The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1916

WHY IS IT ?

How is it that the secular papers mind not the tragedy of lust, rapine and murder that is being enacted at their very doors. They have whole columns dealing with the European situation, but scarcely a word, if we except jocular allusions to revolution, about the state of affairs in Mexico. They know that in Mexico some priests have been killed and some nuns have been outraged. Archbishop Blenk can testify that churches have been profaned by soldiers entering them on horseback, breaking statues, trampling on relics, scattering on the floor the Sacred Hosts and even throwing them into the horses' feed. In Mexico City nuns have been the victims of the passions of revolutionary soldiers and some of them are now in their own homes and in hospitals and maternity houses. Rape, rapine, murder, are the passports of these Mexican bandits to American approval. And there is never a word of protest from administrative circles, and many of the Catholics who support the Government are stricken with dumbness that is inexplicable to the outsider. But surely these virgins of Christ that have been pawed over by Mexican lust have some claim upon them. Surely they who prize the purity of their wives and daughters must heed the cries of gentle women who have become the playthings of incarnate devils. Are they pleased with the spectacle of stoles and cinctures and their women dressed up in albs, surplices and corporals used as handkerchiefs. Lust, their eyes and wait for miracles to bring order and peace out of the welter of deviltry.

OUR FAULT

It is curious how unchristian we Christians often are; so much so that one is tempted to wonder how we deserve to be the descendants of of London of a clause to this effect those who won from the pagans the spontaneous tribute: "See how these men love one another." And yet their doctrine was the same as our doctrine-their Model is our Model. The fault, then, must lie with ourselves, and much of it is doubtless due to the fact that, absorbed as we are in worldly matters, we have no time to examine and study the teachings of our Faith. The early Christians may have had time, but then, of course, they did therefore, that could prompt them not live in our progressive and rapid

LIFT YOUR HATS

Don't be afraid or ashamed to lift your hat when passing a Catholic Church. The Lord of Hosts will be the more mindful of you and the sincere on-looker will be edified. At bottom humanity has a good deal of use for the man who is consistent and who lives up to his convictions-religious or otherwise. Thousands of converts have been made by actions which in themselves seem of no consequence. The Sign of the Cross at meals—the raising of the hat in passing the church—the reverent saluting of God's minister-when going his daily round among the sick and sad-these simple acts have set many an honest man and woman asking themselves soul-searching questions. Times without number we have heard converts assert that their first steps on the road to the Catholic faith.

THE LAW OF CONDUCT

As we glance over the day's doings in the press we cannot but conclude that vast numbers of people have never grasped the idea that life demands an art; they eddy to and fro and are swept aside by every current of circumstance as though they were devoid of all power to foresee or steer round the obstacles that interfere with their progress. For the most part these rudderless voyagers on the

night the day, that they do not help heir fellows to attain it either. To make the most of the average opportunity it is surely needful to start and hold out with an inward assurance that much may be made of it that there is more raw material of enjoyment than of suffering, more to revile. It is not given to ethical speculators nor to deans nor directors to illuminate all the dusky recesses of life's mystery; but this much may be assumed as the ground-work of sane thinking—there is a science of conduct, and it behooves every man and woman to follow its dictates and hope for its rewards.

AT FORTY THREE HEADS GREAT ARCHBISHOPRIC

Canadian Press

Chicago, Feb. 9.-The Most Rev. Geo. Mundelein, D. D., was installed as the Catholic archbishop of Chicago and metropolitan of the province of Illinois, here to-day, with elaborate ceremonies, in Holy Name Cathedral. He is the third holder of the office, his predecessors having been Patrick A. Feehan, who died late in 1902, and James E. Quigley, whose death occurred last summer

The Most Rev. John Bonsore, apos tolic delegate to Washington, offici ated at the services, aided by the Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell. bishop of Brooklyn, by whom Archbishop Mundelein was ordained, and scores of other clergymen.

Archbishop Mundelsin, who is forty three years old, is the youngest priest ever to be intrusted with an archdiocese of the importance Chicago. He was born in Brooklyn and finished his preliminary educathey pleased with the spectacle of tion in Manhattan College, New soldiers dressed up in chasubles, York, in 1889, being the youngest whom this college ever granted a degree. He assumes on behalf of the bishopric the ownerporals used as handkerchiefs. Lust, ship of property worth approximate-outrage, murder, stalk unashamed ly \$50,000,000, and is ecclesiastical through Mexico, and our friends shut ruler of a Catholic community of 1,400,000 people.

THE POPE AND THE PACT OF LONDON

Has Italy forced the hands of the Allies to exclude the Holy See from participation in a future peace con-ference? The insertion into the Pact at the instance of the Italian Gov ernment has been asserted by the press, and the statement has not

The insult implied in such an act would be entirely gratuitous. The Holy See has never begged for admission into any future peace conference. Nor is there any reason to suspect the Allied Governments of partiality toward Rome. None of them is officially Catholic, but all of them except perhaps Belgium are German officially non-Catholic, under one have the form or other. The only reason, to desire the admission of the Holy Father into such a conference would and their subjects.

That there is great reason for the Pope's presence is obvious to every unprejudiced mind, and would be made doubly obvious by an act such as that ascribed to the Italian Gov ernment. He is the one person most impartial and neutral, in the sense that he has not been implicated in even the slightest action that could be interpreted as implying unfriendliness toward any one of the belliger ent nations. He is the one person most intimately interested in the conclusion of peace, being the spirit ual father of millions of the Faithful on both sides of the great struggle. He is finally the one person mos capable of an unbiased judgment, because he alone has no political advantage to gain and because, acting as Christ's Representative, he necessarily has the most exalted conception of his high responsibility.

Most of these reasons flow from purely international and not from Catholic considerations. Yet as head of the many million Catholics, faithfully serving their respective Governments even unto death, he Church were taken as the result of has a special right to be heard in the witnessing these public evidences of formulation of terms of peace on either side of the world conflict. As the vicegerent and interpreter of the Prince of Peace, the gentle whiterobed figure in the Vatican may not be passed over without setting aside Him who is the King of kings and Lord of lords, without whom there can be neither lasting peace nor true prosperity. Even to those of other creeds who still believe in the existence of a Divinity these reasons must appeal, since they cannot fail to see in him at least an exalted servant of God, sincere in the fulfil

ment of his sublime ministry. The Italian Government, it is further said, has obtained the introduc tion into the same Pact of another clause, excluding any change whatstream of life find it very hard to soever in the Law of Guarantees,

the Roman Question is not purely internal has been made more obvious than ever during the present war. Yet the Holy See has raised no issue in this conflict. Again, we must ask, what reason could Italy allege for suspecting the Allied Governments of undue partiality toward Rome? None. Hence the act ascribed to it would be a confession of bad faith admire than to denounce, more and an implicit admission of the beauty to discover than ugliness to open injustice of its demand. What ever may be the truth contained in the current report, hitherto undenied, the warring Governments on either side cannot disregard with impunity the Christ and His anointed.—America.

BELGIAN BISHOPS PLEAD FOR JUSTICE

PROTEST AGAINST THEIR WRONGS TO GERMAN AND ATISTRIAN RISHOPS

One of the most striking and pathetic letters in the history of the world, sent two months ago, privately, by the Catholic bishops of Belgium to the bishops of Germany and Austria, protesting against the wrongs which Belgium is suffering by injustice and outrage, has just been published. No answer has yet been received. "In the name of their common religion," says the letter, "the clergy of Belgium appeal for truth and justice to themselves and their faithful." They enclose official documents and minutes proving the wrongs they are suffering which in great part, say the bishops have been kept from the knowledge of other countries behind the walls of soldiery which make of Belgium a

vast prison. Referring to Germany's attempt to excuse the outrages of her soldiery by tu quoque charges against the Belgian priests and people, the Belgian bishops declare :

"We know that these shameless accusations of the imperial govern-ment are from one end to the other, calumnies, we know it and we swear

"We affirm that there was no where in Belgium any organization of free-shooters—and we demand, in the name of our National honor which has been calumniated, the right to give proofs of the truth of

When the French book, to which German Catholics oppose their own, saw the light, their Eminences Cardinal von Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, and Cardinal von Bettinger, Archbishop of Munich, felt it necessary to address to their Emperor a telegram in these words :

"Revolted by the defamation of the German Fatherland and its glorious army contained in the book, 'The War and Catholicism,' we have the heartfelt need of expressing our sorrowful indignation to your Majesty in the name of the whole German episcopate. We shall not fail to lift up our complaint even to the supreme head of the Church.

Very well, Most Reverend Eminences, Venerated Colleagues of the German episcopate, in our turn, we archbishops and bishops of Belgium-revolted by the calumnies against our Belgian country and its glorious army, which are contained in the White Book of the Empire and reproduced in the German Catholics' answer to the work published by French Catholics—we feel the need of expressing to our King, to our Government, to our army, to our country, our sorrowful indignation.

"And that our protestation may not run counter to yours, without useful effect, we ask you to be willing to aid us to institute a tribunal for search. ing inquiry of evidence and counter evidence. In the name of your official tribunal, you will appoint as many members as you desire, and as it pleases you to choose; we will appoint as many more, three for example, one on each side. And we will ask of a neutral state-Holland. Spain, Switzerland, or the United States—to appoint for us a "superarbiter" who will preside the opera-

tions of the tribunal. You have taken your complaints to the Sovereign Head of the Church. "It is not just that he should hear only your voice.

You will have the loyalty to aid us to make our voice heard also. We have-you and we-an identical duty, to put before His Holiness tried documents on which he may be able to base his judgment."

Referring to Prussian outrages, the Belgian bishops wrote:

"Fifty innocent priests, thousands of innocent faithful, were put to death; hundreds of others, whose lives have been preserved by circumstances independent of their persecutors' will, were put in danger of death; thousands of innocent people were made prisoners, many of them underwent months of detention, and,

had been subjected had brought out | Lancellotti would hear of no change against them no evidence of guilt. These crimes cry to heaven for

A MISUNDERSTOOD INVITATION

If, so far, the Pope's cherished hope of restoring peace to the war-ring nations of Europe has not been realized, nothing can keep him from trying to bring about a unity of be-lies amongst the Christian sects of the world. It was no doubt with a distant sense of surprise that the world at large read the Holy Father's letters to the Protestant Conference at Garden City, L. I. Indeed, so great was the surprise among the delegates themselves—who represented the Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational, Lutheran, Methodist Moravian, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, and Presbyterian Reformed Churches—that they utterly misinterpreted the Holy Father's words. Benedict XV. is a sufficient'y good theo ogian to know that the Catholic Church could not con-descend to the level of participating in a sectarian conference. But the Pope possesses so much of the gentle spirit of Christ as to be willing to go out of his way to draw the sheep" by kindness and sweetness to the Fold over which alone the Good Shepherd rules.

Cardinal Gasparri, speaking in the Pope's name complimented the In-ternational Conference upon its efforts to bring about a speedy ful-filment of Our Lord's final prayer, vhen He asked His Father in heaven that all might be one" through Him. But there is no mistaking the Pontiff s words when he comes to point where alone true unity can be found In the Pope's mind the inherent beauty of the Catholic faith, so soon as it becomes generally known, is strong enough to win the admiration and loving obedience of those who have hitherto known her only through the calumnies of her By his letter Benedict XV. enemies. did not countenance, much less approve, the dogmatic positions of any of the sects participating in the conference. What he did do, was simply to praise those who, directly or indirectly, with a sincere desire for unity try to remove the prejudices against the Church.

Once again the Holy Father shows himself to be the real successor of the Prince of Peace. He has in-herited all the traditions of the long line of Fisherman Kings. In the high Middle Ages more than one Pontiff strained every nerve to bring about a union between the Eastern and Western Churches. At the Council of Florence this glorious achievement was realized. And though, as Benedict XV. well knows, this blessed realization was but short-lived, still he deems it worth while to strive for the same object in our own day, under slightly dif-ferent circumstances. And it would seem that no more opportune time than the present could be found to stretch out the hand which alone can guide the wayward and lost to their Father's house. If this war has made men hate one another and mistrust one another for political or patriotic reasons, then surely if such a statement shows only the there is to be such a thing as the solidarity of the human race, it must and can be effected only by the unity of faith in Christ and in His Church. -The Rosary Magazine.

A PRINCE JOURNALIST

What a magnificent figure in the highest ranks of the Roman aristoc racy has just passed away in the person of Prince Filippo Lancellotti that stern old Catholic who had given at least fifty years of his life to labouring for the cause of the Church, of the Papacy, of the poor and of education. His great wealth gave him leisure, but it was leisure wisely

The morning of September 20, 1870, found Prince Lancellotti mounted on the walls of Rome with Lancellotti the battalion of Roman noblemen sworn to die, if necessary, in the cause of Pio Nono. That day saw the entrance of Victor Emmanuel's army, and the young prince had to lay aside the sword.

But it was only to take up a mightier weapon. He was one of the founders of "La Voce della Verita"—
"The Voice of Truth" — which - which chieved great results for the Catholic cause. He worked upon it him Most of his nights were passed in its offices, writing, correcting proofsheets. And not until the paper had gone to press would the powerful nobleman leave palace. Nor did he confine his enthuclasm for Catholic journalism to giving to it manual and intellectual labor. His subsidies were unbounded. To "La Voce della Verita" he donated "not thousands," as one old friend of both prince and journal assures me, "but hundreds of thou-

sands of lire." Years have gone by and their softening influence have come upon the political parties of Rome. "The achieve even a modest degree of asserting that the Roman Question when they were released, the most look at each other so askance as they Hill, which is doing such excellent happiness, and it follows as the is purely internal and Italian. That minute questionings to which they did forty years ago. But Prince work for education in Birmingham.

in the demeanor which he adopted in consequence of the fall of Rome. front doors of his palace as a sign of mourning, and closed they have remained ever since.

He was a Knight of the Order of Christ, the highest decoration even the Pope himself can bestow, and one rarely given outside of royal circles.

—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

CATHOLIC BISHOPS

LEAD IN PATRIOTISM

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON'S FORCEFUL WORDS AT CONSECRATION OF BISHOP BROSSART

An eventful day for the Church in Kentucky was the consecration of the Right Rev. Ferdinand Brossart as fourth Bishop of Covington on Jan. 2th. It took place in the new Gothic Cathedral of St. Mary, in that city. Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati; Bishop Meerschaert, of Oklahoma, and Bishop Hartley, of Columbus, officiated.

The sermon was delivered by Arch bishop Glennon, of St. Louis, who in the course of his remarks made these striking utterances regarding the relations of Church and State:

"From the beginning our Bishops, priests and people, not alone in America, but in all lands, clearly understanding the words and the will of our Master. Christ, have rendered freely and devotedly to their country the respect and obedience that was its due. For their country and its rights and privileges, its continued and honored existence, they have with heart and hand throughout the years struggled so that that country might prosper and the rights of the people might be preserved. For these rights they withstood, when necessary, the tyrant king. Are its people's rights denied them, then will the Bishop be found to face an angry Cassar rather than that his country's honor should be lost. As witness an Ambrosia of Milan, the Bishops at Runnymede and Thomas a Becket. Is it attacked by the enemy from without? The first to confront this enemy with the staff of spiritual authority in his hand is the Bishop As witness in the long ages Leo th Great, and in later days a Carroll, Hughes and Mercier. Unnecessary is it for me to say that the Bishop, as a citizen, shall be the first among citizens in his patriotism and devotion and especially unnecessary is it to say that a Bishop of the United States, and one from old Kentucky, shall give to the Constitution and Government of this land of the free his unstinted support and devotion.

"And when he has this done ther

remains that other country, divine in its origin and mission, world-wide in its concept, enduring in its character—that kingdom, of which Christ the Great Shepherd is the invisible head and the Holy Father, His representative, the visible one. To this kingdom his duty lies day by day in consecration of word and work, energy and life. Do you say that there must be antagonism between one and the other, as, for instance, that one has its seat of government at home and the other abroad? I respond that terms and the kingdoms are misunthe Catholic Church is bound un with no government. The Church being catholic, is broader than any nation. It is without as it is within them. It is as much at home in America as it is in Italy. These people who talk of foreign princes and potentates must necessarily regard Christ as an alien. Of course, His Apostles, whether they preached in Rome or Athens or Alexandria, were aliens all. So would be the martyrs and confessors and all the saints of God. Do they not know that a Catholic Church, universal and united belongs to all the nations, and is equally near them all, for Christ died for all men, and in His kingdom all shall be included.

'Church and State are different entities, but they are not antagonis. tic. Each has its own mission-its own sphere of influence — its own methods, but back of both is justice, and over both is God. Each can perform its own mission and at the same time help the other. The best support the civil government hasthe strongest factor in its promotion -the surest promise it has of per manence, are to be found in Church and its teachings. In the very nature of things the better Catholic one is the truer in his patriotism. -the purer his citizenship.-Phila delphia Standard and Times.

ANGLICAN NUN

RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH AT BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

London, Jan. 21 .- Sister Katherine, the well known Anglican nun who has worked many years among the poor of Birmingham, and latterly has been Superioress of Badsey and St. Christopher, Pershore, has been received into the Church by Father O'Hagan, and is now a humble postu-Blacks" and "The Whites" no longer lant at the Convent of Mercy, Camp

APOSTATE'S GRANDSON A CONVERT TO THE CHURCH

Herbert A. Gibbons, special correondent of the Philadelphia Evening Felegraph, writes interestingly on the religious awakening in France. In the issue of Jan. 20, 1916, of the

Evening Telegraph we read:
"Under the Third Republic New Year's day and not Christmas has been the great fete in France. This year, however, there was a remarkable and widespread interest in the keeping of Christmas Day. For the Midnight Mass at Saint Sulpice and other churches, usually free to whomsoever wants to go, tickets had to be given out a week beforehand in order to avoid the crowding that was foreseen

"This interest in Christmas Day is only one of many signs pointing to the religious revival in France. "I do not know when I have read a

more remarkable article than the leader of Maurice Barres in the Echo de Paris on Christmas eve. "It is a review of a posthumous work of the young French writer, Er-

nest Psichari, who was one of the first Frenchmen of note to fall in the present war. In 'The Voyage of the Centurion,' Psichari opens his bear and gives us an autobiographical re cord of his conversion to the Catholic faith. Let me quote from the com-

ment of Maurice Barres: 'Today on Christmas Eve, I am neditating over the deeds which pro long among us the memory of the young hero who was the writer of this book, and what moves me particularly is the fact that Ernest Psichari is the grandson of Ernest Renan, and that he experienced the same homesickness for the Church that his grandfather experienced Renan wanted to remain, in spite of what he wrote, in the bosom of the Church. Henever reconciled himself to the fact of being on the outside. He wanted, if it were possible, to remain Catholic without having faith. Though Renan had rejected the calling of the priesthood, he was still instinctively bound to Catholic sentiment. When, in Rome, at the fall of day and the three hundred churches and monasteries of the Papal city commenced to intone their prayers to the Virgin, his whole being was stirred.

This need of the infinite, this need of God and the Church, the child in his turn recognized. But he decided just the opposite to his grandfather, and submitted his intelligence to the Church. What his grandfather went through, after seventy five years, the grandson went through in the inverse sense. He comes to the old house that his infancy ignored and crosses the sacred sill. 'What do you want?'—'I want baptism,' he replied. But here, under the porch where he refused in struction, the catechist sees a face. 'Who is that?' he asks. 'You have not recognized him!' is the reply. 'He is Ernest Renan, the apos Your grandfather is one of the

"In this book in which the young writer has laid bare his soul, he traces, step by step, his feeling in regard to the venerated faith of his mother. At first, he cannot believe that his grandfather's influence has been harmful to France. But finally his patriotism bscomes confident that there is salvation for the world in the Church alone.

'And so, after his campaign in Africa, he decides that he will give up his life to the Church, that he will go to Rome and take Holy Orders and become a simple village priest, in order that, by the gift of his life, he will expiate the wrong that was done by his grandfather. At this the European war broke out and Ernest Psichari was one of the first to fall, in the disastrous retreat from Belgium. - Our Sunday

THE CHURCH NEVER CHANGES

The great Dominican, Lacordaire speaking of the varied assaults on immutability of the Church said :

The doctrine has appeared at the door of the Vatican, under the frail and wasted form of some old man of three score years and ten. It says What do you desire of me?

"Change." "I never change."

God is always the same.'

"But everything is changed in this world. Astronomy has changed, physiology has changed, chemistry has changed, philosophy has changed the empire has changed. Why are you always the same ?' Because I came from God, and

But now that we are the masters, we have a million of men under arms, we shall draw the sword. The sword which breaks down empires is well able to cut off the head of an old man and tear up the leaves of s book.'

'Do so; blood is the aroma in which I recover my youthful vigor."
"Well then, here is half my sceptra; make a sacrifice to peace and let us

share together." "Keep thy purple, O Caesar! Tomorrow they will bury thee in it, and we will chant over the Alleluia and De Profundus which never change.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The German Jesuits have been de ported from India.

There are fourteen Catholic High schools in Colorado.

The fine new Cathedral of Omaha probably be dedicated next will Easter.

St. Patrick's Seminary, at Menlo Park, Cal., is to have a new chapel to cost \$100,000. The Chicago Municipal Isolation

hospital is under the direction of the Poor Handmaids of Jesus. Canon Dr. Burns, of Plymouth,

England, has been appointed rector of the English College at Valladolid, Spain. The Florida State Arsenal, former-

ly a monastery of the Spanish Fran-ciscans and one of the landmarks of St. Augustine, burned lately. The Bishops of Belgium presented the Holy Father on his name-day a large mosaic depicting the resurrec-

tion of Belgium. Princess Zita, of the House of Bourbon, has entered the Benedictine novitiate, at Ryde, on the Isle of

Wight. In one church in Philadalphia recently 148 adults were confirmed. Of this number 86 were men and 62

women, nearly all converts to the His Eminence, Cardinal Prince Francis S. Bauer, Archbishop of Olmultz, died recently at the age of seventy-four years. He was ordained a priest in 1863, had been Archbishop

of Olmutz since 1904, and was created a Cardinal December 2, 1912 The Little Sisters of the Poor are about to establish a house in Hong Kong, China. The Sisters have at present two houses in China, one at Shanghai and a second at Canton.

the latter opened last year. The Catholic Indian Mission School of St. Francis at St. Francis, S. D., one of the largest and most famous institutions of its kind in the United States, was almost totally destroyed by fire a few days ago, with a loss of \$200,000. Several Sisters were rescued from the burning buildings, without loss of life.

Alaska, is, in extent, three times the size of Texas. Its population is about 70,000, of whom 15,000 are Catholics. They are, for the most part, under the spiritual charge of the Jesuits. About 20 Jesuit priests are in Alaska. Also the Ursuline Sisters and the Sisters of Providence and of St. Anne.

Dr. Franklin J. Keller, one of the most prominent physicians in New Jersey, has been appointed supreme medical examiner for the Catholic Benevolent Legion, the great fraternal insurance order established thirty-four years ago, and which has been of immense service to its members and those dependent on them.

The new Bishop of Covington, Ky., the Right Rev. Frederick Brossart, D. D., is remembered in Kentucky as the hero of two epidemics-one of cholera and the other of black smallpex which raged in the towns where Brossart fearlessly ministered to his own people and brought as well the ants.

