulu. Frequent sight of Uncle Sam's soldier boys, names of places of business, familiar automobiles and the ubiquitous Ford gave a decidedly American tone to the city, while the number of Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and Filipinos gave a cosmopolitan and oriental touch to the picture. We were not surprised to learn that there are 20,000 Americans and 120,000 Japanese—almost one-half the total population—on the islands. One of the candidates for governor is of Japanese blood, although of course an American citizen.

Everywhere brightening the sweeping lawns of the rich and festooning the humbler patches of the poor, there was a riot of tropical trees and strange shrubbery with many-colored blossoms. The beach itself is surrounded with such modernity that it differs little from beaches the world over. But it was thrilling to see the Hawaiians, precariously perched on their narrow six-foot boards, racing shoreward at forty miles an hour on the foaming mane of a roaring breaker.

St. Augustine's Church on the beach was for us the most tangible evidence that we were in the tropics. The approach is a long avenue of royal palms, ending in a spreading banyan tree which forms a kind of outdoor vestibule for the church.

The structure, wooden, is painted with a fine mixture of cement and sand. This gives it the solid appearance of stone and at the same time saves the wood from the devouring ants of this region. Delicately wrought lattice work covers the open spaces which are ordinarily filled with windows in our colder climates. The condition of the pews and the woodwork shows that the climate is gentle indeed.

A visit to Sacred Heart Church, which is frequented largely by the Portuguese and which represents things Catholic on the very threshold of century-old Protestant missionary compound, gave us an opportunity to meet at close range the splendid types of bright school children who we saw in so many sections of Honolulu.

A GLIMPSE OF MOLOKAI

We got one glimpse of the dim outlines of Molokai, where Father Damien lived an heroic life and died a martyr's death in the service of the lepers. This was from the precipitous side of a hill from which we also had a bird's eye view of Honolulu and of the United States forts. The view of the leper island was given added interest because of the explanations of our guides, who themselves had nursed the lepers at Molokai.

We were all disappointed that we did not have an opportunity to hear the Hawaiians sing, for we learned afterwards that both their songs and dances are grossly misrepresented by the so-called Hawaiian music published in the United States. Many of them have beautiful traditions back of them. "Aloha," the most popular and haunting of all Hawaiian songs, for example, is in reality a hymn sung only at the heart-rendering departure ceremony of the lepers for Molokai.

But seven hours is a short time and we felt when we were finally compelled to make for our ship that we had learned a great deal about these outposts of America in the Pacific.

COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

Boston, Nov. 11.—"One of the crying needs of the present day is the Americanization of some of our college presidents," said Dean Gleason L. Archer of the Suffolk Law School, at a faculty banquet given on Tuesday evening.

"In my judgment," he continued, "the un-American utterances of some of these heads of great educational institutions have done more harm to our national security than could a regiment of the undesirable aliens we have deported."

"A college president, a son of a President of this nation, has announced in solemn tones that the wage scale of an unskilled laborer should be enough to support himself, but not enough

to support a family. "Capitalism, in its maddest moments, has never dared to voice such a sentiment as that. The learned gentleman apparently has forgotten that his own grandfather was an unskilled laborer."

Dean Archer, who represents one of the largest law schools in America, declared that there was too much "loose talking and loose thinking" among educators, and that it was time they exercised a steady influence in the nation.

Advertisement for VIROL, a food product for boys. Includes text: 'Is Your Boy 14?' and 'VIROL'.

Advertisement for John Knew A Good Piano, featuring an image of a piano and text: 'Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano'.

Large advertisement for Holy Week in Jerusalem, including text: 'First Canadian Official Pilgrimage to the Holy Land' and 'Departure from New York February 15th'.

Advertisement for Cuticura Insures Healthy Complexions, featuring an image of a woman's face and text: 'Daily use of Cuticura Soap...'.

Advertisement for Irish Flax and Irish Fingers, featuring an image of a woman and text: 'are the combination that have made Robinson & Cleaver's Irish Linen world famous...'.

Advertisement for DEAFNESS, featuring text: 'Send a post card for a new pamphlet filled with valuable facts...'.

Advertisement for VITAMINES, featuring text: 'are an essential factor in promoting healthful growth Scott's Emulsion'.

Advertisement for ASTHMA, featuring text: 'The attack is relieved at once and comfortable rest assured simply by vaporizing Cresolene near the bed at night'.

Advertisement for a real Smoke SIR HAIG Cigar, featuring text: '5 Cents At all Stores'.

Advertisement for ABSORBINE, featuring text: 'Reduces Bursal Enlargements, Thickened Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from Bruises or Strains'.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1929

THE IRISH FREE STATE

The Irish Free State is an accomplished fact. The action of the British Parliament in carrying out with scrupulous loyalty the provisions of the Anglo-Irish Treaty has given Ireland her place amongst the self-governing nations of the British Commonwealth, that great, happy group of sister-nations that have realized the ideal toward which the nations of the civilized world are yearning and slowly groping their confused way. We have succeeded in reconciling essential autonomy in matters national with cordial cooperation in what concerns the common weal of all. And if at times there are minor causes for dissatisfaction because of the necessary limitations that cooperation imposes on national sovereignty we have only to look at the condition of the world where civilization itself is gravely imperilled because exaggerated national sovereignty refuses that cooperation which is necessary to save it.

We therefore welcome Ireland into this community of free self-governing nations with a joy as sincere as the most ardent of republicans might greet her achievement of full republican status and absolute political independence. For thinking men today realize that nations do not live by political independence alone.

A decade ago the measure of independence now obtained would have been hailed by Irish men and women at home and abroad with every manifestation of heartfelt joy and gratitude to God for thus crowning with success the age long and often seemingly hopeless struggle for freedom. But now instead of the sun-burst long yearned for, lowering clouds and the rumbling thunders of passion and fratricidal strife darken the dawn of Irish national freedom.

Let us hope that these are but the birth-pangs of a nation. The whole world is seething with unrest and the spirit of revolt. Institutions old and tried, principles long tested and accepted, are everywhere called into question or openly derided. There are obvious reasons. The War and its aftermath, the vicious peace are amongst those that are often cited. Yet there were forces at work that the disastrous War and still more disastrous peace but accelerated. And all the forces that menace civilization in many parts of the world operate in Ireland together with long-continued special conditions found only in that island of unhappy yet glorious history.

The orderly working of self-government is a thing of long and gradual evolution. In every country it traces its history down the ages. Ireland for long centuries had been deprived of that formative experience. The Penal Laws with their savage repression are only two or three generations away. The present writer's father left Ireland several years before Catholic Emancipation was grudgingly passed and by its benefits meanly emasculated. The incubus of degrading landlordism has been thrown off only within the recent memory of most of us. It is only a few years since Ireland (outside the ascendancy class) was given the opportunity of University education. It is less than two years ago when the most ruthless and repressive warfare ever waged by a strong power against a weak and almost defenceless people was in full and foul operation until the

outraged conscience of a world, caloused though it was by war, demanded its cessation. And this, we are glad to remember, included the conscience of England.

Throughout history revolutions have been succeeded by periods of unrest and disorder. Ireland has just emerged from one of the most radical revolutions in the history of nations. It is not surprising, especially considering the conditions precedent, that the Irish Revolution should be no exception to the general rule.

Dark and lowering as is the dawn we hail it with joy and hope and confidence, and we welcome Ireland into that great sisterhood of nations to which she yet may render service as joyously and as loyally as does the Dominion of Canada. Her status is ours, and should the occasion arise, in defending the common independence we prize and cherish the Irish Free State may count on every loyal citizen of every Dominion in the great British Commonwealth.

A PECULIAR VIEW OF MARRIAGE

A despatch from Ottawa last week was carried in all the newspapers and doubtless was seen by all our readers. It appears that two prisoners, married some time ago, were remarried by a Catholic priest in order that the previous legal marriage might be made valid according to the law of the Catholic Church. One might have thought this was quite a natural and praiseworthy thing to do; or, whatever one's own views might be, that it was a matter that concerned the parties themselves exclusively. Not so thought two local Anglican clergymen who made it the subject of a fiery protest to the County Council. "They were married," the Council members were told, "according to the civil law of the British Empire and this second marriage was nothing more than a mockery." And the Ottawa Citizen quotes the Rev. Mr. Steacy as asking the grave and reverend seniors in whose charge is the county jail, "Is the King the centre of authority in this land, or is it the Pope sitting on his throne?"

While such perfervid oratorical protest does credit to the reverend gentleman's sentiments of loyalty and patriotism, a little clear thinking and cool reasoning will convince him that he has rushed to the defence of King and country when no attack was made on either; and that the position he takes involves principles that as a Christian minister he must utterly repudiate.

The first of these is that Christian marriage is purely a civil contract governed exclusively by civil law. We hardly think Mr. Steacy would go so far; and if he should he would be placing himself in opposition to the stand taken by thousands of clergymen, including many bishops, of his own Church. There is of course no "civil law of the British Empire" governing marriage; the civil law varies in various parts of the Empire. But even if there were one uniform law the British Empire has just the same power over marriage as the United States, Russia, Turkey or Japan; no more, no less. The State has the right and the duty to legislate governing marriage as a civil contract; there its jurisdiction ends.

