

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1919

2101

THE ROSARY

Not on the flute, nor harp of many strings
Shall all men praise the Master of all songs.
Our life is brief, one saith, and art is long;
And skilled must be the laureates of kings.
Silent, O lips that utter foolish things!
Rest, awkward fingers striking all notes wrong!
How from your toll shall issue, white and strong,
Music like that God's chosen poet sings?

There is one harp that any hand can play,
And from its strings what harmonies arise!
There is one song that any mouth can say,
A song that lingers when all singing dies.
When on their beads our Mother's children play
Immortal music charms the grateful skies.

—JOYCE KILMER

THE POPE'S LETTER TO POLAND

Rome, Nov. 13.—On all sides one hears expressions of admiration for the noble letter which the Holy Father has sent to the Most Rev. Monsignor Kakowski, Archbishop of Warsaw. It means the overflow in the cup of happiness which every Pole sees presented at last to the lips of his gallant nation. Following is a translation of the Supreme Pontiff's magnificent testimony to the Poles:

"To the Most Rev. Monsignor Kakowski, Archbishop of Warsaw.
"Venerable Brother, health and Apostolic Benediction.
"In the grave crisis through which Europe is passing, we have not been able to resist our affection that urged us to direct to you and to the noble Polish Nation a word of mutual comfort and of hope.

"In characters of gold, history has registered the merits of Poland and ward the Christian religion and European civilization. But, alas! it has also to register how badly Europe has recompensed her. After having with violence despoiled her of her political individuality, she attempted also, in some parts, to wrest from her her Catholic faith and her nationality. But, resisting admirably, the Poles knew how to preserve both one and the other, and today, survivor of oppression that lasted over a century, Poland, semper fidelis, is more living than ever.

"The Holy See, which loved Poland when she was at the zenith of her glory, loved her still more, if this were possible, in her misfortune, just as a mother loves her daughter all the more when she sees her unhappy. Have we perchance any need to recall that during the dismemberment of Poland, the only one who rose to support, though unsuccessfully, her nationality and independence, was Clement XIV., of happy memory, who wrote in vigorous language to all the Catholic Powers? Perhaps it is necessary for us to recall that in the long years of the martyrdom of the people of Poland, while others, before the brutal force of the oppressor, maintained silence, it was our predecessors, Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. who raised their voices in energetic protest in defence of the oppressed?

"When the history of the Catholic Church in Poland during the eighteenth century will be published, we hope it will be written with the authentic documents that are in our archives, then shall be known better the unutterable suffering of the Polish people and the incessant solicitude, really maternal, of the Holy See in coming to their aid.

"But—may infinite thanks for it be given to the Lord—the dawn of the resurrection of Poland has finally come. We ardently pray that as soon as possible, we may see to full independence, she will take up once more her place in the council of nations and continue her history as a civilized and Christian nation. And at the same time we hope that to all the other nationalities, even non-Catholic, that were lately subject to Russia, may be given the opportunity of deciding on their own lot and of developing and prospering according to their genius and their particular resources.

"In the hope of seeing realized these desires of Ours in the near future, we, after the other steps recently taken for a larger and adequate asset to the Catholic hierarchy in that country, wish to give you, Venerable Brother, and through you to the people of Poland a further and more solemn proof of Our benevolence and of Our confidence, and for this end we intend to elevate you to the Cardinal dignity at the first Consistory which the Lord may allow us to hold. The Sacred Purple, whilst it will be a recognition and a recompense for your illustrious priestly virtues and for the great merits which you have acquired both in the ecclesiastical and civil order,

will also be, let us hope, a bond that will still more closely unite Poland to the Chair of St. Peter.

"We reserve to make known in its own time the epoch when it may be given to us to hold the Consistory. In the meantime, while heartily sympathizing the Most High to be propitious in this decisive hour to that faithful and generous Nation, and calling in the maternal offices of her who from the Sanctuary of Czestochowa, the venerated palladium of Polish faith and piety, watches for centuries on the lot of this people, we impart as an earnest of Our predilection, to you, to your colleagues in the Episcopate, to the clergy and to all the faithful of Poland the Apostolic benediction.

"From the Vatican, Oct. 15, 1918.
"Benedictus XV. P. P."

IRELAND'S DEAD IN FRANCE

Notwithstanding the fact that up to the early part of 1918 Ireland had enlisted voluntarily a number of soldiers in the British army that could only be equalled proportionately by the United States when our contribution to the Great War reached the figure of 4,600,000, a campaign of disparagement of Irish efforts in the cause of the Allies is well under way here. A sample of this anti Irish propaganda is furnished by this extract from an address Capt. Coningsby Dawson, a British officer, is now delivering throughout the country:

"Out of this war a new nation has grown up. It is a nation to which Englishmen, Scotchmen, Canadians, some few Irishmen, Americans, even Japanese, French, Portuguese, belong.

"You won't find any men of the nation in any other land than France. If you want to see it, you will have to go to France to see. The men cannot come to you. They are the nation of the gentlemen of France. They lie in mine craters, in shell holes. They lie in the water they drowned in Paschendieli.

"Some few Irishmen buried in soldier graves in France! In truth whole Irish regiments are sleeping as heroes there now. If it hadn't been for the Irish the Germans would have broken through in the early days of the war. The facts of Irish participation in the war are briefly and convincingly stated by the editor of the Catholic Citizen, of Milwaukee, who is the author of the recent popular book, 'Why God Loves the Irish.'

"Official reports up to 1918," says Mr. Desmond, "show that Ireland had enlisted over 178,000 in the British army, and John Redmond estimated that 150,000 more Irishmen joined the colors in Great Britain. The Irish papers published lists entitled 'Irish casualties in British regiments,' and one of these lists of date Nov. 1, 1916, contains 225 Irish names, O'Brien, O'Hanlon, Donovan, etc. Lord Kitchener wrote in 1915: 'Ireland's performance has been magnificent.' Col. Repington, military correspondent of The Times, described the Irish infantry as the finest missile troops in the British army.' Michael MacDonogh (in his book, 'The Irish on the Somme,' p. 119), describes the Irish Brigade after a charge, marching back to camp in much diminished numbers: 'A handful of men, once a company, was led by a sergeant.' 'Brave Dublin,' exclaimed the General, 'Ireland is proud of you boys!' King George, addressing members of the Irish Guards on March 17, 1916, recalled their heroic endurance in many battles and particularly on the critical Nov. 1, when, as Lord Cavani, your Brigadier, wrote, those who were left showed the enemy the Irish Guards must be reckoned with, however hard hit. After twenty-eight days of incessant fighting the regiment came out of the line less than a company strong, with only four officers—a glorious tribute to Irish loyalty and endurance."

"Some few Irishmen dead in France! Irishmen for centuries have been giving their lives all over the world for liberty. Wherever there's a fight for freedom there Irishmen are in the front ranks. And in the Great War just closed they have more than done their share."

NEW CATHOLIC STATE

NEW CZECHO-SLOVAK STATE OVERWHELMINGLY CATHOLIC

Catholicity will be well represented in the new democratic states that are in process of formation in Europe as a result of the downfall of the Central Empires. This will be especially the case in Czecho-Slovakia, which is composed of Moravia and Bohemia, according to the last census the Bohemian population was 8,458,000; and of this number 6,210,000 were Catholics. Moravia had a population of 2,600,000 in 1900 and all but 100,000 were Catholics.

The territory of the Slovaks across the Carpathians in northwestern Hungary had, according to the latest available data, about 2,000,000 Catholics, forming over 70 per cent. of the entire people. Taking the Czecho-

and Slovaks together in their present union the percentage of non Catholics in the population of the new State is exceedingly small. In the ninth century Moravia and Bohemia were converted to Christianity by St. Cyril and Methodius, who have since then been the patron saints of the two countries. Of all Slav literatures, with the exception of the Bulgarian, the Czech is the oldest, and it was until the seventeenth century also the richest.—St. Paul Bulletin.

CECIL CHESTERTON CONVERT, WRITER, IS VICTIM OF WAR

Private Cecil Chesterton, of the Highland Light Infantry, British Expeditionary Forces, died on Friday, December 6th, at the 55th General Hospital, Boulogne, from an illness contracted in the trenches during the closing days of the war.

A Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the deceased was celebrated in Corpus Christi Church, Maiden Lane, Strand, on Saturday, December 14th.

This brief announcement tells of the passing of another noted English convert and journalist who a few years ago visited Chicago and lectured before various Catholic organizations. Cecil Chesterton was the brother of the equally celebrated English journalist, G. K. Chesterton, who during the absence of the former in the service in France, held editorial control of the journal that the deceased had founded, the New Witness, and which has achieved wide circulation and won great respect for its fearless stand in English politics. Cecil Chesterton was a consistent and persistent friend of Ireland, always urging her claims and uncovering English stupidity. Cecil Edward Chesterton at the time of his death was in his thirty-ninth year. He was educated in St. Paul's School and entered journalism in 1901. In 1912 he was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. Sebastian Bowden. Cecil Chesterton was identified in his later editorial career with Hilaire Belloc.—Chicago New World.

POPE BENEDICT XV. SENDS GREETING TO AMERICAN PEOPLE

In a New Year's message to America, given the correspondent of the Associated Press, Pope Benedict expressed his hope that the peace conference might result in a new world order, with a league of nations, the abolition of conscription and the establishment of tribunals to adjust international disputes. The message reads:

"On the Eve of the new year, in which humanity is at last to enjoy the blessings of peace, we are glad to send cordial greetings to the American people as the champions of those same principles which have been proclaimed by President Wilson and the Holy See, ensuring for the world justice, peace and Christian love.

"In this solemn moment, when a new era in the history of the world is about to begin, we pray that the Almighty may shed His light upon the delegates who are meeting in Paris to settle the fate of mankind and especially upon President Wilson as the head of the noble nation which has written such glorious pages in the annals of human progress.

"May the conference be of such a nature as to remove any resentment, abolish forever war among brothers, establish harmony and concord and promote useful labor. Out of the peace conference may there be born that league of nations which by abolishing conscription will reduce armaments; which, by establishing international tribunals, will eliminate or settle disputes; which, placing peace upon a foundation of solid right, will guarantee to everyone independence and equality of rights."

JOAN OF ARC

NEW YORK PARK NAMED FOR MAID OF ORLEANS

A resolution, naming as Joan of Arc Park the strip of land on the east side of Riverside Drive extending from Ninety-second to Ninety-fifth streets, where the statue of Joan of Arc stands, has been signed by Mayor Hylan, having been adopted by the Board of Aldermen.

The movement to erect a statue of Joan of Arc in that city was first launched nine years ago.

In 1914 stones from the dungeon in which she was imprisoned at Rouen were shipped from France to New York. The pedestal for the statue was built out of the stairway which Joan of Arc descended from her cell on her way to be burned at the stake 488 years ago. After the first bombardment of Rheims in this war, a fragment of a pilaster from the Cathedral of Rheims was placed on the pedestal.

The statue of Joan of Arc has been the scene of many celebrations in New York, Marshal Joffre placed a wreath on the statue when he visited this country a year and a half ago.

The 487th anniversary of the deliverance of France by Joan of Arc at the Battle of Orleans, and the 19th anniversary of the fall of the Bastille and the celebration by the Knights of Columbus who commemorated the second battle of the Marne, are a few which have been held at the statue.—St. Paul Bulletin.

IRELAND A NATION

IRISH MASS MEETING APPEALS TO PRESIDENT FOR IRISH SELF-DETERMINATION

Among the speakers at an Irish mass meeting held last night at the Central Opera House in East Sixty-seventh street, under the auspices of the Clann Gael were Liam Mellows, Diarmuid Lynch, and Dr. Patrick McCarton, three Sinn Fein leaders, who were elected members of the British Parliament from Irish constituencies although absent from Ireland. All the speakers, who included Supreme Court Justice Daniel F. Cohalan, the Chairman; Mgr. James W. Power of All Souls' Church, the Very Rev. Peter E. Magennis, and John Jerome Rooney, said that the recent Sinn Fein victory meant that Ireland had voiced its determination in so far as it was able and had decided to be independent of Great Britain.

The program of the seventy-three Sinn Fein members recently elected was outlined by Mr. Mellows. The members, he said, would not take their seats in the Parliament of Great Britain; they would meet in Ireland, convene a National Assembly and present the case of Ireland at the Peace Conference through chosen delegates.

"No more truck with the British Government," he continued. "No more recognition of British law in Ireland. No more recognition of the English courts of justice; and the withholding of every cent of money from the Imperial Treasury so far as we can. Already English law is a farce in Ireland. England may hold Ireland, but she does not rule it."

References to England's rule of Ireland and the mention of the names of Lloyd George, Balfour, Lord Cecil and Secretary of State for Ireland Shortt were hissed.

Mgr. Power, who was asked to make a prayer, said that an Irishman told him recently that he was not satisfied with the prayer the priest made at a meeting. When Mgr. Power asked the man what he should have said, the Irishman, according to the priest, declared: "You should have said, 'To hell with the King and the whole royal family.'"

"Now, for heaven's sake don't say I said that," continued Mgr. Power as the audience laughed. "The other fellow told me I should say it. But I won't." He then made a prayer in Gaelic, which he translated into English.

"The victory that has been won by Sinn Fein has vindicated Easter Week, 1916, and makes an end of the long reign of anglicization and corruption," said Mellows in his address. "It has demonstrated that the Irish people cannot be loyal to the Empire and at the same time to their own country. They cannot be Irish and English at the same time. Sinn Fein stands not for an Ireland within the British Empire, not for the acceptance of doles from the British Government, not for so-called freedom tied up in imperial swaddling clothes, but it stands for Ireland independent, unshackled, free from sea to sea, unfettered, as God made it."

Dr. McCarton declared that an Irish R-public exists today. He urged advertisements in Irish papers prior to the recent election and one of the advertisements said, "Vote for separation from England."

"This is what Ireland was asked to do, and this is what she has done," he asserted. "The principle of self-determination has been applied, and Ireland is separated from England as effectively as Norway is from Sweden. England may fight separation—that is for the future to determine—but the outstanding fact is that the Irish have decided to be independent."

"Ireland no longer recognizes the English Secretary of State. He says, according to cable reports, that the Irish question will be settled peaceably or bloodily in the next six months. The Chief Secretary means that the British are prepared to shed more Irish blood. If so the blood will be on the heads of England and Ireland will have clean hands. The Cabinet Secretary threatens blood if Ireland accepts the American principle of self-determination. President Wilson has the power to insist on the recognition of the Republic of Ireland. It is for you to see that he asks for it without any more bloodshed."

Mr. Lynch, who took part in the Easter uprising in 1916 and who was condemned to death, according to Justice Connelley, had not President Wilson intervened, declared that the Legislature of Ireland would not be known by the name of Parliament but by "some good Irish name."

Referring to the reported utterance of Secretary Shortt, he said: "Peacefully or bloodily, well, two can play at that game; three can play at it. Let them start their bloody business in Ireland and we will see what liberty-loving Americans can do. The Peace Conference will be a farce if it does not take Ireland freedom. If they don't take our word for it now they will wake up later and realize it."

A resolution was adopted pledging the residents of New York to support the people of Ireland in their struggle, appealing to President Wilson to have the principle of self-determination in Ireland recognized at the peace table and urging him to ask the peace conference to admit Irish delegates to the body.

At the Public Forum of the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street, Francis Hackett of the New Republic spoke last night on Ireland and self-determination. The audience applauded when Mr. Hackett said that Ireland would vote by a large majority for separation from Great Britain.

"Whether the Irish people should be made into a dominion of the empire," he said, "or have complete independence, I am not prepared to say. But it is certain that nobody but Irishmen should have the right to make the decision. They ought to be heard? The hope that Woodrow Wilson has had since 1914 that the morals of nations should be as good as those of individuals, is a fundamental doctrine, and it is because the United States and Great Britain cannot meet each other on the same moral plane until the latter recognizes the principle of self-determination, that it is vital that the question should be settled now. Great Britain up to now has examined the question only from the standpoint of her own selfish interests, and that is the trouble with Lloyd George. Let him listen to President Wilson."

N. Y. Times, January 6, 1919.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S PASTORAL

"TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE COMPLETE"

Mechlin, Nov. 15, 1918.

Dearly Beloved Brethren: Belgium, thus, has reconquered its independence. The plenipotentiaries of Germany, protected by the white flag, have beseeched the commander-in-chief of our armies to dictate to him the conditions for an armistice. These conditions have been subscribed by our enemies. Their pride has been brought low.

After four years of presumption, injustice, cruelty, treachery, they are fallen to the ground. On Monday, Nov. 11th, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, all the bells of Mechlin rang in jubilant tones to celebrate the victory. On Monday, Nov. 11th, at 8 o'clock in the afternoon, the national flag waved over St. Roombaut's Cathedral, wafted in the direction of Termonde and Ghendit, inviting back our king and our army. And we also received the news that on the following Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1918, Albert the Magnanimous would again enter triumphantly his capital city.

The triumph of justice is complete. Public opinion of what is right is well satisfied. "Lord, Lord," as it is written in the Book of Esther, "all things are in Thy power and there is none that can resist Thy will, if Thou determine to save Israel."

Receive thanks, O Divine Master, because Thou hast blessed our arms and saved our country; because Thou hast acquiesced to our aspirations and sanctified our sufferings!

We knew, O Lord, that Belgium was close to Thy heart; today there is not one of us who is not aware of this. Glory be to God, the sovereign Master of all that happens! Hail to the friendly nations that have been instrumental to the great victory! Hail to our king, to our army, to our civil and military authorities, to the victims of the deportations and oppressions, to our heroes living or dead! Hail to the champions of the unity of our country! Hail to all those men and women who brought cheer and solace to the agonies of the people! Hail to our country that took courage in their sacrifices.

An hour will come that we shall celebrate the noble deeds of every one of our heroes and determine in what form through our prayers you shall prove your grateful devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Today I have only one thought—it interprets your first feelings: I want in your name to glorify God's justice.

You all remember, dearly beloved brethren, the last days of August and the first days of September in the year 1914. We were all then under the impression of the invasion of the enemy. He had with the violence of a storm burst upon our provinces; our government had moved away to Antwerp; the government of France fled to Bordeaux; General Von Kluck's army was only a few kilometers from the city of Paris. After the enthusiasm caused among the Belgians by the answer of the king, "You shall not pass," to the proud invader, there followed a gloomy alarm which brought many murmur against Divine Providence. Were God just, so murmured

the impatient ones, would He allow that a perjured invader should gain the victory and that the vanquished—the innocent one—should be martyred?

And, is it not wondrous! The very same who in the most commanding tone requested a miracle from the Most High, so that His justice would shine out immediately in the most shameful manner whenever it pleased Divine Providence to operate some miracle.

No, my beloved brethren, God is not impatient in His ways. He acts strongly, yet mildly. He usually allows the secondary causes to work out their natural effects. He even allows them to a certain extent to make bad use of their liberty. He knows that in His own good time He can, if He wants, raise the good from the evil and that injustice itself will bear testimony in behalf of His justice.

Suppose for a moment that Germany would have been beaten in Meuberge or at St. Quentin in the very first days of the war and thus would have been forced to sue for peace, would then her criminal invasion have been avenged?

Decidedly not. After the course of ten or twenty years she would have taken her revenge, and prouder and fiercer than before, she would have renewed her murderous dramas upon our sons.

The blood of our heroes, the tears of our mothers, would have soaked our soil without fructifying it. To the events of the war would have been lacking that educating strength which will have initiated our youth to a healthy and robust generation fit to handle properly the moral and economical questions of our coming restoration.

The invader would have escaped from the solemn punishment that he deserves! Europe and the whole world would have missed the incontestable sight of the omnipotence of God which reigns over nations, princes, kingdoms and empires alike. We could not have repeated the word which since a few weeks welled up unceasingly from my heart to my lips. God alone is great my brethren. Indeed, God is great, and sublime are His works.

The Prussian military caste took its pleasure in uttering this defiance: "We fight alone against the whole world of enemies; and to us belongs the victory!" A little longer and it would have put aside all its allies that it might not have to share the hoped for glory with anybody, and might then have said to the wondering world: "I alone and that is enough!" And behold, the proud one stands alone! All alone stands the military caste! One after another, and Bulgaria, and Turkey, and Austria-Hungary, and their very people of Germany stopped keeping company with them.

