

The Catholic Record.

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

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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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HUMOROUS AND YET SAD

It is one of the blessed considerations of Providence that the gravest events in the world are not without their crop of humors. The tragedy in Ireland is no exception to the rule. Among the hundreds of young Irishmen who are interned in the British military camp on the Curragh of Kildare is one William Mooney of Tullamore, who, having fought with distinction throughout the Great War, from the first date of battle till the truce was proclaimed and received the distinguished Service Medal for his bravery, this man was seized by the British military some months ago as being suspected of sympathizing with Ireland's struggle for freedom—and without charge or hearing was interned at the Curragh prison camp. Now two weeks ago there arrived at his mother's home and was forwarded from there to himself at the prison camp a further medal in recognition of his services in—quote the inscription on it—"a war for civilization." The irony of England imprisoning this man without trial for being suspected of sympathizing with the struggles of a small nation's freedom, and then decorating him with a medal for fighting the war for civilization (which of course, always means England's war) is exquisite—and truly British!

ASTONISHING PRISON ESCAPES

From the beginning of the present war in Ireland the Irish boys have shown a resourcefulness and a strategy that has astonished the world. They have pulled off many extraordinarily successful and extraordinarily striking coups—but probably the most striking of all their coups was their prison escape. With the exception of the dramatic and still most highly mysterious escape of De Valera from the Lincoln prison in England, by far the most sensational and romantic of all the escapes was the latest—namely the escape of the forty interms from the Kildare camp, which occurred a couple of weeks ago. Every additional escape of Sinn Fein prisoners makes the authorities take still greater and greater precaution with those still in their hands. The 1,500 men who are interned at this camp are housed in about 40 wooden huts. All around the camp are fortifications and also rows after rows of barbed wire entanglements. Then both inside the camp boundaries and outside, there is an exceptionally strong military guard, frequently relieved and on duty day and night, with orders to shoot to kill, if any of the interms should show up outside even the first barbed wire entanglements. In fact the most extraordinary precautions have been taken to insure that there will be no more prison escapes. Yet, despite their fortifications, their barbed wire entanglements, their guards inside and outside, forty prisoners got away safely, without being seen, without being heard, and without being found ever after. That is a remarkable achievement. Those who got away have since told the story of one of the most remarkable of military prison camps.

Six weeks before the night of the escape the men began excavation of a tunnel that was to reach some under the floor of one of the huts, all the way under the barbed wires to freedom beyond. They had calculated that the tunnel must be 50 feet long, and that it must be at least 6 feet beneath the surface—and must be dug without any other instrument or implement than a knife, fork, and spoon. These were the only implements they had. The excavating of such a tunnel with such implements was a difficult number one. Difficulty number two was how to get rid of the earth taken from the excavation. The perseverance and the discipline of these men was something wonderful, seeing that in six weeks time they had completed their tunnel and disposed of the earth without the guard or authorities getting the remotest hint of what was proceeding under their feet. Furthermore, to add to the difficulties of the task the authorities having discovered the intention of a similar attempt in another part of the camp three months before, were now doubly watchful for every hint or sign—and the huts were visited by the soldiers at regular intervals, both during the day and during the night.

When then, on a Thursday night a couple of weeks ago their tunnel was completed, everything in readiness, and the fortunate men who were to escape selected, there was, as may be expected, intense but subdued excitement throughout the whole camp, awaiting the great event of the night. A great concert—one of the greatest in the history of the camp, was specially arranged for that evening. It was staged in the open within sight of the guards so that those poor

fellows who were weary and worn from such constant and close watching of their prisoners should have at least one night's happy relaxation. Every comedian among the prisoners put forth his very best efforts on this evening—with the result that the roars of laughter coming from the roars of audience, soon swelled by roars of laughter coming from the guards. And while this was proceeding above ground, a drama of another kind was being enacted beneath where through a tunnel that was barely wide enough for a man to crawl on his stomach the forty men, in one continuous line, were crawling inch by inch—because, on account of the smallness of the tunnel bore it was only inch by inch that the crawling men could move along.

Three or four best men were picked to lead the way, and then all started in close formation, the crown of each man's head touching the soles of the feet of the man who was ahead of him. It took two and one-half hours when the head of the first man got into the tunnel till the heels of the last man emerged from the other end of it. Even then there was some of the barbed wire entanglements that sprawled out beyond them through which they had to cut their way. There were sentry boxes but a few yards from them, and the least noise would attract the attention of the guards. The night was very calm, but unfortunately dark and foggy.

During the dreadful crawl through the tunnel progress was often interrupted by some unanticipated occurrence, and low whispers went along the line of creeping men. Each man was told to halt and lie quiet till some necessary reconnoitering had been done. Then the signal "all's well" was given, and the crawling process then resumed. At one time, as the men were emerging from the tunnel, there was a guard within two yards of the exit, but by great good luck he did not look that way. They formed in batches of eight or ten as they emerged, and scattered themselves—every batch being in danger at every moment of armed guards with flashlights coming their way.

But every one of the forty got away clear. In the dense darkness they roamed all over the plain adjoining the camp before they found the train in the darkness. Some strayed into the bog of Allen whilst others, after walking nearly an hour, found themselves back in the neighborhood of the camp. It is said that begrimed and bedraggled, the escaped men presented a strange appearance as they marched in groups through the open country. As before mentioned no man of the forty was captured. The exploit is surely one that will be treasured in the memories of the Irish war.

HORRORS OF THE PRISON CAMPS

Talking of prison camps—Michael Collins, speaking at a gathering in the grounds of St. Enda's school outside Dublin for the benefit of the Irish Republican prisoners Dependents' Fund, gave his audience to know a little of the sufferings of the men and of the women who are enduring the horrors of these places. There were 3,200 men interned and another 1,500 serving sentences—and another 1,000 that had neither been tried nor sentenced. Of women there were three doing life sentence, two doing sentences of ten years, four sentences of two years, and there were in addition several others doing sentences ranging from one year to three months. That was a total of 40 women serving sentences at the present moment, and one of those was a little girl seventeen years of age, who was serving a sentence, he thought, of three years in Mountjoy prison.

One man wrote giving his experiences in three or four different places of detention, and referred to physical ill-treatment, flogging, hammering, arm-twisting, knocking out teeth, cutting eyes and kicking with blows, trampling on and kicking prostrate men and breaking ribs, not to speak of the murdering and shooting of prisoners. At the detention barracks in Athlone one girl was obliged to ask permission and to accept the escort of men orderlies to use the lavatory and in some cases young girls had been kept from one to five weeks under these conditions. In one particular case in Tipperary, a girl with Black and Tan and no female attendants—was kept in a room for five weeks with two doors through which police had to pass constantly from one side of the barracks to another. Another girl visited the barracks to request permission to open her shop. She was arrested, put into an underground cell with no female attendants for a week, and then sent to Cork in an open lorry, from which place she was released.

SEUMAS MACMANUS.
Of Donegal.

God looks down upon those with an eye of favor who sincerely look up to Him with an eye of faith.

POPE'S ADDRESS TO ITALIAN YOUTH

URGES IDEALS OF FIRST CHRISTIANS

"Ten lustri, (fifty years) form an epoch in the lives of individuals as of societies; they suffice to make us realize the virtue of the one and to know and love the spirit of the other. With good right, therefore, the Society of Catholic Youth celebrates during these days the first jubilee of its foundation in Italy.

"Of the founders of this Association only one is the fortunate survivor; of the first few associates few have survived the joys and sad vicissitudes of the past fifty years. But, on the contrary, how many Circles have been formed during this period? How many members enrolled? How the great army of Catholic youths has been formed!

"If one wishes to consider the glory of an army, he looks not so much to the number of soldiers as to the frequency and importance of the enterprises performed by them. How many private and public compacts have been determined by the Society of Catholic Youth in the first ten lustri of its existence! How many religious feasts it has celebrated! How many commemorations of persons or events it has kept! How many works of public beneficence it has performed! And, above all, how many struggles it has sustained nobly! In how many battles it has taken part, for the defense of sacred rights, and that religious doctrines and principles might triumph!

OPENS NEW EPOCH

"Therefore, we rejoice at the sight of such a vast body of Catholic Youth in Our presence, and we consider that, if the present jubilee closes an epoch, it also opens a new one.

"The beginning of a new epoch is a fitting time for good auguries. It is an opportune time to make wise propositions, and to gather new strength and force for that which lies ahead. So our good wishes for this organization are all yours, beloved sons! With the greatest of affection and ardor we make them, believing that they will all be fulfilled.

"The laudation of a work already done fills the heart with the desire to expand it that it may effect a still greater good. We believe that the Society of Italian Youth will, in the future, bear yet greater fruit of good works.

"Your society, beloved sons, should aim principally toward the formation of the morals and religious education of new generations. In every age souls have made a ready and beautiful profession of the Faith, in these days particularly there is need of courage which shall make us eager to proclaim ourselves Catholics, and to live in private as in public, as the Catholic religion teaches us to live, that we may obtain so many rewards of virtue through the trials and struggles which we must undergo, fighting beneath the standard of Christ.

"We know well that young men especially are apt to be drawn away from an open profession of their Faith through the fear of displeasing their companions or of compromising their future. But the members of the Society of Catholic Youth are resolved to conquer human respect in the occasions that arise every day. Blessed indeed is the Society capable of forming men of character in an epoch when it requires courage to defend holy doctrines and principles of living! It would indeed mean little if men were to live according to the Faith in their private lives, and should remain silent when the occasion arises for proclaiming themselves truly Catholic. It is the great work of youth to defend the right of God and the Church against the assaults of the world.

FUTURE'S OUTLOOK

"The liveliness and sincerity of your filial devotion is fully proved by this demonstration, beloved sons! Not distance nor difficulties of a long and tedious journey, nor the uncertainties attendant upon housing or any other motives have contributed to prevent you from coming to the Tomb of the great Prince of the Apostles, and exhibiting your spirit of piety on the spots where martyrs suffered in the arena of the Coliseum. May the prophecy that the youths of the Twentieth Century will prove worthy of the example of the youth of the Coliseum, the Christians of the primitive age? There will be only this difference,—that you will not be forced to hide in the Catacombs, but will stand in the public amphitheatre. You will come forth gladly to contest, not with the lions of the Coliseum but with the lions of human respect.

"The efficacy of your promises, beloved Sons, We confide to the protection of the Most Holy Virgin. Before her venerable image, you have renewed your protestation to stand always with Holy Mother

Church, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Your pact is as solemn as it is holy. You should have every confidence that the White Queen of the Pyrenees with her powerful intercession will make the way clear, because she is not alone a powerful, but a loving Mother."

The Holy Father then bestowed the Papal Benediction on the vast multitude of youths, and in his carriage, was escorted to the Vatican by the great army of young men who walked in solemn and reverent procession along the way.—The Pilot.

FIRST MARNE VICTORY

MASS CELEBRATED AT MEAUX TO COMMEMORATE EVENT

Paris.—The seventh anniversary of the first victory of the Marne was celebrated with much ceremony in the Cathedral of Meaux, under the presidency of Mgr. Ruch, Bishop of Strasbourg, and Mgr. Pelt, Bishop of Metz. Mgr. Baudrillard was present together with M. Barthou, the Minister of War and many other representatives of the President of the Republic and the Government. Mr. Myron Herrick, Ambassador of the United States, General Pau, General Manoury, Admiral Jaures and a large number of generals, deputies, senators and prominent personalities were also present.

Mass was sung by Canon Umricht, an Army chaplain and commander of the Legion of Honor. The music was executed by the Saint Gervais singers.

Mgr. Ruch preached a remarkable sermon, in which he declared that it was legitimate to commemorate in the cathedral a victory which was the victory of God.

He explained the idea that God is the father of all men, that he receives them all alike, both the conquerors and the conquered, but that his moral law judges them according to the feelings which guide them.

In the afternoon M. Barthou, Minister of War, presented the cross of the Legion of Honor to the city of Meaux, and made a speech. Pilgrimages were made to the battlefields and the tombs of the fallen heroes.

KYLEMORE CHAPEL DEDICATED

Dublin.—The chapel at Kylemore Castle, the new home of the Benedictine nuns, has just been solemnly dedicated to the Sacred Heart by the Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, Archbishop of Tuam.

In the course of an impressive sermon, His Grace dwelt on the labors of the Benedictine sisters for civilization, education and learning as an integral part of European history. Their motto was Peace. "May I," added His Grace, "in passing, express a hope that their coming amongst us will synchronize with the immediate advent of the peace that we are all praying for."

In their beautiful convent in Connemara the daughter of a high-class boarding school. In this school young girls will be prepared for family and social life.

COST \$5,000,000

Kylemore Castle was erected by a Protestant, and was in Protestant ownership until its acquisition by the Benedictine nuns. It was built many years ago by Mr. Mitchell Henry, son of one of the merchant princes of Manchester. Close on \$5,000,000 were spent on its erection. Mr. Henry was a surgeon, but he inherited a considerable fortune and retired from professional practice. He was so greatly struck with the beauty of the scenery at Kylemore in Galway that he purchased the entire district and built his Kylemore Castle, one of the wonders of the west—a fairy palace in the Connemara Highlands.

Such is the new home of the Benedictine Dames of Ypres. Protestant as Mr. Henry was, in the midst of a strongly Celtic and Catholic peasantry he found that his religious opinions raised no barrier between him and the confidence and affection of this simple and kindly people. He sympathized with the people and was liberal towards the poor.

FORMER OWNER A HOME RULER

What became known in Ireland as the "Home Rule Movement" was first launched in 1870. In the following year Mr. Mitchell-Henry presented himself as a Home Ruler for the representation of Galway in Parliament. He was returned without a contest. The incident created quite a stir in the world of Irish politics.

Through its two principal owners, America can claim associations with Kylemore. Patrick Henry, the well-known philanthropist of Philadelphia, was a relative of the founder of Kylemore Castle. In succession to Mitchell-Henry, the principal proprietor of Kylemore was the Duke of Manchester and his American wife, a daughter of

the late Eugene Zimmerman. The old name is no longer retained, Kylemore Castle is now the "Irish Benedictine Abbey."

The part of the building dedicated as a church to the Sacred Heart was used by Mr. Mitchell-Henry as a place of worship for himself and his family. For Mr. Henry himself the priests and people had, said Archbishop Gilmartin, the greatest esteem. The Archbishop added:

"I feel that if Mr. Henry could now express a wish it would be that he would prefer to see that Church handed over to the Irish Benedictine Dames rather than that it should be left untenanted and voiceless."

CATHOLICS RECOVERING MANSIONS

This remarkable transformation is symptomatic of what is happening today in Ireland. In an age not long departed great Catholic families were despoiled of their possessions. Catholics were deprived of their churches. These churches were then handed over to the Protestant community. Recently many of the mansions formerly occupied by Protestants have been acquired not by force but in the ordinary commercial and peaceful way by Catholics. Some of these purchases have been made by religious orders. Throughout the land Catholics have built their own churches. Since the War the erection of more churches has been undertaken or projected.

PAPACY'S PRESENT PRESTIGE

Probably no result of the World War has greater world significance—certainly none has been so surprising to those not of the Faith—than the increased prestige of the Vatican.

During the War it was believed quite generally that the Vatican had suffered loss of influence. This popular international conviction was strengthened when the Vatican was denied representation in the Peace Conference.

The exclusion of the Vatican from the Peace Conference came about through the secret agreement of April, 1915, by which Italy made the Vatican's non-participation in the making of peace a condition of her entrance into the War on the side of the Allies.

Italy evidently was determined that the Papal power should not be augmented through the War, and Great Britain and France became parties to the policy of the Italian Government.

With the Vatican unrepresented in the Peace Conference and unable to influence the War settlements, the Italian Government must have felt quite satisfied that the Vatican's political power could not be extended.

But the unbelievable has happened. How astonishingly the purpose of Italy to discredit the Vatican has failed is set forth strikingly by Mr. L. J. S. Wood in The Atlantic Monthly for September.

"Before the War," says Mr. Wood, "the Holy See had diplomatic relations with a dozen States; now it has such relations, either sending a representative or receiving one, or, in the large majority of cases, by sending and receiving, with twenty-five. Quality, too, has increased, as well as quantity. Before the War Rome sent to foreign powers only five nuncios, including those of the second-class, and two internuncios; it received only two ambassadors and twelve ministers of foreign States. Now it sends out nineteen nuncios and five internuncios, receiving eight ambassadors and seven ministers. Governments which had no relations have established them. Governments which had broken off relations have restored them. Governments which had second-class relations have raised them to first-class."

The British Empire has converted its special mission, established in 1914, into a permanent legation. Holland, which in the Spring of 1915 carried through Parliament the proposal to send a representative to the Holy See, on the ground that it was the country's special and vital interest that peace should be brought about as soon as possible, has made its relations permanent, instead of having a subordinate share in the nuncio at Brussels. Among the governments which had broken off relations with the Vatican and which since the War have restored them, France is the outstanding figure. The German Embassy has replaced the Prussian Legation, and Belgium, Chile, Brazil, and Peru also have raised their legations to the full rank of embassies. Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, new countries which have risen from the War, have established diplomatic relations with the Vatican.

What is the explanation of this remarkable phenomenon? Why are the governments which, during the War, rejected and despised the Vatican's counsels to peace, now so anxious to get into its good graces? It will be contended that on the part of some governments the Vati-

can's good will is sought solely to serve their political purposes in the lands over which they have acquired physical control and where the people give spiritual allegiance to the Pope. This is undoubtedly true in some instances. But the greatly increased influence of the Vatican since the War cannot, we think, be attributed wholly to national selfish considerations. It goes deeper than that. The nations would not be much concerned about bettering their stand with the Vatican if they did not realize with impressive force that the Vatican has greatly bettered its position with mankind.