What Mr. Steacy has failed altogether to grasp is that marriage must be considered from two distinct and separate points of view: the civil and the religious. The marriage of a man with two or more women at one and the same time is in some parts of the world perfectly legal from both the civil and religious point of view. That is the case with Mohammedan marriages. Even within the limits of the British Empire, it may surprise the Rev. Mr. Steacy to learn, a man may by "the law of the land" have four wives at one and the same time! This is of course a concession to His Majesty's Mohammedan subjects. These favored fellow-subjects of ours are not rigidly limited to four, but if one of them marries a fifth a judge may annul this marriage on the application of the woman. But up to four wives to one husband these marriages are just as "legal" as those solemnized by the Rev. Mr. Steacy in Carleton County. So the "civil law of the British Empire," so sacrosanct in the eyes of our reverend friend from Westboro, can hardly be imposed on all loyal consciences as the law of God governing Christian marriage.

No, Mr. Steacy, we Catholics take from the Catholic Church the law governing what we hold to be one of the seven sacraments; and who are you, Sir, that you assume to dictate to your Catholic fellow-subjects what they shall think and how they shall act with regard to marriage as a sacrament? Must we accept your pronouncements as our infallible guide in religious matters?

No Catholic denies that a marriage contracted anywhere according to the civil law of the land is a legal marriage; but no Catholic is bound to consider such marriage to be a valid Christian marriage. And any Catholic who has contracted a legal marriage that is not a valid Christian marriage in the eyes of the Church has the undoubted right to have such marriage validated. Any interference by State or individual with this exercise of religious liberty is intolerant and intolerable.

It is because our reverend friends have failed to make this plain distinction between marriage as a civil contract and marriage as a sacrament that they have put themselves in the unenviable light of mischievous meddlers in matters that do not and can not concern them.

It appears now that, contrary to the despatch as it appeared in the press, both of these unfortunates are Catholics; and at any rate the Sheriff has made known that the supposed Protestant is registered in the jail as a Roman Catholic. Whether he is really a Catholic or not we do not know. But it makes not the slightest difference in the world. If he is a Protestant and wished to set at rest any scruples of his Catholic wife by having their marriage regularized by the Church, is not that his own business? If they are both Catholics it may be more manifest to some minds that the interference of Protestant clergymen in the matter is intolerant and intolerable.

To our mind it is not a particle more or less so in either case. Nor does the fact that the parties concerned are prisoners affect in the slightest degree the question Mr. Steacy has so clamorously raised.

We boast of freedom of conscience and freedom of worship in the British Empire. Yet Mr. Steacy insinuates that we Catholics are disloyal to the King, that we are un-British, when we exercise these boasted rights! If freedom of conscience and freedom of worship are cherished rights of British subjects the charge of disloyalty of being un-British, recoils on those who would interfere with the full and free exercise of those rights which we enjoy as British subjects. They are the loyal defenders of British liberty who insist on exercising it and who resist encroachment by State or individual.

The fiery and impetuous clergymen, who so valiantly rushed to defend the King and save the Empire on this occasion, might render the cause they have at heart better and more intelligent service if they tried to remember that Catholics as well as Mohammedans have rights that should be considered and respected; that if the Empire is to last it must be broad-based on principles of liberty that they, when their zeal outruns discretion, would deny to their Catholic fellow-subjects.

PRICES AND PRICE-FIXING

By THE OBSERVER

I know of a case where a man who kept a shop was visited by the agent of a manufacturer who said to him: "You are handling our goods and selling them lower than the other dealers in this town." "Yes," answered the dealer, "I am; and I am satisfied with my profit." "That is not the point," said the agent. "You had better take the same profit that the others are taking." The dealer answered that he would not do so. "Well, in that case, then," he was told, "you will get no more of our goods to sell."

Thus, that dealer found pressure applied to him; and the price he was to charge for his goods in a little Canadian town, dictated from Montreal or Toronto. That, on the face of it, is a serious matter. Organized control of anything in the trade and commerce, extending over a whole country, is always a serious matter. The history of the past is the history of long and painful contests between those who wanted freedom and those whose

interest it was to keep great masses of the people in one or another kind of subjection. Need I say to any intelligent person that if those who sell goods in a country, and especially if those who sell to the public the necessities of life, can no longer decide what price they shall charge for those goods, we have suffered a loss of freedom which goes far to offset the political freedom we have gained in the past. Political freedom is very important; but if it does not involve as a necessary consequence the right to trade and buy and sell in competition as freely as we see fit to do, why, then, in the net result, we are not a free people at all.

For, let me impress this fact, not one of the tyrants of the ages long ago ever tried to organize the control of the prices of a country. The worst robber baron who oppressed a countryside in Europe long ago never prevented the people he oppressed from selling the goods they had bought and paid for as cheaply as they pleased. In the darkest days of autocratic tyranny in Russia, no despot ever thought of interfering with the prices in the markets and in the fairs, where men met to buy and sell. This particular kind of tyranny is the invention of the twentieth century.

Sometimes the people will find out that they are being villainously dealt with; at present they are only dimly conscious of it; and though they believe they are being cheated they do not know just how it is done. I have pointed out one way in which it is being done. How can the people get all the facts? I recommend the forming of cost and price clubs in every community in the land, for the purpose of finding out the facts about the cost of things. All the facts may perhaps not be found out by that means; but it can be ascertained what the normal and usual cost of manufacture of all ordinary and well-known articles, with sufficient accuracy to put a decided check upon price-fixing in most of its phases. Exact accuracy is not necessary for that purpose. Traders do not care to be exposed too clearly before the public.

There are and have been too many persons connected at one time or another with the manufacture of staple goods for it to be possible to keep the cost of manufacture a dead and inviolable secret. A cost and price club can get the facts approximately in most cases; and approximate accuracy would be enough for the purpose I have in mind, that is, to prevent the grosser abuse of the power of fixing prices. I know of cases where articles were sold for \$17 that had been bought for \$17. In that case the information was not hard to obtain; it came from the man who got the \$17 and from the man who paid the \$47. And in thousands of cases the facts are easy to obtain; the trouble is that no one cares to take the bother of looking them up.

Labor cost can always be ascertained; the labor unions would assist there. Transportation cost can be always ascertained exactly—at least in the case of a government railway. The first cost of raw materials is not hard to find out in most cases. The sources of supply are not hard to find out; they are generally common knowledge. If more information is not common to all the public about all those matters I have mentioned, it is not because it cannot be made available for the public, but because every one is waiting for some one else to start finding out and publishing it.

There is a great and vital truth in the old saying that what is everyone's business is nobody's business; and many a great fortune has been made out of the plunder of the public just because what is everyone's business never gets done by anyone. The way to start is to begin. Begin locally; there is money to be made in this; for what is the difference between ten dollars a month added to one's wages and ten dollars a month kept off one's expenses? It is the same thing exactly; though it is hard to get some people to see that it is. Now, why not start at once? Get a few fellows together and appoint a secretary, and a committee to look up prices; and start in at once. Get retail prices first; then wholesale prices; then labor costs; then transportation costs; then the cost of raw materials. Take these items in whatever order is convenient; they will all come into one at last; which is the cost of

goods. The Department of Labor will supply a great many facts, such as the numbers of workmen employed, output, prices, &c.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ATTENTION HAS recently been redirected to the simple rules to which the long life of Pope Leo XIII—a life characterized by hard work, and culminating in a beautiful old age, with brain clear as crystal and responsibilities faithfully shouldered to the last—is largely attributed. To what was this due? Leo has himself given answer to the question. Simply, by carefully choosing the kind of food he ate, by moderation in all things and by work.

LIKE SENECA, the pagan philosopher of ancient Rome, the great Pontiff counselled moderation at table as an essential to long life. "Too many dishes are the cause of many ills," wrote Seneca, long ago, and Leo gave expression to the same sentiment in another form: "Restrain your appetite if you want to live long." It is to be noted too, that just as Seneca, in agreement with St. Paul, counselled a "little wine for the stomach's sake," so Pope Leo all his life used wine, but wine of the purest vintage, and always well watered.

IN THIS the Pontiff but adhered to the custom of his people. In Italy everyone uses a little wine at lunch or dinner, and it forms so much a part of the meal that this light beverage is never absent from the table. It is always, however, diluted with water. And the Italian people have the reputation of being the most temperate in the world. "During a period of residence in Italy of twenty years," writes an observer, "I have not seen that number of people under the influence of drink."

THE LEGACY OF HATE

OUTSPOKEN CONDEMNATION OF RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE BY METHODIST JOURNAL

The hatred and prejudice spawned by war have so sapped our moral vitality as apparently to destroy the spirit of good-will which it was so fervently hoped would follow the advent of peace. After the great conflict was over and the soldiers were returning home, says the Western Christian Advocate (Methodist), which thus confesses its alarm at the situation, the "blasting plagues of a reprobate mind" were released among us, and the aftermath of War is as much to be regretted as the days of carnage themselves. Even good men, we are told, are victims of this spirit of the age, and, instead of peace for which the world had hoped, we have race prejudice, religious intolerance, group arrayed against group, and a spirit of Americanism which is the very antithesis of that which animated the founders of the nation. Hardly had the War ended, we are told, than the evil of race prejudice began to rear its head, driving a cleavage through the social and even the political life of the nation. Anti-semitism demanded a hearing, and, exclaims the Advocate,

"It drove home with a prejudice against the Jew that was frightful, violent, without reason and with a blindness that defied the Spirit of Jesus Christ and suspended the application of all his teaching." It came with a narrowness; it blundered forward with a blindness; it acted with the violence of ignorance and sought to encourage the Spirit that rules in the depths where despair and darkness dwell. Hatred and suspicion of the Jew have been a bugaboo of the twilight after all wars for almost 2,000 years. It came upon us during the last three years as a thief in the night. It sought to work a cleavage from the highest economic realms of the nation to the lowest and most humble unit of the community circle. But when Christians hate theimps of hell rejoice and rise to claim a place in the little world drama of tragedy and comedy upon which all the company of the damned are witnesses.