Germany now stands alone; now she stands in front of her conquerors! Beaten to the ground, she is annihilated! To her barbarous motto: "Might stands higher than right," the death knell has been given.

The dream of the pan-German domination has vanished as a gascoland driven away by the wind. Right alone takes the place of honor; this right, which encourages the united, free, independent Belgium; this right, which restores in its whole integrity the French nation; France, that during the whole course of the war, was held in admiration for the indestructible firmness of her Christian faith, her bravery and her spirit; right which brings reward to the Anglo-Saxon people, which history will crown with the arc of moral greatness and chivalrous virtues.

King David, pursued by Saul, appealed to God, "Rise, O Lord, in Thy anger; rise in order to avenge the excesses of my enemies. Rise, my God, and come to avenge me! Let right be done to me according to my just cause and my innocence! My God is my protection. He saves those who are sincere in heart. My enemy made a show of his justice, but it did him no good. He digs a ditch, he empties it, and he tumbles into the hole he himself made. His injustice comes back upon his own head, and his violence falls back upon his own skull. I shall praise the Lord and glorify His justice, the name of Jehovah, the Most High. I shall sing in my grateful hymns."

Glory be to God, my dearly beloved brethren! Give glory to His justice! Would to God that the Belgian people, that the victor and the vanquished people, would for ever keep it in their memory.

D. J. CARD, MERCIER, Archbishop of Mechlin.

At the quarterly meeting of the Holy Name Society at Philadelphia last week, the Very Rev. Ignatius Smith, O. P., of New York, national director of the Holy Name societies, announced that 500,000 of the 1,500,000 Holy Name members in this country entered the service.

Indignation is seldom a virtue; indeed, never, except in a saint. And gentleness is never a vice; even in office a gentle manner helps the administration of the sternest discipline, with which it is wholly compatible.—Fisher Elliott, C. S. P.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Pope Benedict XV. has appointed Archbishop Taceli to be prefect and govern of the apostolic palaces relieving Cardinal Secretary of State Gasparri's heavily burdened shoulders of the duties and responsibilities of the office.

The Anglican bishop of Exeter, England, said the other day that in his opinion the man who best used the war was Cardinal Mercier, who took it with its devastating effects and turned it into a great engine for Christianity.

The only daughter of Henry White, one of the American peace delegates, is a Catholic. She became a convert in France, where her father was American ambassador, on her marriage to Count Ernest Herman Sobier-Thoss.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—The Peter's Pence contributions of the Catholics of this city, this year, amounts to the handsome sum of \$81,000, being \$6,000 in excess of last year and \$18,000 more than was collected in 1916.

Death has claimed the recent president of Maynooth college, Ireland, Msgr. Hogan, who only retired a few weeks ago to universal regret. Msgr. Patrick Hogan died at a private nursing home in Dublin last week, after a most distinguished career, which places him in the front rank of Irish churchmen.

The Rev. Joseph Grimmeleman, S. J., Rector of the House of Retreats, Brooklyn Station, Cleveland, O., died last week in St. John's Hospital, St. Louis, Mo. Father Grimmeleman was President of Marquette University, Milwaukee, from 1911 to 1915.

Pope Benedict has appointed the Rev. Joseph F. McGrath, Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Tacoma, Diocese of Seattle, as Bishop of Baker City, Ore., according to a dispatch from Rome. The appointment is also announced of the Rev. Edmond Heelan, parish priest of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Fort Dodge, Iowa, Diocese of Sioux City, as Titular Bishop of Gerasa.

Knights of Columbus workers in Meltz began the distribution of more than \$50,000 worth of American toys to the children of Lorraine. Christmas trees were placed along the roads and parcels were hung on them. Each parcel bore a card reading: "From the land of Washington to the children of the land of Lafayette and Foch. Merry Christmas."

Catholic Bishops of Bavaria, under the leadership of Archbishop Faulhaber of the Diocese of Wurzburg, have protested formally against the separation of the church and state and the abolition of religious oversight of schools. The protest terms this move as "a one-sided breach of the right of the Church and a panicky measure of force by the temporary Government against which the people must guard, as it threatens the future."

Msgr. E. A. Bouska, pastor of St. Wenceslas Church, at Tabor, S. D., will leave the United States for Europe early in January, where he will attend the peace conference at Paris as the Bohemian representative for the United States. Msgr. Bouska was appointed it is said, by President Masaryk. President of the new Czech republic. Later Father Bouska will attend a conference in Bohemia at which details involving the destiny of both Church and State will be discussed.

Baltimore, Dec. 28.—The news from Rome that a recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the cause of the beautification of the Very Rev. Felix De Andreis, priest of the Congregation of the Mission and the first superior of the Vincentians in the United States, has been introduced is received with special joy by St. Mary Seminary, where Father De Andreis was entertained for several months after his arrival in Baltimore from France in 1816.

Visitors to St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on Christmas viewed with interest the bright red Cardinal's hat, the insignia of Cardinal Farley's princely dignity, which now hangs from the roof of the cathedral directly over the spot where his body rests in the vault beneath the high altar. The hat was raised to its position shortly before Christmas, under the direction of Monsignor Lavelle, the rector of the Cathedral, and Monsignor Carroll, who was secretary to the late Cardinal.

Rome, Nov. 26.—The "office for prisoners of war" at the Papal Secretariat of State continues to receive inquiries. It has therefore issued a notice, making it known, that it is no longer in a position to reply to them, and in fact, most of them are now superfluous. In point of fact, many prisoners have now arrived home, others are on their way there or to the appointed quarters of their various armies, the camps are broken up—the organizations through which the Holy See has carried it out, this its really wonderful work, no longer exists. All that remains is, first, the gratitude of the world to the Pope; second, the record of all that has been done; and that will be published and go down in history.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

Published by permission of the B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo.

CHAPTER XIII

INTO THE SIERRA

Why the deuce you should be in such a hurry to get away, Lloyd I don't understand.

It was Armistead who spoke, in no very amiable tone, as he sat on the side of his hard, narrow bed in the room the two men occupied together, and watched Lloyd's preparations for departure.

"If you don't understand, it's not because I haven't told you why I'm going," Lloyd replied, rolling up, with the deftness of long practice, a few necessary articles on the *serape* which was to be carried behind his saddle.

"I have nothing to do here; and, not being fond of idleness, I am going out to Urbeleja to look after some prospects."

"There might be a good deal for you to do here, if you were not so confidently disbelieving, and would do it."

"As for example—?"

"To assist me in getting possession of the Santa Cruz Mine."

"I've told you that I can not possibly assist you in that matter. I made that plain to you before we left San Francisco."

"I didn't believe you would really be such a—um—er—"

"Don't hesitate to use the term you consider applicable. I am not thin-skinned and can stand it."

"Well, you must acknowledge that no sensible man would act as you are doing."

"According to your definition of a sensible man, probably not."

"And I consider that you are treating me very badly besides."

"You haven't the faintest right to think so, in view of our positive understanding; but if you do, the remedy is simple—we'll shake hands now and go our different ways."

"And how about those prospects in the Sierra?"

Lloyd shrugged his shoulders as he pulled the straps of his roll tighter.

"The prospects will remain prospects," he said; "at least I shall not expect you to sell them."

Armistead frowned as he looked at the other.

"You are without exception the most pig-headed and impracticable man I have ever known," he said.

"You are ready to throw up a fortune, if half what you say of those prospects is true, rather than help me in a matter that does not concern you in the least."

"It concerns me to hold fast to my own standards of conduct. I don't impose them on any one else, but they are essential to my self-respect."

"Oh, hang your self-respect. Armistead rose, moved impatiently across the room, then turned sharply around. "When are you coming back to Topia?" he asked.

"I don't expect to return to Topia," Lloyd answered. "I have no business here. From Urbeleja I shall go to San Andres."

"Well, of all—!" Words failed Armistead for a moment, as he stood with his hands in his pockets staring at the other. "Haven't you business with me? I am not going to give up those mines because you are a quackish idiot."

"In that case you can meet me at San Andres, where I must go to see about the titles. I will let you know when I reach there, and you have nothing to keep you here."

"Not unless it were for slipping away so mysteriously at the San Benito the other evening and not coming near us since," she answered.

"I was just wondering if I should have to send and compel you to come and be thanked for the beautiful sketch of the quebrada you have sent me."

"I am glad if it is what you wanted. It did not satisfy me at all."

"One always finds it difficult to be satisfied with one's work, does one not? I can account in no other way for your not being satisfied with this. You must pardon me for saying that it seems to me much better done than any of your other sketches, of which Mr. Thornton has shown me a good many."

"Has Thornton kept those fragments? Well, if this is much better, it must have been with me as with old Picot, the French carpenter: you put a spirit into us to make us do our best for you."

She looked at him for a moment in silence before she said:

"I should like to put a spirit into you to make you do your best for yourself."

"I am sure you would," he answered, smiling at her—they had by this time sat down in two large chairs facing each other. "I have never seen any one who evidently possessed more strongly the desire of helping lame dogs over stiles. But, you see, sometimes the dog is ungrateful."

"You are not that, I am sure, Mr. Lloyd."

"And sometimes he is incapable of profiting by the assistance of the kind hand held out to him. That is my case. The time has gone by when I could care to do anything for myself. It is long since I have even particularly cared about making money, which is understood to be the first duty of an American. But I am going to mend my habits in that particular, at least. I am now on my way into the Sierra to take up some prospects."

"You are on your way into the Sierra? She glanced at his horse and then across the valley at the eastern heights, where a trail wound upward like a thread to the pass between the crowding cliffs. "I wish I were going with you."

"Needless to say that I wish so, too."

"That is more polite than true, I'm afraid. But I am determined to go some day. I shall make papa talk me."

"You are going to see Dona Victoria some day, you know."

"I hope so; but—she leaned suddenly and eagerly forward—"are you going to see Dona Victoria now, Mr. Lloyd? Oh, you don't know how much I have been thinking, wondering how you would contrive to warn her!"

"This seems the only way," he said. "I don't expect I am not going to see Dona Victoria. I shall simply call at the mine and warn Don Mariano to be on his guard against possible surprise."

"How good, how very good of you to undertake such an errand!"

"Don't give me more credit than I deserve. I am going to Urbeleja, as I told you, about some prospects; and so call at the Santa Cruz will not take me very much out of my way."

"I must believe you, I suppose; but I have my suspicions that the prospects come in very conveniently just now. And if you see Dona Victoria—"

"May I tell her that she owes the warning to you?"

"I would prefer that she do not. I could not give the warning without betraying confidence, you know. As it is, my conscience is not at all easy about the matter."

"It should be, then," said Lloyd, stoutly. "You have told me nothing; in fact, I know nothing of Armistead's plans. I only suspect what his course of action will be; and I shall merely, in a general way, offer some advice to Don Mariano, which he may or may not heed."

"Will he not think that you are taking a liberty, and perhaps resent it, if you put the matter that way?"

"Possibly; but that is strictly his affair."

"No, no; it is our affair also; for we are thinking of Dona Victoria and her mother, and we don't want them to lose their mine. Take my advice, Mr. Lloyd—perhaps I ought not to give it, but I will,—and make your warning emphatic. Let Don Mariano understand that it rests on knowledge."

"But Don Mariano would be quite justified in wondering why I should betray the confidence of my friend for the sake of strangers. That is how it would look to him, you see."

"Yes, I see. It's rather a difficult matter, isn't it?"

"Very," said Lloyd, a little dryly; "so difficult that the part of wisdom, if not altruism, would seem to be to stand apart and let the opposing forces fight it out alone."

"Oh, but I can't—I really can't!" said Miss Rivers, distressedly. "When I think of that man in San Francisco and those poor women in the Sierra, I feel that I must take part in the fight, if I have to go and warn Dona Victoria myself."

"You couldn't possibly do that; but it might, perhaps, help matters if you were to give me a credential."

"In what form?"

"I am very glad to hear it. Tell me, then, exactly what you want me to say."

"Something like this, I think: that you feel deep interest and sympathy in her struggle for her rights, and that you hope she will give attention to any advice I may offer her."

Miss Rivers rose eagerly. "Come into the sala and help me write it," she said. "My Spanish is not faultless, and after 'Muy apreciable Señoría' I should be at a loss how to proceed."

Lloyd followed her willingly enough into the room she had made so pretty and homelike. He was not sorry to carry away a picture of her as she sat at the desk beside the window and wrote her note, with the light falling on the softly piled masses of her golden-brown hair and the gracious curves of her fair cheek. The few lines which she dictated were, however, soon written, the pale gray sheet, with its stamped monogram and faint violet fragrance, was put into an envelope, addressed to the Señorita Dona Calderon, and handed to him. And then it was time to go. He rose to his feet, slipping the note into an inner pocket; and as he did so his glance fell on his own sketch of the quebrada, which was placed above the desk. Isabel's glance followed his.

"You see I have it there," she said, "not only to admire, but to remember how near I was to being carried down into those dark depths. That is why I wanted the shadows of evening—the impression of awe; and you have given it so well. I can never look at it without thinking of the moment you snatched me away and the boulder crashed past us, brushing my dress as it went."

He could not resist the temptation to say:

"I am glad you have it, then; for I shall know that you remember me sometimes, if I should not have the pleasure of meeting you again."

She looked surprised.

"But surely you are not going to stay in the Sierra," she exclaimed.

"No, very soon, I fear; and it can not be that Topia will keep you very long."

"You are as bad as papa. Topia will keep me for a long time yet; and, besides, I am going out into the Sierra. What is to prevent our meeting there?"

"Nothing, except that the Sierra is very wild, and like the sad-hearted Moor of 'La Golondrina,'"

"Voy a partir a lejanas regiones."

"Well, I am going into the 'lejanas regiones' also," she said, nodding determinedly. "Some day when you have climbed a high mountain, you will find that I have been coming up the other side. We shall meet on the top. You will say: 'What! you here! And I will answer: 'I told you I would come!'"

"Hasten the day!" said he, smiling.

"I shall look for you now on the top of every mountain I climb."

"I am sure we shall meet," she said confidently; "but meanwhile I hope you will come back and tell me how you have fared with Dona Victoria. I trust she will heed your warning."

"So do I, for her own sake. And now," he held out his hand—"good-bye! I suppose I will find Mr. Rivers in the office?"

"If he is not at the mine. Good-bye!" She laid her hand in his. "And—what is it they say here?—Vaya Vd. con Dios!"

"Go with God!" The beautiful parting words still rang in his ears after he had climbed the steep heights and paused an instant at the summit of the pass for a last look at Topia, lying in its green valley three thousand feet below; and then rode onward into the fair, wild, sylvan ways of the great Sierra.

CHAPTER XIV

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE

On the day after Lloyd's departure from Topia, Armistead, in fulfillment of his expressed intention to obtain the assistance he needed from "the Caridad people," paid a visit to Mr. Rivers and formally asked this assistance. The Gerente of the Caridad leaned back in his chair and looked grave.

"Well, you see, Armistead," he said, "with every disposition to oblige you personally, it is rather a delicate matter for me to touch. We are living and doing business in this country, and we can not afford to antagonize the feeling of the people. Now, I suppose I don't need to tell you that there's a pretty strong feeling about this Santa Cruz matter."

Armistead shrugged his shoulders. "That is to be counted on of course, where the claim of an alien and one against—or—women is concerned," he replied.

"Rather more than simply against women" in this case, you know, my dear fellow," Mr. Rivers suggested.

"I understand perfectly that it wouldn't do for you to give open assistance, and I am not asking anything of the kind. Armistead went on; but I am left in rather a difficult position by Lloyd's defection. He has such scruples, or such fears for himself, in the matter that he has refused to give me the help I need in getting together a force of reliable men to take possession of the mine; for I'm sure you'll agree with me that that is the best and quickest way to end the matter."

Mr. Rivers picked up a ruler and tapped meditatively on the desk before which he sat—for this conversation took place in the office of the Caridad.

"Perhaps so," he said guardedly. "It is a point on which I hardly feel

qualified to give an opinion. It's a peculiar situation,—very peculiar; and there are—er—many things to take into consideration. I would like to oblige you in any way possible, Armistead; but I really don't think it possible for us to take any part in the business."

"My dear sir," replied Armistead earnestly, "I don't ask you to take part in it further than to recommend some men for my purpose."

"But that's impossible, don't you see?—because the only men for whom I could speak are the men in our employ, and it would never do for any man connected with the Caridad to be concerned in this matter."

"In short," said Armistead, stily, "it seems that I can not count on any friendly services from the Caridad. It's not exactly what I looked for—to have the cold shoulder turned to me by the representatives of an American company."

"I think that we have proved that there is no cold shoulder turned to you personally," Mr. Rivers answered; "and if your business here were of an ordinary character, the Caridad influence would help you with you. But you must recognize that that what you are engaged in is not an ordinary business, but is one in which so much feeling is arrayed against your claim, that I should seriously injure my company with the people if I lent you any assistance. You could not expect me to do that even if my own sympathy were with you—that is, with Trafford—in the contest; and, frankly, it is not."

Armistead rose to his feet, more angry than he wished to express.

"I see that I have nothing to expect in the way of help here," he said, "so with apologies for having troubled you, I'll bid you good-day."

Mr. Rivers rose also, and laid his hand upon the other's arm.

"Be reasonable, Armistead!" he urged. "You are a man of the world and you certainly must know that Trafford's conduct in this matter is inexcusable. We all like you but we can't possibly let our personal liking lead us into the least—er, rather, into as dastardly a business as any man again I am speaking of Trafford—ever engaged in. But don't go off offended. Come into the house and see Isabel."

If Armistead had been capable just then of smiling, he might have smiled at the tone of the last words. "Come into the house and see Isabel," Mr. Rivers said, much as he might have offered a sugar-plum to an angry child; and with an absolute confidence in the efficacy of the sugar-plum. But Armistead's feeling where too much ruffled to allow of his accepting the invitation. He curtly declined to pass into the patio, toward which Mr. Rivers' gesture invited him; and, turning his back on its possible seductions, walked out of the front door into the street—or, rather, into the road which became presently the main street of Topia.

Before he reached the first houses of the village, however, he met Thornton, who, followed by a *moseo* with a bag of coin carried on his shoulders as if it were a bag of grain, was on his way to the office; for this was pay-day at the Caridad, and on such days the merchants of Topia were frequently called upon to give up all their silver in exchange for drafts on Caliacan and Durango. They were very willing to do so, since the drafts of the mine supplied an exchange which there was no bank to supply; and since the coin which they parted quickly found its way back, through the hand of the miners, into their tills.

"Hello!" said Thornton, as he met the man swinging at such a rapid pace down the road. "The express isn't due for five minutes yet. Dreaming, weren't you?" he added with a laugh as Armistead paused. Thoughtful you were in the Land of Hurry again, I suppose, with a transaction of a million or so to be settled in a few minutes over the telephone. See how much better we do Topia here!" And he waved his hand toward the *moseo*, who halted patiently with the heavy bag of coin on his belt shoulders.

"Send that fellow on! I want to talk to you," said Armistead, impatiently.

"Go on to the office, Dionisio, and tell the Gerente that I will be there in five minutes," said Thornton in Spanish; but he was surprised if he doesn't see me for half an hour; the speaker added as the *moseo* went on. "Such are the blessings of being in that scroffles call the Land of Manana. And now what can I do for you?"

"A great deal, if you like," Armistead answered. "In the first place, what will you take to sever your connection with the Caridad and enter into my employ?"

Thornton stared for an instant.

"You aren't in earnest?" he said.

"Do you suppose I ever jest on business?" Armistead demanded. "You have been so long in this wretched country that you've forgotten how men do business—at home. Of course I'm in earnest, and to prove it I'll make a definite offer. If you come to me I'll double whatever salary you are getting from the Caridad company, for as long a time as we remain in Mexico; and I'll take you to California with me when I go and find you a good position there. How does that strike you?"

"Rather overwhelmingly," Thornton replied. "In fact, the offer is so great on a system which, as you remark, is somewhat debilitated by the methods of business of this country, that I—I think I'll sit down."

He sank as he spoke, with an air of one quite overwhelmed, on the spreading roots of a large tree by the side of the road; and Armistead,

frowning at this misplaced levity, followed his example.