In the course of structural alters tions at the Old Friars and Abingdon Lodge, Richmond Green, for the purpose of enlarging the Red Cross Hospital in the former building, a wall was discovered composed of plaster or stucco on which was a fresco of floral design. It is considered to be a part of the Convent of Observant Friars built in 1499. The Order was suppressed, with others, in 1534. The other side of the plaster vall is lined with oak paneling.

Catholic representation on the London County Council has been strengthened by a decision arrived at by that authority at a recent sitting. vacancy occurring in the represen ation of Clapham, by a majority vote the Council decided to elect Mr. William Henry Gibson, a solicitor by profession. Mr. Gibson is a Catholic nd is a member of the congregation of St. Mary's, Clapham. He was educated at the Christian Brother's School at Clapham.

We learn from the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen of a non-Catholic gentleman who takes so much interest in Catholic total abstinence work and has so much confidence in the power of an association of total abstinence priests to combat the vice of intemperance successfully, that he has sent the president of the Priest's T. A. League \$1,000 to expend in his

The total population of Austria-Hungary was, in 1910, 49 458,421. Of these there were 33,418,738 Reman Catholics, 5,442,508 Greek Catholics, 2000 Armenian Catholics, 660 000 Old Catholies, 1 000 Armenian Orientals, 4 550,472 Evangelical Protestants. 2,987 163 Greek Orientals, 74,296 Unitarians, 7,000 other Christians, 2 246,000 Jews and 42 458 of other religions. As shown by the above figures the Roman Catholies are in a very large majority in the empire.

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND AUTHOR OF "MARCELLA GRACE: A NOVEL." CHAPTER XIV

FREE

Pastures of dewy green, hills of buttercups and daisies, flecks of water eaven in their depths, and red and black cattle grazing amongst sedges and yellow lilies, streaks of dark bogland fringed with tawny weeds, soft, violet ridges of far away mountains, all wreathed in shifting and shimmering mist passed swiftly before Bawn's eyes as she whirled through the butterfields of Erin. Could anything be more different from the lofty solemnity of the dark pine forests, the far stretch-

ing flatness of the prairie lines? There was a long day's travelling before she stepped out of the train and was conscious in the clear dark ness of rugged hills, a bay with dusky

shipping, twinkling lights, and a smell of fish and tar.

Arrived at the little hotel recommended to her by Dr. Ackroyd, she was conducted by the honest woman who owned it to a tiny room with space just sufficient for herself and her trunk.

As she sat at breakfast the next morning in the little hotel parlour, with her hat and shawl beside her the door opened and a gentleman Then she noticed that breakfast was laid for a second person at the other end of the table, and the man, whose tea and toast were placed opposite to hers, sat down in the place that was prepared for him and

stared at her.

She reflected that farmers' daugh ters cannot expect to have every thing as ladies would wish, and serenely went on with her breakfast as if no one had come into the room

Would you like to see yesterday's aner ?" said the man; and then Bawn had to look at him for t moment He was a stoutish, nom pous looking person, holding himself very erect, his eyes of a light watery blue with a puffiness under them, head a little bald, with a fringe of light coloured hair, a heavy mouth haded by a heavier moustache, and hands that were fat and unnaturally

'Thank you," said Bawn; and, taking, the paper, she held it so as to screen herself from his scrutiny.

'Ye didn't mind the major, did ve ?" said the landlady apologetically erwards. "He's a fine man an' rich gentleman ; but he's a good at starin', isn's he ? My Mary complains of it when she has to wait on him, and she isn't as handsome as you, mem. It it had 'a' been one the Fingalls, now, ye'd 'a' been duite at home with them ; but Major Batt isn't so nice for a young woma that does be travellin' all her lone."

One of the Fingalls! Bawn's hear gave a sudden throb as the name fell on her ear. That strange, long week at sea dropped suddenly out of her life, and she was her father's daugh. ter again, with his good name in her

She had hardly taken her seat on the long car when Major Batt came of the inn, looking larger than ever in a huge ulster and soft hat crushed down over his puffy eyes. He approached the little green car with the silver harness, but, instead of mounting it, said a few words to his servant, and then, coming up to the public conveyance, hoisted himself with some difficulty into a place by

She thought regratfully of how his burly figure would probably shut out her view of the coast scenery. To try to see beyond him would be as try to see beyond him would be as bad as looking over the shoulders of a crowd. Travellers round the Antrim coast are few, and no one else appeared to claim a seat on the conveyance. The driver cracked his and the car rattled out of the

'You see." remarked the major. "I could not think of letting you travel all alone on this beastly car."
"Thank you," said Bawn; "but it

was quite an unnecessary attention. We Americans are accustomed to ake care of ourselves."

"I may say, in the words of the poet: 'Lady, dost thou not fear to stray, so lone and lovely along this

A sudden turn in the road brought wide ocean to their feet-a magnificent sheet of shifting silver guarded by shining white limestone cliffs, stretching away in curve after curve into a fairylike distance Major Batt sat with his broad back squared against the scenery, and his little watery blue eyes fixed upon all face that was through the thickest of gauze veils.

"I am a stranger," she said, "and this kind of scenery is new to me. Have you any objection to letting me

"I was just going to advise you to lift your veil," was the reply.
"It is one of our American inven

tions-the newest help to the eves I can enjoy my view better with it than without it." With such admirable assistance you ought to be able to see through

'Perhaps I can," said Bawn, quietly.

"but I am none the less anxious to ch,ange seats with you." Think what an unpleasant move

for me. The view would engage all your attention, and I should have

Bawn was silent for a few moments and then, finding the major's eyes still relentlessly fixed on her, she leaned back and said to the driver :

'Will you be good enough to stop a moment? I wish to change my seat." The driver was at her service in an instant; the major laughed a little | round her eagerly.

and muttered something, but offered his assistance, which was not accept-ed, and Bawn, placed at the upper end of the car, where she could keep her face turned away towards the scenery, fels herself victorious over ner obtrusive fello w traveller.

Nevertheless the major still coninued to make himself as objection able as he could, following her up the slightly sloping side of the car a far as possible, though invariably getting shaken down to the lowest corner again by reason of his own considerable weight.

"I never could see anything in scenery myself." he said presently.
"The only view I care about is the
view of a pretty face. And you," he continued, as Bawn made no reply, intent on watching the shifting curves of the silver cliffs folding and unfolding far ahead—"you have just deprived me of one of the finest pros-

pects I ever gazed upon."

As he spoke he had edged himself up the side of the car and came as close to Bawn as he could manage.
"Did you speak?" she said, turning
suddenly. 'This is not a good place
for hearing, though capital for seeing. The wind carries your voice over your shoulder, I suppose."

"And your face over your shoulder, I suppose," he grumbled, as the back of Bawn's head was again presented to him. At the same moment, by an artful touch, she let loose the ends of her veil, which were driven into his face by the breeze.
"Confound it!" she heard him

ejaculate, and he was suddenly shaken away from her and settled down in a heavy deposit at the lower end of the car. Looking round again, she saw him manipulating one of his evelids and patting it with his pocket-handkerchief. A corner of the veil had gone into his eye.

I am afraid you have got some thing in your eye," she said, serenely. "It is dusty for the time of year." "Ah! true; so it is."

"And limestone dust is particularly irritating. What a pity you do not wear a veil like mine."

"Thank you; yours has been enough for me," he growled, trying to look as it nothing had happened, but winking wildly. After this Bawn had peace for

some minutes; but the eye getting better, the major's spirits revived, and his pleasantries continued.

'Now, I am sure we have met in America," he begar. "I spent last summer there, and ever since I saw you first this morning I have felt certain we were excellent friends in New York."

Bawn reflected a few moments and then said: "I wonder to hear you say so, for small pox usually changes one so much; especially when one has only just recovered from it." "Small-pox! You only recovered

from small-pox. But you have no mark of it whatever.' "I can scarcely rely on your

flattering opinion, as you have not seen me in a good light without my You must have had it very light

'I cannot say I had ; but if so, it is all the worse for the person who takes the infection from me. He will be sure to catch the flercest kind of it.'

The major, who had been edging up the car, suddenly stopped his ascent, and was gradually, this time unresistingly, shaken down to the ottom, where he sat aghast.

"But you ought not to be going at arge," he said ; "it is highly wrong." 'One must go somewhere for change of air, or one cannot get well; and in a thinly populated country like this one hardly expects

to come in contact with people."
"Do you think it is very infec-Well, I shall never sit beside a recovered patient in a train again; that is all I can say," said Bawn, sighing.

But perhaps you never were vaccinated ?

"O dear! yes. But I am a firm believer in the new theory that vaccin ation only makes you more suscep tible," said Bawn, tucking her vei about her face, and turning away to hide her smile

Meanwhile Major Batt sat ruefully looking askance at her from the other end of the conveyance, ccasionally casting anxious glances behind to see if his own car was com-

ing into sight.
"I think I shall walk a little," he said presently, with a comical attempt at ease of manner. "These outside cars are a confoundedly cold means of locomotion. Driver, stop ! Let me off.'

Off he went, and the car went on without him; and Bawn, looking back, saw the trim little green car hastening from the distance, and the stout major trudging gallantly to

After that the two strong horses drawing the "long car" thundered along under the overhanging lime-stone walls with Bawn as the only passenger. The sea washed green and pellucid over its white shingle and clouds of silver smoke rose and filled the air with a curious fragrance from piles of burning kelp that smouldered on the shore. Few living creatures were to be seen, but here and there a cottage appeared in

hollow or on the summit of a cliff. "There's Aughrim Castle, miss," said the driver, who had been silently chuckling over the discomfiture of the major, and now thought it his duty to entertain the lady. "That's where Lord Aughrim lives, miss, barrin' when he's away from home, which is mostly always.'

"Then we have got into the Fingall country," said Bawn, looking

"Oh! faix we have, miss. Further Glenmalurca ye'll come to where the gineral and his family does be livin'. Leastways the gineral's dead, God rest his sowl; but the family's there to the fore, a'm proud to tell ye."

> CHAPTER XV SISTERS

A few days later two members of the Fingall family stepped out of the post-office of the little town of Cushendall and stood in the village street with disappointment strongly depicted in their faces. They were two slight young figures, clad in costumes and caps of Donegal frieze, wearing strong boots on their little carrying sticks somewhat like alnenstocks ; two girls exceedingly unlike in appearance, and yet with a sister-ly resemblance to each other. "It is too bad, Shana dear, isn't

it?" said the fairer and softer-look ing of the two, fixing a pair of wistful blue eyes on the other's face. How can we make them answer us? What can we do ?"

"Do ?" cried Shana. "Nothing but endure their silence. To think of our putting our ancestors in print vulgarly trying to turn them into noney, and having them scorned for our pains. I suppose it serves as right for the sacrilege. O Rosheen! what would Flora say if she knew of

But she would have had to know if the story had been published and become famous," said Rosheen. We could not have gone on living with such a secret on our minds.'

Shana knit her brows in impatient thought, and then suddenly tossed her head with a little peal of careless laughter. We must try again, I suppose,

she said. "Waste some more paper and another bottle of ink." "Perhaps we put too much war in it. Stories that get published are generally chiefly about marriages, I think," suggested Rosheen, timidly.

"And evidently the publishers won't allow us to strike out a new line," said Shana. 'They would rather," she added contemptuously, hear about the courting and marry ing of the silliest person in the world than read about the brave doings of a hero like Sorely Boy. I would not humour them even if I could," she went on, with a brilliant damask glowing in her brown cheeks. will write about nothing but heroes and battles. Now come along, dear; I have to call to see Betty Macalister, and to buy same tapes and pins at

Nannie Macaulay's.

As the two girls turned their faces to the sunshine and set off walking, the difference between their faces, which were so much alike, became more distinct. Shana was a brilliant brunette, brown as a berry, with a delicate glow under her skin, a curl ing cloud of dusky brown hair, eyes dark, keen, and sweet, set in a forest of softening eyelashes, and an elo-quent and characteristic mouth, Rosheen was fair, a little freckled, with hair decidedly auburn, and eyes of baby blue. Their noses were short, their brows low and smooth, and their little dimpled chins had been cast in the self-same symmetri

The village of Cushendall lies in a hollow among mountains, four cross streets, with a strong old tower in the middle, and a stream from the hills winding among trees to the sea A savour of turf-smoke pervades it, and it is not so clean as it ought to Tiny shops shows all sorts of odds and ends which country folks need to buy, and up one hilly street are a few dwellings of the genteeler order. As the two girls walked down the village street every eye beamed on them. In the sight of all, from the shopkeeper standing in his door way to the children making mudpies in the gutter, the fresh faced, free stepping maidens were as princesses of an ancient line, daughters of the ancient chieftains of the glens. Nodding to every one they met, they passed through the village and out upon the varied upland that led towards the vale of Glenan.

All around them lay swelling knolls, Tivara, the cone shaped, fairy mount, rising with fantastic mier among its fellows, looking fit ground for elves to dance upon, as they do on moonlit nights. Little cots and humble farm houses nestled in their cluster of trees, their white wall gleaming here and there in the folds of the cultivated hills, and circling around and above these lower high lands the greater mountains rose with their dark rough crowns and broad sides and their curved and curious peaks. A rich sombre pur ple hung round Tibulia's beak-like crest, and over towards Cushendun a long sweep of mountain, rugged with shrubs and heather, had caught a warm crimson flash.

The girls came down along the dark red road cut through high sand stone cliffs to where Red Bay sweeps with one majestic curve round the opening into Glenmalurcan, away to the great Garron rock, and suddenly they espied a small green car with fast stepping horse and silver harness coming to meet them by the crossroad that skirts the shores of the bay.

"OShana! Major Batt," murmured Rosheen in dismay.

"Now, Rosheen, your fastest walking!" returned Shana; and the two little frieze-qlad figures went at a pace that would not have been amies at a walking-match. The green car was, however, too much for them, and mot them at the angle of the

" Miss Shane! Miss Rosheen!" cried an unctuous voice, and the aid?'

owner of the car flung the reins to his servant and sprang off with as much agility as could be expected from a person of his build. and thanks.

"This is an unexpected pleasure!" he went on after greeting them with much effusion, trying meanwhile to keep up with the inconvenient swift-ness of their pace. "I have just paid a visit to Lady Flora at The Rath. My disappointment was great at not finding you at home. I thought of asking permissson to join you in

"We do not ridenow," said Rosheen gretfully. "We have given up our regretfully.

horses."
"Then I hope you will allow me I think I can mount you, if you will be so good, sometimes."

"Thank you," said Shana sturdily; "but we much prefer our walking. A horse can't scramble up banks and climb rocks with you as we want to

do when we come out."
"No. certainly," said the major, glancing nervously at the rough bank beside him and hoping she would not expect him to escort her immediately to the top of it. But Shana was thinking of something entirely differ ent.

"Major Batt," she said with sudder and unusual earnestness, "I am going to ask you a serious question." The major, for some reason best known to himself, changed colour

osity, and at the same time wished himself safely back upon his car. "The times are awfully bad," con tinued Shana. "Everybody is suffering; but some people must suffer

and felt a glow of pleasure and curi-

more than others."

The major had become very red. "I hope—I trust—" he stuttered. Shana silenced him with a magnificent wave of her little hand.

"I am going to ask you if you anything at all of the people who are still living at Shane's "Nothing whatever," said the

major promptly. And his countenance cleared. "I thought, as you are the person who bought up the last remnant of their property, that you might have had some dealings with them which would enable you to tell me whether

"Starving!" said the fat major.
"Starving Miss Shana, is a very uncomfortable word to make use of, especially in connection with people who once held their heads high in

the country."
"It suggests that we may all come to it. You, however, need not fear it, for a long time at least," said Shana, with a little laugh, which the major did not altogether like. lon't think any of us need fear it she added, "not even Rosheen and I for we should turn into honest work women first. But seriously, Major Batt, do you know of any means tha those poor old people have got of keeping the wolf from their door; for their door does open and shut still, I believe, though half of the

roof is gone."
"I should say," said the major jocosely, "that they are so accus-somed to the wolf that they could not live without him. But seriously as you say, I only know that some two years ago they had a little money invested somewhere, though not more than enough to give each of them a meal in the week. I have reason to believe that, with their usual time-honoured improvidence. they have sold out that moiety of property and eaten it up in a lump. "Then they have nothing left," cried Rosheen in dismay. "They will die in that hole, and we shall all

feel like murderers." "My dear Miss Rosheen, I never heard your gentle lips make use of dence. such strong language before," said the major, suavely. "If fools will commit suicide, I don't know how

they are to be prevented."
"They used to eke out their existence in various little ways," said Shana. "I have heard all about it from 'Hollow Peggy.' Mr. Edmund cultivated a scrap of land behind the old garden walls, where nobody could see him, and so they had potatoes and vegetables. Mr. Paddy broke stones in a cave, gathering them off the hills and breaking them with a hammer. Afterwards he sold them to Alister and others for the roads. pretending he had a contract for sup plying them. These were the only industries they attempted; lately, I fear, even these have come to an end. Mr. Edmund broke his leg a short time ago by stumbling down a hole in the ruined house, and the doctor carried him off whether he would or not, to the poor house hospital. Mr. abled by rheumatism-Paddy is dis

"They will all die!" broke in Rosheen piteously. "Let us h pe not," said the major, buttoning up his coat and speaking with a certain nervous decision. "Old people reduced so far can live upon so little."

"The worst of it is," continued Shana, "that their pride is so great that they will absolutely accept of no assistance."

"It is the best thing I have heard about them yet," said the major, with increased decision of manner.

"They will not take help from any private source, nor remove to the poor house. The doctor removed private Mr. Edmund al most by force, because he could not risk his own life wander. ing through the ruin in search of his patient. The sisters and brothers ook on his removal as the last calamity that could have befallen them. They would be the Adares of Shane's Hollow as long as they live, and be buried by torchlight when they die, as has always been the custom of their family."

"And they will really accept no

"They were tried at Christmas with noney and clothes, but all was sent ack, with the politest of messages

"It is decidedly the most creditable thing I ever heard about them," reiterated the major, with satisfaction. "I think differently," said Shana When people are old and destitute they ought to own their mistakes and practise the one virtue left to them—humility. To me there is something ghastly, absolutely in-human, in their pride."

You will hardly overcome it now however," said the major.
"I think we ought to go on trying,

said Shana, solemnly; "and that is why I have spoken to you, Major Batt. Will you join with Alister in asking some other gentlemen to look after the case of the old reonle in the Hollow ? "I would do anything in the world

for you, Miss Shana-" began the major gallantly.
"Not for me," she interrupted, quickly, "but for Christian charity, Major Batt. When I waken in the night I think I hear the voices of those poor old creatures crying in the wind, 'To work I am not able, to

them die like rats in a hole?"
"Miss Shana, you are an angel!" burst forth the major; "and I will do anything I can. But I warn you, I believe they have some means of existence, or they could not afford to

beg I am ashamed.' Ought we to let

"You do not know them," persisted Shans. "You are a comparative stranger in the country, so often away, while I have been living near them ever since I was born. Their pride is great enough to sustain them through the pangs of death by hunger. It separated them from all who were once their friends. It will be inexorable in consigning them to

a horrible grave."
"I do hope you are wrong Miss Shana, for your sake as well as for theirs. I never saw you in so doleful a mood before. Let us talk of some-thing pleasanter. Of course you go to Dublin for the Castle amuse ments."

'No," said Shana, "we have made up our minds to stay home this It seems to us hideous to go about daucing and junketing while the country is in such a miser able state. And besides-" began Rosheen.

We require no besides," said Shana, quickly.

"But there is no disturbance in our part of the world," urged the

that we must all feel what occurs in any part of it," returned Shana. There have been sad doings on Lady Flora's property in the west, and we are feeling it to the marrow of our

Lady Flora spoke as if she expected to take you to Dublin, if not to London." Did she ?"

'And so I will hope to meet you shortly in gayer scenes. And now as I am dining with Lord Aughrim this evening, and have a long way to drive, I must tear myself away from your charming society, and wish you reluctantly, good afternoon."

He swung himself on to the car, which had been following him all the way, and after he had driven off the sisters walked some way in silence. Then Shana said: "Laugh, Rosheen! Let us have a laugh! feel as if I had been putting both my hands into Major Batt's pockets How I did frighten the poor creature am curious to see what he will do for the Adares. It will be a fight he tween his gallantry and his pru-

"He will have something to think at all events," said Rosheen joyously and then both girls laughed out loud peal upon peal of fresh young laugh ter, with which they seemed to cast off all the troubles that had been

oppressing them since morning. Their walk lay now along a narrow road at one side of the valley of Glenmalurcan, which runs up between two stretches of mountain, wide at its opening where the bay washes its feet, and narrowing grad ually for two long miles to the point where the hills fold together and a fairy waterfall bursts from the upper rocks, while over the ash and trees in its way, and leaps into a tarn in the heart of an exquisite dell. The stream from the waterfall descending to the sea divides the vale as it flows, and the birds fly across it from mountain to mountain. Just now the opposite crags of Lurgaedon were red with sunlight, while a deep shade dropped down from the black purple crags above the road travelled by the sisters, darkening all that side of the glen with one majestic frown.

The valley is fairly cultivated, and white gables show here and there among clusters of trees. An old bridge across the river indicates the course of an ancient road winding down the centre of the vale. As the girls proceeded swiftly along the narrowing road the trees grew thick-er, and the view was gained only in enchanting glimpses between over-

hanging boughs. A cawing of rooks began to be heard from the thickly-wooded distance, and their cries gradually swelled into a clamour as the girls got right under a huge mountain crag that loomed the tunnel of trees they threading and threatened to drop down upon their heads.

And here they entered the tall, oldfashioned gates of The Rath, and passed down the shady avenue, emerg ing suddenly before the front of the house into all the dying splendors of sunset.

TO BE CONTINUED

THIS NIGHT

"Daddy, that's the third time you'v and you know it ain's yawned,

polite."
"Ain't?" Judge Foole put down his legal magazine and twisted on the deep cushioned seat with mock seriousness

" Isn't," came in a chastened voice, And later, "I think you're an awfully mean daddy."

The Judge looked straight ahead through the heavy glass, beyond the uniformed shoulders of the chauf-feur, to the black William Penn atop of City Hall, that loomed increasing ly bigger as they rolled down Broad, but a penitent hand reached sideways and was clasped forgivingly by a

smaller one.
"Daddy's been working hard lately, earning certain folk's butter, and he's pretty tired. Gladie. but soon he's going to take a long rest. He's going to eat, and he's going to drink and he's going to be—"
He never finished.

The car swerved violently to the right and bumped the curb : a whitefaced man on the sidewalk glued himself into a doorway, and as Judge Foole grabbed his tiny daughter to his breast, he saw a heavy limousine back swiftly out of the parked line in the centre of the street and strike a dingy jitney ahead. In a spray of flying particles-glass windshields that detect-the lighter jitney crumpled, then turned, and a shirt. waisted girl, that had been in the

tonneau, lay under the whir of the Mercifully the Judge covered his daughter's eyes, and held her down till Connor had backed the car into the street again and out of the everincreasing crowd. He patted Gladys head, whispering assuring nothings and would not let her up till his machine had swung into Spring Garden street and was passing the mas sive granite-columned Mint.

"Daddy, my hair's all mused up, and you did it, too! Why, daddy, your face's as white as anything !"