There is no mystery about how this was done. When the victors were concerning themselves chiefly over reparations and distribution of the spoils, the Vatican was concerning itself with the binding up of wounds, the relief of distress, and the administration of spiritual consolation to all who were bereft and sorrowing. Amid the encircling gloom it was the one kindly light.

The Pope was kept away from the peace table but through his fatherly impartiality and his diligence in providing aid and comfort for the living victims of the great catastrophe, he found a welcome in the hearts of all men of good will. And thus his power was increased and his enemies confounded.

Just recently a Deputy of Italy, whose government insisted on the Pope's exclusion from the conference to make peace, lamented in the Italian Chamber that Italy was the only power of importance in the world that was unrepresented at the Vatican, a condition, he declared, which was most unfortunate for Italy and ought to be remedied. And since then there have been many signs that Italy is disposed to seek better relations with the Vatican.

The world, quite manifestly, is spiritually sick. Never has it seen in greater need of spiritual comfort and guidance. Where could it turn more hopefully for these helpful ministrations than to the one power which has survived the political cataclysms of all the centuries past, which has its grant of spiritual authority from Christ, and His pledge of perpetuity?

CHURCH AND STATE ARE SEPARATED IN PRUSSIA

Berlin, September 29.—Formal separation of the Church and State in Prussia, marking the abandonment of a policy that has been maintained since 1555, when the adherents of the Augsburg Confession recognized the principle, "cuius regio, ejus religio," is now an accomplished fact.

The chief executive of the State, who up to this week has been the head of the Protestant Church, has been replaced in the latter capacity by an assembly of 192 delegates from all the provinces, including sixty-four clergymen.

The new constitution, under which Prussia is governed, calls for the separation of Church and State, and the appointment of an assembly to replace the chief executive as head of church affairs marks the application of this provision.

That the change in the status of the Protestant Church will mean much for Catholicity seems certain to all close observers of the religious situation. Prussia, before the War had about 68% Protestant population and 32% Catholic.

THE MYSTIC K. K. K.

Many zealous subscribers to America have written terse, if not angry, letters to the editor, demanding that "he do something about the Ku Klux Klan." But what is the editor to do? In the first place, the New York World has conducted its campaign against the nefarious society so intelligently and effectively that the only rests is the Attorney General of the United States. To him it belongs to call to the bar of justice those men and women who, under the guise of patriotism, have flouted the fundamental principles of Americanism, in the interest of money and religious strife. Then, too, what part can America have with an ex-preacher who condemns Catholics for alleged allegiance to a foreign potentate, but tricks himself out with a crown and demands that his dupes pronounce an unlawful oath of submission to him? Nor are some of his chief helpmates in better grace. Immoral to a degree unknown outside the underworld, they yet protest themselves defenders of the chastity of women. And so on through a whole array of disgusting facts. Such people cannot injure the Catholic Church, but themselves only. As for the majority of our people, are too patriotic and too honest to tolerate for long the existence of such an organization as the Ku Klux Klan. Peace, then, to the emotions of many excited people. The Klan has come, the Klan will go, but Church and State will remain.—America.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In New York City Library, 101 University place, is the oldest public library in the United States. It was established in 1754.

With 31 countries now represented by embassies or legations at the Vatican, the diplomatic influence of the Holy See is the greatest, perhaps, in the history of the Church.

Some of the first American colonists in the settlement of Liberia were Catholic negroes from Maryland, the 100th anniversary of whose settlement will be celebrated this year.

Representatives of fifteen nations attended a convention which drew over 3,000 Czech-Slovak Catholic alumni and students to Prague recently, to found a society for spreading education among the laity.

Catholic clergymen of Austria and all church employes and servants are virtually placed on the federal salary list by a bill adopted by the budget committee with the support of the combined pan-Germans and Christian Socials over the Social Democrats.

When Bishop Boyle, of Pittsburg, was consecrated he became the ordinary of a diocese of 300,000 persons, speaking seventeen languages. Every quarter of the population. Here is proof indeed of the Catholicity of Catholicism.

For 15 days the old city of Burgos, the ancient capital of Castile, celebrated with unusual splendor the seven hundredth anniversary of the foundation of its famous cathedral, the finest example of Spanish ogival art, which even excels the famous cathedrals of Toledo and Leon.

The oldest University under the American flag is that of Saint Thomas, Manila. It was founded in 1611, by the Dominicans, who still conduct it. It preceded Harvard by twenty-five years and it has larger faculties than Harvard.

One hundred years ago there were eight Catholic settlements outside of Egypt in the whole African continent. Today there are 95 dioceses, vicariates or prefectures, with about 4,000 priests and nearly 4,000,000 Catholics.

Cincinnati, O., October 3.—The Catholic University in Washington is given \$5,000 and Pope Benedict is given \$50,000 through provisions of the will of Miss Mary Agnes Lincoln, filed for probate here. The major portion of the estate of \$85,000 is left to Catholic institutions.

Georgetown University has been named by the United States War Department as one of thirty-four educational institutions to be known as "distinguished colleges and honor military schools, respectively, for the year 1921." The recognition gives each college and university the right to one appointment virtually without examination to the regular army each year.

Catholics employed on the estate of James R. Mellon, brother of Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, and Catholics living in the neighborhood are to be provided with facilities for religious services, including a Catholic chapel on wheels. Similar provision is to be made for Mr. Mellon's employes and neighbors of other religious faiths.

Working class opinions, says The Missionary, is largely formed by workmen; he has received intellectual training. Catholic workmen, members of unions, would soon be a mighty force for good if they devoted a little time each week to the study of social questions under the light of the Catholic lamp.

Prague, September 15.—The Catholics throughout Czechoslovakia have risen to defend their rights for a Catholic school supported by the State. Hundreds of mass meetings were held by the Czech Catholics to present this demand in a forceful manner to the Government. In view of the intolerable persecution that Catholic children are subjected to in schools by the terrorism of the radical teachers, Catholics feel this demand is a just one. Furthermore, over seventy per cent. of the population is Catholic, according to the latest census. The radical anti-Catholic element is opposing the Catholic proposal.

London, September 28.—Instructions given by Sir Ernest Cassel, intimate friend of the late King Edward VII., that his funeral be held from the Jesuit church, Farm street, and that his interment be in the Catholic section of Kensal cemetery, have been taken as proof that he died a Catholic. Sir Ernest during his life time was generally believed to be a Jew in race and faith, though he never publicly identified himself with Judaism or any other religious body. Sir Ernest Cassel was among the richest men in England and probably in all the world. His granddaughter is already being hailed by the English press as the wealthiest heiress in Great Britain.

TWO

THE RED ASCENT

BY ESTHER W. NEILL

CHAPTER II

HIS HOME COMING

The next day, late in the afternoon, Richard arrived at his own home station. There was no one to meet him. The old freight agent, who hobbled leisurely out of the baggage-room every time a train rattled by, stared curiously at the impressive-looking stranger, and then said with a toothless smile: "Reckon you got off at the wrong station, sir."

"Hope not," answered Richard humorously. "But it seems to be a habit of mine. Ought to have arrived a year or two ago. Your Southern trains are slow."

The old man relieved his puzzled state of mind by sending a carefully aimed spray of tobacco juice arching toward an empty crate.

"The country is growing, sir," he said, "but this ain't no place for drummers. Money is tight and scarce. There ain't been no real prosperity here since Abe Lincoln freed the niggers. Deacons and Swedes and such ain't coming here to work when New York's opening its arms of sin and greed right there at the boat dock."

"I haven't even the distinction of being a drummer," said Richard. "I'm just a down-and-outer coming home."

"Home!" the old man's sparse chin whiskers and sharp nose nearly met as he squinted his dull eyes to discover a resemblance. "You ain't Dick Matterson, who's studying to be a preacher?"

"You've guessed it," said Richard carelessly. "I've given that up to come home and run the farm."

The old man cackled a laugh. "Lord! I knowed that preaching was only a passing notion. The Mattersons ain't that kind. I've known 'em root and branch for over fifty years. I was in your pa's regiment—one of the first to enlist. I tell you he was a fighter, and he could swear harder than any man in the regiment. Swear black and blue, with the bullets whizzing around him like hail. Don't believe he'd know how to pray at the judgment seat! When they picked him up at Gettysburg with his leg shot in two, he was still a swearing. But I reckon he didn't mean no disrespect to the Almighty. Your pa is a great man, and we young fellows in them days would have followed him into hell fire, I reckon. We were in some mighty tight places. Caught in a ridge of rocks one day with a skirmish line of Yanks on either side. I don't want no hotter place than that. But the Colonel was as cool as you please. Lit his old corncob pipe—ever gentlemen smoked them in those days—didn't have nothing else—and he climbed up on that there ridge and signalled for help down the valley. Yanks thought there was a whole army behind the hill and they lit out. Signalling down the valley was his box. Colonel knewed there was n't another regiment of Confeds nearer than twenty-five miles."

"I've heard of the signalling," said Richard quietly.

"Reckon you have," said the ragged old soldier. "Reckon everybody's heard of it. Your pa's a great man. Used to call him the 'Fighting Bantam' in them days, 'cause he was undersized, and all the other Mattersons have been tall men like you. Reckon you favor your grandfather; he stood six feet three in his socks; he was a Mexican War veteran; your pa sure was a great soldier, a great man."

"Thanks," said Richard genially, holding out his hand. "Every son likes to hear his father praised. Come and see us. The Colonel will be glad to have you. I know."

"Well, I ain't sure of that," said the old man reflectively, wiping his mouth on his coat-sleeve. "I ain't nothing but poor white, and I know my place. Musn't get into a regiment of nothing, and parlor visitors is another."

Richard smiled. He had held so many heated debates on the equality of man, the absurdity of social distinctions in a democracy, and he had been leading the academic life so long, that he had almost forgotten the old South's taut lines of aristocracy.

"Nonsense," he said aloud, patting the old man on the back. "You are both of you together. I thought my sister would drive over to meet me. I sent a telegram."

"Reckon you did," agreed the old fellow reminiscently. "So that was your telegram? Reckon you can find it lying on the desk in the office. The operator had a spell of cramps and had to go home. He said the telegram was n't important, no weddings nor deaths, and he never did believe in people telegraphing about nothing."

Richard laughed.

"It's good for a man to realize his own nothingness. I forgot I lived in a country where they sent telegrams by mail. I'll leave my grip here until tomorrow. It's a little too heavy for a four-mile tramp. Good-by to you."

The old man straightened up and gave the military salute.

"Tell the Colonel you seen Jeb Jackson," he said.

Some of Richard's natural joviality returned to him as he strode along the moist brown roadway. The first poignant sense of dis-

appointment had passed. Since he had to break away from the life that most attracted him, he would not play the coward, the shirker, the grumbler. His duty seemed so clearly outlined that it did not offer even the privilege of choice.

The air was fresh and full of the delicious earthy odors of early spring. Richard wondered a little at his own unexpected sense of elation. By nature introspective, the past two years had added to his habit of self-examination. He had experienced many moods since the receipt of his nearest approach to anything like contentment. It had been hard to be called from the congenial atmosphere of study, from the preparation for his life-work, a life planned for the service of others. His own bodily necessities had seemed too slight to need consideration. Ever since those thoughtful days of his boyhood he had dreamed of going out in the world as a warrior, at first as an armoured knight of romance battling for the dusty high-road, or fighting his way across slippery moats to rescue sickly maidens from cold castle towers. Then, out of the haze of these medieval ambitions, had come a definite desire to grapple with the more subtle powers in his own complex civilization; to denounce the greed, to demand justice and ignore ignorance, to demand preventive for labor, to study measures that would relieve the multitudinous forms of suffering, while all the time he struggled to infuse a sense of the supernatural into the material mass, arming men against despair with the strength and knowledge of their own immortality.

But the great dream was ended. He must go down into the competitive world, and plan like a million other men for the immediate needs of himself and his family.

There had been some satisfaction in his departure from the seminary, that he hoped to offset the tragedy of the leave-taking. His teachers had expressed such genuine regret; the students had crowded around him, full of sorrowing sympathy; Jeff Wilcox's loyalty had cheered him, and the old freight agent had contributed, all unconsciously, to lessen the darkness of his homecoming.

For between Richard and his father there had never been any real companionship or affection. The Colonel's spirit was martial, and since that dismal day at Appomattox, finding no legitimate outlet, it had exploited itself in acts of small tyranny in the household. The loss of his leg at Gettysburg had given him all the selfish privileges of an invalid. He did not care to read; he had always considered manual labor degrading. He loved horses and dogs and the excitement of riding to hounds—the fact that he had an artificial leg had never deterred him from reckless feats of horsemanship.

Richard did not resemble his father in any way, for he had inherited much of his mother's gentleness; he grew to be a bookish, dreamy boy, and the indolent Colonel, disapproving of such development, soon fell into the habit of ignoring him. Twice they had come to open warfare—only ten years when Richard was only ten years old. The boy was held out protecting arms to a little fox that was nearly spent with running, and had hidden it in the hay loft while the eager, red-mouthed hounds sniffed around the barnyard fence, and the merry hunters came riding from the woods to question him.

It had required courage to stand his ground and confess to them what he had done; but, forgetting himself, he had pleaded so hard for the life of the little animal that one of the young ladies of the party added her entreaties to his, and because she was the belle and beauty of the county, not one man ventured an objection, and she led them laughing away, promising them roast turkey and dumplings if they would return and dine with her.

When the Colonel heard of the episode his face turned an appoplectic purple—that a son of his should interfere with the gentlemanly sport of his friends and neighbors was an unforgivable offence. He stormed and swore at the trembling boy, and struck him so hard with his clenched fist that Richard bore the bruise for days.

The next difficulty between them did not occur until some time later. The Colonel was going duck-shooting, and, in a rare mood of paternal interest, had decided to take Richard with him. Richard had been trained by his mother to an attitude of respectful obedience, so he made no objection to his father's suggestion. Even when the Colonel ordered him to wade out into the shallow river to pick up a wounded bird that had fallen and floated a little beyond their reach, he turned up his trousers and went in without complaint, though the water at the edges showed films of ice.

The Colonel had made a fire on the shore, and while he busied himself whittling sticks to a point preparatory to roasting the duck, camp fashion, he told Richard to dress the bird, and they would have it for breakfast. The boy glanced at the Colonel, then at the bird, and without warning, fainted at his father's feet.

The Colonel looked down upon him without compassion. That the son of an intrepid soldier should faint at the sight of blood was not to be regarded as an idiosyncrasy, but as a grievous fault in character. When the boy slowly regained consciousness, the Colonel proceeded to discipline him by sending him home in disgrace without his breakfast. The injustice of the punishment left an indelible mark upon the sensitive boy's mind.

Betty was more like her father. She had been left motherless when she was very young, and the Colonel's personality had impressed itself upon her. She had had few educational advantages. For a short time she had been taught by an assortment of frivolous governesses, who were seeking matrimonial opportunities in the village. Later she spent one or two years at a "Polite Institute for Young Females," where the curriculum consisted chiefly of piano practice and embroidering floral pillow tops. Both accomplishments Betty had abhorred, so one night, without asking leave of absence, she returned to her father. Her conduct was considered so reprehensible that she was promptly expelled. Since the Colonel hated to return, the expulsion was altogether supererogatory. This experience had brought her education to an abrupt conclusion.

As Richard reached the long, poplar-shaded avenue that led to the old Matterson mansion, he stopped for a moment shocked at the desolate appearance of his home. A tree, rotten at the heart, had fallen across the driveway, and no one seemed to have had the energy to remove it. One of the white pillars of the portico was propped up with a rough wooden beam; shutters sagged from their hinges, the window-panes in the west wing were broken out, and part of the chimney had fallen, scattering the shingles of the roof.

"God help us!" said Richard, striding on more quickly.

He had not before fully realized the real poverty of his family. Now that he saw, every personal regret for his own future was laid aside; his one desire was to plunge in and remedy this pitiful situation. He had been home but seldom during the past eight years, for he had been late in entering college, and his whole course had been a struggle to pay his way through. His father had told him frankly that he could give him no assistance. At the time this had seemed a hardship, for the Colonel had inherited a small competence after the war that enabled him to live with some show of feudal grandeur; he had servants, horses, a well-tilled farm, and ready money in the bank, but he was not willing to sacrifice any of his luxuries to aid or abet the impractical "bookishness" of his son. A few years later, when Richard wrote and announced that his historical studies had led him to become a Catholic, the Colonel was more than ever bewildered. A religious son was worse than a studious one, and both were incomprehensible.

The Colonel had only the vaguest ideas of supernatural truths. He was a gentleman, a gentleman could not lie, nor steal, nor turn traitor to his friends—a gentleman never did anything dishonorable; he preserved his honor at all costs, at pistol point or sword's end if need be. The Mattersons had been wise statesmen, great soldiers, hospitable neighbors. He lived consistently up to this creed, leaving, he said, the praying to the women and the rest to God Almighty.

Without any monetary help from home, even Richard's vacations had been busy ones. He possessed a patient genius for teaching, and a certain captivating charm for his fellow-students, so that he was always in demand as a tutor. Several times he had gone to Europe with backward boys, who had to be "coached" all summer while they toured the continent with their strenuous families. Richard's visits home had thus been few and far between, and then his mother and good half-doubtful of his welcome. Now he blamed himself remorselessly for his neglect of his family, tolerantly forgetful of the Colonel's disregard of him. The old freight agent had done much to help him to this contrite mood, and the fact that he had hitherto seemed superfluous, added to the joy that all unselfish souls experience when they enter a wide field of usefulness, and realize that their presence is essential.