"Don't be more of an idiot than you can help," he said, with the frank indignity of an old classmate. "This isn't a time for jesting. I want a man."

"I thought you had one. What has become of Lloyd?"

"He has gone off into the Sierra."

"But isn't he coming back?"

"Not to help me in the business I am here specially to transact."

"And that is—?"

"To get hold of the Santa Cruz Mine. You must know—it appears that everybody knows that."

"Ah! Thornton looked meditatively at the great heights towering before them. And why will not Lloyd help you in the matter?"

"For some private reason of his own—probably he is afraid."

Thornton shook his head.

TO BE CONTINUED

BUCKS, DESPATCHER

By Frank H. Spearman

"I see a good deal of stuff in print about the engineer," said Callahan, dejectedly. "What's the matter with the despatcher? What's the matter with the man who tells the engineer what to do—and just what to do? How to do it—and exactly how to do it? With the man who sits shut in brick walls and hung in Chinese puzzles, his ear glued to a receiver, and his finger fast to a key, and his eye riveted on a train chart?"

The man who orders and annuls and stops and starts everything within five hundred miles of him, and holds under his thumb more lives every minute than a brigadier does in a lifetime? For instance," asked Callahan in that tired way of his, "What's the matter with Bucks?"

Now, I myself never knew Bucks. He left the West End before I went on. Bucks is second vice-president—which means the boss—of a transcontinental line now, and a great swell. But no man from the West End that calls on Bucks has to wait for an audience, though bigger men do. They talk of him out there yet. Not of General Superintendent Bucks, which he came to be, nor of General Manager Bucks. On the West End he is just plain Bucks; but Bucks on the West End means a whole lot.

"He saved the company just \$800,000 that night the Ogallala train ran away," mused Callahan. Callahan himself is assistant superintendent, and by all accounts soon will be superintendent.

"It is a good deal of money—\$800,000—Callahan, I objected.

"Figure it yourself. To begin with, fifty passengers' lives—that's \$5,000 apiece, isn't it?" Callahan had a cold-blooded way of figuring a passenger's life from the company standpoint. "It would have killed over fifty passengers if the runaway had ever struck 59, and there wouldn't have been enough left to make a decent funeral. Then the equipment, at least \$50,000. But there was a whole lot more than \$800,000 in it for Bucks."

"How so?"

"He told me once that if he hadn't saved 59 that night he would never have signed another order anywhere on any road."

"Why? I asked, a little bit surprised.

"Why?" Because, after it was all over he found out that his own order was about 59. Didn't you ever hear that? I thought that by this time everybody had heard of that incident. Well, sir, it was Christmas Eve, and the year was 1884. Christmas Eve everywhere but on the West End; there it was no different from any other day—just plain Dec. 24th.

"High winds will prevail for ensuing twenty-four hours. Station agents will use extra care to secure cars on sidings; brakemen must use care to avoid being blown from trains."

That was about all Bucks said in his bulletins that evening; not a word about Christmas nor Merry Christmas. In fact, if Christmas had come to McCollen that night they couldn't have heard it twenty-four hours; the wind was too high. All the week, all the day it had blown—a December wind: dry as an August noon, bitter as powdered ice. It was in the days of our western railroad when we had only one fast train on the schedule—the St. Louis California Express; and only one fast engine on the division—the 101; and only one man on the whole West End—Bucks.

Bucks was assistant superintendent, and master mechanic, and train master, and chief despatcher, and store keeper—and a bully good fellow. There were some boys in the service; among them, Callahan. Callahan was seventeen, with hair like a sunset, and a mind quick as an airbrake. It was his first year at the key, and he had a night trick under Bucks.

Callahan claims it blew so hard that night that it blew most of the color out of his hair. Horses and cattle huddled into tiendly pockets a little out of the worst of it, or froze mutely in pitiless fence corners on the division. Sand drove grinding down from the Cheyenne hills like a storm of snow. The streets of the raw prairie towns stared deserted at the sky. Even the cowboys kept their ranches, and through the gloom of noon the sun cast a coward shadow. It was a wretched day, and the sun went down with the wind turning into a gale, and all the boys in bad humor—except Bucks. Not

that Bucks couldn't get mad; but it took more than a cyclone to start him.

No. 59, the California Express, was late that night. All the way up the valley the wind caught her quartering. Really the marvel is that out there on the plains such storms didn't blow our toy engines clear off the rails; for that matter they might as well have taken the rails, too, for none of them weighed over sixty pounds. Fifty-nine was due at 11 o'clock; it was 12:30 when she pulled in, and on Callahan's track. But Bucks hung around until she staggered up under the streaked moonlight, as frowy a looking train as ever choked on alkali.

There was always a crowd down at the station to meet 59. But it was not so that night. The platform was bare. Not even the hardy chief of police ventured out.

The engineer swung out of his cab with the silence of an abused man. His eyes were full of soda, his ears full of sand, his mustache full of burrs and his whiskers full of tumble-weeds. The conductor and the brakeman climbed sullenly down, and the baggage man shoved open his door and slammed a trunk out on the platform without a pretense of sympathy. Then the outgoing crew climbed aboard, and in a hurry. The conductor elect ran downstairs from the register and pulled his cap down hard before he pushed ahead against the wind to give the engineer his copy of the orders as the new engine was coupled up. The fireman pulled the canvas jealously across the narrow gangway between tank and engine. The brakeman ran hurriedly back to examine the air connections, and gave his signal to the conductor; the conductor gave his to the engineer. There were two short snorts from the 101, and 59 moved out stealthily, evenly, resistlessly into the teeth of the night. In a minute, only her red lamps gleamed up the yard. One man still on the station platform watched them recede; it was Bucks.

He came up to the despatcher's office and sat down. Callahan wondered why he didn't go home and to bed; but Callahan was too good a railroad man to ask questions of a superior. Bucks might have stood on his head on the stove, and it red hot, without being pursued with inquiries from Callahan.

"I kind of looked for my mother tonight," said he, after Callahan got his orders out of the way for a minute.

"Where does your mother live?"

"Chicago. I sent her transportation two weeks ago. Reckon she thought she'd better stay home for Christmas. Back in God's country they have Christmas just about this time of year. Watch out tonight, Jim. I'm going home. It's a tall wind."

Callahan was making a meeting-point for two freights when the door closed behind Bucks; he didn't even say "Good night." And, as for Merry Christmas—well, that had no place on the West End anyhow.

"D-I, D-I, D-I," came clicking into the room. Callahan wasn't asleep. Once he did sleep. When he told Bucks he made sure of his time, only he thought Bucks ought to know.

Bucks shook his head pretty hard that time. "It's awful business, Jim. It's murder, you know. It's the penitentiary, if they should convict you. But it's worse than that. If anything happened because you went to sleep over the key, you'd have them on your mind all your life, don't you know—forever. Men—and—and—children. That's what I always think about—the children. Maimed and scalded and burned. Jim, if it ever happens again, quit despatching; get into commercial work; mistakes don't cost life there; don't try to handle trains. If it ever happens with you, you'll kill yourself."

That was all he said. No wonder Callahan loved him.

The wind tore frantically around the station; but everything else was so still. It was 1 o'clock now. D-I, D-I, J., clicked sharp and fast. "Twelve or fourteen cars passed here—just—now east—running a-a-a—" Callahan sprang up like a flash—listened. What! "R-u-n-n-i-n-g-a-w-a-y!"

It was the Jackson operator; Callahan jumped to the key. "What's that?" he asked, quick as lightning could dash it.

"Twelve or fourteen cars coal passed here, full forty miles an hour, headed east, driven by the w—"

That was all J could send, for Ogallala broke in. Ogallala is the station just west of Jackson. And with Callahan's copper hair, rising higher at every letter, this came from Ogallala. "Heavy gust caught twelve coal cars on side track, sent them out on main line off down the grade."

They were already past Jackson, eight miles away, headed east, and running down hill. Callahan's eyes turned like hares to the train sheet. Fifty-nine, going west was due that minute to leave Callahan. From Callahan to Griffin is a twenty mile run. There is a station between, but in those days no night operator. The runaway coal train was less than thirty miles west of Griffin, coming down a forty-mile grade like a cannon ball. If 59 could be stopped at Callahan, she could be held by in five minutes out of the way of a certain destruction ahead of her on the main line. Callahan seized the key and began calling "C-n." He pounded until the call burned into his fingers. It seemed an age before Callahan answered; then Callahan's order flew:

"Hold 59. Answer quick."

Phone Main 6249. After Hours: Hillcrest 8818 Society of St. Vincent de Paul Bureau of Information

WATT & BLACKWELL ARCHITECTS

M. P. McDONAGH BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC.

U. A. BUCHNER BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

H. L. O'Rourke, B.A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY

DAY, FERGUSON & CO. BARRISTERS

Reilly, Lunney & Lannan BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

St. Jerome's College KITCHENER, ONT.

Funeral Directors John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST.

And Callendar answered: "59 just pulling out of upper yard. Too late to stop her. What's the matter?"

Callahan struck the table with his clenched fist, looked wildly about him, then sprang from the chair, ran to the window and threw up the sash. The moon shone a bit through the storm of sand, but there was not a soul in sight. There were lights in the roundhouse a hundred yards across the track. He pulled a revolver—every railroad man out there carried one those days—and, covering one of the roundhouse windows began firing. It was a risk. There was one chance maybe, to a thousand of his killing a night man. But there were a thousand chances to one that a whole train load of men and women would be killed in side of thirty minutes if he couldn't get help. He chose a window in the mechanics' section, where he knew no one usually went at night. He poured bullets into the unlucky casement as fast as powder could send them. Reloading rapidly, he watched the roundhouse door; and, sure enough, almost at once, it was cautiously opened. Then he fired into the air—once, two, three, four, five, six—and he saw a man start for the station on the dead run. He knew, too, by the tremendous sweep of his legs that it was Ole Anderson, the night foreman, the man of all others he wanted at that instant.

"Ole," cried the despatcher, waving his arms frantically as the giant Swede leaped across the track and looked up from the platform below, "get Buck. I've got a runaway train going against 59. For your life, Ole, run!"

The big fellow was into the wind with the word. Buck boarded four blocks away. Callahan, slamming down the window, took the key and began calling Rowe. Rowe is the first station east of Jackson; it is now the first point at which the runaway cars could be headed.

"R-o, R-o," he rattled. The operator must have been sitting on the wire, for he answered instantly. As fast as Callahan's fingers could talk, he told Rowe the story and gave him orders to get the night agent (who he knew must be down to sell tickets for 59) and pile all the ties they could gather across the track to derail the runaways. Then he began thumping for Kolar, the next station east of Rowe, and the second ahead of the runaways. He pounded and he pounded, and when the man at Kolar answered, Callahan could have sworn he had been asleep just from the way he talked. Does it seem strange? There are many strange things about a despatcher's senses.

"Send your night man to west passing siding and open it for runaway cars. Set brakes hard on empties in there, so as to ditch runaways if possible. Do anything and everything to keep them from getting by you. Work quick."

Behind Kolar's O. K. came a frantic call from Rowe. "Runaways passed here like a streak. Kolar could have sworn he had been asleep just from the way he talked. Couldn't stop them—impossible."

Callahan didn't wait to hear any more. He only wiped the sweat from his face. It seemed forever, before Kolar spoke again. Then it was only to say: "Runaways went by here before night man could get to switch and open it."

Would Buck never come? And if he did come, what on earth could stop the runaway cars now? They were nearing the worst grade on the West End. It averages one per cent. from Kolar to Griffin, and there we get down off the Cheyenne hills with a long reverse curve, and drop into the canon of the Blackwood with a three per cent. grade. Callahan, almost beside himself, threw open a north window to look for Buck. Two men were flying down Main street toward the station. He knew them: it was Ole and Buck.

But Buck! Never before nor since was seen on a street of McCloud such a figure as Buck, in his trousers and slippers, with his night-shirt free as he sailed down the wind. In another instant he was bounding up the stairs, three steps at a jump.

"What have you done?" he panted, throwing himself into the chair. Callahan told him. Buck held his head in his hands while the boy talked. He turned to the sheet—asked quick for 59.

"She's out of Callendar. I tried hard to stop her. I didn't lose a second; she was gone!"

Barely an instant Buck studied the sheet. Rowed out of a sound sleep after an eight-hour trich, and on such a night, by such a message—the marvel was he could think at all, much less set a trap that would save 59. In twenty minutes from the time Buck took the key the two trains would be together—could he save the passenger? Callahan didn't believe it.

A sharp, quick call brought Griffin. We had one of the brightest lads on the whole division at Griffin. Callahan, listening, heard Griffin answer. Buck rattled a question. How the heart hangs on the faint, uncertain tick of a sander when human lives hang on it!

"Where are your section men?" asked Buck.

"In bed at the section house."

"Who's with you?"

"Night agent. Sheriff with two cow-boy prisoners waiting to take 59."

Before the last word came, Buck was back at him:

To Opr.: Ask sheriff release his prisoners to save passenger train. Go together to west switch-house track, open and set it. Smash in section tool-house, get tools. Go to point of house-track curve, cut the rails, and point them to send run-

away cars from Ogalalla over the bluff into the river.

They look old now. The ink is faded, and the paper is smoked with fire of many winters and bleached with the sun of many summers. But to this day the original orders, just as Buck scratched them off, hang there in the despatcher's office in the new station. But in their present swell surroundings Bucks wouldn't know them. It was Harvey Reynolds that took them off the other end of the wire—a boy in a thousand for that night and that minute. The instant the words flashed into the room he instructed the agent, grabbed an axe, and dashed out into the waiting-room, where the sheriff, Ed Banks, sat with his prisoners, the cowboys.

"Ed," cried Harvey, "there are runaway cars from Ogalalla coming down the line up in the wind! If we can't trap 'em here they'll knock 59 into kindling wood. Turn the boys loose, Ed, and save the passenger train. Boys, show the man an axe, and square yourselves right now. I don't know what you're there for; but I believe it's to save 59. Will you help?"

The three men sprang to their feet; Ed Banks slipped the handcuffs off in a trice. "Never mind the rest of it! Save the passenger train first!" he roared.

"Which way? How cried the cowboys?"

Harvey Reynolds, beckoning as he ran, rushed out the door and up the track, his posse at his heels.

"Smash in the tool-house door," panted Harvey.

Ed Banks seized the axe from his hands and took command.

"Pick up that tie and ram the door," he cried.

Harvey and the cowboys splintered the panel in a twinkling and Banks, with a few clear strokes, cut an opening. The cowboys, jumping together, ran in and began fishing for tools in the dark. One got hold of a wrench; the other a pick. Harvey caught up a clawbar, and Banks grabbed a spikemaul. In a bunch, they ran for the point of the curve on the house-track.

But it is one thing to order a contract opened, and another very different thing to open it, at two in the morning on Dec. 25th, when the men know no more about track cutting than about logarithms. Side by side and shoulder to shoulder the man of the law and the men out of the law, the rough-riders, and the railroad boy, pried and wrenched and clawed and struggled with the steel.

While Harvey and Banks clawed at the spikes, the cowboys wrestled with the nuts on the bolts of the fish-tails. It was a battle. The nuts wouldn't budge. The spikes sunk like piles, sweat covered the assailants, Harvey went into a frenzy. "Boys, we must work faster," he cried; but flesh and blood could do no more.

"There they come—there are the runaway cars—do you hear 'em? I'm going to open the switch, anyhow!" Harvey shouted, starting up the track. "Save yourselves!"

Headless of the warning, Banks struggled with the plate-bolts in silence. Suddenly he sprang to his feet. "Give me the maul!" he cried.

Raising the heavy tool like a tack-hammer he landed heavily on the bolt nuts; once, and again; and they flew like bullets over the bluff. The taller cowboy, bending close on his knees, raised a yell. The plates were loose. Springing to the other rail, Banks stripped the bolts even after the mad cars had shot into the gorge above them. The pick was driven under the loosened steel, and with a bang that bent the clawbar and a yell that reached Harvey, trembling at the switch, they tore away the stubborn contact and pointed the rails over the precipice.

The shriek of a locomotive whistle cut the wind. Looking east, Harvey had been watching 59's headlight. She was pulling in on the siding. He still held the switch open to send the runaways into the trap Buck had set, but the passenger train failed to get into the clear; but there was a minute yet—a bare six seconds—and Harvey had no idea of dumping ten thousand dollars' worth of equipment into the river unless he had to.

Suddenly Harvey got the all-right signal from the east end. The 101 was coughing noisily up the pass-track—the line was clear. Banks and the cowboys, waiting breathless, saw him with a determined lurch throw the switch for the main track.

In the next breath the coalers, with the sweep of the gale in their frightful velocity, smashed over the switch and on. A rattling whirl of ballast and a dizzy clatter of noise, and before the frightened crew of 59 could see what was against them, the runaway train was passed—gone!

"I wasn't going to stop here tonight," muttered the engineer, as he stood with the conductor at the operator's desk a minute later and wiped the chill from his forehead with a piece of waste. "We'd have met them in the canon."

Harvey was reporting to Buck. Callahan heard it coming: "Rails cut, but 59 safe. Runaways went by here fully 70 miles an hour."

It was easy after that. Griffin is the foot of the grade; from there on the runaway cars had a hill to climb. Buck had held 250, the local passenger, sidetracked at Davis, thirty miles farther east. Sped by the wind the runaways passed Davis, though not at half their highest speed. An in-

stant later, 250's engine was cut loose and started after them like a scorching collier. Three miles east of Davis they were overhauled by the light engine. The fireman, Donahue, crawled out of the cab door along the footboard, and down on the pilot, caught the ladder of the last car, and, running up, crept along to the leader and began setting brakes.

Twenty minutes later they were brought back in triumph to Davis. When the multitude of orders was out of the way, Bucks wired Ed Banks to bring his cowboys down to McCloud on 60. Sixty was the east-bound passenger due at McCloud at 5:30 a. m. It turned out that the cowboys had been arrested for lassoing a Norwegian homesteader, who had cut their wire. It was not a belated offense, and after it was straightened out by the intervention of Bucks—who was the whole thing—then they were given jobs lassoing sugar barrels in the train service. One of them, the tall fellow, is a passenger conductor on the high line yet.

It was 8 o'clock that morning—the 25th of December in small letters, on the West End—before they got things decently straightened out; there was so much to do—orders to make and reports to take. Bucks, still on the key in his flowing robes and ruffled hair, sent and took them all. That he turned the seat over to Callahan, and getting up for the first time in two hours, dropped wearily into another chair.

The very first thing Callahan received was a personal from Pat Francis, at Ogalalla, conductor of 59. It was for Bucks:

Your mother was aboard 59. She was carried by McCloud to the Denver sleeper. Sending her back to you on 60. Merry Xmas.

It came off the wire fast. Callahan didn't think Bucks heard; though it's probable he did. Anyway, Callahan threw the clip over toward him with a laugh.

"Look there, old man. There's your mother coming after all your kicking—carried by 59." As the boy turned he saw the big despatcher's head on the table. Callahan sprang to his side; but Bucks had fainted.—Ambition.

ABBE FLYNN

IN FRONT LINE TRENCHES FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS

The following graphic narrative is from the pen of the brave French army chaplain, Rev. Abbe Patrick Flynn, who is a member of the French government commission that is now visiting this country.

"I have been at the front, I come from the front, and when I say the front, I do not mean ten or fifteen miles back from the front, in large cities. I mean the first-line trenches. I have been in the trenches almost two years, only a few hundred yards from the German lines, in first-aid stations. I was at Verdun for five or six months, and five or six months at Verdun is a very long time. You can hardly imagine how long even a week is at Verdun. When we were called, I remember the staff officer told us, 'Leave your horses, your baggage, behind. You cannot stay more than 21 days at the front. So come just as you are.' We came just as we were, and we stayed five or six months. And it was certainly hard, but I am glad to have been there.

Before going to Verdun I was stationed at Arras six or seven months—Arras with its beautiful cathedral falling to pieces! When we walked through the aisles—or what once were aisles—of the cathedral we were always afraid lest some huge stone would become dislodged and fall upon our heads and crush us. One can pick up fragments of stained glass all over it.