Judge Foole lay back on the cush ions, hand pressed on heart, and spoke little till his car was in Arch street and stopping before Gladys school. Daughter will have something to

tell Madam Neiman if late." pushed open the door. keep Jack and myself waiting when we come this atterdoon. Circus in town, you know, Gladie." He kissed his daughter warmly and watched her disappear within

the shelter of the gray-stone Academy of the Sacred Heart, and then it wa he let himself relax. That still girl might have been my Gladie-or me. Close call, that! But once in his law office, that commanded a view down restless

Market street, the duties of the day

came and with them a forgetfulness of the warning of the morning.

He went over the papers in the Leahan case, and, except in one minor point—where he penciled his objection in the margin—approved his partner's line of argument. The plump office boy knocked, and silent-ly laid a batch of the morning mail at his elbow, and Judge Foole skil fully sorted the pile, flipping the ads and circulars unopened into the wastebasket. He stopped his examnation and reached for the silver dagger of a paper cutter, as he came to a heavy envelope, with "U. S. Senate" engraved in blue upon it. With rapid, nervous jerks his eyes zigzagged down the typewritten lines that pledged the senior Senator of Pennsylvania's support in the coming

municipal election. "Then it's 'My Honor the Mayor,' said the Judge to himself, for well he knew what the political support of "Boss" White was equivalent to. The 'phone rang, and he was telling Fox-young Frank X. Fox, of Fox & Welsh, real estate—that he had de cided to accept their client's offer and take that ocean front cottage in Chelsea. "Thirty eight thousand dollars, cash. Yes; that was the consideration," and the check was theirs as soon as the deed was made

The Judge made a memorandum

and filed it in the "personal" pigeon-hole of his littered desk, "I've wanted that site for years, and now it's mine. This fall, after the election, I'll pull down that old shack and put up the classiest cottage in Chelses. Dirt cheap, too! That proparty's bound to appreciate; yea, double in value in three years.

"As soon as Seaedge Park is put through," he whispered to the small plaster Billiken that squatted upon a mass of bright-colored time-tables The Judge smiled and winked at the solemn baby god of luck, for he was in a position to know some future municipal plans that had been approved by the invisible government of Chelsea.

Then Judge Foole stood his con-fidant on top of his desk and busied himself routing the rest trip to the Coast mother and Gladys and himself would make next month, and he was just spreading out a gaudy 'Frisco fold er that showed a summer girl under s tall palm gazing at the bluest of Pacifics, when his private office door burst open and the Judge knew who was in the room. When he had disengaged the cyclone that circled his neck, he heard :

" Daddy, I got the camp kit. It's a beaut. Khaki trousers, six pairs two gray army blankets; a peach of poncho, that won't leak—the man guaranteed it—an' some swell shirts an' two pairs of real moccasins, made by New York State Indians, and a cance paddle—I bet it won't break like that bum one I had last year and, daddy, will you look at this

HER DREAMS CAME TRUE

Life Unbearable from Indigestion Health Restored by "Fruit-a-tives"



MELLE. C. GAUDREAU Rochon P.Q., Jan. 14th, 1915. "I suffered for many years with terrible Indigestion and Constipation. I became thin and miserable. I had frequent dizzy spells and became so run down that I never thought I would get well again.

A neighbor advised me to try 'Fruita-tives'. I did so and to the surprise of my doctor. I began to improve and he advised me to go on with 'Fruit-a-tives'. I continued this medicine and all my Indigestion and Constipation was relieved. I consider that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives' and I want to say to those who suffer from Indigestion, Constipation or Headaches, try 'Fruitatives' Give this lovely fruit medicing a fair chance and you will get well the

same as I did".

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

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE

R. HUESTON & SONS Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night 5483 Richmond St. 580 Wellingto Phone 423 Phone 441

HE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COY Capital Paid Up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,450,000 leposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate-oans made. John McClary, Pres.; A. M. Smart, Mgr. Offices: Dundas St., Cor. Market Lane, London. PROFESSIONAL CARDS

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c. Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C. A. E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan
E. L. Middleton
Cable Address: "Foy"
Telephones { Main 794
(Main 795)
Offices: Continental Life Building

TORONTO H. L. O'ROURKE, B. A. (Also of Ontario Bar) BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY

Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS

Money to Loan
Suite 5, Board of Trade Building,
231 Eighth Avenue West CALGARY, ALBERTA JOHN T. LOFTUS, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc. 712 TEMPLE BUILDING

FRANK J. FOLEY, LL. B. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR The Kent Building
Corner Yonge and Richmond Streets

TORONTO ONT. D. BUCKLES,

M. A. MACPHERSON I.I. B **BUCKLES. DONALD & MacPHERSON** Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. aite 206 ealy-Booker Block Swift Current, Sask.

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 BERLIN, ONTARIO

Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department. REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., PH. D., PRES

Westervell School Y.M.C.A. BLDG., LONDON, ONT. Students assisted to positions. College opens Sept 1st Catalogue free. Enter any time.

Vice-Principal Phone 5241 599 Adelaide St. FINNEY & SHANNON'S COAL The Coal of Quality nestic Soft—Cannel, Pochahontas, Lump am Coal—Lump, Run of Mine, Slack.

J. W. WESTERVELT J. W. WESTERVELT, Jr. C.A.

Best Grades of Hard Wood **Funeral Directors**

John Ferguson & Sons 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmer Open Night and Day
Telephone—House 373 Factory—543

E. C. Killingsworth Funeral Director Open Day and Night

491 Richmond St. Phone 3971

pippin?" and the breathless Jack duced a practical looking, manybladed knife.

The Judge amusedly took the tool of destruction from his son's hand and read the scout motto that was impressed on the bulky knife's side.

Be prepared ' hey, Jack. That's good advice for any one. But," knowing the ways of his Jack, he added seriously, "Boy, let me catch any blade of this—this devil's advo cate-open at home and it's no camp Boysease with you this summer."

He gazed again at the bone handled instrument that lay at peace in his palm. 'So, Jack, my son, keep it under cover till you cross the Delaware, or 'be prepared' for an all summer job in my outer office."
"All right, dad." Jack pocketed

his treasure and importantly reached into his hip pocket. "But, daddy, I didn't show you the best of all yet." and he brought forth a shiny blueblack Iver Johnson automatic.

Jack's eyes were shining with new ownership. "Oh, boy! Ain't that some class? 'Be prepared,' hey," and he went to hand it to his father

for his inspection. There was a crash. The head of the squat Billiken flew off, dropped down on the desk, rolled and dropped to the floor, and the Judge, who had felt the leaden death sweep by his cheek, coughed as the whitish smoke sailed up.

Then he caught his little Jack, as the boy, weak with fright, toppled and sobted on his shoulder. "Oh! My daddy! My daddy!"

"There. There, sonny, I know! It didn't happen, so not a word now! But let that be an indelible lesson for Jack." He disengaged the automatic from the hot little fist and slipped it into a drawer, as the start-led head clerk and the open mouthed office-boy flung open the 'private'

"Nothing, Russell; nothing serious. Jack has just had a fainting spell that I think he'll remember for at least a month.

'Two years, daddy," wailed a wosbegone voice close to the Judge's

"You might open that window, Russell, and—" to the other, "Carroll, if you'll close that door and your lips firmly, I'll see that Mr. Russell gives you a circus ticket for this evening's show. Understand?"

The door closed firmly and swiftly. "Russell," Judge Foole searched his unauswered mail till he found the desired envelope, "see that Car-roll, it he shows, e-er," he was search-ing for a word, "discretion, gets this

before he goes home this night."
"Yes, Judge," said Mr. Russell. 'Now, my son, the incident is closed. Not a word to frighten mother or Gladie. But be more careful, and don't subject your old daddy to the pleasures of the trenches another

Yes. I'll commandeer the automatic till you start for the New Hampshire camp, Jack."

The Judge looked kindly at the sorrowful figure. "Teli you what you do, son." He drew out his watch. There's plenty of time. Go to Devine's and have a good swim. love to go along mrself, but I have a slicked down hair, met the two as luncheon date in twenty minutes they emerged from the Lawyers' with an old chum.'

Then half-maliciously: "I think, Jack, I'll try and persuale Father Davis to come along as chaplain this afternoon in case of another attempt. ed assassination. So meet us in front have the machine there at 1—and shohocken we'll pick up Gladie and see "the years ago?" greatest show on earth. Now, good-

Jack proved that he was baukrupt. a respectable lunch." The Judge cut off thanks and further protestations. There! There! I know it was an Take one deep dive for daddy," and a very subdued Jack, still trembling at what might have been, left the office.

It I was superstitious, I'd say I'd had two warnings this morning. Poor kid! Jack was scared blue. That won't hurt him." And Judge Foole threw the headless Billiken into the waste basket.

As the Judge entered the club, a tall priest with curly black hair, who had been reading his Breviary by a window overlooking the street, closed with Gladys' hand 'checked' in his,

Father Jimmie! This is a pleasure, and it's all mine.

"No, fifty-fifty," laughed Father Davis, returning the vigorous hand-"I got here only a few minutes ahead of you. Glad I wasn't

They passed by the fairly silent reading room, the judge nodding to several; the smoke laden billiard room, noisy with chaffing and the constant click, click of ivory striking ivory. At the door of the dining room an obsequious head waiter, hot looking in his evening clothes, cried: "This way Judge," and in a little eddy of an alcove switched on the fan and took their Panamas.

They talked as they lunched of the old Georgetown days and the fifteen years since their last meeting. Finally, the Judge, as he held a match for the priest's cigar, said:
"So 'Peanut' Collins and his bride

went with the Lusitania! Poor old 'Peanut!' 'Member how he used to boast that a shrimp like himself would bury Gibraltar, Father

'Ah! Jakko," the Judge blushed at the resurrection of the almost for-gotten nickname, "Gibraltar will see

us all low, even your granite self." "Indeed, Father Jim, twice I came near gladdening an undertaker's heart this very morning," and Judge Foole told the attentive face across

"Ah! Judge, those things do make us think. That's a good workable motto for all of us those Boy Scouts have. That and the one you read at

the country railway crossing." Judge Fools pulled on his cigar in silence, short, thick cloudlets of smoke rolled up and whirled away as the fan's air current caught them. The Judge was following the thoughts the turn in the conversation had cast

up.
Father Davis did not interrupt. The absent years had brought him sai rumors of Judge Foole's rise to money and power and of that all too common trailsr of success, naglect of the one thing really necessary, and his priestly experience told him that his friend, the harum scarum 'Jakko" of the old decades, had come across one of those precious moments, rifts in the clouds.

"Jakko," said Father Davis, with the bluntness of an old intimate; how many years is it since you went

to confession ?" The Judge started, and unthinkingly answered: "At least ten, Father."
"Then, with all your prosperity you

must be miserable. Poor Jakko! Here you've been telling me of your highly uncertain heart, and your California trip, and your new Chelsea home, and your political ambitions, and what not pleasure plans for the future, and where would they have been if that jitney had been your car or that bullet had swerved a wee inch? Judge, you're dabbling in futures. Is it worth it ?"

There was a silence broken only by the whir of the nearby fan, as it swayed from side to side. Father Davis saw his opportunity and grasped it.

"Jakko," he spoke affectionately. "Jakko, old fellow, have you forotten the parable of your namesake? He was a careless tool, and he planned a barn and a home and God knows what else for the far-stretching future, and Our Lord said: 'This night, and—"

Judge Fools held up his hand. "Put down the gun, Father Jimmie I know all you say is true, Gospel true, and some day I'll 'hit the trail to that 'refugium peccatorum,' old St. Joseph's, and get whitewashed,

but not now. The priest saw another grace was

being repulsed. being repulsed.
"You have to day," he said quietly.
"To morrow," Father Davis shrugged
his shoulders, "nay, this night you
haven't. What about 'cafety first,'

"Jim, your reverence, logically yo can't be answered; 'it can't be did,' as my Jack persists in saying. Some day I'll do it. I know I'll sleep easier that night than I have in ten years, and"—the Judge pushed back his chair and initialed the slip the waiter had left by his side—"then I'll write you all about it. You always were too serious, Father Jimmie. 'Member the time old 'Triangle Tim,' thought he caught you dead to rights smoking in the physics rooms and 'jugged' you for a week? And I was the culprit."

Both laughed, but the Judge's laugh was the heartier.

Jack, with a well fed look and wet, Club

"So this is the next generation?" said Father Davis, taking the boy's hand as they settled back in the big enclosed car. "Jack, did any one ever tell you you look the dead spit of the Lawyer's Club-Connor will of a carefres boy who lived in Conshohocken twenty-five, no thirty

No, Father, but that's where daddy lived when he was a boy." "Can you guess who the boy was,

'Daddy? As a light broke, "Why,

sure it was daddy."
"Right, and I could many unfold of that long ago lad." Now Jadge Foole thought it wise to point out the proposed beauties of the new boulevard, as yet the dusty, wind-swept possession of contractor's wagons and shoveling Italians.

They picked up and introduced a wildly excited Gladys, and then speeded up Broad to the circus grounds.

Here the fascination of the never with Gladys' hand 'checked' in his and Father Davis doing a like service for Jack's, ran the gauntlet of the ball games, the cane racks, the noisy, smoky shooting galleries; passed the throne of the hoarse voiced, convict looking 'Wienie' King, where Jack paid tribute to a nickel and came into possession of an atrocious 'hot dog' sandwich. Having their tickets, they did not join the pushing swarm that stormed the white wagon or the red, but they did tarry slightly before the side show, listening to the rude eloquence of the flashily dressed spielers, and viewing the line of impossible banners, whereon were painted, in rain-bow hues, great snakes of prehistoric days, twinsd generously around jeweled snake charmers, and uncom fortably stout ladies, who despite their surplus of pounds, persisted in smiling stonily down.

Twice, pushing and being pushed, they made the curcuit of the menagerie, stopping till curiosity was killed, before each gaudy animal wagon, and Gladys, after the fourth bag of peanuts had been offered and ccepted, had to be forcibly with. drawn from the upturned trunk of

her favorite elephant. "Oh, daddy, isn't he perfectly dear? An' look, he's hungry; he wants more

But daddy was heartless and hurried his party into the "Big Top" to

-white horses and fair spangled ladies, enormous, wabbly elephants, hidden under brilliant blankets, and Eastern attendants mounted and walking, line after line —swept in and around the sawdust to the incessant clang of brass and

The show was on and an hour later Father Davis looked at the two small thoroughly happy figures that twitched with delight between himself and their father. He caught Judge Foole's eyes glistening with

huge enjoyment, and laughed.
"Same old show, Judge," and, boyishly. 'I'm glad I accepted and

Yes, and the same old thrills as "he nodded to the children. "Daddy," Jack shook his father's knee, "will you look at that crazy, fool clown? They're going to pull him up in that fake airship. There he goes now! Look! Look! Oh, look, daddy!"

The Judge turned away from a pole balancing act in the furthest ring and saw the basket aeroplane with its white-painted "aeronaut" y and rise towards the centre as a straining gang of khakiclad "rough necks" pulled on the

Thirty feet he rose, smirking and making believe to steer his machine high over the troupe of Japanese tumblers on the platform. Then, as the thousands laughed, drowning the shrill strains of the band, something gave way and the property aeroplane, like unto some of its real brothers, shot to earth, a splintered wreck.

The white clown suited figure lay as it struck, and Judge Foole, with the tail of his eye, saw Father Davis' hand rise and cross and fall.
Clowns and "roughnecks" quickly

carried the limp bundle across the centre ring and through the show entrance, while the kaleidoscopic performance in ring and track and air went serenely on.

But in a few mimutes a burley usher stopped in front of section "F" and scanned the massed rows. Finding the Roman collar he sought, he climbed the aisle and whispered to

Father Davis.
"Certainly," and the priest, telling the Judge and the curious children to wait, followed the circus man.

When the chariot races were over and the plum coated ticket sellers were urging the crowd that choked the exits to stop and see the Wild West performance, the Judge and the children made out Father Davis, locking grave, shouldering his way

"Poor fallow! He called for a pricet, and that usher accidentally remembered seating me in 'F.' But he was gone when they brought me into the dressing tent. "That girl with the posing ponies

-not the thin one with the picture hat, but the young one in gold and white is his widow. They merged into the outpouring

crowd, and very quietly—even Jack and Gladys sat talkless—the machine carried all to the North Philadelphia

Father Davis was whispering some secret to Jack, and the boy nodded gladly. "Goodby, now." He con-tinued aloud, "I may see you at the gladly. camp. And, Jack, don't forget. Tell Gladys what I said.

Leaving the children in the limousine, studying the "Bulletin" and "Ledger" the Judge and priest walked the platform.

"Poor foolish clown! I didn't tell you in front of your kids, Judge, all they told me while I stood by the body." The New York express rumbled in the distance. "It must her honor. have come as the thief in the night On Puri to that careless chap. 'Be prepared' is the only safe and sane motto.

"Ah! Jakko," a great wave of pity for this neglectful chum swept the priest's breast, "my Mass in the morning is going to be for you, that you may read the handwriting. It's been written large on the wall for you this day. Ill tell you the weak link in your case. With all your well-known careful judicial tempera ment there's just one, big shining thing you overlook. You, like the old fool of old, are banking on a distant return; priest at your bedside, last sacraments, and that." Father Davis spoke slowly and earnestly. "But suppose you die suddenly, where go your calculations?"

"Ah! Jakko, don't promise yourself days. You're not certain even of this night."

The roar of the cars drowned further words, and Father Davis was abpard "Daddy, the Phillies won, and the

A's had a two-run lead in the seventh." Jack was jubilant. "An', daddy, it's got all about that jitney accident this morning, and it says the chauffeur is going to be held

for, for—" Gladys sought the account for the big word "manelaughter. See it, daddy?"

They glided out of the station driveway, and passing their home on Broad street, the Judge called: "Hello, what's Connor up to ?"

"Oh, daddy, we're going to confes sion. Father Davis wanted Gladie and me to receive to-morrow for a very special, important intention of his. And we want to remember that poor clown man, too. We told Connor."

"Who owns this car, anyway?" said the Judge good-humoredly, and a few minutes later they were bumping along Stiles street, honking to heedless children, and drew up be-fore the immense red and white Gesu, that towered, a giant, above the neighborhood.

"Won't hurt you to go, too, daddy. the table of the jitney and the autothe choice centre seats under "F,"
Gladys gasped at the unmeditated
And none too soon, for the grand words and covered her mouth.

da idy.

The Judge half rose from his seat then settled back. "Not to-night, my dears. Some other time. Run along new and don't keep me too long from my sup-

The children were gone Gladys' "Won't huit you to go, too, daddy," echoed in the Judge's ear, and he threw down the paper. Why

The Judge sat back with half-closed lids. So that shirtwaisted girl had been killed. Jacks joyous 'Be prepared, hey," and the thin smoke curling up from the automatic Father Jimmie's earnest gesture as he said : "You're not certain even of this night." The careless smile on the white painted face the second before the rope parted. And again Gladys' blurted words.

"Mere coincidences. Some day." said the Judge and his gaze dropped to the timepiece, set in the partition. "Good heavens! What's keeping What's keeping those children ?"

He snatched his panama and stepped into the vast dimness of the He walked up the side aisle, by the few penitents kneeling, awaiting their turn at the confessionals. At a side chapel, half way up, he hesitated, peering around for the two familiar little figures, and as he did, a white haired priest, erect and handsome, stepped out of a nearby confessional. Mistaking the Judge for a last penitent, the father stopped and made as though he would go back, but Judge Foole, seeing the priest's mistake, shook his head and walked rapidly towards the altar. He had recognized his two, kneeling at the railing.

'Come," he said, and touched them. They passed out into the evening.
"I feel so bathed and clean, daddy. But hungry! Hot doggie! I kill supper?" Jack patted his

They swung out on Broad street into their private driveway, and the car stopped under the stone arch. way. Jack and Gladie dashed out and raced up the great gray steps to mother, who, gowned for dinner, the heart's craving. "In a desert appeared smiling in the doorway. Breathless, they told her of the circus and the clown, each tugging

at her, claiming her individual atten-

"Oh, mamma, he dropped and he was dead 'fore Father Davis could—"
"Kiddies, why doesn't father
come?" Mrs. Foole saw her husband still sitting in the machine, and then she noticed Connor, who had turned. was leaping out of the front of the

Instinctively she felt something was wrong and gathering her flimsy skirts in one hand, she parted the

children and ran down the steps.

He sat deep in the cushions, his face working horribly and one hand trying vainly to clutch his heart. As she reached him, Judge Foole pitched forward to his judgment.—Neil Boyton, S. J., in the Queen's Work.

AT MARY'S FEET

During the present month, Catho lics will have ample opportunity of nestling close to Our Blessed Lady, to learn practical lessons from her for their every day lives. Although it is the shortest month of the year, three distinct days are set aside in

On Purification, or Candlemas Day, we see bafore our eyes the fair daughter of Israel, whose very humility became the stepping stone to the greatest dignity ever conferred upon a creature, uncomplainingly wending her way over the dusty roads to the Temple, with her Divine Son. She willingly undergoes all to our Blessed Lady, says Father the hardships of the journey, and Faber. Without this devotion an suffers the half-pitying glances of the richer members of her race, in order to fulfil the prescription of purification after child-birth decreed and sanctioned by the Mosaic Law. In her Parification, then, Mary teaches us a love for the common

things of life and the low places, as also a joyous obedience to the Divine On the 11th day of February which they do not seem to lay to the Church celebrates the feast of heart. Devotion to the Mother of Our Lady of Lourdes-a preeminently modern feast, recalling to our minds the undying love of Mary for her children. From the day, — only a faw years over half a century ago —when she appeared to the little shepherdess of France, and bade her tell the priests to lead pilgrimages to the Grotto, the Immaculate Mother of Lourdes has never ceased to cure in this holy place all manner of physical ills and all manner of spiritual woes. From her apparition at Lourdes, we can learn what our appreciation of the Rosary beads should be, since the fair vision that floated before the eyes of Bernadette carried prominently, so that none could mistake it, the hallowed chaplet given by her centuries before to the Good Man of Calaruega. There has been no more powerful reminder since St. Dominic's day of Our Lady's esteem and love for the beads than the apparition at Lourdes. As in days gone by she gave to her own knight the best gift—after Christ in her possession, so after the lapse of hundreds of years she had nothing

better to give us at Lourdes.
On the 28th of this present month, the Church places before our minds the touching scene of Our Lady's brow the blessing of God has been ance.

"Do, daddy," added Jack, 'an we'll poured out, and to whom great things all receive for Father Davis' intention. He said it's something for you, steps with the 'just man' whom God had chosen to be the foster father of His Divine Son-the Word made Flesh. The love which Our Lady bore to St. Joseph, and the confidence which he ever reposed in her, are beautiful examples of human affection sanctified and purified by grace and holiness. The protection which St. Joseph was ever ready to extend to his virgin spouse cannot too often and he threw down the paper. Why not go now? Chance—or was it olio men of to day. And the two not go now? Chance—had warned him thrice chance?—had warned him thrice submissiveness of Our Lady to St.