As he neared the house four setter dogs ran out, barking at his heels. Betty followed, shading her eyes from the sunset glare that she might better see the approaching stranger.

She was a slight figure standing against the dark of the doorway; her small feet in thick tan shoes that buckled high above her ankles, her mud-stained corduroy skirt grazing their tops; a middie blouse open at the throat, and an old gray sweater flung about her shoulders, the sleeves tucked around her neck to keep it from slipping off; her curling black hair was caught in a loose knot. It would have been hard to tell whether she was child or woman. Richard tried to remember her age. He had always made a point of sending her some small memento on her birthday. She had been twenty-two last March. He hurried up the three steps that led to the wide brick portico, and lifting her in his arms kissed her and cried out, "Stop—stop—let me go. The Colonel will shoot you for this!"

"You little spitfire!" he laughed. "Don't you know your own brother, Betty? Didn't you tell me to come home?"

She flung her arms about him, crying half hysterically. "You frightened me to death, Dick. Why didn't you telegraph that you were coming?"

"I did."

"But we didn't get it."

"They didn't consider it worth delivering."

"Jeb Jackson is an old fool," said Betty, stamping her foot. "He's always joking his long nose into other people's business, and deciding what is best for them. He's the biggest gossip in the village."

"Men don't gossip, Betty," said Richard, his eyes twinkling.

"Men love gossip," said she with great finality. "They won't acknowledge it, but they always encourage it. Now if you had only sent us word you were coming, I would have come to meet you. Why, you don't look at all like I thought you would look."

"I can't have changed so much in two years."

"But you have," insisted Betty, holding him out at arm's length. "The year you left college you had a half-grown Vandyke. Now—Well, you must have shaved on the train. Your face is as smooth as mine."

"Not as smooth as yours, Betty dear."

"And you look—you look quite human. Not at all like a preacher."

"But I'm not a preacher, Betty. I'm glad you're not," she said. "It's almost worth our financial failure to have you home."

He regarded her tenderly. "I did not know you cared."

"I do care. I need a brother dreadfully to take me to parties and dances and things. You really are very good looking. I'm quite proud of you. I'm sure the other girls will be crazy about you."

"Work will save me from that calamity," he said, without greeting of any kind. "I want to put a proposition before you."

"Yes?" he replied. "What is it?"

"You expect to rule our Stanton Hall when I die. Mind I am not going to do so just yet."

"I hope not," he ejaculated. "You lie, my uncle ejaculated. Well, here is my offer. If you marry Lena Fordyce, the estate is yours."

"Lena Fordyce? Why I scarcely know her!" he replied in bewilderment.

"Fordyce's sister," my uncle said; and I recollected the lady and her appearance.

"No," I said after a pause. "No, I won't marry Miss Fordyce."

"Then the man raged and swore; and I rose in disgust and opened the door. A word of his stayed me with my hand on the knob of the door and I noticed a man pass along the corridor. He had evidently heard the noise in the room."

"You'll rue it, you fool!" my uncle cried. "You'll never inherit an acre or penny of mine!"

"I don't want to," I replied shortly. "Perhaps it is you who will regret taking—"

"I was angry, but not angry enough not to notice that the man in the corridor had paused to listen, and I don't want any more interviews. I ended, and closed the door, the man in the corridor subsequently swore, with a bang."

"I walked the long distance to my lodgings slowly. In spite of what I had said I had never ceased to hope that Stanton Hall should come to me. God knows, though, I was sorry for my cousins' deaths. But my father, the younger of the twin brothers by a few minutes, had liked to talk of a brief visit traditions, and during a brief visit to it, in the lifetime of Bill and Arthur, I had admired the old Tudor mansion with its quaint rooms, and twisted chimneys, set amid the hoary oaks and giant elms. The Stanton had conformed to the new religion in the days of Queen Bess; but there was a story set down of how Dame Stanton had sheltered a Massing-priest in the persecution of that reign, and had resolutely refused to give him up to the search party."

"The widowed lady possessed four stout sons and a resolute spirit. Father Ayton was saved, only to die a martyr two years later. When leaving Stanton Hall he blessed the family and said:

"A Massing-priest, the Stanton race Shall oft from dangers free; And the old faith be theirs when one Escapes the gallows-tree."

"Don't laugh, Hugh."

"I haven't the least inclination to do so," Westman said. "Didn't I tell you I was converted to Catholicity in a hut on the west coast of Africa, when I lay ill of fever, by the French priest who doctored both body and soul?"

"Oh! Well, I must hasten on. The night I interviewed my uncle he was stabbed to death in the hotel. I needn't go into all the circumstances that gave the police the belief that I was the murderer. There was the noisy interview between us; and the man who had passed along the corridor swore he saw me quitting the hotel hastily at half past twelve o'clock at night. The coroner's jury committed me for trial. In my rooms a long dagger was found that might easily have made the fatal wound."

"I was besides in sore want of money; and I could see that my

Westman nodded, with a faint smile on his lips.

"I came in for some hard times, old man. Many a night I went hungry to bed, and I shifted my lodgings as my funds dwindled lower and lower. Then my cousins were drowned. In some inexplicable way Uncle came to hold me responsible for their tragic fate, and he certainly came to hate me."

"The estate, you know, was not entailed, and he could have bestowed the property on whom he wished. It appears he made several wills. In one I was sole legatee; in another I was bequeathed to the State. Another left everything to his steward, Alan Fordyce. This man had come to possess extraordinary power over his master."

"Was Mr. Stanton mad?" Westman asked.

"No. The medical men said not. I suppose it was natural that he should dislike me. Indeed, he had never shown me any partiality."

"My own affairs had been going badly, and I occupied lodgings in a poor suburban district, where the houses were like as peas in a pod. Editors had been unusually hard to satisfy in the matter of the pot-boilers that kept me from absolute starvation while I kept pegging away at the novel that was, I hoped, to make a name. It by the way, never did."

Hugh Westman gave a grunt, as the speaker paused to shake the ashes from his cigar.

"I was surprised when I was summoned by my uncle to the hotel he stopped in during his infrequent and short visits to the metropolis. The hour fixed for my visit was 9 o'clock at night, and when I reached the hotel I was shown by an attendant to Mr. Stanton's private sitting-room. It was one of many on a long corridor. My uncle had dined and was awaiting my appearance. He looked ill. His face was purplish and drawn."

"Sit down," he said, without greeting of any kind. "I want to put a proposition before you."

"Yes?" I replied. "What is it?"

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"I hope not," I said, ejaculated. "You lie, my uncle ejaculated. Well, here is my offer. If you marry Lena Fordyce, the estate is yours."

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"I was besides in sore want of money; and I could see that my

legal advisers were not very hopeful of their case. My long confinement had left me so dispirited and hopeless that I ceased to care very much how my trial went.

"It was on the last day of the trial when all the witnesses had been examined that a priest, Father Loughran, came into the witness-box. The priest had been away for a long holiday in his home in the west of Ireland, and had heard nothing there of the murder."

"What had he to say?" Westman asked, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"Father Loughran had been attending a fellow countryman who was dying of rapid consumption in the house next to the one I lived in. He got a sudden summons that night just after he had gone to bed, instead of entering the house where the poor boy was dying, he came into the house where I boarded. He had found the door on the latch and rushed up the narrow stairs. My room corresponded in position to that of the sick boy. I was sleeping in an old rod-chair with my right hand resting on the table where a lamp burned. You see that old mark on my wrist. The priest noticed it. He went out without rousing me, attended his penitent, and next day set out for Ireland where he remained for over two months. His health was bad."

"His evidence, clear and decisive, led to a verdict of 'not guilty.' The jury never left the box. Father Loughran had looked at his watch as he left the house. It was exactly thirty minutes past midnight."

"I became a Catholic almost at once. And as my uncle had destroyed all previous wills I succeeded him as next-of-kin."

"And the real murderer? Did he escape?" Hugh asked.

"He escaped me," Paul Stanton replied slowly. "But he was struck down by a traction-engine, and before he died he confessed he had killed Mr. Stanton. The man was the steward, Fordyce. His accounts were all wrong, and he feared—quite mistakenly—as it turned out—that his employer had discovered the discrepancies. Thank God, he had a day to repent in! Oh, I should say in regard to the old prophecy that I wasn't the first of the Stanton's saved from death by a priest. A priest saved my father from drowning, and further back a squire of Stanton returning from a dinner-party drove his mare and trap over a steep embankment. He was seen by a priest returning from a sick-call. Now for bed!"

"And your novel?" Hugh asked.

"Was never finished—and won't be. I was never a genius."

"So much the better," Hugh growled as he rose. "There are too many such in the world."

THE REAL MEXICAN PROBLEM

Eber Cole Blynn in America

No discussion of any phase of the Mexican problem can be serious or enlightening which does not involve the religion of the people as an important, if not the most important, factor. Mexico is Catholic, and so thoroughly so that after a century of bloody revolutionary efforts to uproot the Catholic Faith, the non-Catholics are so few as to constitute less than one per cent. of the population. There are some who would try, by quibbling arguments, to show that the Catholicism of Mexico is something different from the rest of the Catholic world. But these efforts deceive only those who wish to be deceived.

For a hundred years Mexico has been in the hands of a succession of revolutionary Governments, most of which have based their reason for being upon the declared purpose to destroy the Catholic Church. Catholics have been persecuted constantly and persistently, themselves calumniated, and their Faith reviled and ridiculed. Prominent Catholics have been exiled in thousands and their properties confiscated; the clergy have been suffered every character of martyrdom; and religious women have suffered a fate such as only the most brutally savage of men will inflict. The churches with their sacred objects have been subjected repeatedly to the most diabolical sacrilege, and the numerous educational and beneficent institutions have been closed just as repeatedly by revolutionary factions, to be confiscated and their endowments stolen by such Governments as felt themselves powerful enough to perpetrate such crimes.

Every effort has been made, and the most tyrannical methods employed, to suppress every institution of learning wherein the teaching of the Catholic Faith formed a part of the instruction given. Constitutions have been adopted, and laws have been passed, having for their object the complete and permanent crushing out of every suggestion of Catholicism. And the later Governments have been so frankly atheistic as to taboo even the mention of God by any of their officials.

That there are any Catholics at all in Mexico is a wonder; that there are as many as there are is a miracle. Let us consider the figures. The census of 1910 gave Mexico a population of 15,150,369. The Protestant missionary organizations working in Mexico claimed a total of 21,771 "communicants," and the grand total of "adherents" of all ages was but 92,156. And these were not all Mexicans by any

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means, because the large foreign population at that time contributed a considerable number of the "adherents" claimed. The declared free-thinkers and atheists numbered 25,011, while those classed as "unknown" are given as 20,015. If to the numbers claimed by the missionaries we add these, and include the Mohammedans, Buddhists, Jews, and "others," we have a grand total of 149,850, less than one per cent. of the total population of the country. This is the most astonishing fact in all Mexico.

The better class Mexicans are firmly and sincerely Catholic. The middle class Mexicans are equally so, though from this class have come the few deserters from their Faith, and these prefer atheism to any form of Protestantism. Even the poor and lowly of the countryside cling stubbornly to their Church. This has left only the unfortunates of the city slums as subjects for the Protestant missionaries, who, lacking any spiritual attractions, have held out material inducements, paying small sums to the poor they could hire to attend their services, and later dispensing from their abundance food and clothing and schooling, all of which the Mexican clergy could not do because prohibited by law and inhibited by poverty.

For half a century the Protestant missionaries have flocked into Mexico, spending millions, and practically subsidized by the Government, for it gave them churches taken from the Catholic Mexicans. Yet for all their efforts and their millions they can show but a miserable little group of apostates, most of whom, when chilled with the shadow of death, will call for a Catholic priest and endeavor to make their peace with God.

The Protestant missionaries hailed the Carranza revolution as a heaven-sent instrument for the destruction of the Catholic Church, and in spite of the fact that the movement was entirely an outburst of organized criminality and bestial villainy, they supported it before the American people on the platform and in the press, in all of which they were effectively assisted by the publicity agents of the Administration in Washington. In many States in Mexico the clergy, pitifully few at best, were driven out, the occasional individual remaining being in disguise and in peril of his life. Later they returned, though they are subjected to such various petty persecutions as the fancy of the Socialist authorities may suggest. Only recently an Archbishop, when passing from his residence to a waiting automobile, was arrested for wearing his cassock.

In addition to engaging in personal persecution, the Socialists are attacking the proprietary interests represented by schools, hospitals, and other beneficent institutions. Let religious instruction be given in the institution or a religious person have access to it, as in a hospital, and the authorities will seize the place under the pretext that it is church property. If the property be owned by some private person, it may be taken out of hand, unless some powerful influence exists to intervene and secure a respite. In some places corporations were organized to hold these properties, and there the Government has resorted to the sardonic joke of a pretended law-suit, carrying the matter to the so-called supreme court, where, of course, the owners lose. Even Socialists themselves will laugh at anyone expecting to find other than one-sided justice in a Socialist supreme court. In one State alone the values of these institutions are variously estimated at from ten to twenty millions. That Catholic schools, hospitals, and other institutions should have been established to that extent in the face of a hostile Government and prohibitory laws speaks volumes for the charity and liberality of the Mexicans and is eloquent testimony to their efforts to educate their children.

It was the values invested in these institutions during the Spanish regime that excited the criminal greed of the so-called Liberals of the past century. With varying fortunes they fought until the armed assistance of the United States enabled them to triumph under the leadership of Juarez.

To justify themselves and their enterprise, Juarez and his fellow-bandits invented and circulated the most abominable falsehoods against their enemies, principally for circulation in the United States, whose prejudices were well understood and whose aid was necessary to success. These falsehoods have passed into history and are accepted as true by the average American, though but little investigation is needed to discover how utterly baseless they are.

The ragged ruffians that acknowledged Juarez as leader committed the most outrageous crimes in their progress through the country. Outrages unnamable, pillage, and assassination were the order of the day. With the final triumph of Juarez the pillaging was reduced to a character of system under the authority of his decrees. The numerous schools, hospitals, and other institutions were closed, their inmates dispersed, their property scattered, and their funds stolen. The buildings were sold for mere trifles of their real values, were used as barracks and stables, or were left to fall into ruin. The political friends of Juarez profited, and their children, many of them,

during the last revolution, paid the penalty for the sins of their fathers in exile and poverty.

The economic ruin, the poverty, the misery, and the ignorance to which Juarez reduced his country are indescribable. And Mexico doubtless would have remained in that condition had it not been for Porfirio Diaz. But while Diaz had the intelligence to foster and favor the material development of his country by foreigners and foreign capital, he lacked either the knowledge or the courage to grant his people religious liberty. The consequence of this folly was his own overthrow, for when he needed friends he found he had none. He had none because he had rejected deliberately the good will of the vast majority of his people. The vast majority of the Mexicans are Catholics, as shown, and Diaz had offended them most grievously by enforcing the anti-religious laws and by adding to them such laws as that forbidding a religious service at a grave.

In spite of hostile laws and persecutions the Mexicans were able, during the rule of Diaz, to replace a part of the property of which they had been robbed by Juarez. Mexico became prosperous, thanks to the foreign enterprise and capital, and wealth again appeared in the country. Yet during all the reign of Diaz the Socialists were active, seeking an opportunity to start a revolution and again reduce the country to ruin. At last, aided by the armed forces of the United States, they succeeded.

Though foreigners and foreign capital suffered severely, it was the Church which bore the brunt of the attack, and while the Socialist anarchists have embodied in their constitution all the mad theories common to their school, they have given special and vicious attention to religion, devising clauses intended to drive it from the country. The great majority of Mexicans are Catholics, and the great majority of Mexicans deeply resent these wanton attacks upon that which they consider most sacred. They realize the futility of resistance, because on three important occasions their resistance has been stamped upon by the powerful United States Government. Though they are powerless to assert themselves, being unorganized and unarmed, yet they can, and always have, and always will, refuse to support any government that insists upon oppressing them. This leaves every Mexican Government dependent upon the forces it can hire, and hired forces are notoriously unstable, for they will follow the highest bidder. This accounts for the ease with which the many Governments of Mexico have been overthrown. Diaz endured for so many years because he was supported by the threat of American intervention, and when that support was withdrawn he fell.

The greatest factor in the Mexican problem is the religion of the people, who are firmly attached to their Church. It is the greatest factor because the people deeply resent the efforts to destroy it. It is the greatest factor because the people never will be satisfied until the oppressive anti-religious laws are repealed, and the same religious liberty granted as is enjoyed by all religions in the United States of America. It is the greatest factor because it is the determining factor, and it is the only factor which will solve the problem regardless of all the others.

FRANCE
CARDINAL MAURIN AND CHURCH PROPERTY

To the Faithful of his archdiocese of Lyons, Cardinal Maurin has addressed a letter, which La Croix of Paris correctly describes as a great document. The resumption of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See furnished the eminent prelate with his theme. The patriotism of a true Frenchman and the faith of a great pastor and a loyal son of the Papacy can be traced in every line. The main points of the Cardinal's letter can be thus summarized.

French Catholics, he says, have given a cordial welcome to the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Holy See. From this happy event they augur the most beneficial results both for the Church and their country. They realize that the Nuncio, chosen by Benedict XV, represents him as his envoy at Paris, adds to his extraordinary gifts of mind and heart the sincerest affection and sympathy for France. Moreover French Catholics are convinced that the higher authorities in the Government, taught as they have been by the lessons of the War, are animated by kinder sentiments towards the Catholic religion.