"With this hatred of the Jew has come a dislike and distrust of the Negro. Violence has broken out against him in different parts of the country that has staggered the conscience of the best citizenship. Indeed, mob aggression has nullified the Constitution and desecrated the most sacred principles of our liberties. We have had to hide our faces in shame at the ruthless manner in which the Negro has been dealt with during the past four years. That ugly, diabolic thing, 'race prejudice,' would scourge the Spirit of Jesus Christ, and when aroused would spit in his face if he should presume to protest against its actions. It would again press down upon his brow the crown of thorns. It would again crucify him amidst fire and flame on a wicked cross; for there is no restraint to human wickedness when it is commanded by race prejudices.

"Then there is that growing hatred of the foreigner. It cries out, 'American for the white man—for the native sons.' It calls for 100% Americanism; it wants to close the gates of the country against immigration; it is fearful and suspicious; it is patriotic; it is narrow and blundering. If it had its way it would undermine all our national liberties. It would restrict free press, free discussion, free

speech, free assembly, free religion, free development. It is having its way in a most unusual manner. Who will rise to call its régime to an end?"

"In the face of these statements, do not forget that hatred and prejudice have also shown their presence and activity against the Roman Catholic Church. There has been sent forth for public consumption propaganda against this historic communion of such violent character as to stir into action age-long ill feeling and of such ugliness as to blot out the face of God in the life of any man who makes place for it. The deadly opiate for the Christian conscience is hatred. One should fear it as fire and deadly explosives."

Adding fuel to the fires of hatred and encouraging race animosity is a fraternal organization which "appeals to those fundamental human prejudices that can never be released or encouraged without great loss to the Christian spirit. It announces that it is against the Roman Catholic Church, against the Jews, against the Negro, against the alien, and stands out and out for Simon-pure Americanism." Yet, we are told, the organization is thriving and commanding unwittingly the support of some of the most level-headed citizens. This appeal to prejudice has a deadly aim, and the Advocate warns us: "Watch the man or the organization who appeals to your prejudices. They will bring a poison into your soul that will rob you of your friends and take away your peace of mind. They will in the end becloud the face of Jesus Christ and turn your path into spiritual darkness. No man can afford to sympathize with or encourage in the least any man or group of men who appeal to hatred and prejudice. The ministry must be free and quick to see the peril. Keep themselves aloof, and in the name of Jesus Christ save the members of their flocks from the evil that walketh at noonday.

"And now abideth hatred and prejudice and violence, these three; but the greatest of these is prejudice."—The Literary Digest.

KLAN ISSUE TO BECOME FEDERAL QUESTION

APPEALS FOR ACTION

Senator Walsh's letter to the Attorney General, which is commonly described here as a call for a "showdown," quotes excerpts from letters received by the Senator from a former Assistant District Attorney of one of our Western States and "from a leading Attorney of Texas," for the standing and reputation of both of whom the Senator vouches. In these letters to the Senator, the outrages of the Klan are enumerated and it is suggested that the Government might seek indictments against Klansmen on the ground of conspiracy under Section 19 of the Federal Penal Code which reads: "If two or more persons conspire to injure, or oppress, threaten, or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution or laws of the United States or because of his having so exercised the same, or if two or more persons go in disguise on the highway or on the premises of another with intent to prevent or hinder his free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege so secured, they shall be fined not more than \$5,000 and imprisoned for not more than ten years and shall moreover be thereafter ineligible to any office or place of honor, profit or trust created by the Constitution or laws of the United States."

HOW GRANT DISPERSED ORIGINAL KLAN

In the proclamation issued March 24, 1871, President Grant referred to the duty of the National Government to preserve constitutional guarantees in cases where the local governments do not do so and called upon the Ku Klux Klan in South Carolina to disperse within twenty days. He later issued several other proclamations, in the last of which he ordered the members of the "conspiracy" to turn in their arms to the federal authorities within five days and suspended the privilege of the writ of the habeas corpus in nine South Carolina counties in order to aid in the enforcement of the proclamation. In these later executive pronouncements President Grant cited as his authority besides the general provisions of the Constitution, the provisions of the Act of Congress approved April 20, 1871. That act was repealed by implication in a later statute, but was re-enacted without modification and is now the Section 19 of the Federal Penal Code referred to in Senator Walsh's letter to the Attorney General.

The letter written to Senator Walsh by the Texas Attorney declares that during the last eighteen months there have been 500 "tar and feather parties and whipping bees" in Texas and men and women and children have been subjected to outrages at the hands of the Klan without any of the offenders being brought to justice. The Texas attorney includes this observation:

KLAN NATURALIZES FOR ITS GOVERNMENT

"The crusade in Texas is directed not only against the Negro, Jew and Catholic Church, but against any and all persons who do not subscribe to 'Klanocracy.' They have

no respect for the laws of the State or for the institutions founded under our laws, when there is a conflict between the two jurisdictions. All men who do not belong are called aliens and I judge that they consider their a separate government from our constitutional government. We on the outside are called 'denizens' and are not citizens. The process of naturalization makes the member a citizen of the Invisible Empire, whatever that is."

LIBERTY IS LOST

IF PROCESSES OF LAW ARE IGNORED

Washington, December 1.—In a sermon generally interpreted as an attack upon the Ku Klux Klan, the Rev. Patrick J. Healy of the Catholic University delivered an emphatic plea for the preservation of constitutional rights and religious freedom at the fourteenth annual Pan-American Mass in St. Patrick's Church here yesterday. Speaking to an audience which comprised diplomatic representatives of twenty American republics, ranking officers of the armed forces of the nation, Justices of the Federal Supreme Court, officials of the Federal and District government and prominent laymen and clergymen of all denominations, the speaker announced impressively that "liberty may be gained but it must be guarded and its price is eternal vigilance."

"If the arbitrary will of any men or any group of men is permitted to supersede the orderly processes of law, there can be no liberty," he said. "If liberty is to survive there must be law in society and self-restraint in individuals. Religious freedom is the most sacred possession of free peoples. Yet if we are to believe the tales told with such seeming truth and so frequently of late, religious freedom itself is menaced in certain parts of this country."

Referring to a recent speech of Secretary Denby of the Navy Department, Dr. Healy continued: "When a responsible official, a member of the President's cabinet, finds it necessary to address such words to his fellow countrymen, and when the daily papers are filled with reports that substantiate his fears that freedom is menaced in this country there can be no doubt as to the direction in which patriotic duties lie."

"Should any nation or any combination of nations dare to lay impious hands on the flag which for seven score years has been the symbol of hope to the oppressed of the world, there can be but one opinion as to what should be the fate of an American who would hesitate to cast his life between that flag and dishonor. When an attack more dangerous because more insidious than any that can come from abroad is made on that flag and the Constitution it represents, patriotism can lead but one way."

If no nation or no group of nations can be permitted to destroy the life of this great republic, no group or groups of malicious and misguided men shall be permitted to impair its institutions. At that great crisis of the nation's history when Lincoln raised his voice in defense of its security and its integrity, the soul of America responded to his appeal. We are again engaged in a great war testing whether Constitutional liberty can long endure and, as in the days of Lincoln, there will be found in the America of today such solid and enduring patriotism, such passionate devotion to liberty, such a deep-seated desire for justice, that the words of Secretary Denby will bear fruit and the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Reviewing the struggles and sufferings of the early Christians to establish the privilege of freedom of conscience culminating finally in the conversion of the Roman Emperor Constantine, Dr. Healy said: "The edict of Constantine was the first great charter of human liberty. Liberty may be gained, but it must be guarded, and its price is eternal vigilance."

In the western empire the policy of bringing the Church under control of the State was fought at all points and at all hazards by the popes and bishops. If the early period of the history of the Church was a conflict with Roman imperialistic absolutism its medieval period was a struggle with the feudalistic militarism of the Teutonic nations. The Church would not surrender what it had gained in its struggle with Rome. It would not consent that rulers should frame creeds nor rule men's consciences. But the Church did more, it became a school to teach men freedom. It opposed autocracy, but it upheld authority. To the Church liberty was not an abstraction. "It takes form and substance in institutions and it is real only when these institutions have the force of law, and law is meaningless without authority. If the arbitrary will of any man or any group of men is permitted to supersede the orderly processes of law there can be no liberty. If liberty is to survive there must be law in society and self-restraint in individuals. Liberty finds its ultimate home in the souls and the conscience, and its first expression in a willingness to grant to others the rights we demand for ourselves."

"This was the lesson the Catholic Church impressed on the peoples of the middle ages. In placing constitutionally under the protection of civil authority a sacredness it had never before possessed and in freeing conscience from arbitrary power it laid the foundations of civil and religious freedom."

"Power is always jealous of its prerogative, and autocracy finds many forms in which it may clothe itself. If the Church succeeded in vindicating the divine right of conscience, the benevolent despots in European States, in the centuries following the medieval period, sought to in which themselves in the doctrine of the divine right of kings."

"When power passed away from the dynasties, autocracy found a home in the despotism of the law, and the last chapter in this struggle against the Church and human liberty was written when the world was called to arms to defend the principles that had lain behind the activities of Frederick Bismarck and M. Combes and the leaders of European statesmanship in the nineteenth century."