Joseph might well be pondered upon of our times who are by the women of our times who are clamoring for emancipation from the duties and restrictions of their sex .-The Rosary Magazine.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW IN MODERN FICTION

May Bateman, in the February Catholic World A new literature is coming into being, a literature born of the war, though there may be no mention of war in it. But the great upheaval of our natures which the last eighteen months has wrought, has made havoc of their inessential parts, and with them the mannerisms, the insincerities, the trivial little poses of art too have shredded away. Just as in daily life we are come up against primitive fundamental needs, so that the world in general contains for us very much what it contained for the Crusaders of old (at once immeasurably less and immeasurably more than we have looked for of late years), so too in art - the inlividual man's effort to createfind a new simplicity and strength because simplicity and strength are in the air to-day. And simplicity and strength may be reckoned amongst the most effectual enemies of unfaith

and materialism. Men's thoughts have lifted to eternal truths all through the ages in the lean years of suffering and loss. With impermanent and transitory things dissolving before their eyes, they have hurled headlong through mists of doubt in the attempt to find firm footholds and clear views. If not here, elsewhere there must be something to satisfy land where there is no way and no water" we thirst for healing springs Break through the conventional crust under which we conceal our better instincts, and which of us is really materialistic? The absurd accessories of artificial civilization which we heap about us; the symbols of wealth which we value not for their beauty but for what they represent-these are not the things we take to our hearts, in view, say, of Flying Death approaching us out of

the dritting clouds. To day, with the winds of eternity blowing fast in upon our naked little souls, with our neighbors' souls, too, singularly bare to us in the new vision : conscious that with the passing of vast legions of heroic dead, there are passing too -but these into a lasting death—the wraiths of much we once thought precious, we find ourselves thrown back upon ourselves and out into the infinite Heart searching springs from this, and widening of channels of the soul formerly blocked. With the conditions of life so altered that now the writer of today scarcely knows if he regards it as a whole from the natural or the supernatural standnoint he finds himself more in accord with the more mystical view which the Catholic novelist, by very nature of his training, has always

DEVOTION TO MARY

It is not impossible that what is olding us back is defective devotion Faber. Without this devotion an interior life is not wholly conformed to the will of God; and our Blessed Lady is especially His will. She is the solidity of devotion. Yet this is not always sufficiently kept in mind Beginners are often so busy with the metaphysics of the spiritual life that they do not attribute sufficient im pertance to this devotion, I will mention some of the considerations our Lord is not an ornament to the Catholic system, a prettiness, a superfluity, or even a help, one out of many, which we may or may not use. It is an integral part of Christianity A religion is not, strictly speaking, Christian without it. It would be a different religion from the one Good has revealed. Our Lady is a distinct ordinance of God, and a special means of grace, the importance of which is best tested by the intelligent wrath of the evil one against it, and the instinctive hatred which heresy bears to it. She is the neck of the mystical body, uniting there fore all the members with their Head. and thus being the channel and dispensing instrument of all graces. The devotion to her is the true imitation of Jesus; for, next to the glory of His Father, it was the devotion nearest and dearest to His Sacred Heart. It is a peculiarly solid devotion, because it is perpetually occupied with the hatred of sin and the acquisition of substantial virtues. To neglect it is to despise God, for she is His ordinance, and to wound Jesus, because she is His Mother. God Himself has placed her in the church as a distinct power; and hence she is operative, and a fountain of miracles, and a part of our religion Esponsals to St. Joseph. We can al. of miracles, and a part of our religion most see the fair child upon whose which we can in nowise put in abey-



LUX keeps khaki clothing clean and comfortable

T leads the way, being first and foremost in preventing the textures of loosely woven fabrics from matting and shrinking in the wash. LUX is an ideal preparation for washing khaki shirts, flannels, socks. It has great respect for the cloth---it won't shrink woollens or khaki. Clothes washed with LUX give free play to the limbs and great comfort to the body.

10c. at all grocers. MADE IN CANADA LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO - 17

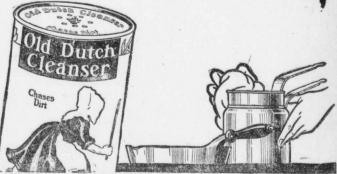


GIVEN AWAY MILITARY WATCH

PUREST-CLEANEST MOST RELIABLE GET CATALOGUE AT BEST DEALERS

Avoid caustic and acid preparations that discolor and damage aluminum. Keep your utensils bright as new by using





Fresh and Refreshing

is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table.

BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum United States & Europe—\$2.00 " There and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, LL. D. Rev. James T. Foley, B. A. Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

Rev. D. A. Casey. H. F. Mackintosh.

Falconio and Sbaretti, late Apostolic Delegates to Canadas, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

The following agents are authorized to receive mbscriptions and canvas for the CATHOLIC RECORD:
General agents: Mesers, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. J. Hagarty, and Miss Sara Hanley. Resident agents; D. J. Murray, Montreal; George B. Hewetson, Regina; jans, W. E. Emith, Halifax; Miss Bride Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Heringer, Winnipeg; Bilas Johnston, Ottawa and Miss Rose McKeaney, 49 D'Aiguillon street, Quebec.

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

d as well as new address.

In St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchase om Mrs M. A. McGuire, 249 Main Street, John Jowyer and The O'Neill Co. Pharmacy, 109 Brussel

In Montreal single copies may be purchased fr r. E. O'Grady, Newsdealer, 106 St. Viateur str est, and J. Milloy, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1916

THE HON, MR. JUSTICE

CHISHOLM We beg to congratulate the Hon-Mr. Justice Chisholm on his appointment to the Bench of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. He takes the place of Judge Meagher who, to the great regret of his many friends and admirers, felt obliged, owing to the burden of years, to resign in favour of a younger man. Judge Meagher has his name not writ in water in the history of jurisprudence in Nova Scotia. For years he has maintained the high character of the jadiciary and has been known always as a gentleman whose feet were ever on the high way of honour. A learned and just judge and withal a Catholic, uncompromising and fearless, proud of his faith that demands a citizenship clean of avarice and immune of cowardice -truth. ful, honest, generous, courageous and just, Judge Meagher may well be proud of his honorable career in the law. He leaves the Bench with a

principle. In taking the place of this distinguished jurist Jadge Chisholm has the responsibility of keeping undimmed the splendour of the traditions so nobly maintained by Judge Meagher. We have no doubt as to his ability. His many qualities of mind and heart, his culture, together with his legal attainments, fit him for the position of honor to which he has been called.

name that is in benediction among

all who venerate standards of dig-

nity and honour and devotion to

During his many years in Halifax he has enjoyed the respect of citizens irrespective of craed. He has given his time and learning to philanthropic and educational movements and he has endeared himself to a wide circle of acquaintances by a gentle courteny that is of the warp and woof of his being-a courtsay that is the mother of kind words and judgments and befits the scholar.

The appointment of Judge Chisholm will be applaimed by Nova Scotians as one that is eminently just, and in accordance with the character of the Nova Scotia Bench. No man, we believe, will dissent from this opinion. In public and private life he is a gentleman-a citizen devoted to the weal of his community, a Catholic who manifasts his faith in his life, a man dowered with the respect of his fellow aitizens.

We wish him many years of success on the Bench.

BRITAIN'S DUTY AND BELGIUM'S APPEAL

When there is work to be done or danger to be faced, whether in peace to know the truth. or war, there is no better watchword than Nelson's: "England expects every man this day to do his duty." Never was there a day when a sense of duty was more important. That England, which Nelson loved and gave his life for, is now a portion of the greatest empire which the world has ever seen. And that empire's heart is threatened. Sons of England. Ireland, Scotland and Wales, have, spread over the world and planted the flag of liberty in vast new lands, united by the tie of British freedom. So vast has been this freedom, we have almost ceased to look upon our speech as something that could lose its liberty. Pulpit and press alike have enjoyed rational liberty in this glorious British Empire of ours. We teaching contradictory doctrines canhave been free from tyrannical laws not all be true. The next step is to like the German " Kanzelparagraf," dark days of the "Kulturkampf," and 19, Christ's words on this occa. tal. To aid in the formation of these We have lived in an empire where sion are recorded: "And I say to hospital units is a duty we owe to liberty was in the spirit of the air, thee that thou art Peter and upon our brave boys at the front. Who It is this fair, free empire which this rock I will build my church, and will volunteer for service?

claims our loyalty to-day. The vast- the gates of hell shall not prevail ness of our empire means vast responsibilities. That liberty for the keys of the Kingdom of heaven, which our fathers fought must be and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon handed down to future generations. We must not regard this war as something we shall win by a mere habit of victory. We must work for liberty. Every man who works for the British Empire to day, whether in the factory, or office, or on the battlefield must work as he has never worked before. It is the price of

liberty. It is the pledge of our British honor. When we learn from the Catholic bishops of Belgium that unspeakable record of Prussia in Bel gium; when we hear how her soldiers pillaged, and massacred and burned and committed sacrilege; when we read how fifty innocent priests were put to death and thousands of innocent people murdered, can we help but endorse the Belgian bishops who in their recent letter to declare :

"These crimes cry to heaven for vengeance."

The British Empire owes little Belgium an inestimable debt. Belgium might have sold her honor and have escaped invasion by a little juggling with conscience She preferred disaster to disgrace. That is why the people of the British Empire will never rest till Prussia be driven out of Belgium. It is the pledge of British honor.

The Belgian bishops in their letter Austria to help them in establishing rages. It is a pathetic letter. To Great Britain it should seem like a message of fire to liberate Belgium from the Prussian oppressor. What right has Prussia in Belgium? No more right than a burglar in a stranger's house. By her invasion of Belgium, Prussia stands self-condemned.

"Thrice is he armad who hath his quarrel just." Never had the British Empire a cause so just as this. Never since the crusades of the Middle Ages has there been more reason to nerve the British people in the cause of truth and justice. It is a time when every member of the British Empire must do his part for the freedom of the human race. This war is at once our chastisement and path to glory. Like the monks of old we must perform our task of courage and self-sacrifice, in the belief that " to labor is to pray." It is the hour for Britons to show the mettle of their race. It is the hour to stand out boldly for the cause that is good and true. Liberty and the false god of pagan Caesarism are fighting for life on the fields of Flanders.

TO THE STRANGER ON THE THRESHOLD

Among the people met with in daily live who should interest a Catholic is the man on the threshold of the Catholic Church. It has been said of James Anthony Froude that he was always on the threshold of the Catholic Church and was only separated from her by a thin wall of his own making. There are not a few men on the threshold of Catholicism. That step from the outer court into the Catholic Church is one that makes men pause. So they stay on the threshold, halting between two opinions.

There are men of initiative in religion who cannot be content with transitional attitudes. They find no pleasure in the endless balancing of doctrinal probabilities. They desire

"How am I to be sure which of the churches is the Church of Christ? is a question often heard among seskers after truth. Such men have not had the time to devote to the study of theology, and while attracted to the Catholic Church they feel themselves unable to come to any definite decision with regard to her

claims as a Church. So from among these seekers after truth we will take one typical stranger on the threshold, and suppose him to be a wanderer among the churches, in earnest search of the one true church. He is a man of common sense and therefore will find no difficulty in sesing that churches consult the Bible. There we shall which made free speech in the pulpit | find exactly how Christ founded His | as the result of proper treatment by an offence against the State in the church. In St. Matthew 16, versee 18 an adequately equipped field hospi-

against it. And I will give to thee earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth it shall be loosed in heaven."

Now all the above words of Christ

are fulfilled in the Roman Catholic Church and in no other. What other church but the Roman Catholic Church can claim to have had St. Peter for its first bishop and primate Further, the power of the keys and the power of binding and loosing were powers essential to the constitution of the church and therefore must have been conferred upon St Peter in a public capacity, so that they might pass to his successors For if they had been conferred upon him merely in a private capacity these essential powers must have perished with him, which would have been contrary to their nature and opposed to the intention of the the bishops of Germany and Austria Church's Divine Founder. Thus we reach the following thesis :

Christ conferred upon St. Peter the primacy of jurisdiction over the whole Church, immediately and direct. ly : St. Peter lives and presides and judges to this day and always in his successors the bishops of the Holy Roman See; whence whoever succeeds St. Peter in his chair, obtains the primacy of St. Peter over the whole Church, according to the institution of Christ.

Thus His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. has evidently jurisdiction over the whole Church to-day and the ask the bishops of Germany and true church of Christ can only be that which acknowledges this jura committee to investigate war out- isdiction. These are points that may assist the stranger on the threshold

> THE PROBLEM OF THE CASUAL THACHER

The problem of the person, who in the absence of the regular Sunday school teacher is asked to take a class, is full of strange perplexities. "How is it," writes one of these casual tention from my pupils? Their age to them which I thought they could easily answer, such, for example, as : Tell me something about the life of our Lord. But they showed no interest whatever."

This question is a clue to the rea Wide, vague inquiries with children should always be avoided. Indeed with adults, such questions show lack of precision and preparation on the part of a teacher.

Avoid all questions in which the whole of what has to be said is said manners" published in Scotland for the error of his ways." the use of Board schools :

Q. Is untruthfulness a very common vice?

A. Yes.

Such questions as the above will should be carefully prepared and lar." should be marked by clearness and brevity. Avoid too many illustrations, as they tend to mental dissipation. In explaining, the most ston. Be sparing of words, and give a class short intervals of silence to that of Rev. Henry Gray Graham, M. digest what has been said. The teacher who talks all the time has always a listless audience.

WHO WILL JOIN NEW HOSPITAL UNIT?

From Antigonish, N. S., comes the Xavier College's offer of a hospital unit has been accepted by the imperial authorities. Laval and other universities have already hospital units doing excellent service in the great war, and as the war is likely to be protracted for many moons the new unit of the famous Nova Scotian college will doubtless find a wide field for medical and Christian usefulness. The unit is to consist of one hundred and fifty men, thirty five nurses and twelve doctors. and the president of St. Francis Xavier's states that persons wishing to join should write to the university immediately. The importance of hospital units in the European war is so great that it commands attention. Countless valuable lives will be restored to health and usefulness

CONVERTING "ROMANISTS"

At a recent Protestant missionary conference a delegate gave a report of "work amongst the French-Canadians." We take it she meant the savage tribes that inhabit the lower province. We are sure the French-Canadians are exceedingly grateful for her kindly interest in them, even if they do not evidence their gratitude by clamoring for admittance to her pitiful little sect.

Now, for the earnest, sincere Protestant, who lives his life according to his own fashion, and faithfully worships God in the manner prescribed by the church to which he belongs, and in which he believes, we have nothing but the despest respect. It matters not that from our point of view he is wrong in his views of what constitutes Christian truth. He believes he is right, and does his best to live up to his belief. Therefore all fair-minded men respect him. But the type represented by the delegate above mentioned is in an entirely different class. There is something pharasaical in her make-up. Like the hypocrites of old, she sees the mote in her brother's eye, but ignores the beam in her own. Utterly unmindful of the fact that right at her own doors so-called Christians are living lives of most shameful paganism, she trots off to Quebec to bring the true light of the Gospel to the French-Canadians who sit in darkness. Truly in her case doth charity begin at home. Quebec is in no need of their fruits you shall know them. If the beneficent effects of the "pure give us the "darkness" of Romanist Quebec.

It is surely zeal run riot that would seek to deprive the French-Canadian of his historic faith the while there are thousands of so-called Christians result of the mischievous activities teachers, "that I can secure no at- of the proselytiser is to destroy all ing. There never yet was a Catholic altogether. who left the faith of his fathers for conscientious motives. When Francis Parkman, the historian, was in Italian who spoke disrespectfully of son why the pupils lacked interest. the Pope. "Why," said Parkman, "do on the subject of Christ's divinity. Catholic," said Parkman. "What reby the teacher and in which the no religion in particular," replied the scholar is simply called on to assent. Italian. "Whereupon," says Park-Take, for example, an extract from a man, satirically, "I congratulated precious little catechism on "good him upon so happy a conversion from

All of the so called converts from "missionaries" may now and then succeed in robbing a poor unfortunate of his faith, but they will never always lead to lack of interest. They succeed in making him a Protestant. has lately come to our hands is the will soon demoralise a class. To He will but swell the ranks of those arouse and sustain interest, questions who profess "no religion in particu-COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS A CLERICAL appointment in Scotthe boundaries of that country, is from the ranks of the Scots Presbyhe followed in his father's footsteps, welcome news that St. Francis for some time as Assistant Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages in the University of St. Andrew, was Lanarkshire. Two years later he was received into the Catholic Church, and after three years' study at the Scots College, Rome, was ordained priest in 1906.

> FATHER GRAHAM is a man of intellectual habits and possesses waekly contribution to the Glasgow other papers over the initials "H. C. G." have made him wellknown in Great Britain and far beyond it. An omnivorous reader, and the possessor of a profound knowledge of religious conditions in Scotland, he has been able to uncover many a fable and to dispel prejudice in quarters where it has of various ecclesiastical organizations been fixedly rooted for centuries. He exterior to herself. In particular he is the author also of several interest- deals with the "Branch" theory of ing volumes, among them a lucid the Anglican shurch, and the assumed disquisition on the question : claim of her bishops to teach with

"Where we got the Bible," which has made a marked impression on many thinking Scotsmen. As a parish priest, Father Graham can hardly fail to extend the sphere of his influence and bear an honorable part for instance, decide a doctrinal concountry the glorious fabric of prereformation Catholicism.

THE CANADIAN Congregationalist regales its readers with this tooth. some morsel culled from the pages of The Neglected Continent" said neglected continent" being South America which, as all know, has been the medium through which a whole host of "missionaries" from the United States and Canada has flourished upen the gullibility of their countrymen at home. This is a fair example of the stories which have done the trick so effectively:

" Many books having been bought of a Bible seller, the priest soon gathered all of them he could, and made a fire of them in the village square, tearing them up. One lead containing John 3 was blown through a window. The lady within was desply interested in it, as also her husband on his return. A year after she gladly bought a Bible of a colporteur, and soon both husband and wife turned from Rome to Christ."

Anyone who would swallow that would swallow anything!

THE MADRAS Examiner (which has the faculty of compressing a whole story into a phrase), commenting upon the Bishop of Carlisle's Nine teenth Century article upon "Religthe sanctimonious tract hawkers. By ious Monopoly," twits his Anglican lordship with having beyond dispute the statistics of crime are a test of or cavil a " a monopoly of controversial indecency," Even the Church gospel" as preached in Ontario, then Times, the spokesman of advanced ritualism, is unable to find any ex. cuse for this display on the part of one of its own Bishops of what has already been termed in these columns

ecclesiastical rowdvism. The Church of England's claim to apostolical who have no faith at all. The only origin has been dealt many blows from within its own bosom. The Bishop of Carlisle, if we may judge faith in the souls of its victims. A by his latest excursion into polemics, was about twelve, and I put questions | Catholic will be a Catholic or noth- seems bent upon dechristianizing it

> ONE OF THE HOPEFUL signs in an age given over largely to material Europe for the first time he met an ism, is the number of books that have appeared in the last few years you speak so of the Pope ? Are you The earnest searcher after truth may not a Roman Catholic?" The man in this fact find evidence that whatsaid he used to be a Catholic, but ever the trend of mankind in some years in America had "opened general, God does not lack His withis eyes." "You are no longer a nesses, nor the Church of Christ her ardent defenders even in a world ligion do you believe in now?" "Oh, which, turning aside for the moment from a false and degrading philosophy, is convulsed to its very centre by a bloody and fratricidal War. Whatever may be the eventual outcome of that strife, we may not, in face of Christ's promise, das-'Rome' are of this variety. The pair of the triumph of His Kingdom.

A BOOK OF THIS character which work of an Irish Jesuit, Father Peter Finlay. It is entitled "The Church of Christ: Its Foundation and Constitution," and is made up of lectures delivered by him in his opening term as Professor of Theology in the National University of Ireland. The important point is to know when to land having an interest far beyond general purpose of these lectures was to inquire into the reasons why, other than secause of her own asser-A., who has been placed in charge of tions, we acknowledge the authority the Longriggend mission. Father of the Church and attribute to her Graham is one of the few converts divine authorship, but. incidentally, they also vindicate the divinity of terianclergy. The son of a minister, the Author. Father Finlay goes to the root of things, demonstrating in to the extent at least of becoming a the course of his enquiry that the minister himself, and after serving Church is the one true Church established by Christ and that she possesses all the marks which enable truth seeking men to so identify elected to the pastorate of Avondale, her. He first establishes the genuineness of the New Testament as a series of historical documents which all the assaults of modern scepticism and higher criticism have been unable to gainsay. Then, in a series of chapters upon the Divinity of Christ, the Foundation of the Church, the Characteristics of the Kingdom, marked ability as a writer. His the Teaching Authority of the Church and the Authority of the Observer, the Catholic Herald and Pope, he builds up a thesis which is at once satisfying to the intellect and consoling to the heart of the devout reader.

> WHILE FATHER Finlay's thesis is thus mainly the vindication of the Church's authority he doss not pass over without examination the claims

authority. That this claim has no foundation is clearly demonstrated in this volume. The bishops assembled from time to time at Lambeth as a Pan-Anglican Council, cannot in the great work of restoring to his troversy. They cannot determine a point of liturgy, or enact or abrogate a single detail of church discipline. Their ineptitude in this particular has been shown time and time again in recent years by the evasive response of the Archbishop of Canterbury to every appeal made to him. All is dependent upon the State, and it is the Prime Minister and his cabinet, not the Bishops, who form the ultimate court of appeal in matters whether of doctrine or dis-

cipline.

FATHER FINLAY'S is not a one sided apologetic. His method, like Cardinal Newman's, is to state an opponent's case fairly-nay, more than fairly, generously-and to face on Wednesday, and as there is a good doubts and difficulties raised by critics and sceptics in our time. These difficulties are dealt with sionately, and for this reason we regard the volume as one which every well-instructed lay Catholic, Central Powers. who has to encounter all the sophisms of ephemeral literature, would do well to read carefully and to keep by him for constant reference. Longmans Green & Co., (New York) have made intellectual Catho. lics very much their debtors in recent years and never more so than by their publication at a moderate price of this very able and lucid exposition of their Faith by Father Peter Finlay of the Society of Jesus.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

BERLIN MUST BE CHEERED Berlin must be cheered up at all costs. There is a growing feeling of but elsewhere throughout Germany. To lessen it the most inconsequential news is twisted so that it seems of great importance. Yesterday the German Admiralty announced that "German torpedo boats sank the British cruiser Arabic on Thursday night on the Dogger Bank. torpedced another British cruiser. Our ships rescued the commander of the Arabic with two officers and 21 We suffered no loss or damage. men. Several other British cruisers which were sighted by our torpedo boats near the Dogger Bank took flight."

When that bulletin was posted the school children must have called for another holiday. The German navy out at last! The British Cruisers sunk or forced to take flight. Hoch! hoch! boch! The British Press Bureau quickly punctured the bubble, but the Berlin crowd will never know that. The vessel sunk was the Arabis. an oil-burning merchant ship of 3.273 tons burthen, used as a minesweeper. She was one of four vessels so engaged, and the other threa have returned safely. The official bureau which magnified this insignificant incident of the sinking of mine sweeper into an important enis beneath contempt. gagement When the German people learn how they are being fooled as to naval conditions their mutterings of discon tent will become a storm.

ATTACK ON FRENCH FRONT FAILED

The German attack on the French front south of the Somme has definately failed. This is made clear by the midnight French official report, which says that on Tuesday and "we retook from Wednesday the Germans a notable part of the trench sections which remained in their hands in the region south of Frise. Yesterday (Thursday) at dusk the counter-attack to drive us cut of the recentured sections, but our barrier and infantry fire stopped them short. The Germans suffered heavy losses. To-day there was moderate artillery activity on this whole sector." This means that the enemy has been unable to concentrate men enough to hold even the advance trenches won a week ago.