But, continues the Cardinal, it has been said that France, in thus renewing diplomatic relations with the Vatican, means to deal exclusively with a question of foreign policy, and that the hostile legislation which in the past was devised with such a spirit of injustice and persecution against the Church, is to undergo no change. But, even though the Government should only slightly alter the laws already passed, the Cardinal hopes that after the lessons of the War, a serious effort will be made to bring back to the country a reign of justice and peace. The Church of France, boldly adds the prelate, has been

deprived of her real estate and other goods. Other resources of that kind, she may not acquire, since the Government does not recognize in her that "civil and moral personality" which is derived from the Divine law which rules her, and from the very fact of her existence. Thus the Church finds herself in a most precarious situation. Surely L'Union Sacree, that hallowed union which, during the War, linked all Frenchmen in the defense of the country and binds them still in the task of reconstruction, does not forbid Catholics openly to express the wish that the Church should enjoy the same privileges, liberty and peace which she finds in so many other lands. Respect for that hallowed bond cannot prevent them from entertaining the desire that property acquired by Catholics and applied to definite ends, should return as speedily as possible to the purposes for which it was primarily obtained, and to which it was solemnly dedicated.

The Cardinal reminds the Faithful that episcopal and parochial properties, belonging to the Ordinaries and the parishes under the provisions of the ecclesiastical law and used strictly for ecclesiastical ends, have been taken away from them and handed over to the departments and communes for relief work. To his intense sorrow, the Cardinal has seen himself deprived—and what he says for Lyons can be said for almost every other diocese in France—of valuable real estate whose sole purpose was to promote educational and charitable work among priests and Faithful. He has been deprived of the property dedicated to the instruction of his seminarians, of Catholic boys and girls; destined for the care of aged and sick priests, of the poor and infirm. He finds it almost impossible now to come to the relief of his seminarians, his impoverished clergy, the children of whom he is the pastor. Under the pretext that all the real estate, the property, the homes and houses of which Catholics have been despoiled, must now be used for government relief work, the enemies of the Church are making a bold attempt to silence protests, and hypocritically complain that Catholics are violating the law of Christian charity when they merely claim that which by every right of justice and honor belong to them.

The Catholic Church, boldly adds the Archbishop of Lyons, does not need to be taught the lessons of charity. Least of all can she admit as her teachers those who, for the works of charity in which they may engage, never "untie their own purse-strings," but have recourse to revenues from confiscated property and homes, or draw copiously from the resources of the public treasury.

The Cardinal does not absolutely condemn what he calls "forced contributions" to the cause of charity. But far nobler does he find that charity which the Church has always exercised freely, spontaneously and in the name of love. It was the mutual love of the Christians for one another which stamped the Church as something not of earth, in the eyes of pagan and Jew in the first century. Even when the persecutions raged, the poor, the widow and the outcast were never abandoned by her. For centuries, churches and monasteries were the only asylum opened to the suffering and the poor. Today in France, countless hospitals bear the unmistakable seal, in their charters, the names they bear, the laws that govern them, the purposes to which they are dedicated, of their Catholic origin. Even when robbed and despoiled of her property and her wealth, the Catholic Church will not abdicate that mission of charity bequeathed her by her Divine Founder. In spite of the injustices of which they were the victims and the privations under which they suffered, French Catholics made a splendid contribution to the relief work so heroically undertaken by the nation during the War. The Cardinal is accused by his enemies of ignoring the laws of Christian charity. He answers that out of the funds generously contributed by the Faithful in the midst of their poverty, he has been enabled to found two orphan asylums, one for boys, another for girls, an agricultural school and an industrial high school.

Charity, adds the brave prelate, is a duty, but it must not be exercised at the expense of justice. No man offends against charity when he proclaims that the testaments of the dead are sacred and inviolable, or that real estate, homes, property, intended for specific ends, can be applied to others never thought of. As long as the Holy Father shall not have decided otherwise, it is a duty and a right to proclaim openly that church property must be restored to the Church and that those who apply that property to other purposes have no reason to complain when they face the consequences of their own acts.—America.

If you would do works meet for penance, they must proceed from a living flame of charity. If you would secure perseverance to the end, you must gain it by continual loving prayer to the Author and Finisher of faith and obedience. If you would have a good prospect of His acceptance of you in your last moments still it is love alone which secures His love, and blots out sin.—Cardinal Newman.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

There is nothing more precious than law and order. Under a wise and fair administration of the just laws of the realm and an impartial enforcement of order, men enjoy security and happiness; prosperity reigns; industry flourishes; arts and sciences attain to a high degree of development; human progress goes on unimpeded; universal contentment prevails; good will is diffused through the various social strata, and the general well-being of society is realized.

This is, indeed, a charming picture, but not in the least overdrawn; for law and order are the very basis of civilization. They constitute effective barriers against injustice and wrongdoing; they stay the atrociousness of the mighty and afford protection to the weak; they place within reach of the lowliest the means of redress against overreaching and exploitation; they curb the selfish instincts that otherwise would have free play and put a check upon unscrupulous practices to which the trusting and the unwary might succumb; they prevent society from degenerating into a jungle in which the daring prey upon the timid, and in which the untrammelled liberty of the few would quickly and infallibly compass the slavery and complete subjection of the many. Law and order are the friends of men and the guardians of civilization.

Law and order are something unspeakably sacred. To the Catholic mind they are invested with an added dignity and sanctity; because they reflect the eternal law that lives in the will of the Creator, who has ordained that the world should be governed by order and harmony. When the Catholic speaks of the majesty of the law and the sacredness of order, he uses no meaningless phrase that is glibly spoken on the tongue without arousing an echo in the heart. That combination of words is weighty with profound import and pregnant with practical consequences, one of which is the ingrained respect of the Catholic for the law and its accredited organs. That respect, in many cases, has made him submit to unjust laws that outraged his liberties and violated his rights rather than raise his hands against constituted authority. He is not found among those who take the law into their own hands or who undermine systematically the foundations of order.

Because of his reverence for the law, he deprecates everything that may bring discredit to the law and thus frustrate its beneficent action. Legalized injustice, venality and corruption among those who are chosen to uphold order he laments, since they strengthen the cause of those who aim at the overthrow of the law and government. When the law is administered in a way that it is difficult for the poor to obtain justice; when petty crime is visited with severe retribution whilst the wealthy malefactor escapes unharmed and is allowed to enjoy the fruits of his evil deeds; when the law sanctions ill-gotten privileges and protects possessions acquired by dubious methods, anarchy takes course, for that is the soil on which its harvests sprout.

If respect for the law is not completely to be wiped out in this country, those entrusted with its administration must see that it is enforced with fairness to all; that the small interests enjoy the same protection as the large ones; that the big criminal is brought to justice as well as the little one; that the impartiality of the law shines forth with the lustre of the noontide sun. Men resort to violence when the ordinary avenues of justice are closed to them.

Of this we have an illustration in the recent happenings in West Virginia. In the midst of a peaceful community, the miners have taken up arms and marched forth in battle array to gain by the use of force certain rights to which they thought themselves entitled. Federal troops had to quell the rebellion. When war breaks out in an organized State, something is radically wrong. There would appear to be some gross injustice which the local government seemed to condone or at which it connived. But even if this is the case, the violators of the peace are not justified; yet, somehow, their action is explained. It appears that in the counties infested by the rebellion practically the whole machinery of the law was in the pay of coal operators and exercised chiefly in their behalf. Such conditions are intolerable. The law is not for the benefit of the few. Its enforcement must not be mainly directed against one class for the advantage of the other. Where such conditions prevail, men cannot respect the law. They give a willing ear to anarchy and rebellion.

Governmental action must not end with the repression of rebellion. It must not cease until the conditions that have brought the law into disrepute are thoroughly changed and reformed. Where the law is administered in a fair and even-handed way, rebellion has small chance.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Prosperity should cause us more fear than joy, and we ought never fear so much as when everything goes according to our wishes.—St. Ignatius.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, O. T. 15, 1921.

DOCTOR KINSMAN'S TOUR

Doctor Kinsman needs no introduction to the ordinary American or Canadian who is interested in religious affairs. A convert from the Episcopal ranks of Protestantism to the laical ranks of the Catholic Church, this learned gentleman sacrificed much in taking such an eventful step. It is natural that the cherished friends of his clerical days will experience a growing coldness for their one-time co-laborer. New acquaintances must be formed; fresh bonds of friendship must be fashioned. To consider these and many other exigencies entailed in changing one's religious tenets is sufficient to suggest what sacrifice is demanded of a convert to the Catholic Church.

During the past week Doctor Kinsman has been lecturing in Ontario. His speech is charitable. At no time does he aim either ridicule or virulence at his former religionists. To his mind, their position is clear. If they are in good faith, he respects both them and their beliefs. If the clouds of doubt overhang their souls he sympathizes with them. The Christian, and, therefore, the gentlemanly qualities of the eminent convert demand this tenable position.

It is a matter for regret that the so-called "ex-priest" or "ex-nun" does not so conduct himself but prefers to make a livelihood out of slanders and falsities conjured up in his perverted mind. It is more regrettable that an audience will suffer such ungentlemanly conduct to escape condemnation in a country that prides itself as cultured, moral, and democratic.

Should Doctor Kinsman endeavour to besmirch the minds of Catholics with pitchy falsehoods, with insidious accusations against the members of the Anglican Church, he would be an unwelcome guest. Too many upright Anglicans are known in every community to suffer such an unjust onslaught.

By the same token, it is expected that non-Catholics will turn a deaf ear to scandal mongers when they consider the lives of their Catholic friends and neighbours.

THE COMING ELECTION

The governmental Manifesto has been made public. It has clarified the political atmosphere to a degree in so far as it has announced what issue is at stake in the coming elections. Despite Premier Meighen's avowal and argumentation that a high protective tariff is imperative for the well-being of Canadian progress; despite his announcement that the said tariff question is the issue upon which the electors must decide, nevertheless there are many citizens who hold other issues at paramount importance.

There are not a few who are critical of the inordinate Imperialism which has been manifested by the Borden Cabinet. This policy, so they aver, has been a positive hindrance to the development of Canada as a Nation, and as a financial power in the markets of the world. These Nationalists look askance at the slow evolution of Canada. They compare their country to the United States and ask for an explanation. They seek for a reason that can explain why the American Republic has advanced so rapidly and why we have been so tardy in commercial and industrial progress. Canada, they point out, is just as fair a country; possesses

just as much, if not more, natural wealth; is populated with the same stock as is the United States. Yet, say they, we lag lamentably in the rear, we keep not pace in the growth of population nor in industrial productivity.

This feeling will not be disregarded in the coming political campaign. Our politicians and statesmen must meet this growing and persistent sentiment, if such they term it; they must answer it logically and not disdainfully. The longer the answer is delayed, the more potent becomes the faction who are placing it and will continue to place it as their political issue at Dominion elections.

Another section of electors whose memories rankle with the Borden conscription policy and whose hearts are set upon an Agrarian government are intent upon making the Farmer Question the political issue of the hour. This party has considered favorably the lowering of the Tariff. Their strength has been so augmented by a number of circumstances that the old Parties have every reason to fear their opposition.

Whatever may eventuate it is to be hoped that a pusillanimous policy of propaganda will not be the chariot upon which the victors will ride to their triumph. In 1896 a coterie of bigots used the Manitoba School question to aid them to victory. In 1911 the "No Popery" cry was belled from Halifax to Victoria. These two instances are but species of the narrow, uncultured, irrational methods used by some politicians and lodge-lobbyists in their pre-election campaigns. They insult the rationality of the Canadian elector.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND DIVORCE

Mind is greater than matter. In order to release her mind from the matrimonial tangle the prominent daughter of John D. Rockefeller has divorced her husband, Mr. Harold F. McCormick. She intends to wed her psychic parts to the Freudian system of Psychology.

To explain: Neal O'Hara says: "Freud is psycho-analysis what Einstein is to relativity, what Harding is to normalcy and what Huggie Jennings is to ee-yah!" But there is a difference. Relativity works only in the Ku Klux Klan; normalcy is the pet name for prohibition; while Psycho-Analysis is "the sub-conscious mind which is set somewhere back of your false teeth and detachable neck-tie."

With this bit of erudition let loose we are in a position to understand the new fad that is about to break upon New York and then filter its way to the silk stocking literary societies throughout the land. It is destined to be the science of divorces.

Its principles are: Pay less attention to your conscious mind; it is really the sub-self that matters; if your husband suits you not, concentrate on poetry or music. This will make your single life a dream.

Last year the restless rich made merry with Sir Oliver Lodge. A year before they played at Hindu poetry and religion with some infidel Sir "Something." Now they are turning their minds and money to the propagation of a foolishness that would make an inmate of "Castle Lunatic" blush with laughter.

The sub-cellar people who believe in sub-conscious sense as a cure for the sorrows resultant from divorce have discovered a cure about as sane as the disease.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WHEN THE Toronto Board of Education took it upon itself to protest against any concession to the Catholics of the Province in the matter of School Taxes, a Rev. Mr. Berlis, a trustee, made himself its spokesman. We leave others to deal with the resolution as a whole, contenting ourselves for the present with the remark that the claim made for "open to every class and creed" rings very hollow in view of the fact that by decree of the same Board of Education the national flag flies over every Public school in Toronto on the Twelfth of July. Facts speak louder than words.

AN INSTANCE of resourcefulness in the matter of church building, and of the readiness of Catholics in this age to emulate the deeds of their fathers in that respect, is afforded by the little colony of Catholics at

Aberdeen, Maryland. It appears that one Erikson, who has posed in different parts of the world as an ex-priest (though in reality a dismissed member of a community of Marist Brothers in Scotland), has been working his little game in Maryland lately, and, taking in Aberdeen on his way, proceeded to initiate an agitation against the further use of a public hall there by Catholics for the celebration of Mass, there being no Catholic church in the town. The result was, as is usually the case, a strengthening of the Faith among the few Catholic residents, and their resolution to have a church of their own.

THE RESOLUTION was immediately translated into action and in view of the paucity of funds at their disposal, the male members of the congregation proceeded to do the work themselves. So that every evening after business hours, six laymen and a priest may be seen working on the foundation of the church, the six laymen using the pick and shovel, and the priest, Father Siggins, S. J., mixing the concrete. Upon the foundation thus being erected, will for the present be placed a hut which had been used by the Knights of Columbus for welfare work during the War, but this will give place later on to a structure of a more permanent character. Meanwhile the Catholics of Aberdeen will be able to worship under a roof of their own, and be independent of the patronage of those who at times are so easily played upon by designing miscreants of the Erikson type whose interest it is to exploit them.

THUS IT WAS, by the individual labor of the faithful, that those great cathedrals of the Middle Ages, which are still the glory of European landscapes, reared their majestic fabrics to the sky-fabrics that are the despair of modern builders. The Catholics of the little Maryland town in their different environment may not hope to rear amongst them an Amiens or a Rheims; a Canterbury or a York, but that the old spirit still lives they have already effectually demonstrated to their enemies and their little House of God will be no less the home of prayer and sacrifice than if it prayed the greatest fanes in Christendom.

IT WILL BE good news to Catholic scholars, and to those other than Catholic whose interest in such things is not limited by sectarian considerations, that, as at length announced, the first instalment of the revised Vulgate is to appear before the end of the present year or very early in the next. The Pontifical Commission for this portentous work, presided over by the English Cardinal Gasquet, has made such progress in its labors that this can now be assured. This Commission was founded by his late Holiness, Pius X., in 1910, and although its work was seriously interfered with by the War it has gone on apace and its final completion may now be looked for at an early date. When completed it will ever remain perhaps the most lasting monument of the wise and holy Pope who initiated it. Its completion, too, will probably mark the beginning of a new and revised version of the Scriptures in English. The variations of what is called the Douay Bible have long been a source of confusion, and cannot now be regarded as the Douay text at all, as it has been edited out of all recognition. But when the revision does come we may be sure that it will be the last word in Scriptural exegesis.

IN REGARD to Pius X. we are reminded that the anniversary of his death was observed with due solemnity in Rome this year. His tomb, which by his own express desire was placed in the Vatican grottoes, near the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, is continually visited by the faithful. On the anniversary day there was an unceasing pilgrimage to this sacred spot, and many flowers were placed and candles lighted in commemoration of the great man, whose whole life had been consecrated to Peace, but whose last hours were saddened by the outbreak of the cruelest and bloodiest war in history. As the years go by the conviction deepens that among the long line of Peter's successors there are few greater than this peasant Pope, who though elevated to the most illustrious throne in Christendom remained always at heart a simple pastor of souls.

BOY LIFE

THE HONOR OF A SCOUT

(From the Handbook for Canada)

"I trust you on your honor to keep this promise." In these words every Tenderfoot is received by his Scoutmaster into the great Brotherhood of Scouts.

A Scout is always on his honor—not only when he is in uniform and taking part in the patrol activities, but equally so at home, at school, at work or play. For Scouting aims to produce a type of personal character so high that every action of one's life will be controlled by the spirit of fair play. No matter how many badges he may wear a Scout must be doing his very best to live up to the Promise and the Law, or he is no true Scout. The Scout promise and law have been described as the moral groundwork of the whole Scout Movement. They are also the moral groundwork for the training of individual Scouts.

Notice the wording of the Law. It tells what a Scout is. He is described as honorable, loyal, useful, friendly, courteous, kind to animals, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, and clean. Unless he is really trying to live up to these requirements he is not playing the game; his honor is not to be trusted. Notice also this point that unlike the ordinary laws of the land this Law of the Scouts is not made up of things forbidden; it is instead a trumpet call to high endeavor. Let not this feature, therefore, of Scouting be overlooked, for Scout training which does not take proper account of the character forming side of the work overlooks the central aim and purpose of the whole movement.