"When we turn now to this western hemisphere, which has become the home of liberty, we note a condition of affairs which, in itself, may be looked on as the culmination and reward of the centuries of struggle in Europe. Nearly scores of great commonwealths exist here, and cherish one for another nothing but sentiments of friends and good will. No nation on this continent feels bound to maintain great armies or to build powerful navies through fear of its neighbors. None sees in another a possible conqueror or a potential oppressor. The old controversies are gradually dying out, and each of these nations as it comes to understand more fully the purposes and the aims of the others is more ready to admit the common interests and the common destinies of all."

"Many of the flourishing States to the south of us are about this time celebrating the centenary of their independence, and if the progress they have made in setting up and stabilizing their institutions of law and government in this century is an index, their prosperity and civilization will rise to greater heights in the centuries that lie before them. The national heroes who won for these States their independence are becoming more than national heroes; they are becoming American heroes, and pan-Americanism is becoming more than a name or a symbol."

"The harmony and good will that exist among the States on this continent find outward expression in the fact that they have all adopted the republican form of government, and that they are all devoted to the purposes of democracy. A more enduring, a more effective bond even than a common form of government is that the principal on which this government rests are derived from a common source. The rise of free governments on this hemisphere, and a clear conception of political needs, was not the result of geographical environment nor due merely to blind chance. The men who founded these States were European or the descendants of Europeans."

"The duty for which Paul had to die, and which he would have converted into a right, had become the pride of American citizenship, that right of individual freedom which Rome regarded as a menace to its very existence has become the foundation stone of this great sisterhood of American commonwealths. It is for this reason that a Catholic takes such pride in his American citizenship. The line connecting American citizenship with Paul and those countless martyrs for freedom, those who like him died for liberty, is the Catholic Church. The channel through which the freedom proclaimed by Christ has flowed to the modern world is the Church. The school in which men were trained for liberty, its advocate and champion throughout the ages is the Catholic Church."

"It is this identity of source and purpose in American institutions that gives pan American gatherings point and significance. Liberty and democracy is their common inheritance and their common characteristic. The love of liberty is a monopoly of none of the great American nations. It should flourish wherever the spirit of America exists."

Commenting upon the spirit of tolerance which the predominantly Catholic countries of Latin America have always treated their religious minorities, he continued: "The broad and liberal spirit of Americanism, which is so strikingly illustrated in these southern republics, appears in a much stronger light by comparison with what takes place in other parts of the world."

AUSTRIAN RELIEF FUND

Editor, CATHOLIC RECORD: Dec. 7, 1922.

The Austrian Relief Fund totals \$20,642.57. It far exceeds my expectations. I should perhaps thank all the contributors, but they will value very much more the prayers of the afflicted Austrians whom their charity shall benefit, and above all the blessing of God who rewards even a cup of cold water given in His name.

The money collected will be forwarded at once in equal parts to His Eminence, Cardinal Piffil of Vienna, and the President of the Catholic Women's League of Upper Austria. I shall ask you to be good enough to publish their acknowledgment of its receipt. Meanwhile will you be good enough to find space for the completed list of subscribers?

I remain yours faithfully in Christ, M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London.

Table listing donors and amounts for the Austrian Relief Fund, including entries like 'Previously acknowledged \$5,065.93' and 'Through Rev. J. McMaster, Mahon, 1,000.00'.

CHURCH MARRIAGES FALLING OFF

London, Nov. 24.—Church marriages, outside of Catholic circles, are, as it is well known in England, rapidly falling off, and the parties seem to prefer the civil marriage before the State Registrar. But it is left to Liverpool to show how the Catholic Church is more than holding its own in the matter of marriages.

The Registrar-General recently made it plain that among Catholics the number of church marriages is more than up to the standard, while both Anglicans and Protestant dissenters are more and more frequenting the marriage bureau. The Anglican Church, as the Established Church, has a sort of privilege, and the marriage announcements do not have to be published. But in the Registrar's offices are displayed lists of marriages solemnized in churches other than those of the Church of England. A list recently published in Liverpool showed that out of sixteen marriages celebrated on a given date, eight were at the civil marriage registry, while the other eight were celebrated in the Catholic churches in the city.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL IN DUBLIN

Every year, tribute is borne by leading Protestants to the work accomplished in Dublin by the St. Vincent de Paul Society in relieving distress. Last year Judge Wylie, a Protestant, was one of the principal speakers at the annual meeting. This year Lord Glenavy, ex-Lord Chancellor, also a Protestant, highly commended the beneficent work of the Society. He said he had never heard a suggestion that the funds of the Society had ever been diverted from the purposes of charity to that of religious propaganda. Mr. Hewat, another Protestant, gave 50 tons of coal for the poor to be distributed by the Society.

During the last year the Society paid 46,228 visits to 4,847 families amongst whom they distributed assistance in kind amounting to \$61,000. In addition \$11,300 were expended for the care of boys in the society's orphanage. The total expense of administering this relief was only \$2,000. Where relief is distributed by State or other public institutions nearly a dollar is paid to officials for every dollar expended upon the food.

President Cosgrove, head of the Free State government, admitted that the record of the Society in regard to the cost of administration was a very good example to larger institutions operating at very considerable expense to the nation.

The subscription list this year has been opened with \$1,250 from Archbishop Byrne.

CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE

Table listing donors and amounts for the Catholic Women's League, including entries like 'J. M. D. Guelph, 10.00' and 'Rev. E. G. Doe, Ridgeway, 10.00'.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

WAKE UP! By The President

When we speak of missionary Canada we understand that vast stretch of territory rolling away from the Great Lakes to the Rockies and then on, on to the Pacific Coast. Difficulties without number and grievous burdens are the daily lot and trial of the Bishops and priests doing their best to serve God and His Church in that great section of the Dominion of Canada.

Last week we put before your eyes an appeal from the Archbishop of Winnipeg, Manitoba, for help, or rather the needs of the Church are great and pressing. What answer shall that appeal receive? We fear, judging from the past, that our Eastern self-complacency and selfish-Catholicity shall make the majority turn a deaf ear to the call while we still go on enjoying the luxuries of our religion surrounded by every comfort.

How true, but how little heeded, are the words of Archbishop Sinnott: "I maintain that it would be an act of apostolic charity, were the wealthier parishes of the East to share some of their comforts with the missionary on the plains, and thus alleviate in some measure his hardships. Would it not be possible for these well-organized parishes to adopt, as it were, one of the struggling missions of the West, help to build it up and provide the priest, at least in part, with the wherewithal to live and carry on his ministry. The idea needs no elaboration. Unless we can get some system of fraternal help established the struggle for the poor pioneer priest is going to be a hard one and many a priest will go down in it. And all the while souls will be lost. There are districts in this western country, almost large enough to form dioceses, where one lone priest has to minister to not more than fifty families in all, but so scattered in little groups of three, five and ten families, in the midst of an overwhelming Protestant population, that the task is almost impossible."

Another appeal arrived a few days ago from a learned, holy and apostolic bishop. He writes: "I come not without reluctance and a certain sense of shame to set my case before you." The letter goes on to show how much has been done in four years by herculean labour, some assistance from Extension and other sources to reduce a debt of \$100,000 to \$45,000, and then continues: "You might infer from this that we have now the situation pretty well in hand. But, alas, no. Humily speaking, it has never been more desperate. Owing largely to unemployment this has been our worst year. Many of our people have had to go away. . . . It is the most disheartening thing I have ever known. . . . This year we can neither pay taxes, which will amount to over \$7,000 nor the interest on our loan. For the past decade of years it has been for me, who am ill-fitted to cope with such difficulties, a ceaseless uphill struggle against fearful odds, and there is not today a single rift in the clouds."

How heart-breaking and humiliating must be to a highly sensitive soul to be so tortured by such mean things! "One of our well-to-do Catholics with a little faith and an ounce of charity could settle this difficulty in a jiffy if he only would. One diocese in Eastern Canada could without much difficulty so aid this Bishop and his diocese that the awful agony he now endures would cease forever. Will it be done? Perhaps. . . ."

ANGLICANS AND JEWS

London, Eng.—Both the Anglicans and the Jews apparently have awakened to the menace which threatens the community if religious education in the schools should become impossible. The Catholics, of course, always have realized this; but unlike some of the other religious bodies, they have always persistently fought for their rights.

The Catholic Educational Council, acting in this instance as the agent of the Episcopate, has put a series of questions regarding the Catholic schools before Parliamentary candidates. The Bishop of London has just presided over a crowded meeting at which a distant note of alarm was sounded. The Jewish Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hertz, a few days ago, declared that the idea that secular teaching is sufficient for the development of character has been abandoned by everyone except the Bolshevik rulers in Soviet Russia. Rabbi Hertz further stated that the elimination of religious instruction

from the schools took away from the education system all the motives making for virtue, reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control.

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in Canada the needs of the West, the relation of these needs to the future, the necessity of co-operating with the Bishops of the West, in a word, the necessity of co-operating in laying a broad and deep foundation for the Church in the years to come. We are compelled to say that although something has been done, serious co-operation, that Catholic organized charity we hoped for, is not, except in a few dioceses, to be found in Canada. Yet, there was never a time when we heard so often the words, unity, co-operation and co-ordination.

Wake up! Wake up! The opportunity is at our door. We Catholics by united action in relieving the distress of the missionary Bishops and their dioceses can do much to settle the status of the Catholic Church in Canada in the years to come.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

DONATIONS

Table listing donors and amounts for the Extension Society, including entries like 'Previously acknowledged \$6,781.48' and 'Altar Society, Plato, 10.00'.