IN ARTOIS

In Artois, also, activity lessens. The British troops there are more active now than either the French or Germans. At Givenchy yesterday they sprang a mine, and on Thursday three were exploded. The results were evidently indecisive. The Germans had no greater result from the explosion of a mine yesterday southwest of the Hohenzollen re doubt in the Loos district. The British troops there suffered from no

BELGIAN LINES UNDER PRESSURE

For the first time in several weeks states that on Thursday night an important detachment of the enemy, composed of selected men, under took a surprise attack on one of the Belgian advance posts. The attack failed, and many dead and wounded were left in front of the lines of the myself to the more serious side of Belgians, who suffered no losses the changes in women's general

whatever. The French artillery in Belgium has also been busy, and has caused the explosion of some depote

THE AUSTRIANS

A Petrograd official report tells of activity at various points along the front, particularly in Volhynia. There near Tchemerine the Austrians endeavored to recover some lost ground, and after a heavy bombardlaunched two ment successive counter-attacks. The Russians held the ground won as they did farther south, where the Austrians with a superior force tried to recover a height taken from them. On the northern front there has been steady artillery practice, and the Russians record some good hits. Their gunnery is improving greatly. Possibly the instructors reported some time ago as having been sent to the Russian front by Britain and France have had some part in the improvement.

The Austrians are not yet in Durazzo. They occupied Tirano, a town 20 miles to the east, however, squarely and boldly the leading road from Tirano to Durazzo the Austrians should be in the Albanian capital to-day or to-morrow. It is asserted that there are only 10,000 Austrians in the army approaching searchingly, thoroughly and dispas. Durazzo, the balance being irregulars under the orders of Prince William of Wied, the ruler of Albinia, who was placed on the throne by the

THE SUPPLIES

Britain is sparing no effort to bring up the supply of guns, rifles and other munitions of war to a sat isfactory quality. It is announced that 116 additional establishments have been taken over by the Govern. ment. The total number of factor ies controlled by the Ministry of Munitions is now 2,834. The output must be prodigious. From a single factory of the Woolwich group a force consisting of 3,000 women and children, with a few men to repair and keep in order the machinery, secures a weekly output of 7 000, 000 rounds of rifle ammunition. There are scores of similar factories. The big problem is the heavy gun. Scotland, Yorkshire and the Tyneside have most to do with the makdiscontent, not only in the capital, ing of the larger guns, and that is why Mr. Lloyd George is continually taking a run to the north and talk. ing earnestly to the workers. There is an ample supply now of projectiles and small arm ammunition. The only real shortage now is in large calibre guns and in rifles .- Toronto We also Globe, Feb. 12.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

Special Cable to THE CATHOLIC RECORD

(Copyright 1916, Central News) London, Feb. 12.—So radical is the revolution among the families of British working men wrought by the war, that it is plainly impossible to restors the old social conditions. Woman's position in England has been forever altered by the war. Woman has accepted with eagerness and delight her new lot outside the home as a wage earner. There has come in fact a passion among the women of all classes for work, especially if it be work connected directly or indirectly with the war.

Probably the war will be succeeded by a large emigration of both men and women from the rather dreary countryside of England to the boundbrighter possibilities of the New World. It may be then, that this will be the great hour for the rapid development of Canada and Australia and New Zsaland; and the rulers of these countries ought to be already preparing for this magnificent oppor sunity of increasing the population and accelerating their development,

The problem of all the after war problems, however, which will be presented to the British nation, is that of the position of women. Some curious and startling appear in English papers this week. Germans attempted by a violent A tall, fair haired girl in long white surgical coat, toying with a wax cast of the human jaw, tells a reporter she is going to Harley street, known as Pillbox Row because nearly every house belongs to a doctor, and she hopes to build a big practice there as a dentist. She is one of sixteen girl students in a dental hospital At present there are only four or five qualified women dentists in England. The second item describes the ex-

perience of a girl who already has been in practice as a dentist for a year. "My first patient," she said, fought in the chair under gas, and I had some trouble. Only one so far has demurred when I operated. assured her that I was capable and

in a few moments she was reassured. Finally, so it is stated by the Manchester Guardian, the dowager has already disappeared from society before the war. As conventional rules have gone overboard, and as the chapsrone has followed the dowager, the nicest young girls now go out with a young sister and two men friends to supper and a dance at big hotels, and don't return until 2 morning. The young English girl the Balgian lines have been under now has as much freedom as her pressure. A Belgian official report married sister. This tempting theme I might illustrate by describing the new fashionable supper club, where wealthy duchesses jostle chorus ladies in the whirl tango, and all in dresses both brief and fragile : but to day I confine

position, which are forecast by the

It is perhaps the first time in British history that women have been able to come by their own in British lands. As everybody knows, women have been bread-winners by the million for generations, in the mills of Lancashire, in drapery stores, and, of course, as domestic servants. In some towns of England indeed are as numerous if not more numer ous than the men. In such towns, for instance, as Nottingham, where e-making is the chief industry, and Luton, where three quarters of the people employed in hat making are men. The invention of the typewriter and the larger knowledge of shorthand brought a large army of women into the ranks of secretaries

Still, the almost universal ideal of the British people remained, that the chief function of woman was to be a wife and mother and the head of a wife and mother and the head of a household. I have seen and sym-pathized myself with the look of dis-gust and revulsion with which Englishmen turned away in Germany or in France from the sight of women working in the fields; and except in hop-picking, it may be said agricultural employment largely closed to women in England, though not quite so much in Ireland. Nor was it usual to see in England what you constantly see in Francethe wife of the owner of a dry goods or other store sitting behind the desk keeping the accounts and generally acting as the head of the busi-

old ideas were revolutionized. A great new world for women has opened. When you enter a hotel you find a woman in a neat uniform with buttons, standing at the door as When you go up in the elevator a woman usually is in charge. Now and then you see down in the House of Commons a girl of the Ministry were compelled to fifteen or sixteen with either a letter appoint a committee to reconsider or a portmanteau, or sometimes even the whole scheme of pensions which a telegram; she has taken the place had been drawn up by the naval and of the boy messenger. In many restaurants you see women in the Women place of men as waiters. have also become waiters in clubs. You will now find her in the National Liberal Club, for instance, in the grill. The other day I dined in the Reform Club, one of the most select clubs of London, and the dinner was largely served by women, I am sure for the first time in all it; history. A couple of girls stand in front of the ticket gates of our gateways; a pretty and pleasant young woman punches the tickets on our street cars. Woman have always found large employment in England in the postal, telegraph and telephone services, but there are thou sands now engaged in that work where there were only hundreds before the war. Very often the women thus employed have their flancees at the front, and are longing for the time when they will be able to marry and think over the war as a hideous dream of the past.

I have sought to find out how far this change is agreeable to the women themselves. In every case I think I can say there was in their faces a new light of hopefulness, energy and self-reliance, and when I questioned them as to their feelings they one and all expressed delight that they had at last found an oppor tunity of earning their own living

mother and of a possible husband. in the future of women and in the improvement of their position can Fina

out pride and hope. In England more than any other country the general sentiment has remained in favor of the cloistering of women and her exclusion from making her own" living. Praviously men of the middle classes generally have continued to look with horror on the idea of allowing their daughters to go out and face the labors and the perils of working life. In the upper classes, of course, this of those killed, it may be doubled. in any others. The results I have always regarded as disastrous to this nation. In aristocratic families it is a common sight, when the family is large and the estate encumbered, to see three or four educated, refined and energetic women fading into old maid-enhood and indeed generally poverty, dependent usually for a pittance on the eldest brother, living in the opulence of primogeniture, or on their hard worked younger brothers. In the middle classes there is that keen eagerness to get the settled livelihood of married life, with coase quences on woman's character which are the commopplaces of keen observers like Anthony Trollops, our English novelist. It is still held to be no offence against ethics and nature for young women to marry old men who are in better circumstances than themselves. Personally, I hope to see the time when such a marriage will be regarded as at least sufficient cause for man's social ostracism as is cheating at cards.

widespread though not realized servitude which accounts for the atmosphere of relief which can be plainly seen. These old social prejudices are one of the things burned up in the universal conflagration of this war. Ladies of title may be seen doing the most repulsive part of nursing in our hospitals, at the front

ent and prosperous journalists. pose for not only the blood of heroes, Married to a French wife, he has two but equally for the tears of women,

charming daughters who bear in their features and speech traces of their Franco Scotch parentage. One of them, a very bright, charming and pretty young girl, was absent from the dinner; she had gone down to lodgings in Erith, close by London, and one of the great armamen centres ; was getting up at 5 in the morning and was spending eight or nine hours every day in munition work. Instead of regarding this as a hardship, she evidently looked upon it as a glorious opportunity, almost

as a joyous escapade. ong the married working women the war has also produced great economic changes. At the beginning of the war there swept over the country an entirely new feeling with regard to the soldier-and still more the soldier's dependents. In the old days it was not at all uncommon to find that even the soldier or sailor who had won the Victoria Cross was faced with the dread necessity of spending his last days of feeble old age in the workhouse. During the Civil War in America the whole county of Lancashire and all its thousands of cotton operatives were left to face semi-starvation for years with no assistance from the State and with generous, but still insuffi cient aid from public charity, and journals had to raise funds to keep alive the survivors of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," one of the most extraordinary episodes of the Crimean War. Men who have fought through the Boer War have come up to me in the streets within a few months after the struggle, and begged for food. At the very beginning of this war I spoke to a leading Conservative member for Liverpool, suggesting that the support of the de-pendents of the soldiers and sailors should be treated in a different spirit, and he at once replied that all these should be regarded as part of the cost of the war.

This spirit was so universal that military authorities on old and rather stingy lines, and it is a sign of the times that this new committee was appointed on the suggestion of Mr Bonar Law, then the leader of the Conservative party. I was a member of that committee; and unanimously we increased the pensions to figures which would have been staggering to a previous generation. The magnitude of these figures will be gathered from the single fact that we are paying in pensions and allowances today seven million and a half dollars; and nobody grumbles. This again has reacted on the position of women. Take the case of the wife of an agricultural laborer who is now fighting at the front. His wages in some of the poorer counties of England, like Oxford, were not above four dollars a week, and on that sum he had to support a wife and sometimes several children. Under the new pensions scheme his wife receives an allowance of three dollars a week, and she gets in addition 5s. for first child, 3s. for second and 2s. each additional child. It will thus be seen that the wife and the children receive more than the husband did when he was working at home; with the addition that his support is provided by the State.

It is plainly impossible that the old social conditions and the old pay can be accepted by such families, and and of attaining a position of this new feature in English life may economic independence of father, be one of the things which will force that reconstruction of our land sys-Nobody who has taken an interest tem to which I have already re-

Finally, the position of women the fact that the already great disproportion between their numbers and those of the men will be largely increased by the loss of men's lives in the war. It was estimated that before the war the excess of women over men in England was over a million. That excess of course will be largely increased after the war; when you take into account the number of disabled men as well as

FAITH COMES FORTH FROM CRUCIBLE OF WAR

A few weeks ago, says the Christian Advocate, we printed the words in which Henri Lavedan, the French skeptic, renounced his atheism. A similar declaration by Horatio W. Bottomley of London, Free Thinker and editor of John Bull, is now reported:

" Now to day, in my fifty fifth year,

and after about as strenuous a life as any man of that age has ever lived. I believe in God and gin the immortal ity of the soul of man. I am not surs that if poor Foots (G. W. Foots, the leader of English atheists, who has just died) had died a few years ago I might not have been a candidate for his successorship. But now it is too late. The great world war, has done it. In war there is a mighty alchemy, transmitting the base metal of human experience into the pure It is probably the sense of all this currency of faith. If war does not endanger faith, it must of necessity breed despair. (In these soulsearching days no man can be content with a mere negative philosophy. The doubter must go to the wall Pure rationalism, however 'scientific has no word of comfort for weary watchers or of solace for broken hearts. And now I have come to be lieve that every noble aspiration The other evening I dined with every worthy act and thought, every the editor of a well-known daily high resolve is conserved immortally journal and one of our most promin. I believe that God has a divine pur

the quivering anguish of the human heart and the sacrificing effort of unselfish aim."- Intermountain Cath-

HONORS FOR MANY CATHOLICS

TEN CHAPLAINS INCLUDED IN

THE LIST London, Jan. 15, 1916.-Catholics are prominent in the New Year's honors lists. We have a new Cath-olic peer in Sir Thomas Shaughnessy the Canadian Railway man, and two new baronets in Sir Charles Russell, son of the late Lord Russell of Killowen and himself a well known London solicitor, who has led many a Catholic forlorn hope to victory. The second baronet is Sir Ignatius O'Brien, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. A knighthood has fallen to another valiant Irishman, Sir Daniel McCabe, recently Lord Mayor of Manchester, who not long ago was decorated by His Holiness with a K. S. G. His grateful fellow townsmen of all degrees and political complexions have presented him with a cheque for \$5 000 in recognition of his services to Manchester. Several other Cath. olics have received decorations, and a pleasing feature of the last despatch sent by General French was the large number of Catholic officers mentioned for distinguished services. Amongst these latter were no fewer than ten chaplains, of whom eight were temporary—that is to say, priests from the missions who have elected to endure with the soldiers all the hardships and dangers of the campaign, with less preparation for so doing than the ordinary Tommy. One has been wounded; one Father Donlevy, is a London priest; and one Father Rawlinson, has become assistant chaplain in chief, and has gone from the Western to the Eastorn theatre of war.

LOVE IN TEARS

FATHER VAUGHAN SPEAKS OF HIDDEN LIFE AT NAZARETH

London, Jan. 21.—Preaching at the Church of St. Edward the Confessor Golders' Green, London, on Sunday Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., said

When we reach the threshold of our eternal home, God Our Father, has promised to wipe away all tears from our eyes. But not till then. Meanwhile, love and sorrow go handin hand, much like shine and rain. Here, on earth in exile, oftener than not love is in tears. Love, being what it is on this test ground for the seed of virtue, sees best through a midst of tears. In fact, you may readily measure the height of a soul's love by the depth of her sorrow. If this is so, it is easy to understand Mary's grief being compared with the unfathomable sea.

For a moment pause to guage something of the Blessed Mother's love. If I had the tongue of men and angels, I could not pretend to describe it. I cannot even imagine it, for it was the wholehearted love of God's most perfect creature for her one and only Child, Who was also her Maker and her Redeemer.

MARY'S ALL CONSUMING LOVE

She was the only one, who could give a mother's love to God, and in return demand from Him an only son's devotion. She was the only one in all creation, who could offer to Jesus a love, in some measure commensurate with His claims. Our dear Lady had but one all-absorbing thought, but one all-embracing wish, but one all devouring love, and Jesus was the object of it all. He was knit so closely into every fibre of her being. He was so completely interwoven with her very existence, that we may say that Jesus was Mary's life, her breath, her pulse, her atm phere and her environment itself. From the day of the Annunciation, when the Spirit of Love broaded over the inner sanctuary of her being and made fecund the love-flame within till the hour, when Mary lost Him in His twelfth year, there had been no mement's separation from Jesus. She had fed her love upon the very sight of Him day and night. Not for a section of time was Jesus out of His mother's sight, or out of His mother's heart. She lived where she loved.

Those early years at Nazareth were the purest, the brightest and the holiest, as well as the happiest, ever passed on earth by any favored child of God. The Blessed Mother knew she was everything and everybody to her growing Child. She recognized that she was His own choice. And so she ministered to Him, gave Him His body, nursing it, feeding it, washing it, and clothing it, putting her darling Child to sleep in her arms or in His cot.

We are told in to day's Gospel that the Child grew, and waxed strong and was full of wisdom. What an unutterable pleasure it must have been to the Virgin Mother to follow from day to day this wonderful, beau-tiful development in her God Child. Not a day passed but He gave fresh proof of His lovely and holy childlike character. Not an hour fled by but He left some new token in her heart of His devotion and of His loving gratitude to her, who was understand. more to Him than all the world beside. And let us not forget the joy it must have been to the Divine Child Eimself to feel Himself becoming stronger day by day, to run His Mother's errands, to draw water from the well, to pluck herbs from the

mother's home. I can see Him run-ning with pattering feet with His arms full of flowers and then caught up in the embrace of His most lovely holy mother, who poured out the whole tide of her love into her Divine Child's Heart.

THE SORROWS OF LOVE

Here we must pause to turn over a new chapter in the story of the hidden life. I have always noticed that God does not seem to permit the tide of love to ride like a tidal wave over the whole course of man's life. Tremendous love nearly always means tremendous trials to it. Mary was no exception to the general rule; and, notice, her trials began when most mother's trials begin, when their children pass into their teens. Jesus had reached his twelfth year, when a Jewish boy was called the "Son of the Law," and was no longer to be treated as a child. In Our Lord's case the year was marked by the visit to the Temple at Jerusalem for the Passover, which occurred in the spring of the year. Most probably the Holy Family went by the route passing through the country of the Sameritans; past Jacob's well in the valley, past Ebal and Gerizin, past Shiloh and Gibeah, till on the third day of their pilgrimage, sudden ly there would spring into sight the gilded root of the great temple appearing above the snow white walls rising out of a belt of spring green. is altogether impossible to

imagine a more enchanting scene than that presented by the beautiful Boy and the beautiful Mother, locked arm in arm, accending the steps of the holy temple to pray for you and What tears of rapturous love and joy were shed by Mother and Child as they sank to the temple floor, worshipping God together, singing perhaps the very words of the Magnificat which have through the Church of God day and night ever since. But there came an end to that joy, too, for, while their united souls felt they could scarcely live without the spiritual vision of those days, they had to tear themselves away from the functions of the great temple in order once more to attend to the humbler duties in

the village home.
With the Galilean caravan Mary and Joseph started, bending their way north till sundown warned them is was the hour to pitch their tents and booths for the night. It was then, when a halt was called, that the Mother of Jesus made the alarming discovery that her dear Child was neither with them nor with other parties in the carayan. When it became clear that He was not en route at all, the Blessed Mother broke down in complete anguish. It was her first experience in real sorrow, and she found fulfilled the words spoken by Simeon. Her soul was pierced through through with the cold steel of the sword. The dark night on the mountain side was spent in tears and

pravers. Early next morning, before the sun struggled above Olivet, Joseph and But another and holier treasure,
Mary were making their way back to You would now perchance died the city. What a dismal contract to the pilgrimage over the same road not a week before. As they swept with hurrying feet over the way, asking themselves what could be the meaning of it, how unlike Him it is, what can have led Him to do so to to us, what can be the hidden lesson it is meant to teach, they were met by loiterers on the road, who, no doubt, were ready enough to ask the search party: "And is that the way you take care of your lovely Boy? It you have said few prayers, you would have taken better care of Him. It serves you quite right for not being like other folks. children, we don't. But then we don't spend all our time in prayers we do our duties, we do."

SHE UNDERSTOOD HIM NOT

The third day dawned. When the foster father and mother passed into the temple to have a look round the ante-chambers and outer halls, opening into the spacious central area, soon they caught the music of the well-known voice and saw the outstretched arms of the beautiful Boy, as He emphasized with action His teaching to a group of venerable priests and doctors of the law. There He stood on the tassellated pavement in their midst.

Overwhelmed by this sudden turn of events, the Mother seems almost paralyzed by emotion. Then, pressing forward and flinging herself into the arms of her Son, Who holds her fast in His embrace, she pleads with Him piteously, asking: "Why hast Him piteously, asking: "Why hast Thou done so to us?" Jesus, still locked in her embrace, replies: "How is it you sought Me? Did you not know I must be about My Father's business?" As though He would say : "How could you for a moment imagine I should be away from you. if it were not to be with My Father,

teaching in His temple?' And we are told by the evangelist He spoke unto them. Note this: the Mother asks her Child for some explanation of His conduct, and when He gives it, she understands it not. Later on, when she stood under the tree of the Cross, and was told she was to be a Mother to the redesmed

Who is there that has not we beg to know, we implore a key to life's riddles, and when it is put into

done so to us?" The only bread-winner in a poor family is smitten with some malignant disease, or the only child of great possessions is plucked like a flower in all its radiant beauty, to fade and die. An only daughter, the dream and delight of her father, leaves the world to be come a nun. An elder son the pride of his parents, makes his renunciation and becomes a Catholic - and all these events are of constant occurrence, and we are still smarting from some of these inflicted blows, all reeling under the wrong done to us, and we cry out in the agony of our

souls: "Oh, God, why hast Thou don When God does answer our prayers, when He does deign to offer an explanation of what has happened we seem nearly as badly off as before We do not understand the answer We know there is no suffering with we know there is no suffering without its lesson, no trial without its mission. We know that every trouble serves a holy purpose, that every tear fulfils a noble end, and that He, the Almighty and All loving, is present in the midst of our trials, with His hand more arranged. with His hand upon our pulse and with a spiritual tonic for our support. But, when He has done all He can. He turns to His Blessed Mother and says to her what she said to Him, but they understand not the word.

Let this be our comfort, that, if our dear and Blessed Lord did not find His solution to difficulties intelligible even to His Blessed Mother, He will not be angry with us if we fail to interpret the mysteries which go to make up the burden of life, crush ing us well nigh to the ground But I exhort you to keep, like the mother, His words, pondering them over in your hearts, for later on their meaning will surely arise like a day star in your hearts.

POPE'S EFFORTS BENEFIT WOUNDED IN TURKEY

After efforts which lasted for a month Monsignor Dolci, the Delegate Apostolic, acting in the name of the Supreme Pontiff, has succeeded in obtaining from the Turkish authorities the permission to send two priests to minister to the spiritual needs of the Catholic prisoners in Turkey. Monsigner Dolci also visited sixty nine wounded in the hospital at Constantinople. After thanking the authorities, Moneignor Dolci addressed words of consolation to the wounded, and expressed the happiness he felt in being able to give them this further proof of the interest which the Holy Father took in all of them. - London Catholic

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY

Strive; yet I do not promise The prize you dream of to-day Will not fade when you think grasp it.

And melt in your hand away; You would now perchance disdain, Will come when your toil is over, And pay you for all your pain.

Wait ; yet I do not tell you The hour you long for now Will not come with its radiance vanished.

And a shadow upon its brow; Yet far through the misty future, With a crown of starry light, An hour of joy you know not Is winging her silent flight. Pray : though the gift you ask for

May never comfort your fears, May never reney your pleading Yet pray, and with hopeful tears An answer, not that you long for, But diviner, will come one day; Your eves are too dim to see it. Yet strive, and wait, and pray. -ADELAIDE A. PROCTEI

SUPER-HEROES OF THE WAR

Out of the gigantic horrors of the conflagration in Europe and Asia there flashes an illumination of glory more inspiring than anything ever before beheld as the outcome of war. The soldiers of Christhave gone into the trenches to cheer and console the gallent men of all Christian nations who give their blood for their respective countries, and administer the saving solace of the last sacraments to their dving soldiers. to light them on their last journey. A wonderful transformation has been worked, especially among the soldiers of France-as all the world knows now-by the event of war. The atheism or indifference which former-ly permeated the Gallic legions has given away to a feeling of reverence for the higher things of life and death, and a very powerful element for good has been introduced into the fighting forces by the operation of the very laws which were designed they understood not the words that by the enemies of religion to stamp it out permanently and past recovery. Priests in large numbersmany thousands, in fact-have been fighting in the ranks since the new laws came into force in France. The example of this new element has had an extraordinary influence over the children of God, Mary began to French soldiery, as we learn from many letters from the vast theatre of the struggle, sent either by men in been plunged into a sorrow the trenches or from keen-eyed cor-mysterious and altogether un-lntelligible? We pray for light, sioned by the great newspapers to go to the front and chronicle faithfully what most interests the public to our hands, it will not turn in the know. We may easily understand wards of the lock. We do not under how deep must be the chagrin of the gardens, to gather fruit from the wards of the lock. We do not under how deep must be the chagrin of the mountain side and to gather big bunches of wild flowers to adorn His wife, struck down and her life abbing at beholding so startling an outcome

Your Savings

The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in all countries are urging the practice of Thrift. The Prime Minister of Great Britain said recently: "There remains only one course to diminish our expenditure and increase our savings."