The knightly orders of ancient chivalry were sworn to uphold honor at all costs and it is from the rules of knighthood that the laws of the Boy Scouts have been derived. In medieval times there were many tyrants—not, indeed, without their imitators in these days—who believed, that might makes right, "that they should take who have the power and they should keep who can." Knighthood, however, opposed itself to this selfish doctrine and taught that it was the duty of the strong to defend the poor and those who could not defend themselves. When the country was at peace the knight used to ride out daily as a "knight errant," looking for the chance to do a good turn to any in need of help. His desire was to live pure, "to live pure, right strong, speak true, follow the King." The knights of old were the patrol leaders of their day and their men-at-arms the Scouts. Like the Scouts they were pledged to do a good turn to somebody every day. Their patron saint was St. George and their battle cry "For Saint George and Merry England."

CHIVALRY

The term chivalry was first used to signify that gallantry in battle and high sense of honor in daily life that was expected of knights. In the training of a Scout it is the term used to include all the precepts of the Scout Law. The boy who keeps the Law is chivalrous or, to put it in another way, chivalry is the Scout Law put into practice.

Early chivalry came to an end with the feudal system, but the flame which it kindled of helpfulness to others has never been extinguished. There are indeed many pages in the long record of human progress glowing with deeds of exalted self-sacrifice and service. Many pages are filled besides with records of the lesser events of history—of individual endeavor, of the sacrifices made by parents for their children and of one generation of our race for another.

Canadians of this generation, and of those yet to come, should never forget the pioneers, both of French and British origin, who opened this great Dominion to settlement. Remote from friends and family connections, besieged by the rigours of winter, confronted at times by savage native tribes, facing the dangers of unknown forests, lakes and streams, the early settlers endured and finally by their toil and pluck overcame countless difficulties that their children's children might possess this glorious heritage which is ours today.

There is something of the sublime too in the dauntless faith with which the pioneer missionaries, many of them men of high education and refinement, made their way into hostile Indian encampments and willingly gave up even their lives in order that they might

carry the message of Christianity to the savages.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE PRESENT

Times change and the conditions of life which confronted the Knights of the Round Table, the Crusaders, and the pioneers of settlement and religion in North America, no longer exist. Yet is there continuing need for the spirit of chivalry in our homes, on the street, in our games and sports, in our public life and in business and commercial affairs; and it is one of the aims of the Boy Scout Movement to keep alive amongst us the rules of fair play which have done so much for the moral tone of the race.

The Boy Scout Movement, in the words of an American writer, is a call to boys today "to become in spirit members of the order of Chivalry, and a challenge to them to make their lives count in the communities in which they live—for clean lives, clean speech, clean spirit, clean habits and clean relationship with others. It is also a challenge for them to stand for the right against wrong, for the truth against falsehood, to help the weak and oppressed and to love and seek the best things in life."

NEW CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL

ADDRESS OF THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE AT BLESSING OF CORNER-STONE

With the solemnity befitting the occasion the corner-stone of the new Montreal Catholic High School was blessed in St. Patrick's Church, on Sunday morning, October 2nd, by His Excellency the Most Reverend Peter Di Maria, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland. The ceremony was an epochal event in the history of English-speaking Catholic Montrealers.

ADDRESS OF HIS EXCELLENCY

Reverend Chairman, Gentlemen of the Board, My dear People:

The hearty welcome you just gave me at the Frone of the Mass bespeaks in no doubtful terms your sincere love for, and your loyal attachment to the Sovereign Pontiff and his humble representative in this beloved country. Through your voice, Father McShane, I also heard the echo of the same sentiments of faithful devotion and filial love of your associated Governors as well as those of your dear flock, to whom your pastoral zeal and your example are a sure guide for their sanctification and eternal salvation.

Well, then, in my name and in the name of the Holy Father of all the faithful, I thank you, Father McShane, and I thank the Board of Governors and the people at large for these sentiments, assuring you all of my appreciation and great satisfaction with the cordial welcome you have given to the Apostolic Delegate.

The solemnity with which you have proposed to bless and lay the corner-stone of your High School is most commendable, and I want to express to you my warm congratulations.

My prayers for your future High School have already been offered to the Almighty during the Pontifical Mass; now, I am going to repeat my supplications to God with the blessing of the corner-stone, which we will afterwards place in the earth as a sacred seed that in time will bring forth the choicest fruits of Christian education.

What we are celebrating today is not merely the formal ceremony, but rather its moral significance. And the moral significance of a new Catholic School is twofold: religious development of the Church and security in the education of the children.

First: Religious development or progress of the Church; in fact, the greater the knowledge of our faith, the stronger and the deeper will be the love for Jesus Christ, and the more intense will be the desire to see Him better known, loved and served. Well instructed Catholic parents in particular, will fully realize that their supreme duty towards the family is to hand down to their children that true religion which alone comes from God, the Catholic Faith, the only one that in the world to come can secure eternal life, the only one also that here below can guarantee order, discipline and advancement to mankind.

Security in the moral formation of your children is the second feature presented by the foundation of a new Catholic school. We read in Holy Writ: (Prov. 22-6) "Adolescens iuxta viam suam, etiam cum senerit, non recedet ab ea." "A young man, according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it."

The growing boys and girls are today building for themselves the road they will follow even to their old age. That's why we say with reason: the child is father of the man.

Therefore, you, Reverend Father McShane, Pastor of this flock of St. Patrick's, you also, Reverend Pastors of the thirteen English-speaking Parishes of Montreal, and you all, my dear people, in setting your hand to this task, you have

thought of your children and your children's children.

This new building will bear witness to your belief and trust in Catholic education and to your zeal for the kingdom of God. You will be proud of your children whose spiritual and moral character will be moulded in this intellectual laboratory; and your children following your example, will surely become and remain fervent Catholics as well as loyal citizens.

They will be grateful to you, because in this school they will acquire the scientific knowledge necessary for the culture of the mind, they will be taught how to know, love and serve God, and also how to love their fellow-men. Equipped with such a patrimony of human and divine knowledge, their welfare, spiritual and material, eternal and temporal, will be secured.

The Catholic Religion wants full light and hates ignorance. The triumph of the Catholic Faith is certain whenever and wherever the truth eternal is known in its fullness, because it hails from God.

Once more, my dear Father McShane, my dear Pastors of the English-speaking Parishes of Montreal, and you, my dear people, I bless you in my name and in the name of the Holy Father. This blessing of the Pope, you well know, is a pledge of the blessing of God.

May God Almighty bless in particular those who have contributed to the construction and will contribute in the future to the maintenance of this High School; and may this blessing bring great joy and consolation to their hearts in this world for the noble work they have done for the youth of the Catholic High School of Montreal, while the Eternal Giver is preparing them an abundant reward beyond.

FRUITS OF BIGOTRY

Catholic Union and Times

Under this heading Brown's Iconoclast for September contains some valuable hints in the way of reflections or resolutions. The Iconoclast is known as the "Apostle of the Square Deal," and it deserves the compliment. It should be supported by those who believe in fair play for all regardless of race or creed, birth or caste. The article under the above title was written by Plimly Windle, associate editor and manager. Plimly calls a spade a spade and he always has something good to say. He has no mercy on bigots and fanatics, fakers and hypocrites, prohibitionists and corrupt politicians, Anglo-manias and dollar-a-year patriots, syndicate lecturers and subsidized editors, the Guardians of Liberty and the A. P. A.

To show the evil effects of bigotry he cites the murder of two priests, one in Alabama and one in California:

The premeditated murder of Father James E. Coyle of Birmingham by the anti-Catholic agitator, Rev. E. R. Stephenson, ought to bring home to people the inherent evil in the anti-Catholic crusade.

"Father Coyle was a brilliant priest, a splendid scholar, a fine poet, and a real man. To know him was to love and respect him. He was the highest type of manhood." "E. R. Stephenson, the murderer, is a Methodist preacher, who made his living as a substitute for regular pastors, or as an evangelist, and by hanging around the court-house to officiate at hurry-up weddings. He was known in Birmingham as 'the marrying parson.'"

"The trouble that culminated in this horrible tragedy found its inception in bigotry. Stephenson is a rabid anti-Catholic agitator and lecturer. His house was an anti-Catholic center."

"His daughter realized how silly and utterly unfounded was the agitation against Catholics. She had Catholic friends and with her father's life before her as a horrible example of bigotry, she found herself being attracted to the Catholic faith. This was enough to make her bigoted father rave like a maniac. A fine A. P. A. lecturer he was, if he could not convert his own daughter to the cause of bigotry."

"His daughter fell in love with a Catholic and stated her intention of marrying him. Her father exploded. He not only objected to a Catholic son-in-law, but he tried to force his daughter to marry a divorced man. He mistreated her, locked her up, and made her life miserable. After becoming a Catholic, she and her fiancé were married by Father Coyle."

"When Stephenson learned this, he took a revolver and went to Father Coyle's home. The latter was sitting on his front porch at the time, reading."

"In trying to establish self-defence, Stephenson claims Father Coyle struck him and he shot to protect himself. However, he admitted that he asked Father Coyle if he had married his daughter to a Catholic. Father Coyle admitted that he had. Then according to Stephenson, he called the priest a 'dirty dog.' Naturally this was resented and Stephenson was warned not to repeat the epithet. He called Father Coyle a 'dirty dog' for the second time and the priest struck him. He then shot Father Coyle in the head."

"This murder was undoubtedly premeditated. Why should a Methodist preacher carry a revolver when going to see a hated priest, unless he

intended using it. No unbiased person can place credence in his plea of self-defence. If Father Coyle did strike him, as he relates, it was only as a result of an intentional and repeated insult which would call for the same action by any red-blooded man. If his testimony is true, he provoked an assault for the purpose of killing Father Coyle."

"Reliable witnesses testified that only a few words were spoken when the shots were fired. But whether the victim struck his assailant, or not, it is clear that the murder was premeditated. Even his own daughter, Mrs. Ruth Gussman, has not a single good word to say for her father. He had acted as a brute to her."

"Bigotry had been so rampant in the mouth that Stephenson expected not only to escape punishment, but also to become a popular hero and a well-patronized anti-Catholic lecturer. Bigots like Watson and Catts, who feed and lead popular prejudice share in the crime."

The sensational kidnapping, and brutal murder of Father Heslin of Colma, Cal., was also the work of an anti-Catholic bigot who had imbibed his bigotry from the *Monroe*, the *Torch* and kindred publications. "The cowardly slayer of Father Coyle and the forked fiend who killed Father Heslin were converts to the anti-Catholic crusade. They were bigots. Watson, Walker, Parson and Clark should be proud of them. They translated bigotry into action and killed two noble men."

"If the sacrifice of these lives would awaken the Catholic and non-Catholic people alike to the evil menace in the crusade of religious bigotry, some good might come of the terrible tragedies. But religious prejudice is an inheritance of the past. It is hard to shake off the accumulated heritages of ignorance and bigotry with which the minds of men are warped, clogged and twisted."

"People ask, Why does the Iconoclast editor interest himself in the fight against A. P. A.ism? The answer lies sleeping in premature graves in Birmingham and under the sunlit skies of California. Though not a Catholic, the editor cannot remain silent while the enemies of religious liberty attack the rights of Catholic citizens. He cannot remain silent while Knights of Bigotry hurl barbed lies at a great Church that is probably the greatest single force for good in the world. He cannot be true to his principles and not fight as heartily for the rights of his Catholic neighbors as he would for his own—ay, as he would for the Barabsts, Methodists or Jews when unjustly attacked."

"The tragedies of Birmingham and Colma are fruits of bigotry. That is reason enough for one to sharpen the ax to cut down the infernal tree of bigotry itself. A dead tree cannot bear an evil fruit."

LUXEMBURG PEACE CONFERENCE

MASONIC DIRECTION GIVEN AS ANOTHER CAUSE OF LIMITED SUPPORT

By Rev. J. Van der Heyden

BRUSSELS.—Under the auspices of the International Peace Bureau of Berne, the city of Luxembourg witnessed during the month of August the rather academical sessions of an International Peace Congress, the first since the dogs of war broke loose upon the world in 1914. Alas! it attracted but very little attention. Even in Luxembourg it was scarcely noticed.

Despite the horrible nightmare of the late War and the loudly-heralded promises of the Allied and associated powers to deliver the world once and forever from the bane of militarism, the Mars spirit appears to be as strong as ever in defeated and humiliated Germany no less than in the countries elated by victory.

Professor Quiddé of Munich, who led the German delegation to the Peace Congress, made no ado about affirming that great masses of his countrymen, goaded on by a press almost exclusively under control of War profiteers, think but of revenge, although they realize that a war now or in the near future would mean the end of Germany and the horrors of the World War multiplied a hundred fold.

PEACE SOCIETIES' SMALL GAINS

The German delegates to the Congress were spokesmen for 12,000 members of their country's peace societies—an increase of 6,000 over pre-war membership. It denotes some gain; but how trifling for so transcendent a cause, in a nation of 60,000,000 souls, with all the sad lessons of the last seven years still plainly in sight!

But disappointing as are the gains in German Peace Societies, the showing of other European countries is far worse. In fact the additions to the membership of the peace societies of other countries have been so inconsiderable that the reports did not even mention them.

The Luxembourg correspondents of the *Libre Belgique*, examining into the causes of the apathy manifested all around for the peace movement proceeding from the International Bureau of Berne, reaches the conclusion that, besides in the war spirit still rampant

everywhere, it is to be sought in the Masonic direction of the Bureau.

A movement that by its very nature interests all humanity loses in efficiency through being monopolized by a self-appointed few who operate in the dark and treat their fellow men, not of the inner circle as a negligible quantity. Said negligible quantity could not but look askance at an undertaking whose promoters fear the light of day and withal expect blind following from that common herd they feign to ignore.

ORGANIZED WITH SECRECY

The Berne Bureau organized the Luxembourg Congress with all the secrecy usual to the Brothers of the Trowel. It was practically their congress; for they formed the majority of its participants and had all the say. What good can be expected from a peace movement under such auspices? No more than from the pacifist crusade undertaken in France before the War and headed by the members of the Grand Orient. They looked for success in attempts to discredit the French army and to weaken it in the face of a secular enemy armed to the teeth. When the German War Eagle pounced upon their country, they realized their mistake and folly, and be it said to their credit, rallied around the tricolor with no less ardor than any of their countrymen.

In Germany, during the long-drawn-out conflict, the pacifists, such as Forster, von Gerlach and Quide, were evidently sincere; but among the masses, poisoned by years of official lying and to the marrow suffused with militarism, their influence was null. They did not even dare to proclaim what they knew to be the truth until they had put the safe frontiers of Switzerland between themselves and their German homes.

The only consistent pacifists in the Kaiser's land were a few Quakers who suffered imprisonment rather than betray their principles and were frowned upon as cowards and pitiable visionaries by their warlike fellow-citizens. Their American brethren in the faith, numbering perhaps as many thousands as there are single adherents to it in Germany, have rendered great service during the War and since by assisting in procuring food for the famished German children. Their organization could do still more if it were not wanting in the wide foundation necessary to make an effective pacifist propaganda throughout the world.

PAPACY'S POWER FOR PEACE

With a moral influence over 300,000,000 people of the civilized nations of the earth, the really great power to lead a strong peace movement is the Papacy. Alas! it was excluded from participation in the peace conferences of The Hague in 1899 and in 1907, and prevented from making its voice heard and its prestige felt. The nations feigned to ignore what it accomplished in the Middle Ages when it instituted the Truce of God to bridge the war fury of the feudal princes, and put an end to the long wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines and of the land holding lords and the free cities of the Italian republics.

What the Papacy did in the distant past, it might have helped in doing for peace before the World War broke out. Protestant and Catholic, the political intrigues of Italy and the fatal influences of Freemasonry had not combined to exclude it from all participation in the official attempts in favor of peace.

The work of The Hague Tribunal was a failure. That much is clear. Would it have been a success if the Pope had been permitted to share in its deliberations? It is idle to argue the question; but it looks very much as if diplomats were acknowledging that they made a mistake in barring him out, since they have accepted the Holy Father's offer to collaborate in the organization of the work of assistance to Russia and have invited him to a seat in the Relief Commission of the Red Cross of Geneva. He is represented there now by his Nuncio to Switzerland.

If these signs be signs of a lasting change of attitude towards the Papacy, the world will be the better for it.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' HAT IS HUNG IN BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL

Baltimore, Oct. 3.—The red hat of the late Cardinal Gibbons has been hung in the Cathedral of the Assumption in Baltimore, where it will remain as long as the cathedral stands.

The hat is suspended from the arch to the left of the archiepiscopal throne and immediately in front of the altar of the Blessed Virgin, a location suggested by the Right Rev. Owen B. Corrigan, co-adjutor of the arch-diocese. It is adjacent to the throne occupied by the cardinals on Sundays and festive occasions and close to the altar where he said daily Mass.

The hat is hung with the crown toward the floor. It is of bright crimson with single red cords on either side, from which are suspended a single tassel. From the back of the hat hangs a double set of crimson cords, each caught together with ten tassels. The hat, in accordance with the custom, was worn by Cardinal Gibbons only once, when it was first placed on his

head by the Pope at the Vatican. It is customary always to hang the cardinal's hat in his cathedral after his death.

THE MADONNINA OF MOUNT GRAPPA

By the Contessa Lisa Scoppol in The Universe

A very touching ceremony has recently taken place on Mount Grappa, one of the mountains which the Italian defence had, during the War, made into a natural fortress. Thousands of people, all the Bishops of the Venetian district, His Highness the Duke of Bergamo (representing the King), military and civil authorities, ascended the mountain, which rises nearly a thousand feet above the sea, to witness the replacement of a statue of the Virgin and Child on the very spot where, on August 4, 1901, the late Pope Pius X., then Patriarch of Venice, had placed it, little thinking of the terrible days lying in store for the land he entrusted to its protection.