BURSES

FOR EDUCATION OF PRIESTS FOR CHINESE MISSIONS

These burses will be complete at \$3,000 each, and will provide a perpetual scholarship for boys wishing to study for the missionary priesthood and go evangelize China. Donors to these burses will be remembered by these future priests during their whole sacerdotal ministry.

Rev. J. M. FRASER, W. A. China Mission, 1100 Alton St., Toronto.

Previously acknowledged \$1,430.70. Mrs. Ed. Thompson, Beaverton, 1.50.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$2,744.48. Children of S. H. School, 7.00. Portuguese Cove, 1.00.

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$402.00. Friend, 1.00.

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$2,612.93. Friend of China, 1.00.

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$486.00. Anon., 1.00.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$356.80. Friend asking favor, 1.00.

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$280.00. V. K. D., Toronto, 1.00.

HOLY SOULS BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$1,541.14. Margt. A. MacDonald, Montreal, 1.75. Friend for favor received, 1.00.

LITTLE FLOWER BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$905.04. Client of Soeur Therese, 1.00.

SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$2,581.45. "Thy Kingdom Come", 1.00.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY THE REV. F. P. HICKEY, O.S.B.

THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT

THE CHARACTER OF THE MESSIAS

"There hath stood One in the midst of you, whom you know not." (John 1:26.)

The prophets had foretold and partially described the Messiah that was to come. But was it not most appropriate that the most explicit testimony of Him and revelation of His character should be given us by and through means of the Baptist? Therefore we find in Advent that St. John is brought before us in the gospels. His preaching, his works had led men to think that he himself was perhaps the Messiah. But "he confessed I am not the Christ," to the priests and levites, who had been sent to question him. And the next day, says the gospel, "John saw Jesus coming to him and he saith: 'Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world.'" And John gave testimony, saying: "I saw the Spirit coming down as a dove from heaven, and He remained upon Him, and I saw and gave testimony that this is the Son of God." (John 1.)

Moreover, the Baptist, later on, when cast in prison by Herod, sent two of his disciples to our Lord, and by his questions causes our Blessed Lord to reveal Himself openly to us—the character and description of our divine Lord given us by Himself! What excuse can man have not to know Him; and knowing Him, not to love Him and follow Him? John's disciples gave his message, "Art Thou He that art to come, or look we for another?" And Jesus making answer, said to them: "Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he that shall not be scandalized in Me." (Matt. xi. 3.) Thus the Baptist drew from Christ the description of the character by which He would be known by man. The God of Truth made Man gave testimony of Himself.

How blessed are we, preparing to celebrate the anniversary of the coming of that divine Redeemer, to look upon Him portrayed so clearly by His own Blessed Self! As in those days, so now, there are countless ones that need Him. And He comes to us with the same benevolence, the same readiness, the same power to do us good. Have we not ourselves been amongst the crowds, and have we not ourselves felt the divine touch of His mercy? Perhaps we were blind, and He opened our eyes to the Faith! We may have been lying helpless on the road to heaven, powerless to proceed, and the lame have been made to walk. Lepers in sin, more than once—yea, many a time—have we been cleansed and forgiven. Alas! perhaps for years, our souls, dead to God through sinful habits, have been raised to life again by His grace. And our hard, laborious lives have been sweetened, and filled with hope of eternal joy in heaven, because we poor have had the gospel preached to us.

It is well for us to realize this merciful character of the Saviour. It was not always thus. Formerly, under the old Law, the Almighty was the God of justice. His wrath flamed out; His vengeance overtook the wicked. But now with the coming of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, how different! And this is why the Baptist gave testimony of Him and our Lord revealed Himself, so that no one could mistake the object of His coming, and no one feel that he was too utter an outcast not to be forgiven.

Then why did the Redeemer thus come, filled with compassion, ready and longing to befriend and forgive? Becoming Man Himself, He wished to be one with us, to dwell amongst us, to share our sorrows, to take upon Himself our sins and miseries; for He remembered that we were but the dust of the earth—poor, weak, and helpless creatures. He had in His mercy created us for Himself, and He came to restore us, to re-actuate us, that we once again might be "the sons of God and heirs with Christ." He is the Saviour, who "loves the souls of men."

And again, He came pitying us, ready to help us, for He knew the enemies that would plot our ruin. He could not leave us helpless amidst such perils. It was through spite and hatred against Himself that the devil would never cease from trying to work our ruin. The envy of the evil one is our constant danger. Envy because the Redeemer came to raise us up and fit us for the thrones left empty by the fallen angels. To know that we are meant through the Redemption of Christ to reign in glory, whilst the fallen spirits pine in the abyss of misery, is the cause of the enmity, which can never cease, between the devils and the souls of men.

The Blessed Redeemer came to do all that even an Almighty and all-loving God could do to save poor mankind from eternal death. He came "to save His people from their sins." Will it not, then, be all our own sad, miserable fault if the evil one prevails against us? Shall we not, then, welcome Him at this holy time, and offer Him loyalty and loving obedience? Trust in His goodness, for He came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

COPTIC MANUSCRIPTS

THE POPE, PIERPONT MORGAN AND PROF. HYVERNAT

By Mgr. Enrico Pucci

At the conclusion of a private audience given by His Holiness to Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Professor Henry Hyvernat of the Catholic University of America, at which the American financier presented to Pope Pius the first volume of the famous Coptic manuscripts, I had a long interview with the Very Rev. Dr. Hyvernat in which he discussed the finding of the manuscripts and the work done by the Morgans, father and son, in publishing them in a photographic edition.

"The discovery of the manuscripts was made some twelve years ago," said Dr. Hyvernat. "Some Arabs of Upper Egypt, while sifting the sand in search of lime products which they use as fertilizer, came across a small case. On opening it they found a quantity of objects arranged in rows which they took for bricks. On examination these turned out to be old parchment volumes. So ignorant were the Arabs of the value of these volumes that they were on the point of throwing them away when on second thought, they decided to try to sell them to some of the many foreigners who scour Egypt in search of objects of antiquity. And in fact the manuscripts were bought by a merchant and taken by him to Paris. He had no idea of the value of his purchase.

"At that time I was passing through the French capital on my way from Rome to London, and the owners of the manuscripts desired to have my opinion as to their worth. It was only after much urging that I consented to examine them, for I did not imagine that they were of any great scientific value. But when at last I went to inspect them, I had scarcely looked at them, when I understood their unusual worth.

"I gave the owners a brief statement as to the origin, the contents and the value of the magnificent collection, and the volumes were offered for sale to J. Pierpont Morgan for his library. The generous American relying on my opinion bought them, becoming thus a true patron of science, because had he not made the purchase, the volumes would have been put up to auction and dispersed through the world."

Mr. Morgan, having bought the manuscripts, consulted Prof. Hyvernat as to the best use he could make of them. The Professor again examined the collection and saw that the volumes were in need of repair. It was not easy to find the proper person to undertake a work requiring skillful and accurate handling. Prof. Hyvernat thought of the Vatican Library which possesses a famous department devoted to the restoration of manuscripts and equally famous for the perfection of its methods and their results. He did not communicate his plans to Mr. Morgan but merely asked for time to reflect on what was to be done. Then he came to Rome to see Father Ehrle, at that time Prefect of the Vatican Library to whom he spoke about the manuscripts, inquiring if Father Ehrle would undertake their restoration. Father Ehrle answered that he could do nothing without asking the Librarian, Cardinal Rampolla, and the Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val. He added however, that, should the manuscripts prove to be of great scientific importance, not only would no objection be raised, but that the merit of contributing to an undertaking of such extreme historical and scientific interest would be considered a great satisfaction and honor.

Permission having been given, Dr. Hyvernat returned to America and without mentioning the Vatican Library, told Mr. Morgan that if he would entrust him with the manuscripts he would find in Europe the best method of restoring them. On arriving in Rome with his precious possession he hastened to show it to Father Ehrle who immediately perceived the value of the manuscripts, stating that it would be a great pity if the Vatican Library did not take part in so important a work. All moreover were full of enthusiasm, Cardinal Rampolla, Cardinal Merry del Val, and the most enthusiastic was Monsignor Achille Ratti, (now Pius XI.) who was not yet Prefect of the Vatican Library, but came, now and then, from Milan, to help Father Ehrle.

Mr. Morgan's satisfaction increased and he said that he was very gratified to know that the Holy See felt the same spirit of love for science and antiquity which had prompted him to buy the manuscripts. So the work began.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan was not satisfied with having acquired the manuscripts for the sake of science, he also wished to defray the necessary expense of restoring them and of a photographic edition of a limited number of copies to be placed at the disposal of the foremost educational institutions of the world. The Vatican Library offered for this work and for the preparation of the edition, all its technical and scientific advantages with no

compensation beyond what was strictly necessary to cover actual cost. Dr. Hyvernat undertook the direction of restoring and editing the manuscripts, also without compensation, except reimbursement for outlay for materials. Mr. Morgan had to ask the Catholic University of Washington to grant the necessary leave to Dr. Hyvernat and this was accorded willingly and with enthusiasm, the University being flattered by the opportunity to associate its name with such an admirable undertaking.