But indeed when I came to Verdun I saw much worse. Verdun was terrible, not only on account of the roaring of cannon all day long and all through the night, but on account of the terrible dangers encountered on all sides. I have helped many soldiers to die, most of whom were shot by rifles, the bullet making so small a hole it could hardly be seen; but too often the soldier has been hit by too often explosive shells. Then indeed, it is pitiable. Well do I remember one day they brought in from a stretcher a man who had been wounded; they said they did not know whether he was dead or wounded, but brought him in as quickly as they could. I uncovered the body to see where the wound lay, and disclosed a headless body. Another time I was trying to help one of those poor wounded men off the stretcher to carry him to the ambulance and found that he had no legs—just his uniform, but no legs.

I have often been asked by soldiers, 'What is the doctrine of the Church on war? How is it that the priest blesses soldiers that are going to kill each other?' The doctrine of the Church is for peace, but the Church knows that as long as there are men, as long as there are passions in men, war will be inevitable; and so when a war is declared, when a just war is to be fought, then the Church comes and says, 'Do your duty in war, but try to lessen, by sooths, the calamities of war.' Then the Church sends priests with those who are going to fight, to encourage them, and asks every one to do his duty toward those who are out there fighting for a just cause. That is the doctrine of the Church.

At first sight it would seem that the war has been the ruin of Catholicism in France and Belgium. Some would think that France before the outbreak of hostilities was atheistic and incredulous with false ideas of war. This is a great error. At first sight, indeed, seeing the churches bombarded, seeing priests killed by hundreds—I cannot tell how many have been killed in the war already, but one knows that between twenty and thirty thousand priests of different orders are at war at present—one could understand such a point of view.

REVIVAL OF FAITH IN FRANCE

But such a viewpoint is entirely erroneous and false as judged by experience in the war. Before the war the Catholic religion had been growing in France. There had been for the last ten, twelve, fifteen years or even more, a Catholic revival in France. And this war has increased this revival and brought out the true religious feeling of the nation, so that after the war religion will have a new strength and a new spirit. For war has certainly increased religion and devotion in France.

I remember the beginning of the war. At that time I was on a short holiday in a little village in Brittany, a most interesting spot and restful for all those who live in busy cities. At that time I did not dream for a moment that I would break out in a few weeks and be like a waste of life. One day while sitting near Brest—one of the great harbors that could protect a whole fleet if necessary—with a member of the French foreign office, a man who ought to know something about foreign matters, I remember him pointing to a man-of-war in the harbor. (The vessel carried M. Poincaré on a visit to Petrograd.) Said my friend, "What is the use of such a waste of money for men in building ships for a nation that would never dream of declaring war?" And this only a few days before war was declared. We were not preparing for war, because we never thought war would be declared on us. However, when I knew from advance information from a private source that Austria-Hungary would declare war, I hurried home. A few days later came the posting of bills, and we knew that a general mobilization had been decreed.

THE PARTING

Then all of a sudden crowds came into my little church, not nervous but quiet and decided, full of faith and prayer. They came at all hours and all day long and some churches could not be closed for several nights so many people were there. In the morning on Sunday, at High Mass, I went up into the pulpit as was my custom every morning. I told my parishioners that I considered it my duty to leave, that my husbands, their brothers, fathers, their children were going to war; some were destined to fall in battle, and I considered that I could be more useful there at the front: I felt that I must be the father in fact as well as in name of those who had left their home to go and fight, and I am sure that my beloved flock understood my feelings.

So I went to war, thinking I would be sent to the front at once, but it was several months before I finally reached there. The number of priests volunteered as chaplains was so great that they could not all be admitted at once. Hundreds of thousands flocked to the army, not to be officers, but just to be permitted to go to the front and help serve the wounded and dying.

After a few months I was allowed to go to the front. I must say that the army corps in which I was serving was not considered one of the best in France, far from it. When I was about to leave Paris, my friends said: "Indeed, it is a good thing for you to go there. The French government was very wise to send a chaplain to that army corps; they certainly need one badly." Yet in that army corps I have helped hundreds and thousands to die, and not one, I say not one, has ever refused the sacraments I was offering. Some of them were unconscious—I cannot say for them—but all who were conscious accepted all that I offered as a priest and thanked me for it.

MASS WITH AIRPLANE OVERHEAD

We have Mass in the trenches, and Mass in the trenches is one of the most devotional things I know of in the world. We dig a little hole, and to erect a little shelter overhead to protect the altar. We carry with us everything necessary to say Mass. The priest's robe, the altar cover, the chalice, the book, the candles and candlesticks, the cross, etc., all are fitted into a wooden box 18x12 inches. The officers and soldiers will line up against the walls of the trench, hiding as much as they can, and if an enemy airplane is sighted, everyone has to disappear for a few minutes while the airplane hovers above—then Mass recommences. What faith, what piety, in hearing Mass under such conditions!

MASS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I have said Christmas Mass often in my life, but never have I said such a devotional Christmas Mass as on Christmas, 1916. The first Mass was in a trench, a sort of dugout, with just enough room for the altar, and lined up against the walls were the soldiers and officers who had all come to confession the day before. When I turned, at the gospel, to speak to them, it reminded me of the Grotto at Bethlehem. Never had we celebrated Christmas so well as on

that night, with only a couple of candles to give a feeble light.

The second Mass (the Catholic priest is required to say three Masses on Christmas) I said in a sort of dugout covered with branches for fear of being seen by enemy airplanes. It was very cold, so cold indeed that my fingers became numb, but the soldiers stood through the Mass without moving, as if quite comfortable. The third Mass I said between two big guns. One had injured two. The wind was so high that I had to keep my fingers on the Host for fear it would blow away. Still one felt that it was Christmas.

After Mass I went up with one of the officers and ate my Christmas dinner with him out of a tin box. He spoke of his mother, he spoke of his sister, and he said that Christmas was not Christmas so far from home. I did my best to cheer him that lonely Christmas Day.

SHOT AT MASS

I remember one day a colonial and a captain, attending Mass in a trench were shot by the same shell. Do you know what was left of the colonel, one of the best and the bravest of men? We found just a piece of his arm, not larger than my hand, and of the captain just a leg. We put the relics together very carefully in a small coffin no larger than a child's coffin, and buried them.

Not only in the trenches but behind the trenches we have Mass for the soldiers, and when we can gather them into a church they come in crowds, for anything even for the recital of the rosary. I managed to have the rosary said every day for six months, for I knew the soldiers would be there, and knew that if I failed to get there the soldiers would say it without me.

And I am only one of hundreds and thousands of chaplains in the French army. Their example of charity, kindness, and heroism has been of great help in making soldiers come back to their faith.—Catholic Transcript.

WHAT ISAIAH SUGGESTS

What shall the New Year's resolutions be this time? Perhaps the old ones are still quite serviceable and need but to be taken down from the shelf where they have been resting since last February or March. With a little refurbishing no doubt they can be made as good as new. For last year most of our readers probably determined to take practical means to become prayerful, kind, cheerful and busy during the coming twelve months, and the happiness and peace they enjoyed through the year now closing can be quite accurately gauged by their own, by the measure of their success in keeping those resolutions. Wisely determining to resolve once more along similar lines, let those who are thus facing courageously the year 1919, turn to the Prophet Isaiah in search of fresh grounds for steadfastness and confidence and they will not be disappointed. He calls out, for example, from his fifty-eighth chapter:

"Deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the needy and homeless into thy house; when thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not one of thy own flesh. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning and thy health shall speedily arise, and thy justice shall go before thy face, and the glory of the Lord shall gather thee up. Then shalt thou call and the Lord shall hear, thou shalt cry and He shall say, Here I am. If thou wilt take away the chain out of the midst of thee, and cease to stretch out thy finger, and to speak that which profiteth not; when thou shalt pour out thy soul to the hungry, satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise up in darkness, and thy darkness shall be as the noon-day. And the Lord will give thee rest continually, and will fill thy soul with brightness, and deliver thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a fountain of water which shall never cease to flow. And the places that have been desolate for ages shall be built in thee; thou shalt raise up the foundations of generation and generation; and thou shalt be called the repairer of fences turning the paths into rest."

In this striking passage is enjoined the practice of virtues that will do much to make the year 1919 a serene and prosperous one. For the many deeds of charity we do those in need will render our prayers so strong that abundant grace will be given us to avoid unkind and unprofitable words; from fervent prayer, too, will come the gift of being to others a source of joy and comfort, and persistent prayer will likewise win the virtue of cheerful diligence which so wonderfully strengthens and beautifies the character. It would be wise, therefore, to let the Prophet Isaiah suggest some of our New Year's resolutions.—America.

An important event in the annals of the Church and civilization should, if the times allowed, be celebrated this year. For it was in 1863 that Cardinal Lavigne laid the foundations of his Congregation of Our Lady of Africa for the conversion of the Mohammedans and the emancipation of their slaves. Although no celebration of the golden jubilee can take place, 1919 will be marked in the history of the congregation by the inception of an undertaking of far-reaching importance.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence. When you doubt abstain.—Bacon.

Standard Library

60c. Each Postpaid

Aunt Honor's Keepsake, by Mrs. James Sadlier. An interesting story with a strong moral purpose. The characters are met with in every walk of American society in every trade and calling, in every book and corner. They are real.

Between Friends, by Richard A. Loomis. Joe Gava is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas board school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan, and, thinking of the part he has to play, he runs away. He has many experiences in his city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory where he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas.

Circus Rider's Daughter, The. By P. von Bracke. A high-class novel in love story that every reader will feel better for having read.

Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic whose boyhood was spent in the streets of New York. He is a plucky and generous character, and his story is full of interest and adventure.

Children of the Log Cabin, by Henrietta Eugenia Delamare. The story of a struggling home, bright, thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of motherhood. The story is full of interest and adventure.

Clare Lorraine, by Mrs. M. C. Martin. A powerful story of a girl's development through the love of a strong man. It is vivid in characterization, and intensely interesting.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How They Worked The Way, and Other Stories, by M. F. Egan. Short stories, all interesting and full of life. The author's style is simple and direct, and his characters are so real that they seem to come right out of the city and country to fall to his pen.

How

The Catholic Record

Price of subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00.

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

Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, D. A. Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.

Associate Editors: Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, H. F. Mackintosh.

Manager—Robert M. Burns.

Advertisements for teachers, situations, wanted, etc., 50 cents each insertion. Resubmitted to accompany the order.

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

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

The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and canvass for the CATHOLIC RECORD:

General agents: M. J. Haggarty, Vincent St. Cox, and Miss Jessie Dyer, 100 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Brude Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. H. Leitch, Windsor; E. R. Connelley, 226 5th Ave. West, Vancouver, B. C.; J. Johnson, 211 Rochester St., Ottawa; Miss Rose McKeeney, 145 D'Arrouville St., Montreal; M. J. Merle, Montreal; B. O'Rourke, LaSalle, Sask.; and E. J. Murphy, Box 125, Saskatoon.

In St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchased from Mrs. A. A. McGuire, 149 Main Street, and John J. Dwyer.

In Brydson, N. S., single copies may be purchased at Murphy's Bookstore.

In Montreal single copies may be purchased from J. Miller, 241 St. Catherine St. West.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1919

OFFICIAL

His Lordship, the Bishop of London, has addressed this letter to each of his priests:

Dear Reverend Father:—I desire to draw your attention to the fact that the Church Unity Octave begins on January 18th, the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome and ends on the 25th of January, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. The motives and the permissions which I communicated to you in connection with this period of intercessory prayer, I now renew and emphasize. The circumstances of the times make the purpose all the more opportune and insistent. Let me urge you to impress upon your people the sacred obligation that rests upon them of praying for the conversion of non-Catholics and for the religious unity of the world in one fold and under one Shepherd. Speak on the subject to your children; arouse their interest in it; do your best to fill them with this apostolic spirit. The blessings that will descend upon them and you are beyond calculation.

Through the infinite Mercy of God, more than from all other causes combined, there has come to the world a cessation of war that has ever afflicted mankind. But the signing of the armistice still leaves the blessing of a just and permanent peace an object of hope and attainment. It is again to God that we must have recourse for this supreme gift. A most difficult task confronts the representatives of the various nations in the forthcoming Peace Conference. At the bidding of Our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., we will beseech the Father of Light and the Prince of Peace to preside over and to inspire the deliberations of that momentous gathering, that there may proceed therefrom a lasting peace based on the principles of Christian justice. For that purpose, and until further notice, each Mass and every Sunday and Holyday, the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, the prayers, de mandata, in all Masses during the same period will be taken from the Missa de Spiritu Sancto.

Wishing you a Happy and Blessed New Year, I remain, yours faithfully in Christ, M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London. London, Ont., Jan. 8th, 1919.

THE CHURCH UNITY OCTAVE

I have manifested my name to the men whom thou hast given me out of the world. . . . I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them whom thou hast given me; because they are thine: and all mine things are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them. And now I am not in the world, and these are in the world, and I come to thee, Holy Father, keep them in thy name whom thou hast given me; that they may be one, as we also are. . . . I have given them thy word, and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world; as I also am not of the world. I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from evil. . . . And not for them only do I pray but for them also who through their word shall believe in me. That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in me and I in thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.

Thus in the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John is recorded our dear Lord's prayer for unity amongst his disciples. "And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me." So Christ prayed for unity not alone amongst the disciples whom He Himself had taught, but amongst Christians for all time. "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father in Me and I in Thee." The most intimate

unity, the most complete oneness conceivable; for though the three divine Persons are really distinct they are one and the same God. No invisible union of believers in Christ is here meant, as some apologists for sectarian divisions pretend. Our Lord prayed for unity, a visible unity, a strikingly visible unity, a unity so marvellous that it would convince the world that Christ was the Messiah, the Expected of nations, the One whom God SENT in fulfilment of His promise.

"That they all may be one that the world may believe that thou hast sent Me."

To those who, while calling themselves Christians, deny the divinity of Christ, this prayer of the Redeemer on the eve of His passion and death may seem of little import; if indeed it do not seem of pathetic futility. To real Christians who like Peter have believed and have known that Christ has the words of eternal life and is in very truth the Son of the living God his prayer for unity has a tremendous significance. As man Christ shared the limitations of human nature; as God, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, He saw all things past, present and to come in the divine omniscience. He was about to enter on the last phase of the work of Redemption, to suffer ignominy and to die like a criminal, and with criminals, on the cross. But God's ways are not our ways. As far as the heavens are above the earth, so are God's ways above our ways. He made man free; and that freedom of will He respects in all His treatment of the human race and of each human individual. To the world Christ's passion and death meant failure; but it is the triumph of failure; when He was lifted up He drew all things to Him. To countless millions of souls has come and will come to the end of time the irresistible appeal of infinite Love; Greater love than this no man hath that he lay down his life for his friend. But He does not destroy the highest attribute of man whom He created to His own image; He leaves man his God-endowed faculty of free will. Man abuses the gift; in the abuse of free will lies the origin of evil. Yet God leaves us free, free in small things, free in great, free to accept or reject the salvation bought at so great a price.

So too is it with Christ's prayer for unity; we can understand this prayer of God the Son to God the Father, this efficacious and omnipotent prayer only when we bear in mind that though it is certainly answered men are still free with that freedom without which the term would be a mockery—freedom of the will.

And so today we see outstanding amongst the evils which man by the abuse of his highest attribute has created the disunion, the countless divisions, the sects, the rope of sand which men foolishly call "the Christian Church." Instead of that unity which would convince the world of Christ's divine mission, we see helpless and hopeless divisions which lead the world to scoff at Christianity; instead of that unity which would lead with irresistible conviction all mankind to the foot of the cross, believing, adoring, we see the impotence of contradictory sects driving the world into infidelity.

Not the clash of arms nor the roar of guns, not all war's alarms proclaim more loudly the world's failure to achieve its professed ideals of human brotherhood than the crashing of those ideals themselves in the world-war just ended or the class struggle just begun. Almost hopelessly the wisest look around for some unifying principle that may save civilization. They would build them a tower which would save them from any future deluge; but they are helpless amid the confusion of tongues. Unity is the one essential condition for any project of amelioration; and unity vanishes amid the conflicting passions, rivalries and ambitions of men and nations and races.

Yet in God's way Christ's prayer is answered.

Outstanding, like a city upon a hill that cannot be hid is the Church of God; that Church founded by Jesus Christ whose unity should confound and convince the world. The dying German soldier turns to the English priest and receives the same Sacrament of reconciliation, the same Bread of Life, as the dying Polish gladly receives from the hands of the German priest. In life and entangled in the meshes of this world's weaving they are mortal enemies, in the Faith they are one "as Thou and I in Thee." The most intimate

with this unity salvation is possible for society as for the individual.

The world sees and the world hates this unity which is beyond its reach, beyond its comprehension. "And the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world; as I also am not of the world." The world and the sects that are of the world see in this God-given unity of the Church of Christ a huge political organization—a menace to the world's liberty. The same worldly spirit saw in Jesus the same menace and crucified Him. The life of the Church, the mystical body of Christ, is and must be like the life of Christ. "They have persecuted Me they will persecute you." As a human organization the Catholic Church would fall to pieces in twelve months. As a living organism animated by Christ, guided by the abiding Spirit of God, the Unity of the Church will ever confound the world. "Behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world."

Christian civilization is the creation of Christ's visible Church, only by return to that visible unity for which Christ prayed can it be saved.

As Catholics we realize as none others can that marvellous gift which is ours by reason of Christ's prayer: that unity, that oneness, which passes human understanding. To us should come with a meaning deeper than to all others those words of our dear Lord: "Other sheep have I that are not of this fold; them also I must bring that there may be one fold and one shepherd." There is a yearning for unity in countless Christian souls who know not its sweetness, its security save as a blind man may know the wondrous beauty of the visible world. And this we may believe is of the Spirit of God. God's own divine plan of unity has been to them throughout their lives obscured by education and tradition and environment. We know there is none other. The centre of unity is the Chair of Peter: "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; thou being strengthened confirm the brethren. . . . Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." How pathetic to Catholics are the feeble and futile attempts of men to substitute their petty little schemes for the divine plan of Christian unity. The blind man groping is pathetic; but the blind leading the blind is more pathetic still.

In the liturgy of Holy Week there is a remarkable prayer for the Jews: that God would remove the veil from their hearts. So too for all Christians outside the visible unity of Christ's Church we must pray that God will remove the veil from their hearts.

The Octave extending from Jan. 18th, the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, to Jan. 25th, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, is now known as the Church Unity Octave. During this time it is the desire of the Holy Father that all Catholics join in prayer for the restoration of Christian Unity. Initiated by a group of Anglican clergymen who were led by the Holy Spirit into the visible unity of Christ's Church it has spread throughout the world. They devote their lives to this object. They are known as the Friars of the Atonement and continue the publication, begun in their Anglican days, of The Lamp, a magazine devoted to the same object.

They ask: "Shall those outside the Fold of Peter give more heed to the voice of the Holy Father's summoning to prayer for the Unity of God's elect, than the children of the Catholic Church? God forbid."

We invite in the most cordial, the most urgent manner possible all the readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD to participate fervently in the prayer of the Church Unity Octave. Nothing in the world is more important, nothing more pleasing to God. You see the state of the world; you have been given the priceless gift of the Catholic faith; you have Christ's own assurance that you can help. Don't be slackers.

Following is the special prayer approved by our Holy Father for this special object, together with the daily intentions during the octave. If you can't get to church every day make the octave at home during family prayers:

PRAYER

Antiphon. That they all may be One, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. (St. John xvii: 21)

V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter; R. And upon this Rock I will build My Church.

Let Us Pray.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles; Peace I leave unto you. My Peace I give unto you. O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thy Church, and grant unto her that Peace and Unity which are agreeable to Thy Will. Who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

(300 Days Indulgence Each Octave Day.)

RECOMMENDATION

N. B. It is also recommended that one decade of the Rosary (at least) be said for the particular intention of each day; also that Holy Communion be received as often as possible, certainly on the first or Last Day of the Octave, in order to obtain the Plenary Indulgence, granted by the Holy Father.

THE DAILY INTENTIONS

Jan. 18. Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. The return of all the "Other Sheep" to the one Fold of Peter, the One Shepherd.

Jan. 19. The return of all Oriental Separatists to Communion with the Apostolic See.

Jan. 20. The submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

Jan. 21. That the Lutherans and all other Protestants of Continental Europe may find their way "Back to the Church."