What are you going to do with YOUR SAVINGS? You cannot keep your cash in a stocking. You must either put it in a Bank; invest in a Bond or Stock; or purchase Life Insurance with it. Some men will do all three.

By Putting YOUR SAVINGS INTO LIFE INSURANCE

You will be practising Thrift in its best form. You will be making definite provision for your family. In the event of your early death, they will receive many times more than you have paid in. If you live, you will be adding each year to the value of your security. Let us sell you a Policy in the Capital Life Assurance Company. We have all kinds, at all prices, with valuable privileges and perfect

Write us, giving the date of your birth

The Capital Life Assurance of Canada

of their magnificent schemes for the elimination of God from all thingsthe home, the school, the Church, How futile their puny efforts, how foolish their philosophic cold blooded wisdom! They behold the tremendous wizardry (reverently speaking) of God, which is able to convert the sword of persecution into an instrument for the reclamation of withered souls, and the bantism of blood on the battlefield may be changed into a baptism of spiritual grace, through the intercession of the priest who, stricken on the field of death, yet raises his wounded hand to give God's blessing to the comrades around him, and the absolution of the Church to those who offer the supreme sacrifice of manhood for their beloved fatherland.

It is gratifying to note that so wonderful a fact as this is not to be allowed to pass without due record and confirmation. The accomplished historian, Father Peter Guilday, D. D., has begun a series of articles on the subject in the pages of The Public Ledger. When completed the story will form one of the most enthralling chapters in all the long range of human history, we have no hesitation in opining. The Irish priest and the Irish soldier, as might be expected, figure very prominently in the grim but most glorious talefor the soggarth aroon and the soldier are in themselves symbolic of Ireland's genius and her sad but splendid history.—Philadelphia Stan dard and Times.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Mr. Balfour, First Lord of the British Admiralty, in his latest book,
"Theism and Humanism," states clearly the reason that underlies the necessity of religious education, though such is not directly the ap plication made by him. "A sense of humor," he says, "if nothing else, should prevent us wasting fine language on the splendor of the moral law and the reverential obedience owed to it by mankind," if we do not base morality itself upon religious principles. A world made up ultimately of mere material beings. directed to a certain extent by the law of selection, and beyond that left to chance, has no reason for concerning itself about moral laws. Reverence for morality would soon be set aside.

That debt will not long be paid if morality comes to be generally regarded as the casual effect of petty causes comparable in its lowest manifestations with the appetites and terrors which rule, for their good, the animal creation; in its highest phases

ment, to be acquired or neglected at the bidding of individual caprice. More than this is needful if the noblest ideals are not to lose all power of appeal. Ethics must have its roots in the divine; and in the divine it must find its consummation.

It is for this reason that Catholics insist upon religious education and that their schools must rightly be considered as the mainstay of civilization. That morality may strike its roots deep in supernatural religion, it is necessary that religion be daily kept before the mind of the pupil, as is constantly done in the Catholic classroom, from primary school to university.—America.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915, Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum dim inished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I baseach you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week-keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 8 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumenates of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary.

2 00

Previously acknowledged... \$6,601 50 A Friend, Fort Augustus...

Thornton-Smith Co. Mural Painting Church Decorating

Toronto 11 King St. W.

Merchants' Bank of Canada

Paid-up Capital Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,245,140 **GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS**

Savings Department at All Branches Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at best current rates

Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited Authorized Capital \$2,000,000.00

President, M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew; Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa; R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa. Directors: A. E. Provost, Ottawa; Hon. R. G. Beazley, Halifax; W. P. O'Brien, Montreal; E. Fabre Surveyor, K.C., Montreal; Hugh Doheny, Montreal; E. W. Tobin, M.P., Bromptonville; Hon. Wm. McDonald, Cape Breton; Edward Cass, Winnipeg; T. P. Phelan, Toronto; Michael Connolly, Montreal; W. J. Foupore, ex-M.P., Montreal; Lt.-Col. D. R. Street, Ottawa; J. J. Lyons, Ottawa; Gordon Grant, C.E., Ottawa; C. P. Beaubien, K.C., Montreal; Offices: 29 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont.

Managing Director: B. G. Connolly. Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Pennefather.

Our Booklet, entitled "The Will That Really Provides" sent on request.

"THE MAKING OF A WILL is one of the most simple and at the same time one of the most important duties of every man and woman. There are reputable lawyers and trust companies who will see that a will is properly made and that an estate is properly administered. Endless troubles and worries are caused by neglect to make a will. It is a matter for te-day."-Judge Lennox.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY

CHRIST-THE ARGUMENT OF OUR FAITH, THE FOUNDATION OF OUR HOPE AND THE MOTIVE OF OUR LOVE

And the rock was Christ." (I Cor. x, 4)

St. Paul, in this epistle, calls Christ the rock from which the Jaws de rived spiritual power and refreshment. What Christ was to the Jews before His coming He is in a more emphatic manner to Christians. He is not only the divine rock from which our Church receives strength and solidity but He is the argument of our faith, the foundation of our hope and the motive of our love.

Christ is the argument of our faith. The first question a person seeking the true religion naturally asks is who founded it? If the founder was a man, the work is of human origin but if the founder was God, the work was divine. The founder of our religion, the Catholic religion, was Jesus Christ. This needs no demon stration. For our religion is an his torical fact. It is a society which did not spring into being today nor yesterday, but is known and acknowledged as a continuation of one that existed in the last century, in the century preceding that and so on up the stream of time to the age of the

Apostles, to its very foundation by Jesus Christ. Now Jesus Christ was God for He proved His divinity and strengthened His mission by means of miracles, and a miracle is what God only can do, although He may use others as instruments In other words, a miracle is a derogation from or sus pension of a natural law wrought by a superior power and involving no intrinsic contradiction. All the miracles of Jesus Christ can be easily distinguished both from natural phenomena and from the works of Satan. For example : it is some beyond the natural to people from the dead, especially after decomposition has already commenced, and it requires one stronger, more powerful than Satan to drive Satan out from one possessed. No one but God could do such things as

these and many others which, according to the Gospel, Jesus performed But setting aside the Gospel narra-tive which even taken historically, unanswerably shows Christ's divinity, the writings as well as the silence of the Jews and Gentiles establish it beyond a doubt. Lat it suffice to hear a few sentences from the re markable history of Josephus, a Jew who lived about the time of Christ. "But there was at this time." he Jesus a wise man, if it is right to call Him a man. For He was a doer of miraculous works, who on the third day after His death arose and appeared to His disciples as He and other divine prophets had pre-dicted." From the testimony of profane history, then, we see that Christ was no impostor; that He was believed to be more than man, and that this belief was founded on His miracles and especially on His resurrection from the dead. Hence we cannot but conclude that by His mira-cles, and by His life of humility and abnsgation and by the fulfillment in Him of all the prophecies, Jesus Christ showed that He was God. He, who brought the world to revere a and humiliations to the veneration of mankind; He, who overthrew the prevalent notions of morality; He. I repeat, could be no other than God. O. F. M., relates, in the Catholic If the whole world were to oppose Bulletin, Dublin, an instance of the

Christ is the argument of our faith. As Jesus Christ is the argument of our faith, so is He also the foundation of our hope. He came on earth, for the redemption of all. He elevated, ennobled human nature by becoming man. He became the hamblest of men for man's happiness. For this His whole life, from the manger at Bethlehem to the cross on Calvary, was a continual passion. And although one drop of blood, one tear, one sigh of the Man-God, being of infinite value, would have been sufficient to save all mankind, He nevertheless endured all those humi-liations, all those sufferings, all those degradations in order to inspire more and more our confidence, our hops.

human origin. As Jesus Christ was

The merits of the passion of Christ give to our good actions all their efficacy. They give to them the quality of satisfying for our sins and of meriting the rewards of eternal life, so that even a cup of cold water given in His name will be rewarded. Go to the bedside of a dying Catho lic, and then you will see who is the foundation of our hope. Let us supse him to have been a good, faith ful Christian. His whole life now passes before him in a sort of panor-amic view. But his good far outweigh his evil deeds, and, relving on Christ's promises he hopes to obtain eternal life. He now thinks no more of earth, but begins to prepare for The priest administers the sacraments and consoles him with the thought of the resurrection and immortality. At length, breathing the sweet names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, he silently passes away from earth and speeds his flight to the

Christ, Who is the foundation of our based upon sound argument. We

If Christ did nothing more than will constitute our happiness here cient to induce us to love Him. For it is but natural to love those who love us. But He did more. He died for us, who are His enemies. If we admire the cashing young soldier who fearlessly rushes up to the cannon's mouth for the love of family and fatherland; if we honor the generous statesman who makes great sacrifices for his country's wel-fare; if we venerate the noble martyr who generously gave up his life, his liberty and his all for God and his fellow Christians : - what ought to be our feelings of admiration, honor, of veneration, of gratitude, of love for Him, Who alone faced the furious rabble. Who sacrificed every thing, even His honor, for He was re puted among thieves, Who endured the most poignant sufferings in His terrible agony and horrible cruci-fixion, and all for us sinful creatures, His enemies? If we love Him, we will keep His commandments. could there be a more powerful mo-tive of our love than Jesus Christ, Who has done so much for us?

Now, my dear friends, from what has been said we may see that none but Jesus Christ could teach the world that faith, hope and love are virtues alike adapted to the educated and ignorant of mankind; that He alone is the argument of our faith, the foundation of our hope and the motive of our love; and that if we believe in God and in Him who was sent. Jesus Christ, and live according to this belief, according to our faith, we may hope, we may have the utmost confidence that we will enjoy His love for an endless eternity.

A CHEERFUL FACE

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face. Let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness and let your smiles be scattered like the sunbeams, "on the just as on the unjust." Such disposition will yield a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought. Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone to thought, adds grace and beauty to the countenance. Smiles are little things, cheap to be fraught with so many blessings, both to the giver and to the receiver, pleasant little ripples to watch as we stand on the shore of everyday life. They are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotions of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them, those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant natures in the cheerful, loving faces of those who lead them. Let them not be kept from the middleaged who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long, weary path of life. They look for them from you who are rejoicing in the fullness of Love the true, the beautiful, the just, the holy. - The Guardian.

TEMPERANCE

The genial Father Fitzgerald, Jesus Christ, it philosophy were to Irish priest's resourcefulness and s in com ating the drink evil trines, all this would fail to show It is characteristic of the narrator to that a religion erected on such a see a glint of humor in the situation foundation could be a religion of which he thus describes:

God, and as God can not deceive us and he was building a steeple in his no more then we can deceive Him, native city, Cork. It was half way we rightly conclude that the religion up. One morning the parish priest— He founded by means of miracles a Kerry man—went up the scaffold was from God. Therefore Jesus ing to see the progress of the work. Christ is the argument of our faith. Jack had a bottle of whisky in his pocket, and, when he heard the footsteps, he shoved it into the wall he was building, intending to take it out later. But the P. P., not without a twinkle, opened his breviary, and sat down to read his office; and Jack had to go on building over and around the bottle until two or three feet of masonry covered it up. The P. P. turned up again in the morning and up higher went the wall, and the bottle of whisky remained im-prisoned in its hole in the steeple. Years rolled on. Jack Crowley got older and greyer. But he never passed that steeple without stopping toslook up at where his fine bottle of whisky was, getting older, too, but mellower. People used to say, "What a devout man Jack Crowley is, never to pass the church without looking up at it to say a prayer." A prayer, morraya! What Jack used to say, was "Sweet bad luck to all the Kerrymen from here to the Skelligs."

RAILROADS GOING DRY Mr. William H. Anderson, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League for the State of New York, has addressed a letter to the presidents of railroads operating in his State calling upon them to discontinue the sale of liquors upon trains operating therein. Five hundred and eleven townships out of nine hundred and thirty two are already "dry" and to sell liquor on trains as they pass through these townships is a violation of the law. This cannot be done satisfactorily without having a miniature block system with red and

quote one paragraph:
"When practically all railroads pro point out to us a rule of action that hibit their employees connected with the operation of trains not only from and hereafter, thus proving His great drinking, but even from frequenting love for us, that alone would be suffi places where alcoholic liquor is sold under other control, it is most incon sistent to compel these same train men to go through and collect fares and secure their own meals in a per ambulating liquor dispensing place And it is a peculiarly vicious example to the men on the question of loyalty and obedience when such sale by the railroads is frequently in violation of the law of the State.'

It is a significant fact that temper ance sentiment is rapidly growing at this point owing to the embarrass ment of making themselves liable for illegal sales in dry territory. It is simply impossible to keep tab on the sort of a section through which a train is passing. Such service is extremely distasteful, and they are only too glad for an excuse—and a of "The Catholic good one at that—to throw the Anglican societies. whole thing overboard .- N. W. C. Advecate.

Makes Delightful Porridge

Many women who have purchased a package of Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal package of Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal disregarded instructions to make the porridge without stirring. They made a poultice instead of a delightful porridge. The flax oil in Roman Meal has been changed into a tasteless and odorless resin by driving oxygen out of it by electricity. If stirred while hot this resin again takes up oxygen from the air, becoming linseed oil, and making the porridge taste of linseed. The family will not eat it, and are deprived of the very best food on earth, and the most delicious if made properly. and the most delicious if made properly. In justice to your family try it again and make the porridge as directed on package. At grocers' 10 and 25 cents a

package.
Made by Roman Meal Co., Toronto.

THE EMPTY GROTTO

For centuries, even before Crusades, it had been the consolation of innumerable Christians, Orthodox and Catholic, to journey during Christmastide to the Holy Land. thousands men have traveled far over land and sea to attend the Masses of the Nativity and Epiphany close to the star that marks the place where Christ was born. Others who could not go in person to the church St. Helena, have gone in spirit; and as these latter knelt bafore the cheerless limestone grotto, which in imitation of what the gentle Francis of Assisi used to do, the Church has reproduced in all her Christmas chapels, they have thought of the straw and the manger, the shepherds and the Wise Men, Joseph and Mary and the Divine Child in Bethlehem of long ago. Mystic pilgrims these, cherishing in their hearts a holy envy of those who were pilgrims in very deed. This year there were only pilgrims in spirit. This Christmas there were no Christians to celebrate the Birth of Christ on the hillside where David tended his sheep. The Turk had bidden them begone. The sanctuaries, blest beyond all others, were attended: the light that hitherto had led the way to the anot that marks the beginning of man's salvation had been extinguished; unbelievers held the holy place; and if angel choirs sang again their welcome to the Infant Saviour, they were not heard by those who believe that God for our sake became a little child. Here is another of the wrongsto humanity that must be laid at the door of this cruel war. It has robbed Christians of their ancient Christmas privilege of keeping holy Christ's Birthday in the cave where to gain our souls He became like unto us in all save sin. One, Jacky Crowley, was a mason

RECENT CONVERTS

compiled by Scannell O'Neil The Rev. George Watts Dibben, curate of the Church of the Holy

East Finchley, London associate of King's College, London. The Rev. H. J. Proskitt, for the past four years curate of St. Hilda's, Leeds ; graduate Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and afterwards went to Ely Theological College before

entering the Anglican ministry. The Rev. C. F. Farrar, who has been second curate at St. Saviour's, Leeds, for the past three and a half years; graduated at University College, Durham, in 1911.

Brother Anselm Mardon, Superior of the Anglican Benedictines of Pershore Abbey; now of Caldey.
William H. Keyser, Youngstown

Mrs. Fay Milburn Gaughler, wife of Lieut. Roland L. Gaughler, Fourth Cavalry, United States Army, baptized and received into the Church by Chaplain Fealy, of Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. Mrs. Gaughler is the daughter of Frank P. Milburn, of Washington

Miss Sarah Garretson, Denver. Miss Lavona M. Duddleston, Den-

Mr. Robert Guggenheim, son of the New York multi-millionaire, and nephew of Hon. Simon Guggenheim; formerly United States Senator from Colorado.

Mrs. Casanove Young, Milwaukee,

born Miss Hannah Waurig.
Mrs. Claude Bridges, born Miss Mrs. Claude Bridges, born Miss Minerva Denham of White Hall, Ill, Mrs. Bridges' sister, Mrs. Navan, is also a convert. Mrs. Bert Parsons, Mrs. Celia Gavin and Mrs. H. J. Joseph, he silently passes away from earth and speeds his flight to the heavenly regions of his hope. O! that we all may die such a death! relying on the promises of Jesus attre block system with red and green lights rigged up in every dinker. O! that we all may die such a death! relying on the promises of Jesus attre block system with red and green lights rigged up in every dinker. O! the steward as signalman or wet and dry dispatcher. We cannot predict what effect such a letter will have, but his appeal is burg. Kan. Nineteen converts have been received at Pittsburg since July 4.

Mrs. Edward Stadmiller, Mrs. H. L. Armistead and Miss Marie Lowe, Memphis, Tenn. Charles Wonsetler, Ernest Hantle

and Hiram Baxter have been received at Seward, Kan. Mrs. William Littleston, wife of the Assistant County Treasurer, Trinidad,

Mr. Francis Chapman Leete, Guilford, Conn., a member of this historic

Leete family.
Captain W. J. Bethune, Mobile, He was received into the Church by Father Brannon, of Dallas, who as a private in the Confederate Army

served under the Captain. Mrs. George Cottrell, wife of a proninent Denver clothier. Ernest B. Murrell, Memphis, Tenn.

George Rexford Hinman, Denver. Levi Morton Barber, Memphis. Mr. J. R. Cox, secretary of the Ward of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor of "The Living Rosary of Our Lady and St. Dominic," London, and member "The Catholic League," both

According to an unbroken custom ever since his ordination, the Rev. Dr. Kemper, pastor of the church at Kerryille Tayon observed the church at Kerrville, Texas, observed his birthday one day during October by re-ceiving into the Church two converts. This year one of the converts was Mrs. J. E. Fain, wife of a radical Socialist while the other was the son of a prominent banker and secretary of the School Board. Dr. Kemper has under instruction about a dozen other non Catholics.

The following adults have been received into the Church at Stonega, Va.: Mr. George (Austi) Whitesell, of Stevens, Va; Mr. Frederick Campbell, Mrs. Gertrude Campbell, Miss Franciska Whitesell and Miss Maria Whitesell.

Rev. Bernard Moultrie, graduate of Keble College, Oxford, late Warden of the House of Mercy (Clewer Sisters), Clewer, England; author and hymn-writer. He is an able and gitted preacher, and has occupied the ulpits of various well-known Lonon churches, such as St. Alban's Holbern; All Saints', Margaret Street; St. Augustine's, Kilburn, and St. Peter's, London Docks.

Rev. S. F. F. Barrow, chaplain of St. Catherine's Home, Ventnor, Isle of Wight; graduate of Litchfield Theological Seminary.

Rev. John Ludlow Lopes secured the degree of B. A. (2nd Cl. Sacrist Theology) at Exeter College, Oxford, in 1905, and his M. A. in 1908. He attended St. Stephen's House, Oxford, and Ely Theological College. He held Anglican curacies at Saltley, from 1906 to 1909, and at St. Basil's, Daritend, from 1909 to 1912, and was curate in charge at St. Francis', Salt ley, from 1912 to 1914. Out of his income he founded St. Edmund's Hospital, Deritend; a Home, situated next to his own house at 187 High Street, Deritend, for orphans and the sons of working people with undesir able home surroundings.

The Rev. Arthur Ryland, who resides at the Camp, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, England. He was ordained by the Right Rev. Vernon Herford, Bishop of the Syro-Chaldean Church at Oxford some years ago.

Mrs. Guy Darrell Berry, daughter of the late Edward Sanderson, Milwaukee, Wis., and sister of the Rev. Harry Sanderson (also a convert. Her brother was lately an Episcopal clergyman of the diocese of Fond du and is now studying for the priesthood, in Maryland. Mr. Sauderson's daughter, Mrs. Alice Kane Sanderson Holden, became a Catholic two years ago. Mr. Sanderson and his sisters, Mrs. Berry and Mrs. Cush-Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee, of which Mrs. Berry was a former parishioner.
Miss Mary Pickford, the famous

moving picture celebrity.

Alonzo B Ketcham, Oklahoma City, father of the Very Rev. Dr. Ketcham, of the Catholic Indian Bureau.

Miss Sara Delano, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Delano, of Barrytown, N. Y., now Mrs. Roland Living ston Redmond, of New York.

Lady Holmes, widow of the late Sir Richard Holmes, K. C.V.O, for thirtyfive years librarian to Queen Victoria and King Edward at Windsor Castle; eldest daughter of the late Rev. Canon Richard Gee, D. D., for many years Vicar of Windsor and Canon of St. Admiral Sir George Caulfield

the Crimean campaign. its real, true, deeper meaning Captain Carthew, Conservative forgotten, and the acquaintance

Ham, England.
The Rev. C. L. Harbord, Kansas City, for fifteen years pastor of the Christian Church, Rich Hill, Mo. Mr. Harbord's wife and family are Catho-

The Rev. Bernard Berlyn, curate at St. Alban's Church, Fulham, London, graduate of Oxford and late army chaplain, and his wife.

Miss Lisa Liljenstolpe, daughter of Count Knut von Liljenstolpe, a Swedish nobleman, of Omaha. is the great-great great granddaughter of Archbishop Lindloms, Protest-ant Archbishop of Upasla, Sweden; her aunt is the widow of a former Chamberlain to the late King Oscar; Lutheran.

The late John Powell, Memphis, Tenn.; electrician; received on his deathbed. The late Mrs. Annie Purkett, St.

Joseph, Mo. Miss Mary Myrtle Cook, Memphis, Tenn. The late Robert S. Elliott, Denver;

son of Judge Victor Elliott, of the Supreme Court of Colorado. Miss Laura Kallenbaum, St. Louis.

Mrs. T. J. Pargin, Temple, Texas. George S. Baker, Alie Abilene

Mrs. Collins, the eighty-two-yearold mother of Father Collins, Coron ado Beach, San Diego, Cal.

Mr. Norman F. Eastman, son of Joseph Eastman, 4 East Seventieth Street, New York; Presbyterian. Miss Grace Swinton Lewis, daugh ter of the late Alexander R. Lewis, of The Towers, Metuchen, N. J., and

mother became a Catholic two year Miss Ella Capps Estes, Memphis; granddaughter of a Methodist minis-

novelist; Episcopalian. Mrs. Lewis'

of Frank H. Spearman, the

Mrs. Anthony Olinger, Milwaukee born Miss Elea Roshr, daughter of Julius Roehr.

Mrs. Stephen F. Tierney, of Weston. W. Va., formerly Miss Bertha Thompcon, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, was re-ceived into the Church on June 5th. Florence Mary Cohan, Chicago;

Jewese. Rev. Dr. Pompany, of Pittsburg Kan., received into the Church on July 4 the following adult Protest ants: Edgar M. Conrad, William R Troegele, Harvey J. Pierce, Albert Tye, J. J. Williamson, Bert Lance, David Mitchell.