When, in 1917, Mount Grappa became one of the chief rallying points of our desperate resistance against the enemy, and the centre towards which the whole country looked in trembling and hope, the soldiers fighting there would not hear of displacing the statue from the top of the little chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mother. They were accustomed to look up to it, and they loved their Madonna, who, in the midst of death and suffering, seemed to help and comfort them. It was almost miraculously preserved from the Austrians' fire until, on January 18, 1918, a bomb fell close to the chapel. The Madonna was hit by its fragments and came to the ground, breaking in several pieces. A captain and his men rushed there at once, and at the risk of their lives rescued the remains. These were taken to the nearest village, Crespano Veneto, where the broken pieces were patiently joined together, while the holes where the stone had been irremediably broken were filled with bronze, so that the marks received could always plainly show against the white marble.

Now, at last, the Madonna, who stood throughout the War and left her place only when victory was drawing near, has left the village which sheltered her as a refuge, and, after three years of exile, has resumed her place of honor above the little chapel, rebuilt on the highest peak. Her way back has been a triumphal march that would have well fitted the return of a victorious leader from the War. Every village had erected green arches decorated with roses, and the peasants greeted with enthusiastic hurrahs the motor-lorry carrying the statue, surrounded by twenty young girls dressed in white, singing hymns of praise.

It would be hardly possible to give an adequate idea of the simple greatness and solemnity of the ceremony. Its most touching character lay in the blending of the two ideals which appeal more deeply to the human heart, the two great loves to which even the humblest soul instinctively responds: Faith and country. The feeling of the multitude gathered on Mount Grappa was made all the more intense by the poignant remembrance of the dark days when many of them, hunted from their homes, despaired of ever seeing them again. Many had fought on the very spot where they now stood, and the memory of the battle and of their lost comrade rose vividly before their eyes.

Some aeroplanes glided in the pure atmosphere above, and all at once, at a wireless signal, the bells of hundreds of churches, from the nearest village down to the sea and far up to the Dolomites, glistening in the sun, broke out into a joyous peal. The Madonna del Grappa had regained her lofty place, and from miles around her slender outline could be seen rising against the blue sky.

MIRACLE HOSTS OF PEZILLE, FRANCE

Paris, Sept. 25.—The first Sunday in September witnessed the ceremony known as "the Adoration of the Sacred Hosts" in the parish of Pezille-de-la-Riviere, in the diocese of Perpignan.

These Hosts have been preserved intact for one hundred and twenty-one years on the altar of the parish church of Pezille. They were consecrated one hundred and twenty-eight years ago during the stress and storm of the French Revolution by Abbe Perone, pastor of Pezille, who had just returned to the parish after a year's exile. He re-opened the church for religious purposes, and after Mass, believing that the worst was over and that it would be safe to leave the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle, he consecrated a large Host and four small Hosts.

However, the revolutionaries of the district, infuriated by the reopening of the church and the joy of the people to see their pastor back with them, forced the priest to leave the country without warning. A pious young girl, Rose Laurens, and the Mayor of Pezille, M. Jean Bonafos, saved the Hosts and preserved them carefully and respectfully until the return of their priest in 1800. The Hosts remained absolutely intact, and Abbe Perone again

placed them on the altar of the parish church. They are now kept in a special monstrance, and in small boxes sealed with the seal of the diocese. They are today as intact as on the first day, their preservation being a proof of their incorruptibility.

Every year the inhabitants of Pezille and neighboring parishes come in crowds to the church to worship the Sacred Hosts.

CATHOLIC IRELAND

AND PROTESTANT ENGLAND

By Bishop MacSherry

In the course of his sermon in Drogheda on the occasion of the enshrining of the relics of Blessed Oliver Plunkett, His Lordship, Bishop MacSherry, Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern Districts of the Cape of Good Hope, said:

Holy Church, dear brethren, in her great public celebrations wishes to remind us of some great truth, or inculcate some practical lesson. It seems to me that one outstanding lesson may be learned from today's function, and it is that we owe a debt of gratitude to those who, under God, have handed down to us the priceless heritage of our Holy Faith. Our country's greatest glories have ever during our long history been associated with our religion—Malachy of the "collar of gold" dies wearing the habit of the monks; Brian at Clontarf holds up the Crucifix before the army; O'Neill and O'Donnell die and are buried in Rome; O'Connell bequeaths his heart to Rome. Ten generations of our forefathers preferred exile, confiscation, and like the Blessed Oliver often death itself rather than deny their faith. How many gruesome tales could be told, even in this town and district, of oppression, relentless cruelty, massacre, fury of persecution under the sanguinary edicts of Henry, of Elizabeth, and Cromwell.

Contrast the state of religion in Ireland and England then and now. Then Ireland was almost like the corpse on the dissecting table—bound and lying helpless at the foot of her conqueror. Her nobles banished or slain—her people starving—her Religion proscribed—the law did not assume the existence of a Papist—her Bishops mostly in prison or exile, those that remained hunted fugitives, not having where to lay their heads. Today never did Ireland's Faith shine brighter. Instructive—magnificent churches cover the land, and are filled to overflowing with devout congregations. And Ireland's sons are spreading the Faith over all these vast regions overseas that either once owned England's sway like the United States of America, or do own it still. Nineteen years ago I had my last audience with Leo XIII. On that occasion three Bishops were received in succession by His Holiness—the first, Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, the second, Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, the third myself from Port Elizabeth, on the Indian Ocean, at the southern extremity of the dark Continent of Africa. What an idea of the world-wide dispersion of our race is evoked by the simple mention of these localities, presided over by Irish Pastors of Irish blood, though separated by such vast spaces from the mother-land and from each other. Truly, may we say with the Psalmist, "The sound hath gone forth in all the earth, and their words into the ends of the world." And truly now as ever "the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church." Never in all her sad history was Catholicity so flourishing in Ireland at home, or in the greater Ireland over seas, as it is in our own day. And the same is true of the Universal Church, with its three hundred millions of believers united under its one visible head on earth, enjoying the protection of her Divine founder. Who is with her, and will be with her "all days even unto the consummation of the world."

And, oh, the contrast between the condition of Protestantism at the death of our martyr and its present state. Then it was seated in pride of place and power, in possession of the magnificent cathedrals erected in Catholic days; wealthy, arrogant, and intolerant, hating and despising and ever persecuting the few remaining adherents of the old Church. The Protestant judge who presided over Blessed Oliver's trial addressing him, said: "The bottom of your treason was your setting up your false religion, than which there is not anything more displeasing to God, or more pernicious to mankind in the world—a religion that is ten times worse than all the heathenish superstitions, the most dishonourable and derogatory to God."

These words of that intolerant and unjust judge, epitomize the sentiments of the haughty self-satisfied Protestant of that epoch. His was the true Religion, freed at the glorious reformation from the contaminations of Popery, and destined to diffuse the light of pure Gospel Truth throughout the world—a light that was never to be extinguished.

But let us see what is the position of Protestantism today. Why, its rapid disintegration is one of the phenomena of our age. Of the two hundred or more sects into which it is split up, not one teaches the same doctrine for thirty years in succession. Not one of them that does not bewail year by year an immense falling off in membership. England

is no longer a Christian country. Not one third of its population ever enters a place of worship. Protestantism and its resulting Rationalism has snatched from the poor the only comfort left in their misery, from the rich the only curb of their passions.

Two days ago I stood at Tyburn, in the heart of fashionable London, watching for a moment the flow of that ceaseless traffic, the roar of which is heard all day long and most of the night. From North, South, East, and West of that vast Metropolis, the most populous city in the world after New York, there passed and repassed swiftly gliding vehicles filled with richly-attired people, all engaged in worship of Mammon or pleasure. Newsboys sold papers; I bought one. Its contents reflected the thoughts of these people. What were these contents? Reports of races, regattas, prize fights, sports of all kinds, alternating with accounts of strikes, of millions unemployed and starving, of disgusting divorce cases and filthy crimes of all kinds. Of real news there was but little, and that mostly unreliable and likely to be contradicted next day. Truly, I said to myself, this people is dancing on a volcano. The words, "Happy, Christian England," are a mockery.

The late Cardinal Manning, before his consecration, made a retreat at the Passionist Monastery at Highgate, overlooking London. Some notes he then made have been published, amongst them the following: "When I look down upon London from this garden I know that there are before me nearly three millions of men, of whom only two hundred thousand are nominally in the Faith; that hundreds of thousands are living and dying without Baptism in all sins of the flesh and spirit, in all that Nineveh and the cities of the Plain and Imperial Rome ever committed; that it is the capital of the most anti-Catholic power of the nominally Christian world, and the head of its anti-Catholic spirit; that in a moment it might be set afire with fury against the Catholic and Roman Church. I confess I feel we are 'walking on the waters.'"

Since that great and gifted Englishman who knew his countrymen so well, penned these words, the population he referred to has more than doubled, and the conditions he depicted so faithfully have become times worse. What a picture, my dear brethren, of spiritual and moral conditions after four centuries of Protestantism! And if we turn to Germany, the cradle of the Reformation, what do we find? That about three per cent. of the people of Berlin go to any church—that it is the most immoral City in Europe, and that before the War about 30,000 of its population annually gave formal and official notice that they renounced membership of any church.

If our Irish people have escaped all this appalling spiritual ruin and moral rotteness we owe it to God to the prayers of St. Patrick and the Faith he brought to our shores, and to those who, like Blessed Oliver, transmitted that Faith to us, and sacrificed their lives in so doing.—Southern Cross.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

A FIVE-WEEKS JOURNEY CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

Leave headquarters with packed suitcase on Friday morning, before 1st Sunday of month, arrive R. that night, catechism and personal visit to the flock, Mass Saturday 6 a. m., catechism after Mass, walk 4 miles to farm house, catechism; reach D. Saturday 4 p. m., personal visit to several families and hospital. Mass 8:30 next morning with several Communions, catechism, a drive of 4 miles, Mass again at 11 a. m. Catechism in the afternoon with Rosary, Benediction and Instruction at 7:30. Mass Monday morning at 7, off to S., arrive at 1:30. Dinner, visit to the faithful with catechism after school. Mass following morning at 7, confessions, pack up, go to E., F., G., etc. I manage to be at the larger centres for Sundays, visiting the stations as I can on the intervening week days. Baptisms, marriages, sick calls and scandals all come in on the programme and with an occasional hike or ride on horseback, I manage to keep in good health. This work keeps up for about eleven months of each year, when I go on to headquarters for a much needed rest. Catechists are appointed wherever there are children and they help out, as a rule. In Confirmation time the children are gathered into centres. Last year I had Bishop McDonald of Victoria on the road for ten days in which time he stopped at seven centres and confirmed over one hundred and fifty children.

OUR NEEDS

We need chapels, vestments, altar linens, and sacred vessels, from time to time, I have already received from Church Extension \$600 with which, plus collections, etc., I have opened up two chapels. I need now at least one more chapel and I also need vestments, copes, etc., for chapels already opened. I intend later on sending in a formal request for financial and other aid. I am very grateful for the aid already received from Church Extension and the vestments from the ladies. We need literature, papers, pam-

phlets, etc., to be mailed to those people who in some cases see a priest only twice a year and who are all the time under the evil influences of socialism, agnosticism and a dozen other isms. I have already sent on two occasions over a hundred addresses to which I wanted papers sent, but I think the people have overlooked the matter. I sent one list to the Catholic Truth Society, Bond Street, Toronto, and the other to the branch thereof at St. Augustine's. The poor people don't get papers (Catholic papers) as a rule, and there are so many being burned up in the East which would do so much good if sent here.

We also need good catechists and it occurred to me if you only had the means it might be a splendid idea to have seminarians spend their holidays in the West, teaching catechism. The other denominations do it. Our young men would then see for themselves the conditions and needs of the Western Church. It would give them a fund of practical knowledge would widen their outlook and perhaps stimulate some of them to take up the work after ordination. These young men could be assigned districts which in two or three months they could cover several times leaving the children ready for First Communion when the priest would make his fall visit. The trouble is this, the priest has so many places on his list to visit and these so far apart that he can visit but seldom each one of them. For instance, it takes me four and one-half months of daily plodding to make one complete round. Of course in that time I visit several places four or five times but it still means only two visits a year for a great number. Meantime the children have grown careless and forgotten their last instructions so they remain practically at a standstill.

Again, if we had a band of secular priests going around continuously giving missions to these little towns, teaching doctrine to the crowds everywhere, it would help. We have no time left for such work and besides, we have little or no time to study and prepare for much that really requires solid preparation.

THE OUTLOOK

The outlook is bright, but we need lots of hard workers and outside help. A visit from our Eastern friends would be greatly appreciated and would do much for us and for them. This country is going to fill up with settlers soon. We have the natural resources, the climate and the opportunities to attract. We are certain to grow. We are yet moving slowly, but before long we will be lustrous youths with schools, colleges, etc. This is the country for healthy, energetic workers who know how to face the hardships of pioneer life and reap the rich reward that are certain to come.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to: Rev. J. O'Donnell, President Catholic Church Extension Society 67 Bond St., Toronto.

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

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THE VISION OF THE HOLY SEE

The recent tribute of an American Statesman to the broad vision of Pope Benedict in diagnosing the evils of the day should turn reflecting minds to the influence that the Popes have exercised upon civilization. Cardinal Newman once gave a graphic survey of the position of the Papacy in history. His memorable words may aptly be recalled at the present time. Speaking of the Successor of St. Peter he says: "He has long since given warrants for the confidence which he claims. From the first he has looked through the wide world of which he has the burden, and according to the need of the day and inspirations of his Lord, he has set himself now to one thing now to another, but to all in season and to nothing in vain. "He came first upon an age of refinement and luxury like our own, and in spite of the persecutor fertile in the resources of his cruelty, he soon gathered out of all classes of society, the slave, the soldier, the high born lady, and the sophist, materials enough to form a people to His Master's honor. The savage hordes came down in torrents from the north, and Peter went out to meet them, and by his very eye he sobered them, and backed them in their full career. They turned aside and flooded the whole earth, but only to be more surely civilized by him, and to be made ten times more his children than even older populations which they had overwhelmed. "Lawless kings arose, sagacious as the Roman, passionate as the Hun, yet in him they found their match and were shattered and he lived on. The gates of earth were opened to the east and west and men poured out to take possession, but he went with them by his missionaries, to China, to Mexico, carried along by zeal and charity, as far as those children of men were led by enterprise, covetousness, or ambition. Has he failed in his successors up

to this hour? Did he in our father's day fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates with Napoleon, a greater name, and his dependent kings, that though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours? What grey hairs are on the head of Juda, whose youth is renewed like the eagles, and whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the everlasting arms?"—The Pilot.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

There are four hundred million pagans in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take nine months for them all to go by. Thirty-three thousand of them die daily unbaptized! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to their rescue.

China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already twenty-two students, and many more are applying for admittance. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them. The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His Holiness the Pope blesses benefactors, and the students pray for them daily.

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The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE LORD'S ANOINTED

"At that time: The Pharisees going forth sought to ensnare Him in His words." (Matt. xxii, 15.)

The path of the righteous is a difficult one. This is due to two facts: First, because it is hard to conquer the cravings of nature; and secondly, because there are many outside obstacles to be overcome. The chief of these obstacles is that offered by our fellow-men. It is a well-known fact that the virtuous meet with more opposition from the world than do the wicked; and it is surprising that much of this comes from others apparently virtuous themselves. In fact, the most strenuous opposition comes from our supposedly virtuous and seemingly well-meaning neighbors. We need not seek for the reason. The causes are manifold and varied. We shall not speak of the first of the difficulties besetting the path of the virtuous—that is, of the inordinate demands of nature—but shall confine ourselves to those impediments offered by the world. The Gospel of the day suggests this consideration.

Our Lord, Jesus Christ, the man-God, the most virtuous of men that ever walked the earth, is opposed by the Pharisees. They endeavor by various unlawful means to hamper His work, and have Him appear, as violating the laws of God and of the State. Their efforts were futile, as we well know, though they finally did have Him crucified. They found fault with Christ when He was performing the sacred works of His public ministry. When He would speak, they industriously would try to find fault with His utterances; or have Him contradict Himself; or have Him say something opposed to the law, especially to the law that God gave Moses, to which they claimed strict adherence. In a word, Christ was continually watched by a hateful mob ever anxious for a pretext to have the people turn against Him. The power and the beauty of His divinity and the superb excellence of His humanity rendered their efforts futile. "Which of you," He well said, "shall convince Me of sin?" Today the people of God suffer in a similar manner. But God is with them, and if they themselves do their best He will render them immune from the attacks of their enemies. God is ever solicitous of His own, and, to save them, He often routs their enemies by death or misfortune. He dwells in the heavens above, but He has His dwelling-places on earth also; He is the Lord, God master of all, but He has His representatives upon earth. He cares for them, nay almost identifies them with Himself. He wishes us to respect Him and His name, but He also desires us to show proper respect to His representatives on earth. He even goes so far as to choose these Himself: "Let no man take upon himself this honor, except him who is called like Aaron."