Jan. 22. That all Christians in America may become one in communion with the Chair of Peter.

Jan. 23. The return to the Sacrament of all lapsed Catholics.

Jan. 24. The conversion of the Jews.

Jan. 25. Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. The Missionary conquest of the entire world for Christ.

THE SOUL OF FRANCE

Nothing in the history of human warfare is more glorious than the part of France in the Great War. And nowhere has French heroism evoked such genuine admiration and heartfelt appreciation than in the sister republic of the United States. Naturally when a Frenchman published a book in English entitled "The Soul of France" it had many eager purchasers and avid readers. A more impudent impostor could hardly be conceived than this book by a French Protestant minister which seeks to exploit in the interest of sectarianism that feeling of interest and admiration which now goes out to the French people.

France has never been a soil in which Protestantism flourished. The author admits that only one and a half per cent of the French population is Protestant; but asserting that the moral fibre of France has been the wonder of the world—a statement in which all will readily acquiesce—he coolly maintains that it is all due to Protestantism! It is of course pretty hard to give Protestant names to the mountain peaks of French genius, patriotism and achievement; but he gets over that difficulty in two ways. First, French Protestants are "the salt of the earth" and of course comparatively little salt is required for the antiseptic and preserving function literally and figuratively attributed to that compound. Another is to appropriate body and soul eminent men who lived and died Catholics. We are familiar with that device. Who has not heard that St. Patrick was a Protestant?

Enough of this nauseating little piece of sectarian frontery; by our readers will not be taken in by the title which the author has given his Protestant tract.

Another explanation of the marvellous moral fibre of the Frenchman that has stood the supreme test of the great War is presented in an article in last week's Saturday Evening Post. This is free from the stupid and ludicrous prejudice which warps the mental vision of the French Protestant author: the writer sees much, judges accurately and sympathetically, of many factors in the problem he attempts to solve, and presents Jacques Bonhomme in the picturesque background of the French peasant's hard life.

"First of all he is a peasant, a primitive; hard-headed, intelligent, humorous, conservative; fiercely individualistic and self-respecting; frugal to the point of avarice; unsparing of others and doubly unsparing of himself; a toiler; a saviour rather than a spender; a builder where others have looted and burned and destroyed; oppressed for centuries, yet patient, indubitably enduring. It is one of his hardy loins the French race has sprung which has been enabled to emerge alive after four years' bloody massacre. He is the poulu—the maker of France."

"How came he to win Verdun? How came he to be fighting, after four years of stupendous effort, with the same stamina, sang-froid and tireless energy that characterized him in 1914? Has he suddenly conjured out of nothing into existence, by a short mandate of his will, that mighty moral power—the power to

stick to the uttermost? An easily might a man suddenly lean down, lay hold of his boot straps and whisper unto his soul: 'Now jump me over the moon!' One does not suddenly jump over the moon without having previously jumped over a whole series of smaller moons by way of practice. One does not win a Verdun, or run a Marathon race, or rise to any kind of permanent eminence in life without a very considerable preparation in the way of discipline."

The writer realizes fully the truth of the old saying: Paris is not France.

To begin with France is mainly agricultural. . . . The peasant population of France is estimated at about twenty-three and one-half millions, or approximately seven million peasant families about four million own their own farms. The three million others are either tenants or day laborers, earning—before the war—from one and a half to three francs a day and their food. It will be seen therefore that France is a land of farms."

The writer speaks of the insatiable thirst, the unconquerable passion of the French peasant for the ownership of land. "From that deep desire he has evolved habits of toil, frugality, saving, which to the average American would seem insane."

"In America the passwords for the last century have been opportunity; stretching out; investing; digging up our stupendous resources; spending with lavish hand. In France the situation is the exact reverse. There the passwords—at least among those who must earn their livelihood—are thrift; conservation; toil; limitation of building up possessions, stone by stone, with atrocious toil. We spend. They save. The average French peasant could amass a fortune out of what the average poor American family throws out of the back door."

"Now there is some sense, some idealism, in saving for a certain purpose—especially when that purpose is to buy land."

So the hard, to us inconceivably hard, life of the French peasant, was the training which made possible the impossible in withstanding, resisting, and finally routing the German hordes and saving France.

"In America we have witnessed the magnificent spectacle of endurance and spiritual control of the French in this war. But we have witnessed it for the most part from afar. . . . To realize it completely one must have been a Frenchman, let us say an inhabitant of the invaded territory; seen his home—the dearest possession on earth to the Frenchman—despoiled; his sons deported to slave in German salt mines; his wife and daughters degraded to work as personal maids for Prussian officers, subject to daily insult and abuse; and knowing all this, with this pain and desolation forever eating his heart, to have gone on fighting through the long atrocious years, suffering defeat, hunger, privation, disillusion."

"This intolerable spectacle we have witnessed—not clearly for most of the individual heartbreaks have been mercifully hidden from view—but while we have witnessed we have not known what secret inner source in the Frenchman enabled him to suffer, to be crucified, and yet to endure."

While all this is true and is sympathetically as well as graphically pictured to our imagination Miss Frazer's analysis deals with the material factors only of the complex problem. One desires to know how it is that the life for generation after generation of grinding toil has not brutalized Jacques Bonhomme. The writer never saw the French peasant through the loving and seeing eyes of the peasant poet, Mistral; but she surely saw the Millet's wonderful Angelus. That world-famous picture showing the French peasant and his wife toiling in the field, shows also the one almost hear the sweet-toned angelus bell which summons the toiling peasant to prayer. Unremitting, grinding drudgery such as Miss Frazer describes would make for endurance but of the sudden overworked beast of burden; the reverent attitude of the figures in the Angelus throws a light, which the writer has evidently missed, on the soul of Jacques Bonhomme. Only in that light can his heroic life in peace or war be understood. Labor and thrift have their share in forming his character; but religion, that religion whose central act of worship is sacrifice, sweetens his nature and saves his soul even in this world.

The genius of Jean-Francois Millet, peasant painter of peasants, in "The Sower" and "The Angelus" enables us to see the soul of the French peasant and through it to glimpse something of the soul of France, something to which the non-Catholic is blind, or at best sees as through a glass darkly.

THE MISINFORMED CATHOLIC

Catholics have been classified in various categories. There is the staunch, the zealous, the fervent, the lukewarm, the liberal, the jellyfish and the bad Catholic. We think that one more category might be added, viz., the misinformed Catholic. The latter is often very zealous and devout and possessed of a modicum of knowledge of Catholic doctrine; but as regards the history of the Church, what she has done and is doing for the physical, social and intellectual betterment of the race, the debt that our institutions of learning owe to Catholic scholars, our modern Catholic literature, the national aspirations of Catholic peoples and the attitude of the Associated Press of today to the true religion and its adherents, he is amazingly ignorant. He takes no Catholic paper or magazine, the authors of our literature are strangers to him. His whole mentality has been fashioned by the reading of history that has been one long calumny against truth, by the perusal of daily papers that are all the more dangerous because not always openly hostile to his faith and by association with those who if they do not attack his religion at least ignore it. The result is that, while he may retain the faith, he is devoid of Catholic sentiment and of a Catholic instinct.

To illustrate our contention we will quote some sayings by men of this class. "That was very good of the Toronto Globe and Star to support the election of a Catholic mayor." What simplicity! Does anyone who knows the record of the Globe and Star imagine for a moment that either would espouse the cause of an Irish Catholic in the matter of the mayoralty if there were a ghost of a chance of his being elected? Both papers had lost thousands of subscribers by their appeals to racial and religious animosities, and they saw in the recent municipal contest an opportunity of regaining some of their lost prestige with Catholic people without doing themselves any harm.

"Why," says another, "can't the Irish agree and not give Churohill an excuse for saying that at their National Convention they could not decide upon what they wanted? And why can't the Irish bishops keep out of politics?" The man must be very unsophisticated who attributes to Churohill and the daily press such candor as to suppose that they honestly made these charges. The recent election would indicate that the Irish are pretty much of one mind as to what they want. In judging of their course of action one must admit that the men on the spot are better acquainted with 'the situation than is a Canadian who procures his information from an anti-Irish and anti Catholic source. Had all come back to the fold of the Constitutional leader, Mr. Dillon, what good purpose would be served since the British Premier, even though he were desirous of doing justice to Ireland, is now at the mercy of a Tory majority? As to the action of the Irish Bishops in opposing conscription it has been proved conclusively that their course was taken to avoid bloodshed. Surely as shepherds of their flocks they were justified in this. A recent issue of the RECORD carried a clear vindication of what was styled in cabled despatches as the unwarranted interference of the northern Bishops in the recent contest. We suppose that the Hierarchy of the United States would also fall under this gentleman's condemnation for "annoying Mr. Wilson with their untimely appeal that he remember Ireland's case at the Peace Conference."

Persons of the class referred to—and we believe that the female sex predominates in it—are always paying homage to the superior intelligence and culture of non-Catholics. They will tell you how mortified they were at an afternoon reception when they had to admit the truth of statements which they could easily have refuted if they were habitual readers of any of our Catholic papers. They will flock to listen to Professor Squiggins lecture on Sociology, but will not deign to attend a meeting of a Catholic club where the true principles of social service are enunciated and where they might learn that the foremost students of the social questions of today are learned men of the Middle Ages. These ladies and gentlemen are very much in favor of Catholics and especially of the clergy's joining with Protestants in temperance and other humanitarian work. They have, you know, such absolute confidence in

the integrity and singleness of purpose of the political apostles of uplift. Surely many of them are being disillusioned by the prohibition fiasco. When two Methodist ministers will procure on false pretences from a physician an order to obtain liquor and then have the man arrested; when one man can with impunity have a thousand dollars worth of "wet goods" in his cellar and another is fined two hundred dollars for having a pint in his pocket; when a farmer is mulcted to the extent of three hundred dollars for selling cider that is a little too hard, and a man guilty of the crime of bigamy goes scot-free, it must dawn upon them that our laws are not based upon a true ethical sanction. It is impossible to cooperate successfully with people whose religious views and whose moral principles are so much at variance with Catholic standards. Already "America" has sounded a warning note. It states that the recent united drive for the Army Huts would be productive of harm if it indicated an indiscriminate of service to the soldiers on the part of the Protestant and Catholic padres, and that the Catholic priest, charged with the administration of the Sacraments, must vie with the Protestant minister in the distribution of cigarettes.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

If the complaints of soldiers in the Northland inquiry are found to have been substantiated the Government has an opportunity of doing something. Canada cannot afford to let it be said abroad that she has no fund of gratitude to her soldier sons, nor that the portals of the Dominion are paved with tacks.

TORONTO IS the second city in Canada and boasts a population of over half a million, of which at least one eighth is Catholic. Toronto also claims to be the centre of art, literature and education in the Dominion. And yet, as a result of the recent municipal election in that city we have the significant example of a council not having a single Catholic member. Toronto should make this fact a feature in its publicity campaign.

THE PASSING of Theodore Roosevelt, soldier and statesman, and by many regarded as first American of his generation, is universally regretted. Few men have been more in the public eye than he, and none has come through the ordeal with cleaner reputation. Animated throughout by high ideals of family and national life, to which despite incidental mistakes he consistently adhered, he has bequeathed to his countrymen a heritage of industry and rectitude which will have its due effect upon the America of the future. In the manner of his obsequies too, carried out according to his expressed desire, he has set an example of modesty and simplicity which others in high station would do well to follow. In short, the life and death of Theodore Roosevelt should prove to be not the least of his country's assets.

ANOTHER DEATH which occurred in New York recently, though not of one of other than local reputation, should not be without its place in the same category of national assets. The influence of a distinguished merchant, though not blazed abroad, is nevertheless in its very essence great and far-reaching, and when that merchant is by nature a gentleman, honest and above board in all his dealings, and at the same time considerate of his subordinates and helpful to his associates, it is, in these days of unscrupulous money-getting, desirable that his example should not be confined to the immediate sphere of his life's work. Such a man appears to have been the late Frank Montague Montell, shipping and commission merchant of New York City.

FRANK MONTAGUE MONTELL was the son of one of those owners of clipper ships in Baltimore which before the Civil War did so much to build up his native city and to extend American commerce beyond seas. Brought almost to bankruptcy and ruin as a result of the conflict, the son took up the burden, and later, transferring the business to New York, entered there upon that long career of forty years, which not only brought him a competence, but won for him a foremost place in the mercantile community of that great city. Mr. Montell was not that we are aware a

Catholic, but that is no reason why his elevating example should be lost to our rising generation. Let those disposed to regard self-exploitation and the faculty of "putting one over" a competitor (so rife nowadays) as elements essential to business success contemplate the career of Frank Montell as outlined in this tribute of a brother merchant:

"Frank M. Montell was quiet, reserved, retiring, doing good secretly, not letting his left hand know what his right hand did, but he helped many and gave generously out of the competence he had earned by the honest and useful service he had given to the world.

"He did not believe in getting rich quickly or in speculation. He scorned taking an advantage of others in business. His simple word was as good as the strictest bond. He was true and honorable and was an example of the type of New York merchant who could win success by ability, honesty and fair dealing—and who could not practice meaner methods. His home life was beautiful—his real self was there revealed."

THAT ITALY is making every effort to undertake the set-back of war is evidenced by the Government decree sanctioning the constitution of a profit-sharing fund between capital and labor in those firms which have set aside a special reserve fund after paying the limited dividends now allowed. It is established that one-third of such reserve must be invested in State securities, while the rest may form a special joint capital and labor fund. The principle is also laid down that the relations between employers and employees should be regulated on the basis of a fair distribution of profits. Sanction of individual proposals along this line remains with the Government. The idea points in the right direction, care being taken to avoid the pitfalls of communism.

FOREIGN MISSION DAY

The annual Vesper celebration of the feast of St. Francis Xavier under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith was held at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on Sunday, Dec. 8. The vast Cathedral was crowded with a congregation that numbered nearly 7,000 persons. The Very Rev. Monsignor John J. Dunn, diocesan director of the society, was the celebrant of the Vespers, while the preacher was the eloquent president of Fordham University, the Very Rev. Joseph A. Mulry, S. J. The deacon, sub-deacon and cantors were seminarians from Danwood.

Before presenting Father Mulry as the preacher of the occasion, Monsignor Dunn gave a survey of the society during the past year, and paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of Cardinal Farley who had been the inspiration and the guide of the society from the time he became Archbishop of New York until his death came a few months ago. "It is the first time that the Cardinal has presided at our celebration," said the Monsignor, "but I cannot but feel that he is now bestowing his benediction from a higher throne."

Monsignor Dunn also paid a tribute to his late assistant, Father Boehler, who was recently called to his eternal reward.

Monsignor Dunn announced that the sum collected by the New York Diocesan Branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for the year would be \$245,000. He also stated that as a result of the interest developed in the missions in this diocese, the work had greatly progressed throughout the country.

Father Mulry's sermon was a learned and eloquent discourse on the sacrifice made by Christian missionaries across throughout the world during the past 1900 years and the motives and principles which actuated their missionary endeavors. He spoke as follows:

"The land that was desolate and impassable shall be glad and the wilderness shall rejoice and flourish like a lily; and a path and a way shall be there and it shall be called a holy way." (Isaiah 35)

It is with mingled feelings of joy and sadness that I rise to address this vast throng; of joy for the splendid record of achievement during the past year when almost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were subscribed to aid on the great work of the Propagation of God's faith; of sadness because of the absence of one who, by his magnetic personality and fatherly encouragement and eloquent inspiration stirred us every year to renewed efforts for the increase of God's knowledge and God's truth. Today his chair is vacant within this hallowed sanctuary but his spirit hovers over us while we vividly recall to mind his stirring words from out this very pulpit when with a breath of vision given to few men and a matchless love of his Master, he urged us year after year to spread the Kingdom of God in the hearts of men.

We are emerging from a war the most terrible in the long history of the world. We are weary of the blood shed and hatred and heartless slaughter and we eagerly look forward to the days of the lasting peace. Today I would talk to you of another war and reconstruction, with terms

and principles of peace that will be permanent, for they are founded on belief in God and love for men.

Centuries ago there was waged a long war in the battlefield of man's heart. It was not a conflict between forces of material government as to day, but between matter and spirit, body and soul. Man had gone far down the dark ways of sin, his intellect so clouded that he failed to see the vision of God upon the earth.

Life was the survival of the fittest—the strong wielded the power and the weak agonizingly yielded to the principle that might makes right. Death was the great unanswered riddle of science and philosophy. The spiritual element in man was rejected or denied. The individual was submerged in the State and usefulness to the State was the criterion of good citizenship. The unaimed and the blind and the dumb were a hindrance to the smooth running of the machinery of government and were labeled, "curled of the gods." Torturing old age and helpless deformed infancy were thrown out upon the scragheap of wrecked humanity. The whole industrial system was built on slavery while man's only shame and disgrace was poverty and servitude, and his highest dignity wealth and power. They refused to pierce the guile of man and see beneath his physical habiliments a dignity far beyond the things of time and matter. The powerful denied the right of their subjects to anything but the lash and the yoke. Pity and mercy were moral weaknesses. Asylums for the poor or hospitals for the afflicted were not within their economic scheme. It never dawned upon the mind of the men of wealth that they had duties towards their poorer brethren. The slaves might rise to righteous wrath against their masters but in time the butcher soldiers would drive them to cover and the quiet of fear, but not of peace, would reign again. They had their temples and their gods, but their temples were eloquent, every stone of them, with tears and the blood of the sun-tanned slaves who reared them while their masters sneered. Their gods were sudden pleasures dug from out their filthy hearts and flung above the altars to be adored in unholy, wanton worship.

In that hour of the triumph of evil, a Leader rose in all the might of His Divinity and waged the war against the world and sin that saw His victory in the triumph of the cross. On Calvary's bloodstained mount, He laid down the proclaimed the sanctity of human life and into the heart of a startled world poured the message and the challenge of the life beyond. In times that thrill down the centuries, He declared that the dignity of man is greater than that of the citizen; that whether in lowly childhood or masterful manhood or withered old age, there dwells a spirit that is immortal; that wealth and worldly success are but accidents of time; that by God and through God, bleeding, sinful humanity may be lifted up and set upon a throne of divinity. He bade the slave hold up his head; he had a soul as well as Caesar. He struck the fetters off the wrists of the shackled. He sanctified poverty and made suffering a thing divine. He warned the men that sat on thrones that they were not gods and that their authority that comes from God and their obligations of love and justice to their subjects. He threatened the men of wealth with dice punishment if they refused to acknowledge their gold and silver to be a trust to be distributed amongst their less fortunate brothers.

We talk today as if our principles of government were new, unheard of in the past, principles of liberty and equality but lately discovered. My friends, Jesus Christ was the first to enunciate these same principles that we have so gallantly stood for during these days of stress and battle. He it was who first challenged pagan atrocity with the eternal principles of democracy. He died that men might live. Today men die that things may live. From His throne upon the cross, He saw the burden of slavery lifted from off the backs of suffering humanity and He beheld the light of a new life break in upon their darkened days and hope spring up where despair had trailed its slimy, gruesome way across the lives of men. From the thrones of today the rulers gaze with stricken hearts upon the grinning skulls of those who died that their greedy, selfish ambitions might be realized, men with noble ambitions, with kind and kind and home a light with lips that laid down their lives for others to satisfy the brutal lust of power of those who ruled them.

But America stands for the principles of Jesus Christ and is destined to spread abroad the same ideals for which He died. Eight hundred miles away on the broad stretches of the sea there rides a ship freighted with our love and our hope and our ambition. The stars send down their rays of light to cheer in the stillness of the night, the ship sails ever onward with a message from the new to the old world, a message of a personal God in human affairs, as well as of the spiritual in man and self-determination in government.

There will be problems without number to be discussed and solved at the Peace Table. If the nations forget the principles of Christ and seek only their own selfish aims, and greedily snatch at every advantage within their grasp, oblivious to their obligations to their fellow-men, then peace will be but a sham, and lasting only so long as it will take the strongest powers to build their ships and arm their men for another and more disastrous war. Pray that

our leaders and our people, inspired by the Christian principles of democracy may yield a paramount influence and by their God-sprung ideals may insure a permanent peace upon the world.