On June 20, Dr. Charles Davis Douglas Davis, Lewis Hermes, Fred erick Hermes, Peter Sutherland and Clifford Dean were received into the Church at Annandale, Minn.

On Tuesday morning, Aug. 24, Lady Sibyl Frazer was received at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, Hunstanton, Norfolk. Lady Sibyl is a daughter of the third Earl of Verulam, and was married last year to Captain the Hon. Alastir Fra First Lovat Scouts, a brother of Brigadier General Lord Lovat.

FAMOUS BRETON SHRINE

MONT SAINT MICHAEL IN FRANCE HAS A NOTED HISTORY -A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE

Mont Saint Michael in France has been justly called the "Wonder of the Nature, art, and history, all West." three combine to please the eye in this fair spot. In the midst of an immense bay, scarcely less charming than that of Naples, surrounded by the picturesque country of Avranches and the rugged coast of Brittany, this granite rock rises into the air. up, more than 400 feet above the sands, it is crowned by a group of stately buildings.

In the year 708, St. Michael the Archangel appeared on this mountain to St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches and ordered him to erect there a church in his honor. It was solemnly consecrated on October 16. Ever since, Mont Saint Michael has been the goal of pilgrimages from all western Christendom. Nearly every King of France visited the sanctuary, and also the Kings of England and Scotland. But it was Ireland which showed such a special devotion to St. Michael, and from the middle of the tenth until the sixteenth century, one of the most treasured possessions of the abbey were a sword and buckler specially brought from the Emerald Isle as a token of gratitude for a miraculous intervention of the Arch

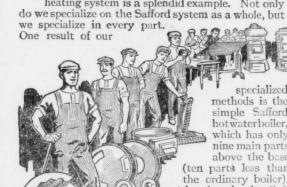
The sanctuary of the Mont is the center of a world wide Archconfraternity, wherein are inscribed the names of all those who specially recommend themselves to the protection of St. Michael, and in this church prayers are recited every day for the assoman, were the aconors of the beauticiates. The war has given a fresh ful sedilia, credence-table, etc., to All impulse to this accient devotion. In particular, a great number of soldiers have sent in their names to be inscribed on the roll, in order to receive the scapular of "the prince of the angelic armies." Every day the post brings the chaplains countless letters of thanksgiving for extraordinary protection in dangers, which the soldiers believe to be due to the great Archangel.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE HEART OF A FRIEND

"Broken friendship, like china, may be repaired, but the break will always show," says an exchange. And it is a bit of real truth and wisdom. Friendship is a precious thing - too precious a treasure to be carelessly broken or thrown away. The world d'Arcy-Irvine, K. C. B.; veteran of handles the word "friend" lightly; its real, true, deeper meaning is member of Parliament for Southwest an hour or the chance comer is designated by the term which itself bears a wealth of meaning. Your friend is the one who appreci ates you - your faults as well as your virtues - who understands and ympathizes with your defeats and victories, your aims and ideals, your joys and temptations, your hopes and disappointments, as no one else does or can. It is your friend to whom you turn for counsel, for comfort, for praise; he may not be She as learned as some or as wise as augh- others, but it st ffices that he understands you, and even his quiet listening gives strength and renewed courage. Blessed is the man or woman into whose life has come the beauty and power of such a friend-Prize it well. Do all in your ship. power to keep such friendship un-broken. Avoid the break, for when it comes it can not be easily mended and the jarring note mars the harmony of the whole glorious symphony. It is not alone a question of forgiveness; that may be full and complete. It is the hurt in the heart that will not readily heal and the confidence that will not fully come back. — St. Paul Bulletin.







methods is the simple Safford hotwaterboiler, nine main parts above the base (ten parts less than the ordinary boiler). Another is the Saf-

ford's extra large

ontreal TORONTO Winnipe

having 70 per cent, immediately around the fire, whereas ordinary boilers have but 51 per cent. Another boilers have but 51 per cent. Another is the rapid circulation of water, due to the fact that the water, after being heated, has only one-third the distance to travel to get out of the

amount of direct heating surface,

Safford's fire-pot that it has in an ordinary boiler. The foregoing facts mean more to you than you possibly realize. A boiler of few parts means one that will be very unlikely to get out of order—one that will be very easy to manage. A large amount of direct heating surface and rapid water circulation means a perfectly heated home and economy in fuel consumption. But to get the whole story of

send for our "Home Heating" booklet. It will only take you a minute or two to write a post-card-request for it. And this booklet will show you the road to a more comfortable home in winter and a 33½ per cent, reduction in your coal bills. That is surely worth while.

DOMINION RADIATOR COMPANY

THE ONTARIO

Directory of Churches and Priests. Calendar and Feasts for 1916. Interesting Illustrations. Timely Articles. 160 Pages.

25c. Postpaid

Publication Office: 97 St. Joseph St., TORONTO



Stained Glass

and Leaded Lights

We make a specialty of

Catholic Church Windows

B. LEONARD

QUEBEC, P. Q. Established 1869

CHATS WITH YOUNG

MEN AROUND THE CORNER

Get ready for promotion. Be pre pared for a better position. Study, ask, learn, work for something in advance of what you have. Have a noble discontent—thankful to God for His favors, willing to stay where He puts you if He evidently desired you to remain there, but, otherwise, determined to make the most of yourself and to get the best out of

your opportunities.
What shall we meet? Who knows. It may be Death lurks just there—it may be our greatest happinere-it may be our biggest success, but who knows? Perhaps Opportunity is there ready to grasp our hand and lead us to that happy land, Success, but who can tell ?

Then be prepared. It's the key to which all the nation is attuned now but take it home to your personal affairs and—be prepared.

The thing which looks like Luck to

you—that chance which came to your friend, do you know that he was able to take it because he was ready? Every day of his life had been made a towards that end. He hasn't been drifting, he's been working, there; with every preparation made, all ready for the work, he sprang into the position and he won. And so can you. You might have been chosen had you been ready. But you've spent your time dimming the brightness of the day for other people with your whinings and your complaints against your luck. You've been a floater. You could never be relied upon. You were like a flea-you were never just there. So now you must wait. The Great Opportunity is gone. There was a prize but it fell to some body else—you didn't do very much thinking about it and no planning and little work. So it slipped away —it went to someone who was ready.

Should Death be our portion just around that corner-have we thought enough about preparedness to be sure the little wife and the babies are protected? Have we remembered in the days when we were earning good money to make preparation for the corner collision ?

We live but one day at a time-one day is enough when it is dark with sorrow-it isn't nearly enough when it is brimming with happiness and the hours fly on such swift wings. It is just enough in minutes and hours to get ready for future years right, to prepare for whatever the of work or worry, of luxurious leisure or of splendid op-

We each have just so many hours in our day. Someone has said it is what we do with our leisure that makes us what we are. Yes, and it's also what we do with our work-and how we do it, whether or not we are ready for whatever is Around the

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWER He was a laborer going home from his day's work. Muddy shoes, stained garments and toil-hardened hands showed that he had been doing rough work. He swung a dinner pail in one hand, but in the button-hole of his old coat he wore a bright flower—picked up somewhere or given by some one—a fresh, beautiful ssom, which drew one's gaze as the man passed.

Was he carrying it home to wife or child? One thing its presence told : however hard the day might have been, it had not dulled him to an appreciation of beauty, or left him with any bitterness of spirit that because it was only a workman' coat in which he must wear it.

And all unconsciously, as he went on his homeward way he preached a little sermon of self-respect and good

GET UP AGAIN

Anybody can fall down-it's very easy indeed—it is the thoroughbred who, when he falls, picks himself up and goes to the fight again. It's the man of this type who finds out what is lacking in his work—who takes stock in himself and drives out the little hindering faults that soon become so firmly established that they are like rank weeds choking up all the good grain of his character and his labors. It is pushing ourselves out of our own path—giving our best a chance that will bring us nearer to perfection in our work.

KNOWING WHEN TO LET GO Sometimes our willingness to help is best shown by giving way to some one else. Right in the midst of a football game a young quarter back beckoned to the coach. "Take me out," he said quietly; "I've forgotten the signals." He wanted to play, but his head had lost the keys to the game, and he wouldn't stay in, to the detriment of the team. By making a vacancy, he helped to ward victory.—Catholic Columbian.

CURIOUS

Father Vaughan, S. J., will allow no foolish boasting about the antiquity of the Caurch of England. The Archbishop of York (Protestant) had re Church had its roots in the far distant past, and was striving to adapt taself to modern needs. 'I can only say,' said Father Vaughan," that if the Archbishop of York knew what he was talking about, then God forgive him. If he did not know, then God help him. It is a curious reflec-

cept: 'God bless the Pope.' I am old enough to remember when Protestants in this country were so proud of the Germanic origin of their religion that they called us 'The Italian Mission.' To day we have the Arch-bishop of York claiming to be a descendant of those who drew their jurisdiction from Rome. It reminds me of the story of the cuckoo. I have nothing more to say."-Sacred Heart Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A NEW BOYS' CLUB

It was so bitterly cold on the corner that Ed. Burns and his chum brought their papers into the library for a tew minutes to have a warm up They were huddled up beside a hot radiator when the librarian in charge began telling a group of boys and girls the story of King Arthur and his Knights. Ed. and Billy were so impressed that they began asking questions and the woman lent them a book telling more about the Knights of the Round Table.

Soon all the boys in the gang had read this book and all were fired with the idea of becoming knights. They drew up a set of rules and bound themselves to be clean in their speech, more courteous to others, and to help one another to keep straight.

One day Father O'Hara speaking to one of the boys happened to hear of this organization and he invited the club over to the church hall that he might learn more about it. The club appealed to him strongly and he proposed that they wear buttons and each boy induce another boy to join and to meet every two weeks in the hall to report progress and to get to

know one another better.

Some of the women of the church and the boys went home more en-thusiastic than ever.

The club grew rapidly and the business men of the district became interested and got enough money together to rent a club house and start a gymnasium. The boys held a minstrel show and bought a moving picture machine with the proceeds. They now rent this machine to other societies when they are giving social evenings and always have funds in the treasury.

If Father O'Hara needs any help around the church he only needs to hint to the boys. They are interested in all church work and there is a marked improvement in the whole neighbourhood. When I last visited the club there was a membership of fitty, with twenty on the waiting list, You could do this in your parish boys : why not get busy ?

HONESTY PRAISED A small boy out in San Francisco named Francis J. I. Sullivan, found some money and believing it to be-long to Uncle Sam, in default of the rightful owner, sent it to the treasurer of the United States. Treasurer John Burke returned the money, and owner could not be found, the property right reverted to the finder. He prefaced his letter with the following compliment to the little lad :

"My Deat Little Friend : I have your very extraordinary lettter of recent date, together with its unusual inclosure. I say, 'extraordinary' and 'unusual' because it is the first letter of the kind that has ever been received at this office. It shows that you are an honest boy; and, let me tell you, honesty is the best asset than any young man can start out in life with. It is the best asset, be cause it inspires confidence and opens the avenues that lead to success in would refuse an offered blossom every walk of life. It is the best use it brings day by day ar untroubled conscience and peaceful sleep at night. It is the best asset through life, for it leaves at the end, as a legacy to those we love dearest, the memory of good deeds well done. It is the first requisite in every profession and in every business. If the banker, railroad builder, doctor or lawyer, the merchant or the manu facturer, is looking for a man, the first question asked is : 'Is he honest?' And you have this first great requisite. The others will come to you with industry and application." - The

A BEAUTIFUL SECRET

Visiting a great factory one day, writes Rev. Frank T. Bayley, in an exchange, I went through a room where young girls were fastening hooks and eyes upon cardboard. Their fingers fairly flew!

Among them I noticed an old woman, busy at the same work. Her fingers about her, and I wondered why she was thers. I think you, too, would like to know. Months before, she came begging

for work. She sadly needed it, for she had a sick husband to support. Seeing the girls at their work, she said she could do what they were do ing. The superintendent knew that she would be awk ward and slow; and he tried to discourage her. But she begged for a chance; so he gave her a place at the long bench with the ferred to history as proving that his girls. It was slow work; and as she was paid by the piece, she could earn but a little. Yet she persevered. And after a while her pile of finished work began to grow strangely fast. There was a beautiful secret about

Some of the girls, pitying her, were slipping some of their cards onto her tion on the religion of the open Bible, that it is like the gramophone which enjoyed seeing it grow. Of course is ready to grind out any record ex. her pay increased. Soon she was

Christmas came, the girls gave her a purse with \$20 in it. "Is all this mine?" she said, "I never had so much money in my life!

The story made me think of that verse, "Bear ye one another's bur-dens." — Exchange.

"LET WIVES BE SUBJECT"

Modern infidelity is busy seeking to construct a more ideal basis for marriage relations than that which God Himself established. To exact of the bride subjection of any kind is regarded as an indignity to womanhood. Even the very suspicion of it must be avoided and the marriage rite must be changed to meet the requirements of more advanced ideas. The teaching of the Scriptures revealing to us the Divine Will and the plan of infinite Love as well as of infinite Wisdom, has become a scan

dal to many in our day. Yet, "Wives be subject to your husbands, bands, love your wives and be not bitter towards them," (Col. iii, 18, 19), is the divinely given compen-dium of the mutual duties of wife and husband. Its meaning lies far world understands by the subjection

The family is a society, the first of all human societies. It cannot there. Ship of man. But that subjection which in Paradise was to be the obvious harmony of the natural order, in a single person. The actual in a single person. The actual bearer of the authority in any given family is not appointed because of the changed conditions of the Fall s his individual qualities, his mental punitive meaning. So in a similar Some of the women of the church or moral superiority, but by the desupplied hot coffee and sandwiches claration of God. It is not because of man in himself, but because of God, that woman renders him obedience. It is to man as Divinely appointed head that she his authority, as it behoveth in the Lord.

There is question here of no one sided contract. Man's duties towards woman, of loving and cherishing her as his own body, as his own self, and regard the sin of their first mother. of regarding her even in a far higher and more perfect manner, as the Apostle points out, imposes upon him obligations no less great and serious than those which bind her been rendered meritorious in proto him in that God ordained harmony of the Christian family. Ol with the treasures of sacramental all this the moderr paganism can graces; it has been sanctified in a have no conception. On the wife new and hithertounheard of manner all this the moderr paganism can there is bestowed by the Church a by being modeled upon the mystic true queenship within the home. true queenship within the home. She obeys the will, yet rules the heart of her husband, and with him holds the governance of the domestic world. To both alike the children are to be subject as Christ was to Joseph and to Mary; "Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well and pleasing to the Lord." (Col., iii. 20.) It is safe to say that woman's subjection in the truly Catholic home is far less than that which man is daily bound to render outside the home, and which he joyfully bears for her sake. It is in deed the lightest of constraints, motived by love, leaving untouched her personality and placing no limits to the highest reaches of her soul as

wife and mother. If the very mention of subjection, which Scripture uses in regard to woman, has a bitter savor in the feel nearer heaven. It panders not mouth of the modern rebel to God's to the passions of the populace, but will, it has all the more glorious an import for the Christian mind, for it household into which He was born Heaven recognized no authority save that of Joseph. To him its com-mands were given: "Take the child and his mother." He alone was not fied by the Angel to fly to Egypt and to return therefrom, the others were left to do his bidding as he was bound to accomplish the highest will. Yet Joseph, though most exalted in the authority of his position, was yet the least of that "earthly trinity." What, therefore, was no indignity for Mary cannot be accounted an indignity for any Christian with the control of th

tian wife, and never has been felt as such within the Christian home. The truth so clearly expressed by St. Paul in many places and confirmed by all the Scriptures is no less plainly given in the third chapter of the first letter of St. Peter: "In like the rock How inconsistent are the manner also let wives be subject to their hustands." Adverting to the outward simplicity and inward adorn-ing of the soul which should charac terize Christian wives, he continues : "For after this manner heretofore fingers were crooked and worn by For after this manner heretofore hard work. I knew she could not keep pace with the nimble young God, adorned themselves, being in subjection to their own husbands: As Sara obeyed Abraham, calling him lord." Here, too, however, no one-sided obligation is imposed. The husband's duty is laid down with no less strictness. He is to treat his wife with all the consideration and honor due to her in the love of Christ as the "weaker vessel," and yet by Divine vocation his equal in grace upon earth and in glory hereafter: "Ye husbands, likewise dwelling with them according to knowledge, giving honor to the female as to the weaker vessel, and as to the coheirs of the grace of life."

> To these admonitions the Apostle adds what may be called a special sanction for husband and for wife. The latter is to render obedience, that so she may possess her soul in peace, "not fearing any disturbance;" for in no other manner can the sweet order of the household be preserved according to the harmony planned parisons sometimes odious were too

receiving almost as much as the of this law brings a discord lato the little home in comfort. When married life. "A woman, if she have advantages on both sides. As a consuperiority, is contrary to her husband." (Ecclesiasticus, xxv: 30) Husbands on the other hand, are warned not to fail in the honor they must give their wives, and not to fall into selfishness and tyranny, "that your prayers be not hindered." If this is not observed the wings of love are clipped, the ardor of the spirit is dampened, the heart seeks in vain to lift itself up to God with all the energy of its powers, there is a dark. ness over the heavens and a stern-ness on the face of Him Who despises the tyrant. Mighty on the contrary and irresistible is the prayer rising in unison from two souls joined in love, where wifely obedience blends "in the midst of them." whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them." With three things is the Spirit of God pleased: "The concord of brethren, and the love of neighbors, and man and wife that

It is not a curious question to inquire whether the wife's subjection to her husband was already determined before the first transgression and the Divine sentence which fol-lowed upon it: "Thou shalt be under thy husband's power," as the Douay version reads, "and he shall have dominion over thee." Holy Scrip ture itself answers in the affirmative It is to the circumstances of the Crea tion rather than the Fall that St. Paul The family is a society, the first of usually refers in declaring the headto the summer breeze, received under the changed conditions of the Fall a way the arch of heauty which Noe beheld reaching from earth to heaven need not be considered as the first rainbow mortal ever looked upon. But henceforth and forever it was to have a meaning which it could never yields a voluntary subjection of love have had before. It was to be for and of honor, within the limits of man a sign of God's covenant, and not

agrae well together."

merely a "a rainbow in the sky."
"O happy fault!" the Church exclaims of Adam's fall which gave the world its Redeemer. So, too, may the daughters of Eve exclaim as they If the actual subjection of wife to husband is no longer ideal in the and glorified in higher ways : it has portion to its sacrifices and enriched All these immeasurable blessings and advantages the carnal world will indeed never come to understand, but there is another world, a world of peace and happiness as of purity and love, and those who seek it may find it in the heart of the truly Christian wife. - Joseph Husslein

CHRIST THE SOUL OF CIVILIZATION

The teachings of Christ exhale a

perfume of many odors. They are clad "in light as with a garment." The seed of the Word of God is a power that a bad soil only can dewhen severe is "cruel only to be kind." He promises the hur dred fold sums up thirty long years of the short life of the Saviour: "And he was subject to them." In the holy even here, and relieves us when we Simplicity and elevation are con spicuous in His words. What men call tact is often compromise of prin ciple, and diplomacy is another word terances of God flash forth for ever the pure light of truth. The accom plishment of His precepts gives true liberty. The reading of the Gospel is like a walk on the mountain tons We breathe a higher and a purer air. How immense is the reverence Christ pays to our freedom! Men rush and hustle, but Gcd waits. They are fighting for results that are temporary and uncertain. His, on the contrary, are certain and eternal. Men can shut at will the windows of the soul When open, the light has never failed. Whatever man doss, God is sure of His harvest. Man too often words and deeds of men! How wide and gaping the pit between preach-They recon to virtues and sit down to revel; they praise economy and feast in the pal aces of plenty. But Christ has a power that belongs to Him alone. His "Who shall dispute sin?' is a challenge that leaves Him without a rival. He speaks as One having powdoor, for He willed from eternity that man should be free. Christ bas la d for ever the foundation of true broththeir rights, He teaches us rather our duties. He is still the life of individ uals and nations the soul of civiliza tion. Without Him there is only Kaiserism or anarchy. - Catholic Columbian.

> CONVERTS AND "BORN CATHOLICS"

Addressing a convert instruction class at Stoke on Trent, England, upon the occasion of the first Holy Communion of eighteen of its twentyfour members, the Rev. H. Sprague who conducts the class, said: "Com-

advantages on both sides. As a convert himself, he rejoiced at his conversion, but regretted he had not re-ceived the blessings of the faith from infancy. Born Catholics had much more to be thankful for, and more, too, to be answerable for. Converts co ope had got behind in the race for heaven, Times.

by great devotion to the faith and the Church, and especially by the regular and frequent use of the sac raments. The gift of faith, whether received in infancy or later in life, would benefit neither born Catholic nor convert without appreciation and co operation." - London Catholic

Songs the Soldiers Love

Play Over the Sample of "DO YOUR BIT"

For The Red, White and Blue

the song that has been so successfully introduced by RUTHVEN McDONALD—dedicated by special permission to SIR SAM HUGHES. Do Your Bit



"SONGS OF THE HOMELAND"

1-"Do Your Bit."

2-"Red Cross Nell and Khaki Jim."

3-"Buttercup."

4-"That Old Tipperary Tune."

5-"Every Soldier is My Sweetheart."

6-"Fly the Flag." 7-"Remember Nurse Cavell."

8-"Dreaming of Home."

WHAT THE SINGERS SAY HAROLD JARVIS (Canada's favorite tenor) says: "A set of excellent songs

JULES BRAZIL (popular entertainer) says: "Songs of the Homeland are MORRIS MANLEY (composer of "Good Luck to the Boys of the Allies") says: "I saider Songs of the Homeland some of the greatest melodice I have some the state of the state of the state of the says of the Homeland some of the greatest melodice.

15°. EACH 8 POSTPAID \$1.00

HOW TO ORDER

Ask your dealer to-day for one, or all of these songs. He has them, or can get them for you without delay: or remit direct to the publishers, sending 15c for each song, or \$1.00 for the complete set of eight copies postpaid. It will pay you to order the set AT ONCE, as you will get \$1.20 worth for \$1.00. Send in your order to-day. Cut out the Coupon below, marking the numbers that you desire, and send to us, with your full name and address.

GUARANTEE: Your money back if dissatisfied.

THOMPSON PUBLISHING COMPANY, 75 Bay Street, Toronto Please send me "Songs of the Homeland," numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, for which I enclose \$..... Name. Address...

THOMPSON PUBLISHING COMPANY 75 BAY STREET TORONTO

MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Twenty - Ninth Year 31st December, 1915

Essential Features

Paid to or set aside for Policyholders 3,275,526.83 Reserves for Policyholders 17,337,011.00 Surplus over all Liabilities.....

The average rate of interest earned was 6.63%, while the mortality experienced was 60% of the expected. The surplus earned, \$789,102.79, was the largest in the history of the Company

HEAD OFFICE -**TORONTO**

KING AND YONGE STREETS

Write for copy of the Annual Report, which will be ready for distribution in a few days.