THE WORK OF RESTORATION

In July, 1912, on the day when the manuscripts were handed in at the Vatican, the Prefect of the Library, Father Ehrle and his collaborator, Monsignor Achille Ratti received them. The latter who in his scientific work has always given particular care to the repairing of ancient manuscripts, had for this purpose, at Milan, his own laboratory. He followed, therefore, with close attention, every step taken in the latest restoration of the precious Coptic volumes entrusted by Dr. Hyvernat to the Vatican Institute. Although Mgr. Ratti was unacquainted with the Coptic language, he desired to have minute information from Dr. Hyvernat concerning the period and historical reconstruction of the manuscripts. His interest grew, when, soon after, he succeeded Father Ehrle as Director of the Library and came to stay at the Vatican.

War interrupted the work, and in July, 1914, on the eve of the declaration of the War, Dr. Hyvernat returned to the United States, nor could he come to Europe until November, 1919. During his absence of five years, the work was suspended. It was resumed toward the end of 1919, but proved more difficult on account of post-war conditions of industry and labor. The enormous rise in prices added to the difficulties, for while payments in American money gave the advantage of exchange, the cost of material is seven times more than it was during the pre-war period.

Nevertheless, with God's help and the patient work of Prof. Hyvernat, the undertaking has been completed with the most exquisitely perfect results.

WHERE MANUSCRIPTS CAME FROM

The manuscripts, of which there are 66, were parts of the Library of the Monastery of St. Michael Archangel. The locality where they were found is near the small hamlet Hamali, in the Fayoum province. In all probability the monks, fearing an Arab incursion, abandoned the Monastery with the intention of returning to it later. They collected and placed their more valuable manuscripts in a case and buried it in the sands, carrying away only the more ordinary books, such as Breviaries and Missals, of which none were found in the case which contained inkstands and pens, an evident proof that the monks wanted to return to their monastery. Their intention was thwarted as the monastery was completely destroyed so that no trace of it remains. All this happened in the tenth century because the dated manuscripts of the Morgan collection bear the date of the ninth century, while those not dated appear more ancient.

Ten manuscripts contain portions of the Sacred Scriptures, others, lives of Saints, homilies, etc. They are all written upon parchment and their bindings are valuable, both as regards art and rarity. The parchment sheets have been repaired one by one, then bound in volumes corresponding to the original ones, but minus the ancient covers which have been set apart as objects of artistic and historical importance.

The edition is in 5 volumes, the first 56 corresponding to the 56 manuscripts and the last containing the general index. Each volume has of course its own index.

Each page is photographed exactly the size of the original, therefore the manuscripts are not of the same dimension, but are like the original. These photographed pages number altogether 7,422. There are only twelve copies which are not the phototypic reproduction of the photographs, as usually happens, but are all and singly original photographs, so that for reading and binding in volumes, they show no difference from the originals.

Each volume bears as frontispiece the following inscription: "Bibliotheca Pierpont Morgan—Codices Coptici—photographicæ expressi. Membranas reficiendas curaverunt Praesides Bibliothecae Vaticanae admodum Rebus Summis Pontificibus Pio X., Benedicto XV., Pio XI. Codices ordinavit, tabulas omnes photographicas membranarum contulit, titulos adposuit, indices digessit Henricus Hyvernat, S. Theologiae doctor, in Universitate Catholica Americae litterarum orientium antecessor."

This is the translation of the above: "Coptic manuscripts of the Library of Pierpont Morgan photographically reproduced. The Prefects of the Vatican Library directed the restoring of the pages, with the consent of the Supreme Pontiffs, Pius X., Benedict XV., Pius XI. Professor of Oriental Letters in the Catholic University of America, arranged the manuscripts, compared all the photographic plates with the parchments, wrote the titles and compiled the indexes."

The first copy of this magnificent edition which marks an epoch in the history of Oriental literature, rearranged by express desire of Pierpont Morgan senior and faithfully executed by his son, has been offered as a gift to the Holy Father. The second will be given to the Library of the Catholic University of America. The other copies will be offered as a gift to the principal libraries of the world.

THE PAPAL AUDIENCE

John Pierpont Morgan and Henry Hyvernat were received by His Holiness on Thursday morning, October 26, at 11 o'clock.

Upon the big table in the private Library of His Holiness was placed the first volume of the copy of the manuscripts presented to the Pope, the first volume only, because the others were yet to be bound. The binding is in tan leather and linen of the same color with simple decorations and gift inscription on the back of the volumes. The Papal Coat of Arms, also in gold, is printed on the outside front cover and there is another white silk cover better to protect the volume.

Pius XI greeted his two visitors with extreme cordiality—Prof. Hyvernat told me: "We found him as kind, as simple, as if he were merely the Vatican Librarian, with his usual perfect calmness of manner, as I had known him, and as when I conversed so often with him during his daily work."

The audience lasted half an hour and was as interesting as could be one in which a generous donor and an illustrious scientist were face to face with a Pope who was also a scientist universally known, who had spent all his life in literary and historical pursuits, to honor which the two callers offered the first fruit of a great undertaking.

After Pius XI had thanked Mr. Morgan for the gift of the unique edition, with which the names of the Vatican Library and of the Pope would always be linked, His Holiness examined the volume in detail, recalling circumstances of the restoration which he had witnessed while attached to the Vatican Library and discussing technicalities of the manner of restoring and preserving manuscripts. Thus passed a memorable half hour which the Holy Father would have prolonged had not the anterooms and halls been full of people waiting for audiences. Pius XI parted with the welcome callers with great cordiality, giving to Pierpont Morgan the gold medal of the first year of his Pontificate and two silver ones to Professor Hyvernat.

POPE APPROVES LATIN IN SCHOOLS

Paris, Nov. 17.—The "Societe d'Education, an association composed of prominent Catholics concerned with the development of Christian education, has received from Cardinal Gasparri a letter commending the members for their support of the study of Latin in the French lycées. The Cardinal says: "The Holy Father is pleased to congratulate you upon your work to maintain and to give greater importance to the place of Latin in Secondary Education. Latin is the still living language of the Church and of Catholic tradition and it is likewise the study which contributes especially to give young men a deep and serious general education."

NEW FRENCH REVIEW FOR BOYS

The question of the Catholic press has been one of the chief concerns of French Catholics who, during the past thirty years, have made an effort which, although not always crowned with the success it deserved, has nevertheless been absolutely remarkable. Despite the number of daily and weekly papers, and of popular journals and illustrated reviews, there has been a great gap in the field of the Catholic press.

Up to the present there has been no paper for boys of twelve to sixteen years of age. This need has now been filled by the French Association of Catholic youth which has taken upon itself the publication of a weekly paper, to be known as the Revue de Jeune Francois.

The Revue de Jeune Francois is a weekly paper for boys of twelve to sixteen years of age. It contains articles, stories, and illustrations. It is published by the French Association of Catholic Youth.

This paper has appeared regularly since October and has been received with an enthusiasm which promises well for its future success.

Warms you through and through — Hot Bovril



"Stocking Up!"

She finds it easy to look happy!—because she has found a cheque for \$2,000. in her Christmas stocking.

(Wouldn't you look pleased too?)

This is her Christmas present—there's a future in it!

Here is the story of its past

Twenty years ago Dad and Mum began stocking up for this day.

They took a joint twenty-year endowment policy on their own lives. If either one had died during the past twenty years, two thousand dollars would have been immediately available for their daughter's education and welfare. She would never have been dependent on the casual kindness of friends.

But her parents have lived. The money is all hers!

She is 21—and today she is a believer in endowment insurance!

She is going to spend part of the profits of this policy on the first premium of a new \$2,000 policy—twenty year endowment—for herself.

She is going to keep \$500 in cold cash to gratify some long-cherished desires. And she is going to invest \$1,400.00 at seven per cent. The interest on this money will more than pay her yearly premiums.

So that twenty years hence, she will have over \$3,500 dollars in cash, without any expenditure of capital.

She has proved the financial value of Stocking Up, early in the day.

Let our agent tell you how to make this story fit your case.

The London Life Insurance Company

"Policies Good as Gold"

HEAD OFFICES - LONDON, CANADA Agencies in all principal cities

\$5.00 Solid Copper Vacuum Washer, \$2.00

WILL LAST A LIFETIME!

THIS OFFER WON'T BE REPEATED - GET ONE TO-DAY

If you want the very best that can be made, here it is. We have sold over 300,000 tin washers and they have given perfect satisfaction, but, of course, the solid copper is much better. We are just selling a few at \$2.00 to introduce them. After which the price will go back to \$5.00. Don't miss this wonderful chance. Tell your friends about it. SEND TO-DAY.

We Absolutely Guarantee that the Rapid will wash a tubful of anything washable in three minutes. Blankets, lace, socks, cuffs, silks, underwear, curtains, towels, handkerchiefs, ANYTHING. Hands do not come in contact with the water, therefore it can be scalding hot. So easy to operate that a child can do it. Will not wear out your clothes. The Rapid forces the boiling suds through the clothes. NOT the clothes through the suds. Will save your back and many hours of needless toil. An ordinary weekly wash can be washed, blue, and on the line in one hour. Your money back without question if it will not do all we claim and more. Don't miss this Special offer. Send only \$2.00 and this ad. TODAY and we will send you the solid copper Rapid Vacuum Washer, regular price \$5.00, by parcel post to any address.

Duplex Mfg. Co., Dept. W21, Barrie, Ont.



GORDON MILLS

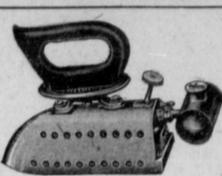
Louis Sandy

HABIT MATERIALS and VEILINGS

Specially Produced for the Use of Religious Communities

Black, White, and Coloured Sergees and Cloths, Veilings, Cashmeres, Etc.