What are these principles of Jesus Christ which your society has been founded to propagate throughout the world? They are an all-absorbing belief in a personal God and an overmastering love for our fellow-men to be spread through sacrifice. You recall the day our Divine Lord gathered together His soldier Apostles and commanded them to "Go and teach all nations." That was the organization of the pioneer army of Christian democracy, inspired by the burning words of their Leader they journeyed forth into every corner of the world, no mountain too deep to scale, no river too deep to ford or pass over, no desert too impassable to traverse. They had a world message and they bore it through the mystic deserts of Asia, through the burning ignorance of Africa, through the icy cold and the blizzards of the North and the hot-aloof of the South. They stood undaunted before the intellect of Athens and challenged its dialectic skill commanding them to tear down the "Temple to the Unknown God," for they knew God and He lived. They bade the Caesar take down the eagle from the Capitol and place thereon the Cross, the symbol of God's love and man's freedom. And they saw the day dawn when down from the pinnacle fell the eagle and the cross was set up in its place and on the throne of Caesar sat the Vicar of God.

But all this through sacrifice. The blood stained sands of the arena attest their loyalty. The whole round world is grided with the crosses on which they gladly gave up their lives that God and Truth might live in the hearts of men. We have here today representatives of the great Republic of China—martyred Catholic China in the days that followed Xavier, the patron of our great society. Today they number over two millions of devoted and true Catholics and more than eight hundred priests. Our own dear land is rich in golden mines of those who came and toiled and died that the light and the truth might be spread in the soul of America. Jogues and Breboul and Rene Goupil have seeded our land with their blood and made fertile the hearts of our nation to be a people destined to carry God's message of democracy to the world.

My friends, you and your society have accomplished magnificent results in the carrying of truth and love throughout God's earth. Today, more than ever, the Church needs you. The European nations are no longer able, as of old, to assist in this great work. Their seminaries are depopulated, their sources of revenue are drained, their priests dead upon the field of battle. Give us the great cause, "which hurts." Souls will be purchased with your alms and through your charity they will stand forever in the bright sunshine of God's love. It is true, we have been giving of our poverty or our abundance to the cause of the nation. But how much higher and holier is this cause! You have made sacrifices without number for your country; make them now for your God and the souls of men. There are graves in Flanders, little yellow mounds of fresh earth beneath which lie, perhaps, all that we love—youth with their wondrous promise, hearts that throbbled as one with us. We shall never see them again, for their hopes are stilled and their young lives buried in a premature grave. We shall rear a monument for them, not of bronze or marble that will crumble with time, but of loving hearts to which they brought liberty and peace, a monument that shall endure until time shall be no more.

There are other graves, hallowed with the years, in every corner of God's earth, wherein lie those who died for God, unknown saints and missionaries. Sacrifices is written across their hearts and in their souls a love that burns as fiercely as in the far off days of the Master. We shall rear a shaft for them, not of bronze or marble, but of the souls of men to whom they carried the light of truth and love. You with your wealth can spread the gospel which they preached. Give, then, to the dead heroes and to the God of their hearts, give and give again.—N. Y. Catholic News.

There was the usual uproar, and Giolitti demanded an investigation into the Giolitti Cabinet; Socialist Deputies Sciocari, and Dogliovanni, Deputy Chiaravaglio (Giolitti's son in law), and Senator Panizzardi, Senator Cotally, and Senator Frassati."

There was the usual uproar, and Giolitti demanded an investigation into the Giolitti Cabinet; Socialist Deputies Sciocari, and Dogliovanni, Deputy Chiaravaglio (Giolitti's son in law), and Senator Panizzardi, Senator Cotally, and Senator Frassati."

There was the usual uproar, and Giolitti demanded an investigation into the Giolitti Cabinet; Socialist Deputies Sciocari, and Dogliovanni, Deputy Chiaravaglio (Giolitti's son in law), and Senator Panizzardi, Senator Cotally, and Senator Frassati."

CATHOLIC ARMY HUTS

OVERSEAS WORK
Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 2, 1919.

During the recent campaign for funds, considerable publicity was given to the Overseas activities up to that date. It is remarkable how much was accomplished with limited capital, and the record is surely a credit to the efficiency of management evidenced by the directorate over there.

Organization of the Chaplain service was completed in the Spring of 1917, money was not available until the Summer and Fall of that year, and the work was then started in earnest.

Summarized, up to the end of October, the latest report from London Office indicates that in France, we had in operation huts at No. 2 Canadian General Hospital and at "Etaples" also huts at No. 6 and No. 8 Canadian General Hospital, besides twenty-five large marquees and recreational tents, with equipment, throughout the Canadian corps area.

In England, military huts, at south camp Seaford and north camp Seaford; also at Wilby, at Kinwell Park, Sandling and at Stanningdale; also an army club at Bexhill on Sea; an army club at Cooden camp; a chapel and cinema tent at Bramshott; and finally the big hotel, a routed building under the name Catholic Army Club at 24 Grosvenor Place, London, S. W., and the K. of C. Army Club, also a routed building, at 30 Grosvenor Place, London.

Our Huts at East Sandling, West Sandling and at St. Martin's Plains, are out of operation because the Canadians have left that area.

At the end of October there was under construction a hut at Buxton, Derby; a club at St. George's Hall, Warburton; and the completion of a library at Bramshott, together with three others, for which permits were being secured.

Permission was refused to erect a hut at the McGill hospital, and no permit had been received to date of report for erection of chapel-recreation hut at Otterio Military Hospital, Orpington, Kent.

Offers were made of a second hut to the 8th Canadian General Hospital, and one to the 1st Canadian General Hospital.

The books of the London Office were audited up to 31st of Oct., 1918, by chartered accountants, and they certify that examinations have been made of all receipts and payments and that their requirements as auditors were satisfied.

The financial report shows that the total receipts (overseas, from all sources, up to the end of last Oct., including bank interest earned, amounted to \$82,918.68; while the total expenditures was covered by cost of huts, tents, and their equipment and maintenance, \$65,754.25; recreational and religious supplies \$15,705.48; cables and postage \$472.11; headquarters office expenses, salaries and transportation \$152.20; leaving a balance in bank overruns of \$83,644 at that date.

The necessary financial report, duly attested, has been completed and filed in accordance with the War Charities Act, covering operations overseas.

As further information comes to hand, same will be duly transmitted. Respectfully,
J. L. MURRAY,
Canadian Secretary.

THE POPE AND THE WAR

Some months ago anti-Catholic papers in Italy once abroad started a violent propaganda against the Holy Father, raising their charges on the falsehood that he had been the chief cause of the Caporetto defeat. Those people who knew the motive behind this campaign of calumny and the character of the man charged to wage the warfare here in the United States were prepared for any surprise, except the one which occurred, a short time since, in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. At one of the sittings Deputy Marquis Centurione was accused of spying on the Socialists. In reply he declared: "Yes, it is true I spied on the Socialists, being convinced that the responsibility for the Caporetto disaster rested upon them, and that they also incited the Turin riots. I they also incited the workingmen in order to attend Socialist meetings. As the result of my work I can now state that the Socialists did prepare the Caporetto disaster. Consequently I formally charge with

which will render communion with our brothers and the sacrifices made for them sweet." The Pope declared that he would do all in his power to facilitate acquiescence in the decisions of the congress in order to insure a just and durable peace.

Pope Benedict expressed doubt whether the temper that had devastated the world had not left in the hearts of the men the deadly remains of ancient rancors, unwholesome germs of social discord, vengeance and reprisals. The very ardor of war and the passion for defense of country, the Holy Father added, were noble in their origin, although it was natural that in principle they could easily lead to excesses.

The Pope said he wondered if it were not the Holy Father's task to repair the moral ills of the war, no less than the material damages, and dissipate the dangers of fresh perturbations which might result from excessive national hatreds and passions. He said he hoped his work henceforth might be an echo of the decision of the peace conference and mainly directed to the care and instruction of his children, and the protection and direction of workers and the counseling of the wealthy classes for the good use of their wealth and authority.

The address was made in reply to the Cardinals who called upon the Holy Father to extend their Christmas wishes to him. Twenty-three Cardinals, many Bishops and Monsignori were present.—Buffalo Echo.

THE CALL OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE WEST

The call of the Church in the West is a cry for help. Great indeed are the pressing needs of the Western Church, for numerous and various are the obstacles with which Catholics have to contend with on the prairie and in the small towns.

The first barrier to surmount is distance. The very outlay of the country is to a great extent against the efficient working of a parish. The survey of the land has been made from a strictly economical point of view. Large farms, vast wheat fields is what the survey has had as final object. The social, educational and religious elements of life are in the background. This renders church and school problems particularly difficult to solve as was intimated in Dr. Foght's report of the educational survey in the Province of Saskatchewan (1918). This obstacle—let us not forget—will persist for years to come in Western Canada. According to competent authorities wheat growing, being essentially a large unit undertaking, demands extensive farming. This statement is very important for its consequences in Church organization are far reaching.

The indiscriminate settling of the Catholic homesteaders here and there on the prairie has also created difficulties. Living often 30, 40 and 50 miles from a Catholic chapel, these settlers drift away from the authority, teaching and sacraments of the Church. To form self-supporting parishes in the sparsely settled districts is often an impossibility.

To this barrier of immense distances are added, for long months, most unfavorable climatic conditions. The very severe cold, the high winds which have such a sweep on the boundless prairie, the terrific blizzards of the long winter months will always remain a great obstacle to an intense Catholic life in rural parishes. Many Sundays, from December to March, it is a real impossibility to go to Church for those who live at any distance.

And who are those who have settled on our Western plains? This is not the place to discuss the immigration policies of the past. We are dealing here with facts. We have the most cosmopolitan population one could imagine. The most divergent factors go to make up the racial composition of our western population. We know of a city parish that counted 16 different nationalities within its boundaries. During the first and second generation, during what we would call the period of Canadianization of these various national elements, the Church has to face a most difficult and complex situation.

Diversity of nations means variety of ideals, differences of customs and traditions. The disassociation from former relations and the sudden transfer to new conditions of life have proved to be such a shock to many settlers that they fail to readjust their lives to the arising needs. How many foreigners have been lost to the Church because the teachings of their Faith were no longer handed down to them wrapped up in a world of mystery, in the folds of their national customs and traditions! The oriental and southern mind is more particularly susceptible to be influenced by this national tinct with which religion itself comes to them.

The fusion of so many ethnical groups and their adaptation to new surroundings are the result of a very delicate and slow process, especially in rural communities. "You cannot plant with human chemicals any more than with real ones. You have to know something of chemistry" (W. Churchill). Thousands of foreigners have been lost to the faith because many of our own, clergy and laity, did not know the first elements of "human chemistry." The great leakage for the Church in the West is among Catholic immigrants. Unscrupulous proselytizers under the specious plea of "Canadianization" have wooed them from the faith of their fathers. This nefarious process is still at work, especially in the Ruthenian settlements.

The number of languages complicates still more this etnical problem. Not hearing the Catholic doctrine in his own language and crippled by that instinctive shyness

treason ex-Premier Giolitti, Deputy Falicioni, Under-Secretary in the last Giolitti Cabinet; Socialist Deputies Sciocari, and Dogliovanni, Deputy Chiaravaglio (Giolitti's son in law), and Senator Panizzardi, Senator Cotally, and Senator Frassati."

There was the usual uproar, and Giolitti demanded an investigation into the Giolitti Cabinet; Socialist Deputies Sciocari, and Dogliovanni, Deputy Chiaravaglio (Giolitti's son in law), and Senator Panizzardi, Senator Cotally, and Senator Frassati."

GEORGIA BIGOTS LOSE ELECTION

RECEIVE TRUE AMERICAN ANSWER

A great battle has been fought and won in Georgia.

The issue involved in recent popular elections for members of the School Board was "Should Catholic Women Be Allowed to Teach in the Public Schools?" Rev. John Ham, of the Baptist Tabernacle, led the fight against Catholics and before a great crowd that braved a rain-cold Sunday afternoon he spoke at the Baptist Tabernacle in Atlanta on the question of the political encroachments of Roman Catholicism upon our public schools. Amid intense enthusiasm, the speakers said, Mr. Ham declared he stood for the personal rights of every man to be a Catholic religiously, if he so desired, but he opposed the "political Catholicism" in the educational system. He declared he was opposed to men and women who are subjects of the autocratic Roman Catholic Hierarchy being appointed or retained upon the public school faculty of the city.

The fight was a bitter one. The Catholic men and women, the latter under the able leadership of Mrs. O. M. Varley, wife of the manager of the Collier Publishing Company, rallied to defeat the bill. Mrs. Varley was formerly Miss M. F. Dowling of New Orleans, and a sister of Rev. L. T. Dowling, the well known Jesuit. She was educated at the Rosary Convent in this city. To Mrs. Varley's side rallied also many earnest Protestant women determined to down the bigote who supported the movement.

The Atlanta Constitution, in a leading editorial the day preceding the election, under the caption, "The Issue," spoke bravely in defense of Catholics in the schools, the principals of the three leading schools being Catholics.

The following day when the bigotes were defeated the Constitution came out with a magnificent leader. The people of Georgia, and of Atlanta in particular, are to be congratulated on the victory they have achieved.

Under the caption "Intolerance" The Constitution says: "Among the other achievements of the world war just brought to an end by the overwhelming defeat of Autocracy is the triumph of Tolerance.

"The Armenians have been rescued from the cruel and intolerant rule of the Turk, and the heel of oppression has been pulled from the Jew in more than one European country. We will all live, from this time on, in a more tolerant world than was ever known before.

"Now that the whole world has become more tolerant, let us hope that this country will not grow less so.

"We had a touch of intolerance in Atlanta the other day incident to the election of a School Board; the cry being raised in an Atlanta public school that no Catholic should be permitted to teach in the Atlanta public schools.

"Not one of the candidates elected yielded to the pressure to force an affirmative expression on such an intolerable policy. The issue projected at this peculiar time could have been for no other Turk, and the heel of oppression has been pulled from the Jew in more than one European country. We will all live, from this time on, in a more tolerant world than was ever known before.

"Now that the whole world has become more tolerant, let us hope that this country will not grow less so.

"We had a touch of intolerance in Atlanta the other day incident to the election of a School Board; the cry being raised in an Atlanta public school that no Catholic should be permitted to teach in the Atlanta public schools.

"Not one of the candidates elected yielded to the pressure to force an affirmative expression on such an intolerable policy. The issue projected at this peculiar time could have been for no other Turk, and the heel of oppression has been pulled from the Jew in more than one European country. We will all live, from this time on, in a more tolerant world than was ever known before.

"Now that the whole world has become more tolerant, let us hope that this country will not grow less so.

HOLY FATHER PLEDGES AID FOR LASTING PEACE

EXPRESSES HOPE THAT DISCORD AND HATRED WILL BE BANISHED FROM THE WORLD

In his allocution to the Sacred College of Cardinals on Christmas, the Holy Father expressed the wish that the decisions of the coming peace congress not only would re-establish order, but would give a new birth "to human sentiments

and extreme reserve which seem to grasp him as he steps on our shores, the foreigner often loses contact with the Church. Like a transplanted shrub in an uncongenial soil he lingers for years in his faith and its practices.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto.

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

DONATIONS

Previously acknowledged.....\$1,086 25
Miss E. F. Montreal..... 1 00
E. J. Hastings, Soc. Ont..... 1 06
W. S. H., Antigonish..... 5 00

MASS INTENTIONS

Friend of Holy Souls..... 6 00
A Friend..... 20 00

THE CALL OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE WEST

The call of the Church in the West is a cry for help. Great indeed are the pressing needs of the Western Church, for numerous and various are the obstacles with which Catholics have to contend with on the prairie and in the small towns.

The first barrier to surmount is distance. The very outlay of the country is to a great extent against the efficient working of a parish. The survey of the land has been made from a strictly economical point of view. Large farms, vast wheat fields is what the survey has had as final object. The social, educational and religious elements of life are in the background. This renders church and school problems particularly difficult to solve as was intimated in Dr. Foght's report of the educational survey in the Province of Saskatchewan (1918). This obstacle—let us not forget—will persist for years to come in Western Canada. According to competent authorities wheat growing, being essentially a large unit undertaking, demands extensive farming. This statement is very important for its consequences in Church organization are far reaching.

The indiscriminate settling of the Catholic homesteaders here and there on the prairie has also created difficulties. Living often 30, 40 and 50 miles from a Catholic chapel, these settlers drift away from the authority, teaching and sacraments of the Church. To form self-supporting parishes in the sparsely settled districts is often an impossibility.

To this barrier of immense distances are added, for long months, most unfavorable climatic conditions. The very severe cold, the high winds which have such a sweep on the boundless prairie, the terrific blizzards of the long winter months will always remain a great obstacle to an intense Catholic life in rural parishes. Many Sundays, from December to March, it is a real impossibility to go to Church for those who live at any distance.

And who are those who have settled on our Western plains? This is not the place to discuss the immigration policies of the past. We are dealing here with facts. We have the most cosmopolitan population one could imagine. The most divergent factors go to make up the racial composition of our western population. We know of a city parish that counted 16 different nationalities within its boundaries. During the first and second generation, during what we would call the period of Canadianization of these various national elements, the Church has to face a most difficult and complex situation.

Diversity of nations means variety of ideals, differences of customs and traditions. The disassociation from former relations and the sudden transfer to new conditions of life have proved to be such a shock to many settlers that they fail to readjust their lives to the arising needs. How many foreigners have been lost to the Church because the teachings of their Faith were no longer handed down to them wrapped up in a world of mystery, in the folds of their national customs and traditions! The oriental and southern mind is more particularly susceptible to be influenced by this national tinct with which religion itself comes to them.

The fusion of so many ethnical groups and their adaptation to new surroundings are the result of a very delicate and slow process, especially in rural communities. "You cannot plant with human chemicals any more than with real ones. You have to know something of chemistry" (W. Churchill). Thousands of foreigners have been lost to the faith because many of our own, clergy and laity, did not know the first elements of "human chemistry." The great leakage for the Church in the West is among Catholic immigrants. Unscrupulous proselytizers under the specious plea of "Canadianization" have wooed them from the faith of their fathers. This nefarious process is still at work, especially in the Ruthenian settlements.

The number of languages complicates still more this etnical problem. Not hearing the Catholic doctrine in his own language and crippled by that instinctive shyness

treason ex-Premier Giolitti, Deputy Falicioni, Under-Secretary in the last Giolitti Cabinet; Socialist Deputies Sciocari, and Dogliovanni, Deputy Chiaravaglio (Giolitti's son in law), and Senator Panizzardi, Senator Cotally, and Senator Frassati."

There was the usual uproar, and Giolitti demanded an investigation into the Giolitti Cabinet; Socialist Deputies Sciocari, and Dogliovanni, Deputy Chiaravaglio (Giolitti's son in law), and Senator Panizzardi, Senator Cotally, and Senator Frassati."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE CALL OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE WEST

The call of the Church in the West is a cry for help. Great indeed are the pressing needs of the Western Church, for numerous and various are the obstacles with which Catholics have to contend with on the prairie and in the small towns.

The first barrier to surmount is distance. The very outlay of the country is to a great extent against the efficient working of a parish. The survey of the land has been made from a strictly economical point of view. Large farms, vast wheat fields is what the survey has had as final object. The social, educational and religious elements of life are in the background. This renders church and school problems particularly difficult to solve as was intimated in Dr. Foght's report of the educational survey in the Province of Saskatchewan (1918). This obstacle—let us not forget—will persist for years to come in Western Canada. According to competent authorities wheat growing, being essentially a large unit undertaking, demands extensive farming. This statement is very important for its consequences in Church organization are far reaching.

The indiscriminate settling of the Catholic homesteaders here and there on the prairie has also created difficulties. Living often 30, 40 and 50 miles from a Catholic chapel, these settlers drift away from the authority, teaching and sacraments of the Church. To form self-supporting parishes in the sparsely settled districts is often an impossibility.

To this barrier of immense distances are added, for long months, most unfavorable climatic conditions. The very severe cold, the high winds which have such a sweep on the boundless prairie, the terrific blizzards of the long winter months will always remain a great obstacle to an intense Catholic life in rural parishes. Many Sundays, from December to March, it is a real impossibility to go to Church for those who live at any distance.