Why They're Used

As Mrs. Ripley, of Williamsfield East, says: "Before I had taken Gin Pills, I suffered dreadfully with my back and had suffered for twenty years. I have tried energithing heart the control of the same of the sa tried everything but got no relief until I took Gin Pills. I am now 48 and feel as well as I ever did in my life. There is nothing that can hold a place with Gin Pills for Pain in the Back, to which women are subject."

Gin Pills are 50c. the box or 6 boxes

for \$2.50 at any drug store. If you want to try Gin Pills write for free sample to

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto.

ABSORBINE AMENESS
from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone,
Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar
trouble and gets horse going sound.
Does not blister or remove the
hair and horse gon be worked. Page hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.00 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 K free.

Horse Book 9 K tree.

ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for
mankind. Reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Varicosities, heals Old Sores. Allays
Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1 and
\$2 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book

(Varidance). free. Maunfactured only by Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1 and \$2 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. Manufactured only by W F. YOUNG, P.B. F. 29 Lymans Bidg., Montreal, Can. Absorbine and Absorbine. Jr., are made in Canada.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter From a Lady whose Husband was Dissipated

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and office and as the remedy was educated. package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had done when he acknowledged that the head of the had done when he acknowledged that the head of t edged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your

FREE—SEND NO MONEY
I will send free trial package and
booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend
who wishes to help. Write to-day.
Plain sealed package. Correspondence
sacredly confidential.

F. R. HERD. Sements Remedy Co. E. R. HERD, Samaria Remedy Co. 1421 Mutual Street Toronto, Canada





High or Low

The Octamo gets into every corner, high or low. It picks up every speck of dust and holds it and leaves a dry, hard lustre wherever it touches. At Your Dealers 75c. to \$1.50

CHANNEL CHEMICAL CO., LTD.



THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The Twenty Ninth Annual Report submitted to the Policyholders and Shareholders of The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company was very satisfactory in every respect.

The total net premium income amounted to \$3 282,287.44, the income from interest, dividends, etc., \$1,155,526 32, making a total income of \$4 387,763.76

The payments to Policyholders amounted to the large sum of \$1,824,161 83, in addition to which the Company set aside the further sum of \$1,476,365 00 for reserves and dividends, and the general surplus increased \$402,825 95.

After setting aside a special mor-tality reserve of \$125,000 00, and dividends payable to policyholders in 1916 amounting to \$266 138 00, the general surplus of the Company amounted to \$2,254 655 10. The surplus earned, \$789 102 79, was the largest in the history of the Com-

vived amounted to \$12 599 040.00, and the total insurance in force now amounts to \$83,746 172 00.

The Assets of the Company have now reached the large sum of \$20, 744 678 34, and the Policy Reserves, \$17,337,011 00. The high standard of the Assets held is fully demonstrated by the following classifica-First Mortgages 42 02 per cent.; Government, Municipal and School Debentures 28 01 per cent.: Loans to Policyholders 16.24 per cent. : Stocks 5 36 per cent. : 4 21 per cent.; Railway Bonds 1.18 per cent.; Industrial Bonds 1.80 per cent.; Interest, Premiums, Real Estate, Call Loans and all other

Assets 6.18 per cent.

The year 1915 was an unique one for the large Canadian Companies on account of operating a full year under War Conditions. The mortal ity experienced in 1915 was 60 per cent. of the expected, compared with 65 per cent. in 1914.

THE PRIEST AT THE FRONT

"I have heard thousands of confessions," says Father Peal, S. J., with the Connaught Rangers in France. "Whenever I give them a chance, the men come to me galore. Yesterday. as I was passing through a village, some men recognized me as a priest. and immediately officers and men came around me asking me when I could hear them." In another letter Father Peal says: "Two days ago, as under a tree, an officer, a Canadian convert, serving in an Indian regiment, came up an asked if I was a priest and could hear his fession. He said that for months he had not met an English speaking priest. The same evening, as an attack was about to take place, thirty men came for absolution. Among them was a Protestant who was eager to become a Catholic. There was no time to lose-a short instruction, profession of faith, confession and conditional baptism with water from a brook close by." The priest colemnly adds: "God's hand is wonderfully visible here."

Gallipoli come similar stories telling how the sight of a priest brings gladness to men harassed and bewildered by the incessant perils of war. "Whenever I go up the reserve trenches," says Father "I am welcomed by officers and men. Wherever I go What harrowing incidents attend these ministrations! "One man had half his face blown away after such a roadside confession," Father Devas continues. "We were sitting under cover. When we finished I moved away to another man lower down. and as I was hearing him, number one foolishly stood up and was shot

Father Peter O'Farrell, chaplain to the 5th Royal Irish Regiment at Gallipoli (Commanded by Lord Granard), tells some of his own experiences, and pays a tribute to the devotion to duty of his brother priests: "In the advanced dressing station, just beneath the hill on which the combat raged, I did what I could for the wounded men. Even here it was not safe. Four men were hit beside me. Two of the victims, who were shot through the head, happened to be Catholics, and I was very proud to be able to administer the Last Sacraments to them before they expired. Every day some of us priests have narrow shaves. Still my position as chaplain to the 5th is much easier and safer than that which other poor priests have to endure. Once or twice I volunteered to help them in the hospitals; yet they did not accept my They seem to glory in being up to their eyes in work and to brave all danger in doing it."

Father Fahey is a Tipperary man and was stationed in Western Australia for gix years before the war. The Archbishop of Perth (Australia) has received a letter from an officer at Gallipoli saying: "You are to be congratulated for sending us such an admirable chaplain as Father Fahey. He is the idol of the 11th Battalion and every one, irrespective of creed, has a good word to say for him." Dr. McWhae, of the Australian Expeditionary Force, puts in a different way the estimation in which Father Fahey is held: "He is one of the finest fellows in the world, and earthing of the artistic past they are would be for them, not the everybody swears by him. He landed at Gallipoli with the covering party, of art and of history to the tasks of loyal citizenship.—America.

and spends his time in the trenches." Before the troops left Lemnos Island for Gallipoli the Brigadier went around and told the chaplains of all denominations that they could go aboard the hospital ships if they wished. Father Fahey and Father McMenamin, a chaplain with the New Zealand Forces, said they would go in the transports with the men and also accompany them into the trenches. And, sure enough, these two priests were the first of the chaplains in the firing line looking after their men. "The 'Padre' as he is called by his battalion." writes the officer in his letter to the Arch bishop of Perth, "fills in his spare time carrying up provisions to the men at the front, and helps the wounded back, and I can tell you he is not atraid to go where the bullets fall pretty thickly." Since that com-munication was written Father Fahey has done more in the way of utilizing his spare time - he has led the mer in a charge against the Turkish entrenchments. On an occasion when all the officers had been killed or disabled, he called on the remnants of the company: 'Follow me, and though I have only a stick, you can give the Turks some Western Australian cold steel." In the engagement Father Fahey was wounded, and, the latest account of him is that he is in

a hospital at Malta. In the military hospital at Epsom outside London, I met a wounded private of the 11th Battalion, an Irish Catholic, who boasted that he was a parishioner of Father Fahey the little dug out parish in Gallipoli." He was loud in his praise of the priest, not only as a chaplain, but as an all round athlete.

At a Perth sports meeting Father Fahey won the State championship for "putting the stone" in the Irish style, and also won a lead on the horizontal bar and trapeze. Then the soldier told me a story which illustrates Father Fahey's sense of humour. During the training of the Australian Force in Egypt, before they were ordered to Gallipoli, the officers were entertained at dinner. To the toast of "The Chaplains," one of the Protestant clergymen first replied. In the course of his speech he made some indirect references to the Catholic Church which the company considered were not quite in good taste. Then came Father Fahey. In his mellifluous Tipperary brogue, which in itself was highly appreciated; he said that his brotherin arms had left him but little to say though some of his remarks might possibly lead to differences of

'However,' he added, "as I am not much of a hand at speeching, I'll tell you a story. Recently I visiting the Barracks at Perth. The militia was on sentry duty, and on being challenged I just responded, A friend - the chaplain,' and, being known, was allowed to pass. On my return, the regulars were in charge of the gates. 'Who goes there?' was the cry. 'A friend,' I replied. 'Give the countersign,' said a voice that sounded decidedly like some part of Ireland, 'Oh, I'm the chaplain, said I. 'That won't do for me. want the countersign' was the rejoinder. 'Tell me,' said I, 'aren't you an Irishman?' 'Begor, I am, your reverence,' said the sentry. 'And tell me,' I continued, 'don't you belong to the true Faith?' 'Troth, and I don't, he replied; 'I'm a Protestant.'" "The laugh," said my informant, "was turned against the Protestant Chaplain, who was sorry he spoke." — Catholic Opinion.

SCIENCE UPHOLDS RELIGION

Science is gradually by new dis-coveries upsetting the theories of Darwin and others on the evolution of man from a very low species, resembling the ape, and is being obliged to render tribute to the teachings of the Bible and Christian ity. One of the most important finds bearing on this subject, was made a little more than a year ago in the caverns of the Pyrenees mountains close to the boundaries of Spain. Researches which were made by a French count and his three sons were interrupted by the European war, two of the latter having joined the French colors. However, enough has been revealed by the specimens brought to light that the most ancient inhabitants of the globe, as far as has been ascertained up to the present time, belonging to what is known as the paleolithic age, when they used the ruder stone implements were not at all low down in the scale of humanity, having nothing but the baser instincts to gratify, but, besides attending to their daily wants, cultivated art to a most extraordinary degree. Dr. James J. Walsh of Ford ham University comments on this

valuable discovery "The contrast between the cave man as here shown and the man of our generation is so striking that it deserves to be noted. Cave men are usually supposed to have been interested only in hunting for a living and in fighting with their fellows. The favorite figure of the evolution-ist is the cave man with his utter lack of anything like civilization and the unfavorable comparison that he suggests with modern civilized man. interested in art, literature, education and the ways of peace. Here, however, is a little family party engaged in exploring some of the habitations of the cave man in which

war. Whether any of the young men | are to be back or not to continue their work is in the hands of Provi-The destruction of art object that this war necessarily entails contrasted with the fact that the cave man was engaged in the creation of objects of art is thought-provoking. It is possible that modern man may have progressed far beyond his paleolithic ancestor, but certainly these incidents would not seem to

We are told that stationary art embellishes the walls and ceilings of caverns and rock shelters, and among the portable objects are a few that would be considered real gems at the present day. There is a picture of a bison or buffalo at bay, which by artists has been declared a marvelous exhibition of muscular tension.

So little by little, discoveries are upsetting theories of the evolutionists, and it is becoming plainer that man was created from the beginning the highest type of living creature, endowed with understanding and will power, with all the faculties of the soul as distinct from the body. Science and religion will always agree. They must, for God is truth. -Intermountain Catholic.

AUTHORITY IN CHURCH

When Anglican writers undertake to deal with the question of religious authority they soon find themselves laboring in difficulties. A contri-butor to the Church Times who professes to examine the place of authority in the Church, says that authority is vested in "the universal episcopate" and omits to mention the special authority given to St. Peter, with the resu't that he is compelled by the position he assumes to hold that the Church errs in doctrine, says the Times of Liverpool.

The Pope, says St Thomas, has the plentitude of pontifical power; he is to share a part of his care as judges established in each city. His supreme authority is a perfect sateguard established by Christ for the prevention of divisions in the true Church. Refusing to acknowledge his authority, the writer in the Church Times can point to no remedy for divisions. All he can say is that, grievously impaired, still operates witness of the whole Church in regard to those matters on which all parts of the Church are agreed."

That is to say, Our Lord's plan for the establishment of the Church was that Christians should believe as the Bishops thought fit, right or wrong, but that if they happened to agree on any points belief on those points to be deemed obligatory. Could there be a more abourd theory of the teaching of the Church? By it false doc trine would be tolerated and truth left to the working of chance .-Boston Pilot.

CAN CATHOLICS BE LOYAL CITIZENS?

"They are Catholics and therefore not loyal citizens," is a stock phrase that for a century or so has often done good service, whenever revolutionists have taken the trouble to offer the world an excuse for their wholesale persecution and spoliation. The Mexican revolutionaries, the Daniel Collins, formerly of Hastings, last but not the least of the Church's Ont. Interment at Vancouver. May oppressors, have now taken up the her soul rest in peace. cry, and to the strength of violent as are adding the weakness of false words. And the marvelous part of it is that well-intentioned and fair-minded persons in the United Winnipeg aged twenty-to May his soul rest in peace. But is absolutely false. No one can be a good Catholic who is not at the same time a good citizen. Loyal-ty to the Church implies obedience to her commands, and one of the strictest of the commands of the Church is concerned with submission to lawfully constituted authority. No priest would give absolution to a man who refused to fulfil his essential duties to the State. At all times the Church has insisted with St. Peter and St. Paul that her children should be obedient to their lords as to Christ, that they should : "Honor all men. Love the brethren. Fear God. Honor the king."

How ready Mexican Catholics are to submit even to the present infamous regime, is evident to all who have seen the latest manifesto of the Mexican Bishops. But at present Mexican Catholics are living the life of the Christians in the Catacombs for although they love their country passionately, they are loyal to God first and above all. If they are not in favor with the dominant party, it is because they have been forced to make a choice between Christ and Carranza; and they are willing to leave the decision to all the world. when they say to the First Chief in the words of St. Peter and St. John. "It it be just in the sight of God to hear you rather than God, judge ye. They will obey any authority that is lawfully constituted, in all save sin : but when they are ordered to repudiate God's commands, they refuse like the martyrs of old, they prefer to give up all things rather than be guilty of such implety. While deprecating, therefore, the injustice that has compelled them to make such a habitations of the cave man in which they find magnificent remains of real art work, and while engaged in this unthat of the repudiation of Christ would be for them, not the foundation, but rather the destruction of

DEATH OF MRS. P. J. MCAULEY

Mrs. P. J. McAuley, mother of Rev. V. McAuley, of Peterboro, died on January 16 at her late residence Brighton Township. The deceased was well known and loved by a large circle of friends.

The obsequies took place in Wooler on Wednesday, January 19. Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by her son, Rev. J. V. McAuley, of Sacred Heart make the demonstration of that fact Church, Peterboro; Rev. C. J. Phelan, nephew of the deceased, acted as deacon, Rev. Father Keeley, of Railon, as sub deacon, and Father Mc-Fadden as master of ceremonies. An eloquent and impressive sermon was preached by Right Rev. Bishop O'Brien, of Peterboro. The other clergy present were: Rev. Dean McColl, Rev. M. J. McGuire, Rev. A. Cote, Rev. Father O'Reilly, Rev. P.

Flanagan and Rev. J. O'Connor. Interment took place in the Catho-lic cemetery, Trenton. Mrs. McAuley leaves to mourn her loss a husband, four sons and three

daughters. The family have the sympathy of a host of friends in the loss of a truly devoted wife and mother.

DEATH OF MISS MILNE

On January 31st, at St. Joseph's Hospital, there passed away one of the oldest members of St. Peter's parish in the person of Miss Helen Milne, a lady who was not alone re-spected and esteemed by all who knew her but whose gentle kindness and steadfast devotion to all works pertaining to the good of the community in which she lived will cause all who knew the departed to regret exceedingly her demise and breathe a prayer that the soul of the kindly, good and gentle Miss Milne will re ceive the reward of a useful and well spent life. The deceased lady's birthplace was Lochaber, Barffshire, Scotland. She came to Canada in 1850. plentitude of pontifical power; he is in the Church what a King is in a kingdom, and the Bishops are called Murdock, D. D., Bishop of Glasgow,

and papal delegate for the district of Scotland. Her bro Her brother the late Rev. James Milne, was parish priest of Hamilton, Scotland; was also a niece of the late Bishop Scott, of Glasgow. She is survived by one brother, Alexander Milne, of Gilroy, California.

The CATHOLIC RECORD extends to in spite of inveterate divisions, the her many relatives and friends sinauthority of the Church, though cere sympathy in the loss of so and is found in "the consentient to all that pertained to the advanceexemplary and faithful an adherent ment of Catholicity. May her soul rest in peace.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship that is enduring means hat some one has given something of thought and time and service. A let-ter with a bit of kindly thought or a little love-touch in it, a birthday renembrance, a sacrifice for our friend of something he realizes that we our selves want - always having for him a "happy morning face" — these are recipes for a constant and abiding friendship.

DIED

COYNE-At Portage du Fort, Que on Sunday, January 9, Mr. Patrick Bernard Coyne aged sixty four years. May his soul rest in peacs.

COLLINS-At St. Paul's Hospital. Vancouver, B. C. on Thursday, Jan. 27th, 1916, Sarah, beloved wife of

Long - At Albuquerque, Mexico, on January 19, 1916. Mr William Long, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Long, 97 Academy Road, Winnipeg aged twenty-four years.

WANTED

WANTED EVERYONE TO SELL OUR
shamrocks for Patriotic or church purposes.
Last year we sold over 500 gross. They are going
to be very scarce this year. Plain silk threaded
shamrocks, \$1,25 a gross; with every order of
5 gross or more we will give free 50 perfumed
carnations. Rose Buds, \$1,50 a 100; Easter Lilies,
50 cents a dozen ! Violets 40 cents a dozen hunches. carnations. Rose Buds, \$1.50 a 100; Easter I So cents a dozen; Violets 40 cents a dozen bun Iris Lily, 40 cents a dozen; Carnations, perfu ong stems, 30 cents a dozen; Carnations buds, 20 cents a dozen; Tulips, 50 cents a dead caster Lilies, waxed and diamond dusted, 75; dozen; shaded Roses, 75 cents a dozen. Woostage or express. Write at once, Bran Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ont. 194

HOUSEKEEPERIWANTED WIDOWER IN WESTERN CITY WITH YEAR old baby wants capable and refined house-keeper. Good pay and comfortable home to right party. Give full particulars first letter. If application accepted, testimonial from parish priori

NURSING PRIVATE NURSES EASILY EARN \$25 weekly. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

YOUNG LADIES WHO DESIRE TO ENTER
a Training School for Nurses, may apply to
St. Joseph Sanitarium, Mt. Clemens, Mich.
Applicants must have a good education. Address
Sisters of Charity, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 1946-4 WANTED

WANTED GOOD HEALTHY CATHOLIC woman, about fifty years of age, to keep house for young widower, with three small chil-dren. Duties to commence April lst, 1916. Apply

EXPERIENCED PIPE ORGANIST AND Choir Director for St. Mary's Church, North Bay, Ont. Male preferred. Apply with testi monials to Rt, Rev. D. J. Scollard, North Bay 1948-2

CATHOLIC LADY, BETWEEN TWENTY five and forty years as housekeeper for gentleman in small town. Must be a good Catholic. One who would prefer a permanent home For particulars write to Box R., CATHOLE RECORD, London, Ont. POSITION WANTED CATHOLIC OF LONG BUSINESS EXPERIence, temperate and reliable, conversant
with office details, financing etc. is open for good
position, Apply Box P., CATHOLIC RECORD,
London, Ont. 1946-4

NURSE WANTED

NURSE WANTED

WANTED PROBATIONER NURSE. (CATHolic) at once. Apply Lady Superintendent,
Welland County and General Hospital. Ont.
1948-3

PARTNER WANTED WANTED A CONSCIENTIOUS PARTNER TO start in Manufacturing business. Have

Ask Others

it. Ask those who have played the

KARN CHURCH ORGAN

for years what they think of it. If you don't know such a person, write us and we will tell you the names of Churches where this great organ has been giving satisfaction for

The KARN-MORRIS Piano & Organ Co. Ltd.

Be Patriotic, Order from a Canadian Firm

ORDER NOW

PALM FOR

PALM SUNDAY

MISSION SUPPLIES

A SPECIALTY

J. J. M. LANDY

405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

ORDER

PALM

NOW

W. E BLAKE & SON, Limited

123 CHURCH STREET

TORONTO, CANADA

BELLS, PLACS, CHIMES

an Patents for Mens substand Eye Pims sewed on buttons). Hook and Eye Pims and Skirit Hangers. Applications for patentheen applied for in all Foreign Countrie inventions are now in process of develor Apply Box S., The CATROLIC RECOR.



A MAN TO HELP AT FARM WORK BY the month or year. Address, stating wages expected, to A. A.O'Leary, Seaforth, R. R. No. 4. 1947-2 RIDER AGENTS WANTED





FOR ROUGH SKIN, SORE LIPS, OR CHAPPED HANDS

Campana's Italian Balm is soothing, healing and pleasant. Special size sample 10c. 28 years on the market. E. G. WEST & CO., 80 GEORGE ST., TORONTO.

SELL HERO AND HOLY PICTURES Steel Constructor Given Away

The Empire Art Co. Toronto, Ont.

The Marvel of the Age. Luminous Crucifix



This Crucifix is indeed a beautiful and strangely marvelous work of art.

By means of a wonderful and secret preparation, the body of this figure is made to absorb the rays of light during the day and at night these rays will shine forth a brilliant light showing the Christ figure in almost startling relief continuously thruout the darkest night. The darker the room, the better the result. The luminous effect is everlasting. When darkness first comes on, the light is blue at first, and gradually changes to a bright ivory light. This wonderful Crucifix is especially useful and comforting in a sick room. One can imagine the company and soothing effect to a sick person lying restless in the darkness of the night.

This Crucifix makes an ideal gift for Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Birthdays or any special occasion. This Crucifix has been highly praised by Clergymen, Schools, Convents and Hospitals thruout the world. The size of the Cross is 14i inches high by 8 inches wide and is made of a fine grain ebonized wood, producing a beautiful smooth black effect. The Body of our Lord is made of unbreakable material richly finished in imitation of fine marble.

tiful Crucifixes which were made to sell at \$5.00 each. Cheap uickly introduce them into every Catholic home in Canada, we \$8.00 each. We will send them securely packed—postpaid to his is a real bargain and we know the wonderful Luminous Write us a Poetcard today and ask for our

Special Offer to Agents.

COLONIAL ART CO.
DESK R. O. TORONTO, ONT.

CHARTER 1854

BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA

Open a current or cheque account with the Home Bank and pay your housekeeping or personal bills by cheque. This is a more business-like method than paying with your cash out of hand. Your returned cheques are receipts for the amounts paid.

OFFICE 394 RICHMOND ST. W.J. HILL

Melbourne

BRANCHES IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY

Thorndale Ilderton Delaware Lawrence Station



1915—A Record Year

N every particular the business of the London Life Insurance Company reached high-water mark in 1915. In new business written, in gain in business in force, in gain in income, in gain in assets, and in surplus earnings the year's operations show the most favorable results yet attained.

> The following comparative statement speaks for itself:

	1909	1911	1913	1915
Insurance in Ferce\$	14,189,613	\$20,237,984	\$27,118,375	\$34,820,327
Insurance Issued	5,011,227	7,369,183	8,828,189	11,060,511
Total Assets	2,927,055	3,589,797	4,645,695	6,075,323
Policy Reserves	2,667,513	3,278,616	4,226,152	5,459,242
Premium and Interest Income	754,307	959,185	1,295,840	1,666,122
Rate of Interest Earned	6.57%	6.68%	6.81%	7.08%

Notwithstanding the strain of the war conditions, of which this Company has borne its full share, the favorable results experienced in recent years has made it possible to introduce a still further increase in the scale of profits apportionable to Participating Policies. The new scale comes into effect in 1916.

> Actual Results exceed Estimates by more than one-third in the

London Life Insurance

Head Office, London, Canada

R. H. Morrison, R. T. Harding, Geo. McBroom, Inspect R. P. Pearce, Superintendent "Industrial" Branch.