Stocked in a large variety of widths and qualities. Samples forwarded on application. LOUIS SANDY, Gordon Mills, STAFFORD, ENGLAND. Telegrams - Louisandy, Stafford. PHONE No. 104



IRON IN COMFORT With the "Ruby" Sad-Iron

In districts where gas and electricity are not available, the "Ruby" Iron is invaluable. Burns methylated spirits (wood alcohol) and is neither dangerous or troublesome like gas-line and charcoal irons.

HANDSOMELY NICKEL-PLATED WITH INSULATED HANDLE. BURNS FROM 20 TO 30 MINUTES

"A Household Necessity"

AN APPRECIATED GIFT AT CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR

SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE OR C. O. D.

No. 1 3 lb. \$3.00

No. 2 4 lb. \$4.00

The ARTHUR - NEWMAN Co. 52A Richmond St. East, Toronto, Ont.



Meals A la Carte or Table d'Hote

Service, just as you prefer it can be had in King Edward dining rooms. In addition, there is the Coffee Shop, operated on the cafeteria plan. Choose whichever service you will, you are assured of good food, well cooked—and service that will please you.

King Edward Hotel TORONTO



1000 Fireproof Rooms "Close to Everything" Direction United Hotels Company of America

Church Furniture

We specialize in the manufacture of

Church Pews, Altars, Pulpits, Confessionals, Vestment Cases

AND All Furniture for Church and Sunday School

The Valley City Seating Co. Limited DUNDAS, ONTARIO

PROCEEDS FROM CHURCH BAZAARS

can go on earning if you spend the money on a Victor Safety Cinema. "Movie" entertainments promote a permanent source of revenue. 56

Write To Day for Particulars Pathoscope of Canada Ltd. 156 KING ST. W. Toronto



THE TIRE SENSATION OF 1921 WILL BE YOUR CHOICE FOR 1922

Advertisement for Eddy's Matches, featuring the text 'Today Eddy's are selling more matches than ever because they are the best in the world!' and an illustration of a matchbox.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE FELLOWSHIP OF BOOKS
I care not who the man may be,
Nor how his tasks may fret him;

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THAT LITTLE ROOM
I never see at Holy Mass
Or after Benediction's chime
The Tabernacle's door unclasp'd

UNREASONABLE ANGER
Perhaps no serious fault of character
is so widespread as indulgence
in unreasonable anger.

GOOD HABITS
A good habit is a good inheritance
and one which no reverse in stocks
and shares can effect.

WHAT SHALL I TEACH MY DAUGHTER?
Some time ago at a social gathering
this question was proposed.

CONFIDENCE AND FEAR
Confidence and fear are almost
one thing rather than two, when
we speak of God.

MAREDSOUS ABBEY

By Rev. J. Van der Heyden
Some ten miles from Dinant, the
pretty and picturesque Belgian
town of the Meuse sacked at the
outbreak of the War, the traveller's
curiosity is aroused by a stately
group of buildings rising from a
high plateau, amid green fields
skirted by woods.

WINS BALZAC PRIZE

Paris, Nov. 11.—The Balzac prize,
of a value of 30,000 francs, instituted
as a recompense for the best
novels, has been awarded, for the
first time, the jury of writers, headed
by Paul Bourget, selected 12 out of
the 280 novels submitted, and the
prize was finally divided between
M. Jean Girardou and Emile
Baumann.

HEMORRHOIDS
Do not suffer another day with
itching, bleeding, or protruding
Piles or Hemorrhoids.

Serre Limited
121 Rideau St., Ottawa, Canada
Church, Book and
Office Supplies

Casavant Freres
CHURCH LIMITED
Organ Builders
ST. HYACINTHE QUEBEC

THE HORRORS OF INDIGESTION

Relieved by "Fruit-a-tives"
the Fruit Medicine
Indigestion, Weak Digestion or
partial digestion of food, is one of
the most serious of present-day
complaints—because it is responsible
for many serious troubles.

Grand Cruise De Luxe

MEDITERRANEAN
AND
Pilgrimage to the Holy
Land and Rome
FOLLOWED BY
AN EXTENSION TOUR OF
SOUTHERN EUROPE

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen
THE most acceptable
of all Christmas presents.
Its superior quality,
beauty and unflinching
reliability are life-long
reminders of your
thoughtfulness and
good judgment.

TEA - COFFEE
Finest importations always in stock at lowest market prices.
Samples and quotations sent promptly upon application.
Special attention given to requirements of institutions.

Kearney Brothers, Limited
TEA - COFFEE, IMPORTERS AND SPECIALISTS
33 St. Peter Street Montreal, Que.

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR
EASIER THAN SHAVING
Price to Introduce Only \$1

THE IDEAL GIFT AT CHRISTMAS
A "RUBY FURNIVAL" Waterproof (Rubberized) Cretonne Household Apron

Let the Government Guard Your Savings Account

WHEN you deposit money in the Province of
Ontario Savings Office you have the assurance
that the Government guarantees the absolute safety of
your deposit.

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Branch Offices: Hamilton, St. Catharines, Brantford, Woodstock,
Scarboro, Walkerton, Owen Sound, Newmarket,
St. Marys, Pembroke, 101

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Relieved by "Fruit-a-tives"
the Fruit Medicine

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AND
Pilgrimage to the Holy
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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen
THE most acceptable
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Finest importations always in stock at lowest market prices.

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

TEA - COFFEE

CHURCH UNITY OCTAVE

Rev. Paul James Francis, S. A., Editor of The Lamp in whose pages the Church Unity Octave has since its inception, has received the following important communication from the Most Rev. Monsignor Isaias Papadopoulos, formerly Greek Catholic Bishop of Constantinople and now Assessor of the Sacred Congregation "Pro Ecclesia Orientali" in Rome:

"Reverend Father: It is with great pleasure that I announce to you that our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI., like his illustrious predecessor Pope Benedict XV., has accepted the invitation to celebrate Holy Mass on one of the days of the Church Unity Octave for the intention of the Association. His Holiness also desires that the Octave be propagated among all pious Catholics. He sends his blessing to you, to your co-workers, and to all the subscribers of The Lamp, and also to all the generous benefactors who with their offerings help the Missions, especially to the Orientals.

"Wishing you every good from Our Lord, I subscribe myself, with pleasure, Your most devoted servant, ISAIAS PAPADOPOULOS."

Last year the Church Unity Octave was observed in practically every country in the world and the members of the American Hierarchy at their Annual Conference in 1921 provided that it should be observed in all the Dioceses of the United States. The complexity of world and religious conditions are such in our day as to invite the most earnest participation in the Church Unity Octave which extends from the Chair of Peter (Jan. 18th.) to the Conversion of St. Paul (Jan. 25th.) and whose object is the gathering of "other sheep" to the One Fold of Catholic and Apostolic Unity.

THE NINTH EDITION OF THE DESBARATS NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY

A fund of valuable information, for everyone interested in advertising, and in the Canadian Newspaper situation, will be found in the ninth Edition of the Desbarats Newspaper Directory 1922-23.

This is today the most up-to-date and the most complete encyclopedia of Canadian Newspapers to be found, and reflects great credit on the publishers—The Desbarats Advertising Agency.

Among other useful information to be found in this book, is the name of every publication issued in Canada, by whom published, when established, the day of publication, political views, subscription price, size of page, average circulation, advertising rates, etc.

Besides, the book also contains official 1921 population figures and information about leading industries of all the leading cities and towns in Canada, the location of the latter, their natural resources, and a vast amount of other useful facts.

Every business man or executive will find the Desbarats Newspaper Directory a useful handbook and can have a copy for \$1.00 by making application on his firm's letter head to others the price is \$5.00. Address: The Desbarats Advertising Agency, 161 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

PRaise FOR THE GRAND TRUNK

In the Grand Trunk Railway System, employers and employees work together to reach the highest possible standard of efficiency. The result of this splendid spirit of co-operation is a railway service as near perfection as modern methods can make it. That the travelling public appreciates this effort on their behalf is shown by numberless letters to the G. T. R. officials, expressive of their pleasure and approbation. Here is an extract from an unsolicited letter written to the management by a prominent New Yorker, "had a most comfortable ride from Montreal to Toronto. The train went at a uniform speed and the road-bed was better, it seems to me, than any road I have been on of late, and you know I travel more or less on the crack roads of this country. What was most noticeable was the braking—the absence of awful shocks and jars, and the smooth running of the train. You are to be congratulated in the manner in which passenger trains are handled—seemingly a distinctive feature with you."

ANTICLERICALISM REBUKED

The indignation aroused throughout France by the Montpellier speech of the former radical minister Painleve, in which he accused the priests of having been "slackers" during the War, has not yet died down, and protests are coming from all parts of the country.

M. Duval-Arnauld, deputy of Paris and Chairman of the Labor Committee in the Chamber has written M Painleve a letter in which he says, in part: "Father of a Seminary of Saint-Sulpice who left in a 'black robe' for the Army in October, 1914 and was killed in the uniform of a second lieutenant of field artillery July 31, 1918, I desire to associate myself with the protests aroused by your speech at Montpellier."

M. Painleve said that the priests had been protected during the War. M. Duval-Arnauld reproaches him for his ignorance of statistics, and calls his attention to the fact that the Saint-Sulpice seminary in Paris had 385 seminarians mobilized, of whom 102 were killed, an average of 2 out of 7.