And who are those who have settled on our Western plains? This is not the place to discuss the immigration policies of the past. We are dealing here with facts. We have the most cosmopolitan population one could imagine. The most divergent factors go to make up the racial composition of our western population. We know of a city parish that counted 16 different nationalities within its boundaries. During the first and second generation, during what we would call the period of Canadianization of these various national elements, the Church has to face a most difficult and complex situation.

Diversity of nations means variety of ideals, differences of customs and traditions. The disassociation from former relations and the sudden transfer to new conditions of life have proved to be such a shock to many settlers that they fail to readjust their lives to the arising needs. How many foreigners have been lost to the Church because the teachings of their Faith were no longer handed down to them wrapped up in a world of mystery, in the folds of their national customs and traditions! The oriental and southern mind is more particularly susceptible to be influenced by this national tinct with which religion itself comes to them.

The fusion of so many ethnical groups and their adaptation to new surroundings are the result of a very delicate and slow process, especially in rural communities. "You cannot plant with human chemicals any more than with real ones. You have to know something of chemistry" (W. Churchill). Thousands of foreigners have been lost to the faith because many of our own, clergy and laity, did not know the first elements of "human chemistry." The great leakage for the Church in the West is among Catholic immigrants. Unscrupulous proselytizers under the specious plea of "Canadianization" have wooed them from the faith of their fathers. This nefarious process is still at work, especially in the Ruthenian settlements.

The number of languages complicates still more this etnical problem. Not hearing the Catholic doctrine in his own language and crippled by that instinctive shyness

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

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

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

I propose the following burees for subscription:

SACRED HEART BUREE

Previously acknowledged.....\$776 42
A Well-Wisher..... 1 50
Mrs. A. R. Harkness, Timarant 2 50
Mrs. J. R. Sheridan, Margaret Man..... 5 00
Mrs. S. Ryan, Killaloe..... 1 00
A Friend, St. Raphael's..... 2 00
Mrs. K. F. Thane, Froquois..... 5 00
Friend, Hamilton..... 2 00
Thanksgiving, Guelph..... 50

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BUREE

Previously acknowledged.....\$1,172 50

ST. ANTHONY'S BUREE

Previously acknowledged..... \$89 10
A Friend, St. Raphael's..... 2 00

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BUREE

Previously acknowledged..... \$134 00
Hugh A. MacPherson, Mabou, N. S..... 5 00

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BUREE

Previously acknowledged..... \$49 00

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BUREE

Previously acknowledged..... \$104 50
In thanksgiving, St. Andrews, Ont..... 5 00

BLESSED SACRAMENT BUREE

Previously acknowledged..... \$56 50

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BUREE

Previously acknowledged..... \$49 50
S. F. M., Halifax..... 1 00

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BUREE

Previously acknowledged..... \$57 00

HOLY SOULS BUREE

Previously acknowledged..... \$85 00
Friend of Fr. Fraser, Mabou, Miss L. MacGillis, Alexandria 1 00
Thanksgiving, Sydney Mines Mrs. R. C. Dabed..... 2 00
Mrs. J. C. Walsh Rockland..... 1 00
Jos. Connolly, Kirkwood..... 2 00

LITTLE FLOWER BUREE

Previously acknowledged..... \$88 50
E. J. Hastings, Soc. Ont..... 1 00
For Billy..... 2 00
M. Meaney, Lordsburg, New Mexico..... 2 00
In Thanksgiving, Sydney Mines..... 2 50

"The fact that Foch was a Catholic did not deter the two great Protestant countries of the world from accepting him as the leader of their phalanxes; and Jew and Gentile followed with the chivalry of the crusaders the indomitable spirit of the great Captain that led them to the world's most notable triumph of Right over Wrong.

Foch asked no question as to the creed of the millions fighting under him. He did his duty alike by all, and all in turn did their duty by him.

"We imagine it would be a difficult proposition to induce an American mother who had given her son to Foch to make sacrifice of his life, if necessary, for the common cause of Freedom, to acquiesce in the intolerant position that no Catholic citizen or taxpayer should have the right to teach in the public schools.

"Atlanta is a long way from committing itself to such a doctrine."—The Guardian.

THE CALL OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE WEST

The call of the Church in the West is a cry for help. Great indeed are the pressing needs of the Western Church, for numerous and various are the obstacles with which Catholics have to contend with on the prairie and in the small towns.

The first barrier to surmount is distance. The very outlay of the country is to a great extent against the efficient working of a parish. The survey of the land has been made from a strictly economical point of view. Large farms, vast wheat fields is what the survey has had as final object. The social, educational and religious elements of life are in the background. This renders church and school problems particularly difficult to solve as was intimated in Dr. Foght's report of the educational survey in the Province of Saskatchewan (1918). This obstacle—let us not forget—will persist for years to come in Western Canada. According to competent authorities wheat growing, being essentially a large unit undertaking, demands extensive farming. This statement is very important for its consequences in Church organization are far reaching.

The indiscriminate settling of the Catholic homesteaders here and there on the prairie has also created difficulties. Living often 30, 40 and 50 miles from a Catholic chapel, these settlers drift away from the authority, teaching and sacraments of the Church. To form self-supporting parishes in the sparsely settled districts is often an impossibility.

To this barrier of immense distances are added, for long months, most unfavorable climatic conditions. The very severe cold, the high winds which have such a sweep on the boundless prairie, the terrific blizzards of the long winter months will always remain a great obstacle to an intense Catholic life in rural parishes. Many Sundays, from December to March, it is a real impossibility to go to Church for those who live at any distance.

And who are those who have settled on our Western plains? This is not the place to discuss the immigration policies of the past. We are dealing here with facts. We have the most cosmopolitan population one could imagine. The most divergent factors go to make up the racial composition of our western population. We know of a city parish that counted 16 different nationalities within its boundaries. During the first and second generation, during what we would call the period of Canadianization of these various national elements, the Church has to face a most difficult and complex situation.

Diversity of nations means variety of ideals, differences of customs and traditions. The disassociation from former relations and the sudden transfer to new conditions of life have proved to be such a shock to many settlers that they fail to readjust their lives to the arising needs. How many foreigners have been lost to the Church because the teachings of their Faith were no longer handed down to them wrapped up in a world of mystery, in the folds of their national customs and traditions! The oriental and southern mind is more particularly susceptible to be influenced by this national tinct with which religion itself comes to them.

The fusion of so many ethnical groups and their adaptation to new surroundings are the result of a very delicate and slow process, especially in rural communities. "You cannot plant with human chemicals any more than with real ones. You have to know something of chemistry" (W. Churchill). Thousands of foreigners have been lost to the faith because many of our own, clergy and laity, did not know the first elements of "human chemistry." The great leakage for the Church in the West is among Catholic immigrants. Unscrupulous proselytizers under the specious plea of "Canadianization" have wooed them from the faith of their fathers. This nefarious process is still at work, especially in the Ruthenian settlements.

The number of languages complicates still more this etnical problem. Not hearing the Catholic doctrine in his own language and crippled by that instinctive shyness

treason ex-Premier Giolitti, Deputy Falicioni, Under-Secretary in the last Giolitti Cabinet; Socialist Deputies Sciocari, and Dogliovanni, Deputy Chiaravaglio (Giolitti's son in law), and Senator Panizzardi, Senator Cotally, and Senator Frassati."

There was the usual uproar, and Giolitti demanded an investigation into the Giolitti Cabinet; Socialist Deputies Sciocari, and Dogliovanni, Deputy Chiaravaglio (Giolitti's son in law), and Senator Panizzardi, Senator Cotally, and Senator Frassati."

MOST POPULAR SONG OF THE CATHOLIC MEN

"THE ROSARY" SUNG IN CAMP AND ON FIRING LINES

In a recent interview, Madam Schumann-Heink said: "You wonder, perhaps, what is the song that the boys like best. It is one that critics are apt to speak lightly of—but I love it and so evidently do the boys, for there is never a concert that I am not asked to sing it. It is Nevin's 'Rosary.'

"The silence is tense when I sing that song. Just let me repeat the words to you and realize what must be a soldier's heart as he hears them:

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me.
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary, my rosary.
Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer
To still a heart in absence wrung.
I tell each bead until the end—
And thro' a cross is hung.
O memories that bless and burn,
O barren gain and bitter loss,
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross, sweetheart,
To kiss the cross."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE CALL OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE WEST

The call of the Church in the West is a cry for help. Great indeed are the pressing needs of the Western Church, for numerous and various are the obstacles with which Catholics have to contend with on the prairie and in the small towns.

The first barrier to surmount is distance. The very outlay of the country is to a great extent against the efficient working of a parish. The survey of the land has been

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

THE MOST HOLY NAME OF JESUS

Prayer has always been blessed by God, my dear brethren, with a wonderful power. In the old Testament we find numerous cases of God's mercy being, as it were, exerted from Him by prayer. And those were the days of smiting the sinner and avenging an insult to the Almighty, and not the days of mercy. You remember how the prayer of Moses appeased the wrath of God. The Lord said to Moses, Let Me alone, that My wrath may be kindled against them, and that I may destroy them. But Moses besought the Lord His God, by saying... Let Thy anger cease, and be appeased upon the wickedness of Thy people. Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, Thy servants... And the Lord was appeased from doing the evil which He had spoken against His people. (Exod. xxxii. 9-14) And again the Lord said, "This word also, which thou hast spoken, will I do; for thou hast found grace before Me" (Exod. v. 17); and the prayer of Moses was heard. If, then, the prayers of Moses, Isaias, Daniel, and David could pierce the heavens, could appease God's anger, could win forgiveness and mercy, what confidence should we have in prayers that are taught to us by "through Jesus Christ our Lord"!

What a treasure we have in that sacred Name, in which we are taught to pray. For there is no other Name under heaven given to man, whereby we must be saved. (Acts iv. 12) Let us study and try to realize what a grace and power that Sacred Name is to us. Attached to it is that solemn pledge and promise of our Lord: "If you shall ask Me anything in My Name, that I will do." That promise was not lightly made, but was uttered by the God of Truth and Wisdom and Power, made Man for our sakes. To each of us that promise holds good, and He means it. He has the power to fulfill it, and He is anxious to be taken at His Word. Where, then, is the faith and hope and love that such a promise should enkindle in our hearts? There is something shamefully wrong about us if there is no earnest response on our part. Is there some hard condition in the promise, or some hard condition in its fulfillment, that takes away the liberality and splendor of the offer? "If you ask Me anything, that I will do."

Oh yes, my brethren, I have omitted those words, "in My Name." We are so taken up with pleasure, greed, and love—that is not the love of God—that we have little room in our hearts for aught else. "For all seek the things that are their own; not the things that are Jesus Christ's." (Phil. ii. 21.) We cannot ask in His Name for continuance of worldly pleasure, or forgetfulness of our Creator. We cannot ask in His Name for more money than our greed and selfishness may be satisfied, for He chose poverty as a friend, and bade us beware of money. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." (Mark x. 23.) We cannot ask in His Name for continuance and prosperity of love that is not His, for love that distracts us from His love, for love that usurps the heart that should be His, for love that defiles the soul that has been given to Him in Baptism and Holy Communion!

"These are thy gods, O Israel!" (Exod. xxxii. 4.) Pleasure, greed, love are the gods that most men are satisfied with in this life, and the promise of Jesus Christ is no use to such as these. Oh, how humiliating for us, my dear brethren, if looking into our hearts, we find there is something else ruling there, and not the Name of Jesus Christ. But, on the other hand, to the humble and contrite, to those who are striving to make up for the past and live clean lives now, what a treasure is that Sacred Name and promise: "If you shall ask Me anything in My Name, that I will do." We can come in our sins to the foot of the cross and plead for mercy in His Name, and contrition will fill our hearts, lead us to Confession, and the Precious Blood will wash away our iniquities. We can approach Him, and tell the Master how we are faring in the struggle against our enemies, and we can ask in His Name for loyalty, that we may not prove traitors to Him; and that day, again, we have strength to persevere. And when He bids us "Take up the cross and follow Me;" when poverty, hardship, false friendship, or the shadow of death oppresses us, we may feel it hard, our lips may almost falter a murmur against Almighty God, but the good habit of invoking the Holy Name will come to our rescue, and resignation and strength to offer ourselves to do His Will will be given to us because we have asked it in His Name.

And the inexhaustible treasures of this legacy of the Holy Name, that has been bequeathed to us, are such that we can enrich our friends with it as well. What can be prayed for with more confidence in the Saviour's Name than the salvation of souls? Then let us ask in that Sacred Name for the salvation of our friends, and of those who are dear to us. Let us pray for the young and innocent that they may persevere. Let us pray for some poor friend whom we know "went away wandering in his own heart" (Isa. lvi. 17), that he may return to the service of God. Let us pray each day for the dying, that they

DANGER LURKS IN EVERY ONE OF US

We Are As Full of Deadly Poisons As A Germ Laboratory.

AUTO-INTOXICATION OR SELF-POISONING

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Absolutely Prevents This Dangerous Condition.

The chief cause of poor health is our neglect of the bowels. Waste matter, instead of passing from the lower intestine regularly every day, is allowed to remain there, generating poisons which are absorbed by the blood.

In other words, a person who is habitually constipated, is poisoning himself. We know now that Auto-intoxication, due to non-action of the bowels, is directly responsible for serious Kidney and Bladder Troubles; that it upsets the Stomach, causes Indigestion, Loss of Appetite and Sleeplessness; that chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Pain In The Back, are relieved as soon as the bowels become regular; and that Pimples, Rash, Eczema and other Skin Affections disappear when "Fruit-a-tives" are taken to correct Constipation.

"Fruit-a-tives" will protect you against Auto-intoxication because this wonderful fruit medicine acts directly on all the eliminating organs. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

may repent and receive the Sacraments, and have the grace to invoke the Holy Name Jesus in their last hour.

And if there is one thing that our Lord will do us as we pray for the souls in Purgatory. The very mention of that Sacred Name Jesus will fall sweetly on their ears, and how grateful they will be that it is invoked on their behalf! Oh that we ourselves may become as frequent and devout in invoking it, trustful in its power, grateful for its having been given to us, as the Holy Souls would be if they were once again on earth! "If you shall ask Me anything in My Name, I will do it."

TO HIS MOTHER

Nay, never weep, For he hath won beyond all sad tomorrows. His weary ashes sleep Far in a sweet France, his soul, assailed of sorrows, With unexpected longing, leaps before Unto his God. He lives, so weep no more!

I know, A mother's heart Is fertile still of tears. Her griefs unbidden start And she will not be tutored in her woe. Her anxious love is very full of fears.

Ah, love must bleed and suffer all the year! God made all mothers so. But now, Thy time of grief is over. He is gone But is not lost. Nay, rather he has won Abiding peace. Christ cherishes thy son.

There is a light of glory on his brow. While all exultant, as on carol, He shall have naught but joy where God has put him now.

Ah, wouldst thou pray To have him caught again in webs of care? How serious and worthy was his way Through a swift death to lasting glories there. He won his goal with such a brief delay!

Wouldst thou, dear mother, have him once again Take up the burden of uncertain years, Give pledges unto weariness and pain And be the toy of woe, the sport of fears? Then leave All bootless sorrow. Only pine and grieve For those that know no honor, faith and truth, Thy dear one doth receive For his brief dying an immortal youth.

Swift through the years to his dear arms thou'lt go, For God hath planned it so. And life but leads thee nearer, day by day, To that celestial tryst, that secular holiday!

—EDWARD GARIBOLDI, S. J.

APROPOS OF THE "FLU"

The Public Health Service at Washington, in its latest report, estimates the number of deaths from influenza among the civilian population of the United States from September 15th to December 1, 1918, at between 300,000 and 450,000.

Such a record of deaths from such a cause is nothing less than appalling, and, unfortunately, the end of the epidemic is not yet in sight. In many places there has been a recurrence more serious than the first outbreak. In St. Louis, for example, the deaths from influenza and pneumonia have averaged about fifty a day.

After careful inquiry we find that three distinct classes of disease go by the name of "Spanish influenza." The first of these is plain, ordinary "grippe," which sometimes, especially when neglected, takes a fatal turn. The second resembles cholera, and the third bears a superficial likeness to the pulmonary plague that was reported from China a few years ago. It is the second and third of these diseases that are causing most of the "influenza" deaths.

Whether the first-mentioned sickness is really the influenza with which we were made uncomfortably familiar in 1890, is a question in dispute among doctors. A professor in the medical department of St. Louis University, for instance, maintains that in but very few instances of a large number that he has investigated, have there been traces of the so-called Pfeiffer bacillus, the characteristic germ which causes influenza properly so-called. On the other hand the Royal College of Physicians in a memorandum on the influenza epidemic in England, just published in the London Times (weekly ed., No. 2,185), finds that this outbreak is essentially identical, both in itself and in its complications, including pneumonia, with that of 1890, though there are some new and special symptoms, e. g. nose-bleeding. These eminent physicians also assert, without qualification, that "the present epidemic has no relation to plague." In regard to the Pfeiffer bacillus they declare there is not sufficient evidence for holding that the bacillus is the primary infecting agent in influenza, but that it "seems to be responsible for most of the fatal complications of influenza." In the vaccine treatment the Royal College of Physicians has little confidence, declaring that if it does protect, which is rather questionable, the protection could in no case last for more than a short period. As for drugs, "no drug has yet been proved to have any specific influence as a preventive or any specific curative effect in influenza, though many are useful in its mitigation and relieving its symptoms."

What has caused this dread epidemic? Dr. Albert Croft of Chicago traces it to poison gas generated on the European battlefields, which, he says, has spread in minute quantities over the earth, causing irritation of the mucous membrane in sensitive persons. This theory is interesting in view of this discovery that after the tremor of the earthquake of Krakatoa, in 1883, the vast clouds of volcanic dust drifted up to a height of fifteen miles traveled completely round the globe. Compared with the dust ejected by Krakatoa, however, the poison gas generated in the war was infinitesimal, both in quantity and energy of projection. It is more probable that the soil and atmosphere of the war zone, filled with putrid matter and emanations, have caused this world-wide sickness.

As it is the war that has evidently bred this pestilence, one lesson of the situation would seem to be that the human race ought to try to abolish war. Our great and good President has gone abroad in an endeavor to bring about this cherished summation. Let us hope and pray that he will succeed.—Buffalo Echo.

CONVICT PREACHES A SERMON

You see these rather grisly processions from time to time in Grand Central Station: a sheriff or two, a few policemen, perhaps, in the van and rear guard, and the reason for it all, half a dozen prisoners, en route for Sing Sing. For the law must be fulfilled and justice satisfied. Pressing close to such a company some weeks ago, a poorly dressed old woman pushed through the crowd to put something into the hand of a swaggering young criminal. A sheriff interposed, and capturing the envelope, opened it. Within was a line scrawled on a piece of yellow paper, "Now try to be a good boy, Johnny," and two crumpled one dollar bills. Johnny took the money eagerly enough, but what he said about his mother's advice cannot be repeated here. Briefly, it was to this effect, that as he would be withdrawn from the busy haunts of men for the next twenty years, his chances of revisiting his old fields might be safely considered small.

But as the train pulled away, he mellowed. "Strange," he reflected, "how a fellow never gets wise until it's too late. He always thinks he can get away with it. If I had to begin all over again, I'd do what my mother told me." The young gentleman philosophized wisely, if too late. He differs, perhaps, from many of us in this: only, that the law has caught up with him. For all of us are under the law. Education and environment keep us far from vulgar

infractions of the criminal law, but of the law of God we are not so careful. For "mother" in the convict's conclusions, substitute "the authority of God," and most of us can make a salutary examination of conscience. It will teach us the folly of thinking that we can forever trifle with God's law in small things or in great, and, "get away with it" the day, "get away with it." God is infinitely patient, but our day is short, for soon the night falleth. Will it find us in a plight that has no odor of salvation about it? Our little Saviour has come, with His gift of peace and healing, but we must be ready to receive it. It is given to weak men, to sinful men, to struggling men, but only if they are men of good-will. "Begin all over again" before it is too late.—America.

ONLY AN AVE MARIA

Only an Ave Maria, In a moment sweetly said, Relieving a soul's and anguish In the realm of suffering dead.

Only an Ave Maria, Mourned in sorrow for sin, Opening Heavenly portals To let a prodigal in.