How much people should, in recognition of this fact and in obedience to duty, as well as out of reverence for God, respect the holy places of God and hold in sacred esteem those persons dedicated to the Lord. The unbelieving part of humanity is ever mocking at our religion, ever using weapons destined, they think, to destroy it. Even those who believe, but who believe differently from us, act, in many cases, in a similar manner. In certain respects, they are like the Pharisees of old. They give a false interpretation to our every word and deed, and criticize every move we make. Our most sacred ceremonies are made little of and termed superstitious by them. The lives of our priests and Religious of both sexes are, to use the most charitable expression, represented in a bad light. By lectures and by the dissemination of literature they are waging an open war against us; and, by listening to the promptings of Satan, they are employing his diabolical methods in attempts at our destruction. But we are God's own. If we are faithful to Him, there is nothing to fear.

What we lament most of all is that in our day, more so than in times gone by, some of our own people sometimes are inclined to speak disrespectfully of those dedicated to God. They are too quick to see a failure, too eager to detect a fault, too hasty in their judgments. We hear them now and again speak of the Lord's anointed as they would of any ordinary person, judging him according to the same criterion by which they would judge any other mortal. Perhaps this can be done, but it certainly should not be done. And those who indulge in this practice, if they continue in it, will not long have faith. God cares for His own, and the person who does not respect and defend God's anointed will be deprived by Him, sooner or later, of that greatest of gifts—faith.

Some of our people, too, are inclined to be suspicious of the lives and actions of those who have dedicated themselves to God. They may feel sure that those who are in the service of the Lord will not remain there long, unless their lives be sincere and their actions meritorious. It is true that we are all human, and that those who are dedicated to the service of the Lord are also human, but pray tell us,

where will you find mortals who have conquered human nature as they have? Are they not in truth today the lights of the world and the salt of the earth? God, too, demands that they attain a certain standard; if they fail, He withdraws His support, and, as a consequence, they soon openly leave His service. But how seldom even this happens.

Catholics, above all others, should have the greatest respect, the most sacred esteem, for those dedicated to the Lord. Through them, they first received the grace of God in Baptism, and the growth of this same grace in their souls was accorded them chiefly through the ministrations of these same anointed of the Lord. Today, through them also, their sins are washed away and the burden of guilt lifted from their shoulders. Through these representatives of God, they can assist at a renewal of Calvary, where the great price of redemption was paid and where the greatest blessings were gained for man. Through them, again, they can receive the body and blood of Christ—the same Christ who said: "If any man eat My flesh and drink My blood he shall live forever." Who can begin to enumerate the blessings that come to Catholics through the ministrations of their priests? No others could afford them these opportunities and grant them these blessings. He who gives you the greatest blessings on earth, who weeps with you, who rejoices with you, who feels with you and for you—who, in a word, has given himself for your service, you should respect, esteem, and protect—he is the Lord's.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, Oct. 9.—St. Dionysius, who, of all the Roman missionaries sent into Gaul, carried the faith furthest. He fixed his see at Paris and with his disciples established sees at Chartres, Sens, Meaux and Cologne in the fourth century. He was beheaded during Valerian's persecution.

Monday, October 10.—St. Francis Borgia, one of the handsomest, richest and noblest of the Spanish grandees, who was chosen to escort the remains of his sovereign, Queen Isabella, to its burying place at Granada. The coffin being opened that he might verify the body, a sight so foul met his eyes that he vowed never again to serve a sovereign who could suffer so base a change. He entered the Society of Jesus and soon became its head. He died in Rome in 1572.

Tuesday, Oct. 11.—St. Tarachus and his companions, Probus and Andronicus, who, in the year 304, were denounced as Christians to Numerian, Governor of Cilicia, and put to death with great tortures.

Wednesday, Oct. 12.—St. Wilfrid, who was trained by the Celtic monks at Lindisfarne in the peculiar rites and usages of the British church. He longed for perfect conformity, in discipline, with Rome and visited the Eternal City, afterwards founding a strictly Roman monastery, under the rule of St. Benedict, at Ripon. He was elected Bishop of Lindisfarne and later transferred to the see of York. He swept away many of the abuses in England that existed prior to his death in 709.

Thursday, Oct. 13.—St. Edward the Confessor, who was unexpectedly raised to the throne of England at the age of forty. Though he married to content his nobles and people, nevertheless he maintained perfect chastity. He was kind and generous and during his reign of twenty-four years the country waxed prosperous, churches were restored and laws stabilized. He died in 1066.

Friday, Oct. 14.—St. Callistus, Pope and martyr, who, when a deacon was given charge of cemeteries of the Christians. The catacomb of St. Callistus is named in his honor. As Pope he is said to have appointed the four fasts of the Ember seasons. He was martyred in 223.

Saturday, Oct. 15.—St. Teresa, who at the age of seven, ran away from her home in Avila, in hope of being martyred by the Moors. She became a Carmelite nun and though at first frivolous conversations checked her progress toward perfection, later she gave herself wholly to God and carried out a reformation of the order in which she was favored with distinct commands from Our Lord. She died in 1582.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The reopening of the school year marks also the reopening of Sunday School. It should be unnecessary to insist upon the importance of this necessary adjunct to every parish. Much to his regret every pastor of a parish is not able to provide a parochial school, but there is no parish however small and struggling that has not its Sunday school. For many children who are not fortunate enough to enjoy the inestimable benefit of education in a Catholic school, the Sunday School is the only place in which they can acquire instruction in the truths of their holy religion.

Priests, teachers, and parents all have duties towards the Sunday school, the priest by zealously conducting it, the teachers by giving their time and talents to the labor of teaching the little ones, and the parents by co-operating with priests and teachers by sending their chil-

dren regularly with carefully prepared lessons. On parents primarily rests the obligation of instructing their children in religion. The seriousness of this obligation may be seen in the words of the Canon Law of the Church, which declares in canon 1113: "Parents are bound by a most grave obligation to provide to the best of their ability for the religious and moral, as well as the physical and civil education of their children." Religious and moral education does not mean simply attendance at Mass on Sundays and Holydays. It implies regular and careful instruction in the truths of revealed religion. The child must be taught, that is, he must not be left to pick up chance scraps of information from conversation and example, but must be given intelligent and systematic instruction in the truth that God has revealed and in the duties he owes to God, his neighbor and himself.

Many parents have neither the time nor the ability to impart this systematic training. Nevertheless they are not relieved of their obligation, to provide "to the best of their ability" for the religious and moral education of the children whom God has committed to them as a sacred trust. To assist parents to fulfil this grave obligation, Catholic schools have been erected at great expense and with untold sacrifices and where no Catholic school exists Sunday schools are provided as substitutes.

The Sunday school does not relieve parents of their obligation to educate their children, it simply furnishes the opportunity of fulfilling it. Therefore Catholic fathers and mothers should co-operate as fully as possible with an institution primarily designed to assist them in this most important duty, the training of candidates for the Kingdom of Heaven. Many of the difficulties that beset priests and teachers in Sunday school work could be removed by a more active interest of parents in the work of their children in Sunday School. It is not too much to ask that parents should take the same interest in the religious education of their children as they take in their secular education. To see that they attend regularly the classes, that they come with lessons prepared and that they devote to their catechism as much time as they give to their other studies is the minimum that is required of every parent.

The spirit of lawlessness in the present age, the appalling waves of crime that deluge the country from time to time, the rise in juvenile delinquency all are directly traceable to lack of religious instruction in the young. The figures of childish ignorance of the fundamentals of religion in this country are startling. A recent test in one of our large cities revealed the fact that thousands of children in the Public schools had never heard of the ten commandments. Unless religion is elevated to its proper place as an integral part of education we shall rear a generation of educated pagans. Such sorrowful reflections should only urge Catholics to more strenuous endeavors to provide proper instructions for their children. The Catholic Sunday school is necessary as a preservative of faith and an incentive to virtue, but it is also one of the mainstays of the nation and a mighty bulwark against the spirit of lawlessness and crime.—The Pilot.

TEA BETTER LIQUID THAN COFFEE TO FACE DEATH ON, ASSERTED

The increased mental activity and endurance of the British aviator is due to his constant indulgence in tea, according to Dr. Allen Starr of Columbia University. In a recent lecture, Starr declared, "While the American troops in France at first generally preferred coffee, American aviators invariably preferred tea before making hard flights, therein following the example of British aviators." "The American aviators' testimonial to tea is the greatest that has ever been given, for it is absolutely pure of any suspicion of undue predilection or prejudice," concludes Starr. "Those United States flying fighters faced death on tea in preference to any other drink."

CATHOLICS AND THE BIBLE

Time was when we were constantly put on the defensive for our attitude toward the Bible. Time will be, and is fast approaching, when, the basis of attack being radically changed, we will occupy the same enviable position. Hitherto we have been accused of want of respect for the Word of God; of superstitious regard for it. The Bible was once the rule of faith of Protestantism, now it is fast becoming a shadowy approval of its ethics. Even the latter is not unquestioned. Destructive criticism has played havoc with the Protestant attitude. On fundamental questions of the inspiration, integrity, and accuracy of the Bible the Protestant higher critic has left the shreds of an antique piece of literature on a level, or even below the historical records of Babylon. Meanwhile the Church has not changed a particle in the reverence for the inspired word of God. It commends its perusal to her chil-

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dren. Notwithstanding a widely believed myth that Catholics are told by their Church not to read the Bible nearly every writer of devotional works highly recommends its perusal. The priests of the Church are obligated under sin to recite the divine office daily, more than three-fourths of which is Scripture of the Old and New Testament. We pass by the solicitude of the Church for the Bible before Protestantism was heard of, brought home strikingly by St. Jerome, whose admonition is conclusive: "Read assiduously and learn as much as you can. Let sleep find you holding your Bible, and when your head nods let it be resting on the sacred pages." And recently Pope Benedict XV., commenting on this admonition of St. Jerome says, "Hence as far as in us



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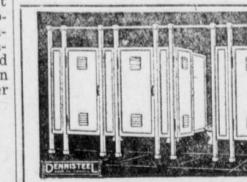
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lies, we, venerable brethren, shall, with St. Jerome as our guide, never desist from urging the faithful to read daily the Gospel, the Acts, and the Epistles, so as to gather thence food for their souls." The present Holy Father founded the Society of St. Jerome whose purpose was to put the Gospels and Acts in every home. And again he says, "Our one desire for all the Church's children is that, being saturated with the Bible, they may arrive at the all surpassing knowledge of Jesus Christ." We have no delusions about Bible reading. We know it needs an infallible interpreter. St. Peter said that the writings of his fellow apostle had been wrested to the destruction of some of its readers. It is perfectly foolish to think that indiscriminate spreading of the Bible will make unnumbered converts. But it will bring to the enlightened minds of men the unmeasured wisdom of God, and the surpassing knowledge of Jesus Christ.—New World.

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M 563 Price delivered to you \$9.95
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT COUNTS

It's not what a man possesses That tells in the final test; It's not what a man professes That ranks him among the best; Nor wealth, nor race, nor learning, Is ever the thing that counts; The God of us all is discerning— It's only the heart that counts.

Though he have the lore of the sages, Though he know the visions of seers, Though he make us laugh at his pages, Or draw from our eyes swift tears, Man's knowledge will not avail him, It's never the thing that counts, And wit at the end will fail him— It's only the heart that counts.

The Saviour himself has said it, Forever and ever, amen, This virtue is chief to our credit: Love of God and our fellow-men. Or raiment fine, or tatters, Neither it is that amounts, Charity's all that matters— It's only the heart that counts.

HELPING YOURSELF

"Here comes The Boss—we must get busy!" The news travels swiftly. Heads bend over books, the stenographer rustles her papers, the telephone operator dons her headgear and answers the assisting flash from the switchboard that has been winking in front of her for five minutes. The Clock Watchers take note of the time and multiply their futile motions. Work begins when The Boss comes on the job. His late breakfast and leisurely journey to his desk cost him more than he ever estimates!

In some corner of the place the Wise Guy is not electrified when The Boss comes on the job. He is quietly taking advantage of that best hour in any man's day—the first in the morning. He does not care when The Boss arrives, or whether he comes at all; he is not working for The Boss, although everybody else, including The Boss, thinks that he is. He gets his pay with the rest, out of the same cash drawer; he is busy with the affairs of the same concern and is loyal to its interests. But his real employer is of quite another sort.

It may well be that he is not aware of the fact, but the person for whom he is working is himself—his real self; the self that lives inside and commands his purposes. Not his pocket, mind you; pocket is only a crevice in the clothing that covers a man. Not what he gets in his pay envelope; that is only money; it is quickly spent, and not a sou of it can accompany him when a few days from now—oh, so very few days—he passes through the veil to be valued for what he has made himself. He is working for himself, for his own satisfaction.

"If the thing I am doing were not worth doing, were not of service among the real tasks of the world," his life says, even if his tongue does not, "I would not be doing it. Pay is well enough, and one must have it in some form; but I get my satisfaction out of my own insides, from doing to the best of my ability whatever it is that my hand finds to do. I am glad of the approval of The Boss, but I am more concerned about my own approval. It is for my own sake that I put my best licks into my work. I can fool The Boss by working hard when he is looking at me, but I cannot fool myself."

Presently the Wise Guy is called to a better job; for little as he may suspect it, The Boss is looking for Wise Guys. They seem to be scarce.—The Tablet.

GUIDANCE IN LOVE AFFAIRS

How few are the young men who seek advice in their love affairs? They are attracted by a pretty girl, they pay her attentions, they become engaged, they are married—and then they wake up to find that marriage is a serious business, that it is a "sentence for life," and that it involves the welfare of many persons, even of generations yet unborn.

The prudent young man will consult his own interests, by reflection on marriage before he takes this serious step. We know that in this day and in our country, especially, this question, though of paramount importance, is usually supposed to furnish its own solution. Men who wouldn't dream of making a change in their business, or of building a house, or of making an investment before consulting an expert, go it blindly in forming this indissoluble partnership. No person of ordinary prudence would proceed to construct a costly building without securing beforehand the services of a competent architect. No person, unless he was a fool, would invest his patrimony in bonds or stocks, of the stability and merits of which he was personally ignorant, until he had the advice of a trustworthy specialist in such things. But every day and every hour in the day men needlessly begin the foundations of a structure infinitely more important to them than the greatest structure of stone and mortar, and assume responsibilities and risks that transcend in real importance the highest fiscal or commercial transaction ever imagined.

Leaving aside the sacramental character of matrimony, the contract into which a man and woman enter on their wedding day, is the most momentous and difficult one

that they will ever be called upon to seal. The compact involves so much. Temporal happiness, fidelity to so many obligations, patient endurance of such a host of trials, no forgetfulness of self in the higher duties to others imposed by the conditions of the bond, responsibility for not only the physical comfort and welfare of those whom the tie makes dependent upon them, but accountable for their spiritual happiness and eternal safety as well.

Yet how many young men embark on this venture with never a thought? How many start this edifice that is destined to outlive time and life in its consequences, without seeking a word of counsel or guidance? How many invest their most sacred capital, life and salvation itself, without a moment's previous reflection on the tremendous risks and requisites that the step involves?

There is scarcely any matter touching the lives of young men, and young women, too, in which they stand in greater need of wise direction, than in this matter of marriage, and there is no subject on which they seek and receive less. Chapters could be written on the defects of the modern custom of love and courtship, as we know it here in this country, more particularly. Other chapters, not to say volumes, could be indited concerning the absolute neglect of duty on the part of Christian parents in connection with the same subject. We are all quite familiar with the monstrous fallacy that finds popular acceptance, that boys and girls and young men and young women are able to take care of themselves in this, as in all the duties of life; that they need no advice and what have none, with regard to what touches their "love" and matrimonial predilections.

The divorce court records and discontented unhappy homes furnish a fearful sequel to this prevalent perversion. No young man can afford to be guided solely by his fancies or passions in the contemplation of a step that involves the lives and happiness and destiny of others no less than his own. He needs the best, the most solicitous, the most prudent counsel that can be had.

The advice of a good father will sometimes save a young man from a blunder that will otherwise be irreparable and it will often give him new ideas of the sanctity of the married state.—The Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AN IRISH ROSARY

'Tis Rosary time in Ireland, And looking across the years, A picture unfolds before me, (P's dimmed with a mist of tears.) For sure it lacks gorgeous setting, No wealth of color it boasts, But Rosary time in Ireland Is envied by angel hosts.

Ah, never was rank or station Or fame of glorious deeds As dear as this scene in Ireland, When mother took down the beads; And readily would I barter The trophies the years have won, To kneel by that hallowed fireside When the day's rough task is done.

I care not for stately temples Or glamor of service grand, I'd rather one prayer in Ireland, For isn't it God's own land? The smell of the turf for incense, And Love for the sacred light— Ah, Rosary time in Ireland! My heart is with you tonight.

—REV. D. A. CASEY

ALL FOR JESUS

"Heaven is very beautiful, Rodrigo. Those martyrs papa read about last night are up there now, and just think of it, they will be with God forever, forever, and forever."

"Mama says that all good, obedient children are pleasing to God." "Yes, but those who are put to death for the dear Lord Jesus, go to heaven quickly, and do not have to wait for years and years—some, times until they are old and gray. If we could only go to Morocco, the Moors would put us to death, and then we would live in heaven for all eternity."

The face of the little girl—she was only seven years old—glowed with holy enthusiasm, which was caught by the boy, and he promised to accompany her on her journey to the land of the Moors. They took nothing with them, for they planned to beg their food as they went along—"like the saints," said Teresa, naively. Hand in hand the children passed silently out of the garden, and along the high road which led out of the city. Fortunately before they had gone very far, they met their uncle, and as he failed to catch the spirit of the martyrs, he carried them back to their mother. She was greatly alarmed at their absence, and chided Rodrigo for going off, and he in turn placed all the blame on his little sister.