And yet, in his letter, M. Duval-Arnauld does not use the language of violence. Faithful to the testimony of his son, whose last letter he quotes as showing that he offered his life for the victory of his country and for the definite pacification of hatred between Frenchmen, the deputy of Paris confines himself to deploring the fact that M. Painleve should mention the heroic deed in polemics such as he indulged in at Montpellier.

Msrgr. Giure, Bishop of Bayonne, has also written to M. Painleve: "And so we Bishops used our influence to prevent our priests from going to their death. We spurn this outrage and summon you to give the proofs of your allegations. Quote, Sir, since you are so sure of yourself, quote the names of those whom I protected here in the Diocese of Bayonne, and whom you do not find in the army lists. Quote! The official documents were in your hands when you were Minister of War. They are still at your disposal at the present time. I defy you to quote a single one."

"In the Diocese of Bayonne 470 priests and seminarians were mobilized. During the War I closed my Great Seminary; there remained only 8 students who were physically unfit for military service. The others went to War. Vicars, professors and chaplains, all were at the front or in the sanitary corps."

"Slackers, the 27 seminarians who fell face to the enemy? Slackers, the 23 young priests killed on the field of battle? Slackers, the 8 religious of the Diocese of Bayonne who died on the field of honor?"

"Slackers, the disabled priests and seminarians whom we surround with our affection? Slackers, the priests and seminarians of the Diocese of Bayonne of whom 8 are Knights of the Legion of Honor, 15 decorated with the Medaille Militaire and 121 with the Croix de Guerre and who won 183 citations? Slackers, the priests and seminarians who went in as privates and became lieutenants and captains?"

"I say these things because you force me to, Sir. And I say them with sorrowful pride. I weep for those young heroes cut down in their prime. They gave their lives for France, their country. I am proud of them, and I vindicate their memory."

THANKSGIVING NOBLE NATIONAL IDEA

Rome, Nov. 30.—Pope Pius gave a special reception this evening to the students of the American College and for the first time in the history of the Church, gave formal recognition by the Papacy to an American national festival. Speaking to the students, His Holiness said:

"National thanksgiving! It is a noble idea on the part of your people—choosing the day for prayer. Men who lack prayer lack one of the essentials of life. Your country must, indeed, be blessed by Almighty God."

In accepting an offering of 1,200 lire from the students and their superiors he thanked them "for the help you have given for the suffering Russians, mown down, by pe-tience, famine and misery."

The Pope said that through the American students, he wished to congratulate the entire American people and express his gratitude for the generosity they had shown on every occasion of need.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO SAVINGS OFFICE NEW BRANCH

On Tuesday, November 28th, the Province of Ontario Savings Office opened a downtown branch in the City of Toronto in the new "Government Savings Building" at the south-west corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets. Here, at a conveniently central location, the thousands upon thousands of salaried and wage-earning people who pass and repass within a few blocks of this corner, may have the privilege of making the Province

of Ontario the guardian of their savings accounts. An experienced Bank Manager will be in charge, equipped with a competent staff. Every facility and convenience will be available for depositors.

The basic idea of the Province of Ontario Savings Office, which are being opened up at various points throughout the Province, is Government safety. Added to their security is 4% interest, instead of the usual three.

The success of these Ontario Savings Offices in the past year has been phenomenal. The management reports total deposits exceed the most optimistic expectation by more than a million dollars.

CONNOLLY.—At Iona, P. E. I., Nov. 29, 1922, John Connolly, aged eighty-two years. May his soul rest in peace.

GEASH.—At Ottawa, Ont., on Monday, November 27, 1922, Samuel J. Geash, aged sixty-seven years. May his soul rest in peace.

An able man shows the spirit by gentle words and resolute actions. He is neither hot nor timid.

TEACHERS WANTED

NORMAL trained teacher wanted for S. S. No. 1 High, County of Huron, The school is near the church and to a good boarding house. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1923. Salary \$800 to \$1000 according to experience and qualifications. Apply to John Laporte, R. R. 7, Zurich, Ont. Phone 53 ring 7, Zurich Central. 2303-11

WANTED for the Primary, 2nd and 3rd book classes of North Bay Separate school, 3 Normal trained female teachers. Duties commence January 3, 1923. Apply stating salary and experience with testimonials to the Secretary, North Bay Separate School Board. 2303-2

QUALIFIED teacher wanted for Saint Ste. Marie Separate school. Duties commencing after holidays. Apply to V. McNamara, Saint Ste. Marie, Ont. 2303-1

TEACHER wanted, holding second class Ontario certificate, for Catholic Separate school, Fort William Ontario Salary \$9.00 per annum. Duties to commence January, 1923. Apply to G. F. Smith, Sec. Treas. Fort William, Ont. 2304-11

QUALIFIED teacher for C. S. S. No. 2 Harris; French and English. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1923. Apply stating salary and experience to M. J. Lippert, 189 Victoria St., Kitchener, Ont. 2303-2

WANTED: Detroit, Mich.: St. Mary's Hospital School of Nurses, Under the direction of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, 230 beds Class A., A. C. S. 2303-6

CATHOLIC widow with child wishes position as housekeeper in refined home. Apply Alton Hotel, Guelph, Ont. 2303-3

WANTED housekeeper for priest in small town, Saskatchewan in high work. State age, previous employments, references, salary expectations to Box 371, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2303-3

WANTED good general servant in family of six, four children in high work. State age, fare paid with wages. First week. Apply stating wages expected and giving references to Mrs. H. A. Lippert, 189 Victoria St., Kitchener, Ont. 2303-3

Give an Ingersoll Models \$2.00 to \$12.00

MUSIC For Church, Convent School and Home High Grade Musical Instruments CHARLES KIRKE MUSIC CO. LIMITED 177 Sparks St. Ottawa, Can. Write for Catalogues

Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds Bought - Sold - Quoted Private wire connections with Toronto, Montreal, New York

Wood, Gundy & Company Toronto Winnipeg London, Ont. Telephone: Main 4280

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO SAVINGS OFFICE NEW BRANCH

Rolled Gold Plate Rosaries PRICE \$2.00 POST PAID Nicely Boxed and Most Suitable as Christmas Gifts Catholic Record, London, Ont.

Christmas Gift What is better to give to friend or relative than a copy of The Manual of Prayers ENDORSED BY THE ENTIRE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

It comprises every practice, rite, ritual, precept, faith, hymn and psalm, together with the Stations of the Cross, Introits, Collects, Epistles and Post Communion for all Sundays and principal feasts of the year.

Bound in Morocco, gold title, round corners, red under gold edges \$2.50 The Manual of Prayers, with Ribbon Book Mark, Heart, Anchor and Cross of Silver, both for \$3.00 The Manual of Prayers with Rolled Gold Rosary. Your choice of Amethyst, Garnet, Topaz, Crystal, Emerald, Jet, Turquoise, Sapphire, or Opal. Both for \$4.00 JOHN MURPHY CO., Baltimore, Md. Please send me the "Manual of Prayers" with \$3.00 for \$5.00 YOUR NAME ON COVER, 50 Cents

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

Cashing Government Cheques

ALL cheques issued by the Canadian Government may be cashed at their full face value at any office of the Home Bank of Canada.

Branches and Connections Throughout Canada British and Foreign Correspondents In All the Principal Cities of the World

Fifteen Branches in Middlesex and Elgin Counties

WANTED a competent Catholic man to work by the year, rent or work on shares one hundred acres, one of the most modern and best equipped farms in Ontario. Very convenient to Catholic Church and market, and Railway Centre. Only honest and reliable parties need apply to Box 388, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2303-3

WANTED mother's help to go South for the winter. All travelling expenses paid. Apply with references to Box 570, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2303-11

FAIRM FOR SALE CHOICE—One hundred and twelve acres; situated in the County of Middlesex, five miles from Parkhill. Five minutes walk from church and school. All under cultivation and well irrigated. Good seven room house with bath room, hard and soft water in house. Two barns 24x32 and 38x36, stone and brick foundations. Water in buildings; drive shed. All wire fencing. Will sell all or half. Price very reasonable. Possession to suit purchaser. Apply Box 372, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2303-11

AGENTS WANTED AGENTS to sell Dr. Bovel's Toilet Soap—Toilet Articles—Home Remedies. Men or women can do this work and earn from \$25 to \$75 per week. Whole or spare time. Territory allowed. For further particulars apply to Bovel Manufacturing Co., Dept. 35, Toronto Ont. 2307-11

Don't Throw Your Old Carpets Away The Famous VELVETEX Rugs Reversible—Will wear a lifetime—Prices reasonable We have hundreds of recommendations from satisfied customers. SEND FOR FOLDER 48 We pay express both ways on large orders. One way on small orders. Canada Rug Company 98 CARLING STREET, ESTABLISHED 1909 LONDON, ONT. Phone 2488

\$50,000 at Fifty Do you know the possibilities of Insurance stock in making such an estate possible? For instance—A new Canadian Insurance Company was organized about twenty years ago. \$4,000 invested in its stock then has, by reason of stock dividends increased in value till to-day—now—it is worth \$50,000.

This is not a mere story, but is actually taken from the Government blue books. Naturally, you can't buy stock in that company now. You can, though, in another new Canadian company whose prospects are quite as good as those of the other at the same stage. Better, indeed, since the insurance business is increasing.

The British National Assurance Company

offers stock, \$15 per share—on which purchasers pay only \$40 first call and probably will never be asked to pay more. It is an unusual and most attractive investment. Would you like to know more about it? Just fill in and send us the coupon below. Absolutely no obligation to you.

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