Only an Ave Maria, Whispered in silence and tears, It lightened a soul's great burden And sweetened declining years.

Only an Ave Maria, How little it seems to be, But who can measure its greatness When weighed in Eternity.

J. R. MELVIN, C. S. S. R.

Full wheat ears and humble men bow the head; empty ears and proud men hold the head erect.

RAW FURS

Best Market Price Paid for Raccoon, Skunk, Mink, Weasel and Fox.

ROSS' LIMITED LONDON, ONT. 2091-ct

Bookkeeping Shorthand

Subjects Taught in THE Western School LONDON, ONT. By Expert Instructors. 24th Year. Send for Free Catalogue. J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Tennessee Avenue, near Beach; 200 feet from St. Nicholas Catholic Church; always open; private baths; running water in rooms; elevator; excellent table; white service; \$17.50 up weekly. Bookings. M. WALSH DUNCAN.

Story-Writing FOR PROFIT

Have you literary inclinations? Have you ever wished you could write a story? Have you ever tried to sell a story? We can make you a successful writer in a few months under our expert instruction. Our students sell their stories to leading publishers. Some sell their stories after a few lessons. Write to-day for particulars and letters from our students. SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, 100 Yonge and Gerrard Sts. E. Dept. C.R. TORONTO

Efficient, Economical Organ-Blowing

BETTER musical services, improved pressure, even tone, absence of trouble and hitches, and lower bills for organ-blowing—these are the immediate results from installing a Spencer All-Steel Electric "ORGOBLO"

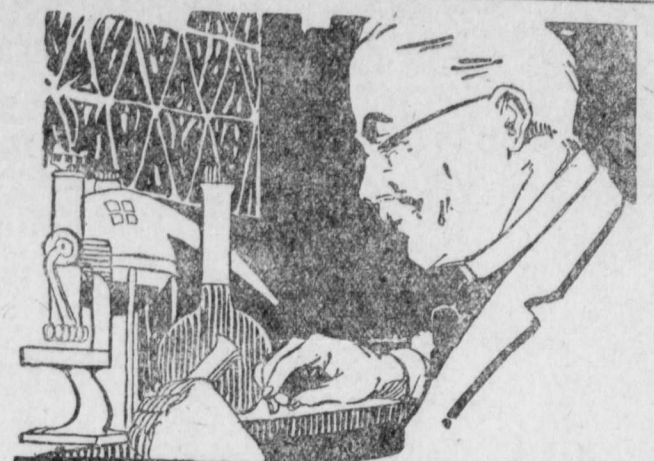
the only all-steel organ-blower made. Sure, quiet and steady in operation. Unusually more satisfactory than any other system. We have specialized in organ-blowers for years and have installed more than any other firm in Canada. Every "Orgoblo" is guaranteed. Sizes 2 h.p. to 40 h.p. Over 7,000 in use. Our list of installations embraces every Province in the Dominion. Write for Illustrated folder and testimonials from satisfied users.

Church Organ Tuning and Repairs Leonard Downey LONDON CANADA 100 Carling St. Phone 1891

Buying a Packet of

"SALADA!"

Is not a gamble, but a sure thing that you are getting the greatest possible Quality and Value to the limit of your expenditure. TRY - IT.



GIVE NATURE A CHANCE Gin Pills Instead of Medicine

All scientists agree that pure blood is the basis of good health. It will build up, restore health, fortify against disease. The work of purifying the blood falls to the kidneys. If the kidneys in the blood stream to all the organs and joints, restoring first in urinary derangements, if neglected Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel and Inflammation follow. The chemist who worked out the formula for Gin Pills to restore normal kidney action thus placed in the reach of every man and woman, a great preventive remedy that gives Nature her chance to cure the evils due to poison in the blood. That is a simple scientific fact. Gin Pills can be obtained almost everywhere at 50c. a box, or a free sample can be obtained by writing The National Drug & Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.—U.S. residents should address Na-Dru-Co., Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR EASIER THAN SHAVING



You do not need any experience or practice to use the DUPLEX AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER. It comes to you ready for instant use, and five minutes after you receive it you can have your hair cut better than it was ever cut before. The DUPLEX will cut as cleanly or trim as long as you wish it to. No clippers or scissors are needed with the DUPLEX; it finishes the work completely. It cuts the front hair long and the back hair short. Trim around the ears, etc. Inside of a very short time you will have to pay \$2.00 for the DUPLEX. The price today is \$2.00, but while our free trial stock lasts we will accept the advertisement the same as \$1.00 Cash. Cut it out and send it with ONLY \$1.00 and we will send you the DUPLEX AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER, ready for instant use, postage paid, to any address. Send Today. AGENTS WANTED. DUPLEX MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. FS, BARRIE, ONT.

The Cigar for Business

Good from the match all the way through to the stub, and with a flavor and aroma that pleases smokers everywhere.



Keep a box always in your office desk and another in your home. You will lift the lid often, and reach for this favorite cigar.

Bull Dog Size.....2 for 25c
Londres Size.....3 for 25c
Club House Size.....10c Straight

Vallens & Co., Limited London, Canada

Branches: Windsor - Winnipeg - Vancouver

WHOOPIING COUGH SALMONIC CROUP BRONCHITIS ASTHMA CATARRH COUGHS COLDS Vapo-resolene Est. 1879 A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, soothes the sore throat, eases the cough and stops the sneezing. It is especially useful in cases of Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Larynx, and all the respiratory ailments of children. Vapo-Cresolene Co. Toronto, Ont.

The Catholic Highlands of Scotland The Western Highlands and Islands BY DOM ODO BLUNDELL O. S. B., F. S. A. (SCOT.) Author of "The Catholic Highlands of Scotland" (Central Highlands) "Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland" 2 Vols. \$2.75 Postpaid The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

CATHOLIC Home Annual 1919 Every Catholic Home Should Have It Contains a complete list of the Feast and Fast Days, Movable Feasts, and Holy Days of Obligation. A sketch of the lives of many Saints; also a Saint for every day of the year, and the Gospel for each Sunday. LIST OF SHORT STORIES Fring. After Many Days. Sermons in Stone. In a Life's Living. The Humming-Bird. OTHER ARTICLES A Christmas-Eve Vigil. The Correct Thing. The Seven Sorrows of Our Lady. St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies. The Visit of St. Joseph. The Crusades. The American Cattle Ranch. A Sermon of St. Francis. The Miracle of Bolsena. PRICE 25c POSTAGE PAID Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

PUT AWAY THE HAMMER
Put the hammer in the locker, hide the sounding board likewise; Anyone can be a knocker; it is easy to criticize.

pages of this book of remembrance. It must certainly banish all pessimism, filling one with a broader humanity, and leniency for other failings, a pity for the shams, the false glitter, the things that lure the pleasures so fleeting, the worldly riches that are as Dead Sea fruit to the touch, and so are only dross, after all.

self and her child. Great care on her part had been and was still necessary in order to guard her child from the periculous influence of his father's example. Thanks to the energy and devotedness with which this truly Christian mother watched over his soul, and the religious training he received at the Brother's school, he was as pure and innocent as an angel and looked very much like one as he served the Curé's Mass. It was an unrepeatable happiness for this sorely afflicted mother to watch him gently swaying the thurible, or to listen to the sound of his voice coming from out the sanctuary. This morning of his First Communion especially she gazed upon him with mingled joy and pride as he led the happy band, himself the closest to the altar. During this time of unutterable delight for mother and son the father was drinking in some saloon, blaspheming the God who was giving Himself to his son, and predicting the no distant hour when the patriots would take possession of the churches amid the ruins of altars forever overturned.

OUR CHIEF WORK

It is acting as Executor under Wills and as Administrator of Estates. Ask for our Booklet: "The Will That Really Provides," or consult us and we will gladly give full information. Correspondence invited.
We Pay 4% Interest on Savings Accounts, and allow withdrawals by cheque.
We Pay 5% Interest on stated sums of money for investment for terms of from two to five years.
We Collect Rents, attend to repairs and assume entire charge of properties in trust for the owners at ordinary agency fees.
We Act as Business Agent for persons who desire their investments attended to and the income delivered to them through our Company.
We Rent Safety Deposit Boxes at \$5.00 per annum.

Capital Trust Corporation
Head Office: 10 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa
Write us for free advice on any financial matter.

Standard Library

60c. Each, Postpaid
60 Each Postpaid
Round Table of American Catholic Novelists. A delightful symposium of short stories by representative American Catholic novelists.
Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. A pleasing collection of novelettes by eminent Catholic authors of England and Ireland.
Renee's Marriage. From the French of Madame de La Fayette. A story of a young girl who, in which the immense advantages accruing from a convent education are clearly shown. 160 pages.
Beated Packet. The story of a young girl who, cleverly contrived story which carries an unexceptional moral and some delightful pictures of school life. An excellent book for either school or home library.
Sister of Charity. The story of a young girl who, in which the immense advantages accruing from a convent education are clearly shown. 160 pages.
Sister of Charity. The story of a young girl who, in which the immense advantages accruing from a convent education are clearly shown. 160 pages.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT

To a follower of Christ the New Year comes with a sacredness that quite awakes him. It moves him to take thought with himself about the journey he had been making; how much of it had been walked with Christ on the plain, straight way, and how much in the devious paths, where he had not served God and where the grace of God did not accompany him. It is a reproachful thought, but a salutary one. And if a man is in earnest in regard to the welfare of his soul, such a meditation, momentary as it may be, is sure to start him off right on a fresh journey and with a determination to seek first the kingdom of God.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BE IN TIME
Be in time for every call, If you can be first of all— Be in time.
If your teachers only find You are never much behind, But are like the dial true, They will always trust in you— Be in time.
Never linger ere you start; Set out with a willing heart— Be in time.
In the morning up and on, First to work and soonest done— This is how the goal's attained, This is how the prize is gained. Be in time.
Those who aim at something great, Never yet were found too late— Be in time.
Life with all is but a school; We must work by plan and rule, With some noble end in view, Every steady, earnest, true— Be in time.
Listen, then, to wisdom's call; Knowledge now is free to all— Be in time.
Youth must daily toil and strive, Treasure for the future live; For the work they have to do, Keep this motto still in view— Be in time.

FORGET JEALOUSY

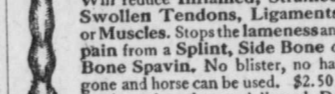
Jealousy knocks out the working gears as smoky cuts the works out of a delicate machine. Jealousy stops the wheels; it is the curse of factory, church and lodge. If the other man is outstripping you and you are sore about it, the soreness is beating you. Jealousy is a form of rheumatism that puts you out of the running. Abraham Lincoln had two political rivals who were jealous of him. They were Seward and Stanton, both able men. But Lincoln was not jealous of them. He appointed Seward, secretary of state, and Stanton, secretary of war. He then told them to forget their jealousy and get down to work. They did so, and now they are big men in history. Had they not mastered their jealousy, they would be unknown today. If you are jealous of the man higher up, that soreness will keep you from ever getting up. It's the worst enemy you've got. So get over your soreness and kick it out of your body so that you will have a chance to thrive. Jealousy whips you by taking out of you the inspiration which is so necessary for good work. The very fact that it is hard to locate jealousy makes it all the more dangerous. Statistics would probably show that a majority of the failures of organizations can be directly traced to jealousy within the organizations.—Roger W. Babson.

THE LITTLE ACOLYTE

After vespers, our little acolyte, who had made his First Communion that morning and who was radiantly happy, had gone down to the other end of the village bringing a ray of his gladness into his grandpa's cottage. The old lady has spent the greater part of the day "telling her beads" for him and upbraiding her aged limbs for their inability to carry her to church to see her little godson make his First Communion. After a pleasant visit with grannie and cookies and goodies to his heart's content, he started for home, his exuberant joy showing itself in his very walk, his smiling face and snatches of the morning's hymns which now and then spontaneously burst forth, but his village roads are generally quiet and no one noticed our little lad as he walked quickly in the vain endeavour to reach home before the darkness of night, that bugar of childhood, should overtake him; but time waits for no man, he was ever so juvenile, and little by little the streets grew so dark that finally the boy shouted for very joy when he came in sight of his home, a low old fashioned cottage, situated but a few steps from the church. A moment or two later, he stopped abruptly, his face clouded, the song died on his lips, his gladness vanished like a dream, slowly and sadly like one grown prematurely old he dragged himself along until he reached the porch of his home and there gave way to a very paroxysm of grief. His sobb were drowned by a drunken voice raised in anger and blasphemy scounding even more terrible as it broke the calm peaceful stillness of the perfect night. Fierce blows resounded making the furniture shake and the dishes dance with a discordant note. The few passers by openly expressed their disgust at the revolting sounds, or merely laughed in scorn. Perhaps they had seen the poor little crouching figure, weeping so bitterly over that very scene, their disgust and scorn might have changed to tenderest pity. The boy heard all while his tears flowed more abundantly and an awful feeling of sadness and loathing filled his heart. It seemed to him like a glimpse of hell, doubly sad after having tasted the happiness of heaven; today, his First Communion day, and his soul was sorely wounded by the cruel awakening. The culprit was his father, one of those habitually drunken creatures in whom only the brute nature seemed to exist. A skilled mechanic he could easily have earned a comfortable living for his wife and child but his only thought was to drown his reason in glass after glass of strong liquor. His wife's character was a striking contrast to his, she was as laborious as he was lazy, as economical as he was spendthrift, as religious as he was impious, as good as he was brutal, and though she had lived for years under the shadow of this cross, a drunken husband, she has preserved intact the innate delicacy of her soul. Her patient dignity which no circumstance could ruffle had inspired in her husband a sentiment strange in such a depraved being; respect and never in his life of anger, or drunken revelry had he so far forgotten himself to strike her who though she had seen better days was obliged to work to earn food for her-

THE ONTARIO

Catholic Year Book and Directory for 1919
READY JANUARY 19
ARTICLES BY
SHANE LESLIE
ANNA T. SADLER
JOSEPH C. WALSH
and other prominent writers
Price 25c.
Order From Newman Hall
97 St. Joseph St., Toronto
C. W. Lindsay Limited, 189D Sparks St., Ottawa



20% to 50% OFF ALL Band Instruments

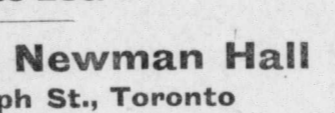
Write for Catalogue
Save money by acting quickly. Until our stock is cleared we offer Band Instruments, all high grade, including Besson's, at heavy reduction from market prices. Get our special prices, mentioning instrument or instruments in which you are most keenly interested. We are especially strong on Drums, Bugles, Fifes, Bagpipes, etc.

Ursuline College, "The Pines"

Gatham, Ontario
Under the Patronage of the Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London
An Ideal School for the Education of Young Girls
Excellent situation, splendidly equipped class rooms, comfortable living and sleeping apartments, magnificent grounds for sports and games.
College, Preparatory, Art and Commercial Departments
Complete Course in Home Economics
SCHOOL OF MUSIC affiliated with Toronto Conservatory
New Term Opens January 7, 1919
Apply for Prospectus to the REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS

B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q.
We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows



Ask for Quantity Discount
The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

THE VIRGIN OF ALBERT

A War legend of a pleasant kind is that of "The Virgin of Albert." Albert is an ancient French city with a cathedral, on the high tower of

85c. Each Postpaid

Amour, the Englishman, by Francis Aveling.
African Fabiola, The; translated by Right Rev. Mgr. O'Connell, D. D. The story of the life of St. Perpetua, who suffered together with her slave, Felicitas, at Carthage in the year 203. One of the most stirring in the annals of the Church.
Aurel Selwode, by Emily Bowles. Women with strands of history are dark threads of golden plots and forgeries; but there are also bright weavings of love; and, of course, all's well that ends in love.
Borrowed From The Night, by Anna C. Minogue. Miss Minogue has a way of showing her readers the delight of Southern character in its character and gentility. No one will read "Borrowed From The Night" without being fascinated with Miss Martine, whose early life is surrounded with so much interest.

Cardinal Democrat, The; Henry Edward Manning, by J. A. Taylor. It is a true portrait of the Cardinal, whose own ideal of a good bishop he surely realized.
Catholics, by Anna C. Minogue. A Roman Catholic's life has been written of the remarkable times from 1860 to 1865, but seldom has a Catholic author taken this historic half decade as material for a story. Miss Minogue is a resident of Kentucky, and in Cardinal presents a clear picture of the confusion and uncertainty which existed in that state. The story is admirably presented and bristles with romance and adventure.
Captain Rowett, by Raoul de Pressey. A thrilling story of fearlessness and adventure.
Faith, Hope and Charity, by Anonymous. An exceedingly interesting tale of love, war and adventure during the exciting times of the French Revolution.
Fencliffe, Fencliffe is the name of a large estate in Devonshire, England, the home of Agnes Falkland, who with her family and adopted daughter Francis Macdonald, furnish the interesting events and the secret influence of how Agnes Falkland is connected with the plot.

Glennia, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. A collection of Catholic stories for boys, including "A Little Heroine," "Ned's Baseball Club," "Terry and His Friends," "The Boys at Balmton," and "Christmas Stocking."
In The Crucible, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. These stories of high endeavor, of the pain and sacrifice, the sacrifice of self for others, all are based on the divine truth story of Him who gave up all for us and died on Calvary's Cross Sacred Heart Review.
Magic of The Sea, The; or, Commodore John Barry in the Making, by Captain James C. Barry. A historical novel, and well made to be a "stand-by" beside "Richard Carvel."
Marius Woodrow, by Sarah M. Brownson. The story of a beautiful young girl, selfish and arrogant, who awakes to the shallowness of her character and religious appreciation of the noble character and religious example of a young man whom she afterwards marries.
May Broke, by Mrs. Anna H. Doney. The story of two cousins who are left in the care of their very wealthy but eccentric uncle, who, through religion and is at odds with all the world. It follows them through their many trials and experiences, and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters.

Merry Hearts And True, by Mary C. Crowley. A collection of stories for Catholic children, including "Little Beginnings," "Blind Apple Woman," "Polly's First Lesson," "Marie's Krumpholtz," and "A Family's Nap."
Mystery of Naples, The; by Rev. E. P. Gisham. With 13 illustrations.
Orchids. A novel by Lella Hardin Bugg.
Patriot Island, The; by Rev. John Talbot Smith. An mysterious and fascinating in its plot as well as the emotional productions of Archbishop Manning's pen, and it contains portraits which would not change the brush of a Chaucer or Spenser.
Tangled Paths, by Mrs. Anna H. Doney. A novel tangled paths is admirable as a Catholic novel; it is most admirable, and if the author will compare this very satisfactory production with her earlier work, The Student of Broun Forest, for instance, she can almost sing the "Veni Creator" for her improvement is so marked that she seems in her last work to have almost reached its climax.—Ave Maria
The Waters Of Contradiction, by Anna C. Minogue. A delightful romance of times and scenes people, and so strong in its interest that the reader's attention increases to the very last chapter.

Tears On The Diadem, by Anna H. Doney. A novel of the inner life of Queen Elizabeth, so interesting that the reader will be loathe to lay it down before finishing the entire story.
Tempest Of The Heart, The. By Mary Agatha Gray. A story of deep feeling that centers around a young monk musician.
Trammels and Other Stories, by Georgina Pell Curtis.
Turn Of The Tide, The. By Mary Agatha Gray. The complexity in the weaving of the story that will keep the reader in suspense till the very end.
Towers of St. Nicholas, The. By Mary Agatha Gray. A story of the persecution of Catholics during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.
Within and Without of The. By Minnie May Lee.
With A Psalmist in Spain, by Mary F. Nison. With 13 illustrations.

\$1.00 Postpaid
Edgar, or From Athens to the Full Truth, by Louis Vou Hammett, S. J. Some of his books have gained a world-wide renown and spread his name far and wide as a first-class apologist, who is up to date in every branch of Protestant controversy. In this translation he gives us a new proof of his apologetic genius and enterprise.

Ask for Quantity Discount

The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA
The Paschal Lamb, which is slain for the salvation of sinners, is the Redeemer Himself whose Flesh we daily eat, whose Blood we drink. This banquet is daily celebrated; daily the Father welcometh His Son, for the faithful continually is Christ offered. Which is greater, to pray or receive the Body of Christ? Certainly the latter.