"Well, since we cannot be martyrs, we will be hermits," said Teresa, smiling through her tears. We will build a great monastery, Rodrigo, and we will say our rosary and pray like the monks and nuns whose pictures are in papa's books." They went to work with a will collecting stones and pieces of boards; but their building in their father's garden never went beyond rather insecure walls. Teresa took great delight in assisting the poor, and she would lay aside her

choicest cake or sweatmeat for some poor child. She was encouraged in this by her father, Alphonsus Sanchez, and her mother, Beatrice y Ahumada. In after years, speaking of her parents, she said:

"My father was a man of much charity toward poor people, and compassion toward the sick. He delighted in reading good books which he also procured for his children. My mother was enriched with many virtues; and she passed through this life of hers with grievous sickness. Teresa had a very gentle and lovable disposition, and was very happy with her brothers and sisters. The first great sorrow of her young life came when she lost her beloved mother. In her grief her little heart turned to her Heavenly Mother, as she, herself, says: "As soon as I began to understand how great a loss I had sustained by losing her, I was very much afflicted; and so I went before an image of our Blessed Lady, and besought her with many tears that she would vouchsafe to be my mother."

Left to herself a great deal, Teresa began to amuse herself by reading books of romance—which were probably much like our modern novels—and slowly—little by little—she began to think less of God, and to give up her pious practices. She also had to dress more finely, and to be vain of her good looks, for Teresa was a very beautiful girl, having inherited her good looks from her mother.

We do not doubt that the dear Blessed Virgin was tenderly guarding her little daughter, and at the age of fifteen her father decided to place her as a boarder in the convent of the Dames Augustines. At first the restraint was hard to bear, but gradually she learned to love the peaceful holy life of the nuns. Many times when praying before the Blessed Sacrament or in the quiet of her room, she would beg God to make known to her His holy will. She read many holy books, and studied the matter of her vocation in a deliberate manner. A painful illness forced her to return to her home, but her mind was made up that for the future her life would be "all for God."

At last the happy day arrived when the doors of the Convent of the Incarnation opened to receive as a novice one who was to shed a halo of glory on the Order of Mount Carmel. Teresa y Ahumada was twenty years of age when she bade adieu to the world. The monastery, which still stands, was a very large building and contained one hundred and eighty nuns. Here our saint lived for over twenty years. The Order of Mount Carmel is a very old one, but as years went by one superior after another realized the rule a little, until many unwise changes crept in. Saint Teresa was much grieved at these changes and it became her ardent wish to bring the order back to its first fervor. She was severely criticised for her zeal, but trusting in God, she persevered and had the happiness of establishing sixteen convents before her death. Not only did the nuns return to the primitive rule of the Order, but a number of monasteries of men placed themselves under her direction.

Saint Teresa of Avilla is one of the most remarkable women the world has ever known. Her books are masterpieces not only of Catholic Doctrine but of wisdom, and she looked upon as authority by the most eminent theologians. This noble woman died on the fourth of October, in the year 1582; but the Church celebrates her feast on the fifteenth of October.—Catherine Howe.

IN THE AFTERGLOW OF CHRISTIANITY

A sympathetic and frank analysis of the moral condition of our modern society brings to light certain contradictory features which, at first blush, produce an impression of bewilderment and a sense of startling incongruousness. It reveals such an astonishing and odd mixture of good and evil, such a strange blending of things that are as far apart and as hostile as fire and water. Into the very texture of our social life there are woven threads of purest gold that command the admiration of men; but, at the same time, the pattern is disfigured in a way that causes us to hang the head in shame for our own age and generation.

The presence of these striking contrasts accounts for the disparate judgments that are passed on the merits of the civilization of our times. Some claim, and they have much to show that will substantiate their claims, that our social life exemplifies a high degree of moral excellence and marks a distinct advance in human progress. Others there are, and the basis of fact for their contentions is not wanting, who are emphatic in condemning the general drift of our social life and who do not hesitate to say that we are reverting to the dark days of paganism and that our civilization exhibits all the earmarks of moral degeneracy and decadence.

With the aid of history, the seeming puzzle can be readily solved. At bottom, our western civilization is Christian, and this fact explains the beautiful elements which our social life undoubtedly presents. We have salvaged just enough of Christian morality to humanize the world we live in. The entire structure of our social life had been

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saturated with the Christian spirit before modern infidelity began its destructive work. This spirit is still active and effective in our days. The world, at this moment, is living on the remnants of Christian morality, though it has, to a very large extent, discarded the Christian creed. This need not surprise us, for a tree goes on blossoming for a time, even after corruption has attacked its roots. Our civilization thrives on the crumbs that have fallen from the table of Christianity. We are living in the afterglow of Christianity.

Even this afterglow beautifies our world and makes it infinitely superior to the pagan world. We have things that paganism never dared to dream of in its most soaring flights of imagination. The conscience of the world today is more sensitive. It condemns things against which formerly there was no outcry and which were accepted as a matter of course and in a spirit of fatalism. Moral wrongs, though they exist in our midst, are stigmatized and visited with public disapproval. Our age possesses a keener sense of justice and a greater compassion for misfortune. Appeals for charity meet with a generous and quick response. The barbaric customs of former ages, the fearful abuses of slavery, the degradation connected with serfdom, the intolerable caste distinctions of feudalism have been swept away by the moral indignation of mankind. There is a greater realization of human equality and a finer appreciation of the dignity of human personality. With all sincerity, though sometimes in a misguided manner, the evils of the drink traffic and other vested interests are being combated. The rights of men, even of the humblest, are being championed with a fervor that would not have been unworthy of the crusaders. The generous sympathy that characterizes our civilization, and that yet is so different from the maudlin sentimentality of the East, extends even to the animal creation. The dumb animals share in that kindly tenderness that goes out to all things living and that protects the creatures of God from wanton cruelty. It is not well to close one's eyes against the beautiful things that lie about us. For they are the fruits of Christianity remaining in an age that has repudiated Christian truth.

The world may reject Christian teaching, but it will never throw aside Christian morality. Having tasted the sweetness of Christian morality, it could never again return to the horrors of pagan ethics. The Christian ethical code has for all times established its transcendent superiority. It has proved to be the bulwark of order, the protection of life, the safeguard of right and the inspiration of progress. Whatever may happen to the world, it can never abandon the elevating morality of Christianity. This would be suicide, and the world knows it.

This very fact will force the world back to Christian teaching, for it will soon find out that it will be impossible to maintain Christian morality without the Christian creed. The world will find its way back to the Cross. As the afterglow of Christianity begins to fade, mankind will again turn to the sun of Christian truth and again enter into the full radiance of Christianity.—Catholic Standard and Times.

WHY CATHOLICS ARE DEVOTED TO THE MASS

At the hour of death the Masses you have heard will be your greatest consolation. Every Mass will go with you to judgment and plead for pardon. At every Mass you can diminish the temporal punishment due to

your sins, more or less, according to your fervor.

Assisting devoutly at Mass, you render to the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord the greatest homage. He supplies for many of your negligences and omissions. He forgives you all the venial sins which you never confessed. The power of Satan over you is diminished.

You afford the souls in Purgatory the greatest possible relief. One Mass heard during your life will be of more benefit to you than many heard for you after your death.

You shorten your Purgatory by every Mass. Every Mass wins for you a higher degree of glory in Heaven. You receive the priest's blessing, which Our Lord ratifies in Heaven. You are preserved from many dangers and misfortunes which would otherwise have befallen you. You kneel amidst a multitude of holy angels, who are present at the adorable sacrifice with reverential awe.

Oh! mighty, compelling, all embracing love, which keeps captive the soul of man with all its powers, which knows no limit, either in time or in place, which is unique in the history which records the deeds of men, which asks no reward here, save the right to serve, which lifts even to Heaven, where perfect union and perfect love are promised to those who render unselfish service.—Archbishop Hanna.

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BURNS 94% AIR A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal-oil).

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THE FOUNDATION OF CIVIL LIBERTY

The announcement that the field of Runnymede, the historic spot where the Magna Charta was signed, was to be sold at auction...

This historic field which commemorates the act which stands for the foundation of civil liberty has come to represent a principle, the right of the people to resist the alienation of their lands by usurpation...

The presence of Cardinal Langton, at Runnymede and of St. Hugh of Lincoln whose name is appended to the copy of the Charter preserved in Lincoln Cathedral, is symbolic of the care the Church has always exercised for the civil liberties of mankind...

There never was real danger that the meadow so rich in historical associations, and dedicated to the liberties of the people would be appropriated by private interests. But the indignation that has been aroused at the proposed sale of Runnymede has served to call attention to the principle for which it stands...

FORMULARIES OF CATHOLIC ORIGIN

London, September 26.—One of the most remarkable developments among the non-episcopal Protestants of Great Britain during recent years has been the decided movement on their part to adopt certain external formularies or conventions which are distinctly Catholic in origin.

The N. C. W. C. Correspondent was travelling in Scotland, and, stopping off at a remote and lonely station in the Highlands, was surprised to find on the edge of the little village a beautiful stone church in excellent Gothic style that had every appearance of being a Catholic church...

The altar was unfurnished with either cross or candlesticks, and on first appearance it seemed that the church might be one of the moderate Scottish Episcopalians. But it turned out to be a Presbyterian place of worship.

In Edinburgh itself there is one Presbyterian clergyman who has an altar in his church, furnished with a cross, candlesticks and vases of flowers. He celebrates the holy communion according to the rites of the Anglican Church.

As even the use of an organ was looked upon as sheer idolatry by the more stern of the older Presbyterians, these changes signify a great deal in the development towards a regular church order.

A remarkable step was taken by the Free Churches only last year, when the executive body of these Churches decided to publish a liturgical manual for use in the churches which contained offices of liturgical worship and forms for the administration of the sacraments—all this by a people who hitherto would have nothing but the spontaneous word.

Then things got a little more advanced, and only a few weeks ago the whole Wesleyan body published a spiritual document to which they gave the name of an Encyclical. Last of all, there was assembled recently at Westminster, right across from the Abbey and within sound of the Angelus bell that rings daily at Westminster Cathedral, a remarkable body of non-episcopal Protestants that took upon itself the style and gave itself the title of the "Ecumenical Methodist Conference."

The deliberations of this assembly interested nobody but the Methodists themselves; but it is certainly the first time in history that a conclave of Protestant Dissenters has taken upon itself the title of Ecumenical.

A Man is as Old As His Arteries

Importance of Keeping Our Blood Pressure Down

An applicant for life insurance had just returned from a visit to the medical examiner. "I'm afraid," he told a friend, "that my high blood pressure will tell against me and that I shall be refused a policy."

This man had noted the extreme care of the physician in ascertaining his blood pressure and for the first time, its vital importance had been borne home to him.

If the great truth which had been unfolded to this man, alas, too late, could be learned by millions of others, what a priceless boon it would be. For every man, and especially all those around the forty mark or over, should bear in mind the menace to his health when Blood Pressure rises very high, say anywhere above 150.

You are probably aware that the condition of the arteries regulates your Blood Pressure, and the lower this pressure the easier it is for the heart to pump the blood through the different parts of the body. Therefore it is necessary to long life that we should aim to keep our arteries as young as possible.

High Blood Pressure is attributed to many causes, and occurs earlier in life in persons of sedentary habits or those with indoor occupations, who have confined themselves too closely to business for continuous years—in most cases from Constipation, or continually taking laxatives or cathartics of different kinds in an effort to keep the system regular.

The best means of keeping the system in perfect working order, reducing the Blood Pressure and preventing hardening of the arteries lies in taking plenty of outdoor exercise, long walks in the open, golfing, horseback riding or other mild exercises, and keeping the system regulated at all times. Avoid taking laxatives in any form, as they diminish the vitality.

Internal bathing by means of the J. B. L. Cascade has done more to prolong life and keep active business men and women up to the 100% standard of efficiency than any other means known. Its occasional use perfectly cleanses the intestines and keeps them clean, so that the blood circulating through these parts once every 24 hours does not become contaminated and is not allowed to poison the system. High pressure lessens, sleepless nights are gone. Indigestion is a trouble unknown to internal bathers, rheumatism disappears and likewise many other ills directly caused from Constipation.

It is a proven fact, demonstrated by Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, inventor of the J. B. L. Cascade, whose own life was saved and prolonged by it, that internal bathers live longer than those who are not.

An interesting instance is the case of a wholesale grocer in north-western Ontario, at present 86 years of age, who personally directs his large business every day from his home desk. He has been a user of the J. B. L. Cascade now for years, and tells his many friends that internal bathing is alone responsible for his wonderful health and energy at this age. We could also mention many similar cases almost equal to this that have come directly under our notice during the past ten years.

If you want to live longer and always be fit and free from the many ills which are liable to creep on us as years advance, learn more about this important subject. Write to Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, 454 Tyrrell Building, 123 College Street, Toronto, and you will receive a 64-page book, called "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," free of charge, if you mention having read this article in THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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A SOUL'S EXPERIENCE

In a recently published record of his soul's experiences entitled "Rebuilding a Lost Faith by an American Agnostic, the anonymous author pays this tribute to the Catholic Church in which he finally found peace and rest. "When I am asked," he writes, "what I have found within the Catholic Church superior to all that Protestantism gave me, I find that language is inadequate to express it. One thinks of the familiar metaphor of a stained glass window in a vast cathedral. Seen from without by day this seems an unintelligible mass of dusky glass. Viewed from within, however, it reveals a beautiful design where sacred story glows resplendently in form and color. So it is with the Church of Rome. One must enter it to understand its sanctity and charm. When I

reflect upon that Church's long unbroken continuity, extending back to the very days of the Apostles; when I recall her grand inspiring traditions, her sacraments, her immemorial language, her changeless creed, her noble ritual, her stately ceremonies, her priceless works of art, her wondrous unity of doctrine, her ancient prayers, her matchless organization, her Apostolic authority, her splendid roll of saints and martyrs, reaching up like Jacob's ladder, uniting Heaven and earth; when I reflect upon the intercession for us of those Saints and Martyrs, enhanced by the petitions of the Blessed Mother of Our Lord; and last but not least, when I consider the abiding Presence of the Saviour on her altars, I feel that this One, Holy, Apostolic Church, has given me certainty for doubt, order for confusion, sunlight for darkness, and substance for shadow. It is the Bread of Life and the wine of the soul, instead of the unsatisfying husks; the father's welcome with the ring and the robe instead of the weary exile in the wilderness of doubt. It is true, the prodigal must retrace the homeward road, and even enter the doorway of the mansion on his knees, but within, what a recompense!"—The Pilot.

OBITUARY

JAMES MAHER

The solemn obsequies of the late James Maher were held in St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterboro, on Wednesday, Sept. 28th.

Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. Father Maher, (grandson of deceased). In the sanctuary were His Lordship Bishop O'Brien, Rev. Father P. McGuire, Rev. Father Cantillan, Rev. Father Powers, Rev. Father McCauley, Rev. Father Guiry and Rev. Father P. Costello.

The deceased was in his eighty-first year, the eldest of twelve of a family. In his earliest years he resided in Lindsay and was a pioneer railroad man, being for over thirty years in employment of Grand Trunk. Six years ago he retired to the House of Providence and his residence there has been one continual preparation for a happy death, surrounded by the good Sisters of St. Joseph who remained by his bedside day and night. His wife died some thirteen years ago; he is survived by one daughter, Mother M. Juliana, Killaloe convent, and three sons, Wm. J. of Detroit, M. J. of Peterboro and T. J. of Chatsworth.

The funeral was held from the residence of his son M. J. Maher, 372 Rubidge St., by C. P. R. to Lindsay and buried in family plot. The pall bearers were Senator McHugh, Thos Brady, Thos. Connolly, J. R. O'Neill, M. Cough and N. Brady.

He was one of the old school—a man of exceptional qualities of heart, honest and conscientious, and a staunch and pious Catholic. His unstinted devotion to his home and family, his quiet and patient disposition endeared him to the religious of the community and the inmates of the house. The exemplary life led will always live in the hearts of those he left to mourn him. R. I. P.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard O'Neill, Erinville, announce the engagement of their daughter, Sarah Anne, to Mr. William John Ryan, Ottawa, son of Mrs. Julia Ryan, Douglas. The marriage to take place the latter part of this month.

MARRIAGE

DESJARDINS-BOND.—At Toronto, on Sept. 19, by the Rev. Father McMahon, Ethel Gwendoline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bond of Dunnville, to Chas. G. Desjardins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Desjardins of Picton.

DIED

WILDER.—Died at Detroit, Mich., on Sept. 16, 1921, John Wilder, of Wellington, Ont., aged fifty-one years. May his soul rest in peace.

COFFEY.—Died at Brighton, Ont., on June 11th, 1921, Elizabeth Tait, beloved wife of Wm Coffey, aged sixty years. May her soul rest in peace.

DOUGHERTY.—In Ridgeway on Sept. 4, 1921, Mrs. Julia Dougherty, sister of the late Mrs. J. Brosnahan, in her eighty-sixth year. May her soul rest in peace.

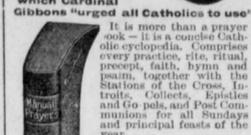
MOTHERSILL.—At her late residence 233 Kendal ave., Oshawa, on May 21, 1921, Mary Ellen Stapleton, beloved wife of Edward Mothersill. May her soul rest in peace.

GILGOLY.—In Lindsay on July 7th, 1921, Edmund Patrick Gilgoly, last of the five sons of James Gilgoly. He was an uncle of Father Vincent Gilgoly and Father Gerard Mesinger, also of the late Rev. Sister Echebrea of Loretto Abbey, Toronto. He left to mourn his loss one son, James of Chicago, and his two sisters Isabella and Mary Ann of St. Lawrence Street, Lindsay, Ont. May his soul rest in peace.

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