

"pippin" and the breathless Jack produced a practical-looking, many-bladed 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," he said. "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 advocate—open at home and it's no camp Boyessee 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 blue-black 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 sobbed 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 startled head clerk and the open mouthed office-boy flung open the "private" door.

"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 woe-begone voice close to the Judge's ear.

"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 unopened mail till he found the desired envelope, "see that Carroll, if he shows, e-r," he was searching 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 time."

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

The Judge looked kindly at the sorrowful figure. "Tell you what you do, son." He drew out his watch. "There's plenty of time. Go to Devine's and have a good swim. I'd love to go along myself, but I have a luncheon date in twenty minutes with an old chum."

Then half maliciously: "I think, Jack, I'll try and persuade Father Davis to come along as chaplain this afternoon in case of another attempted assassination. So meet us in front of the Lawyer's Club—Connor will have the machine there at 1—and we'll pick up Gladie and see the greatest show on earth. Now, goodbye."

Jack proved that he was bankrupt.

"Here's enough for the swim and off thanks and further protestations."

"There! There! I know it was an accident. Take one deep dive for daddy," and a very subdued Jack, still trembling at what might have been, left the office.

"If 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 Bravary by a window overlooking the street, closed the book and rose.

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

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

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 Lustrania! Poor old 'Peanut!' Member how he used to boast that a shrimp like himself would bury Gibraltar, Father Jimmie?"

"Ah! Jakkie," the Judge blushed at the resurrection of the almost forgotten nickname, "Gibraltar will see us all low, even your granite self."

"Indeed, Father Jim, twice came near gladdening an undertaker's heart this very morning," and Judge Foole told the attentive face across the table of the jitney and the automatic.

"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 Foole 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 sad rumors of Judge Foole's rise to money and power and of that all too common trailer of success, neglect of the one thing really necessary, and his priestly experience told him that his friend, the harum-scarum Jakkie of the old decades, had come across one of those precious moments, rifts in the clouds.

"Jakkie," 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 Jakkie! 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 that 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 whirr of the nearby fan, as it swayed from side to side. Father Davis saw his opportunity and grasped it.

"Jakkie," he spoke affectionately. "Jakkie, old fellow, have you forgotten the parable of your namesake? He was a careless fool, 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 Foole 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. I saw another grace was being denied."

"You have to say," he said quietly. "To-morrow," Father Davis shrugged his shoulders, "say, this night you haven't. What about 'safety first,' Judge?"

"Jim, your reverence, logically you 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 indicated 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 'jagged' 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, slicked-down hair, met the two as they emerged from the Lawyer's 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 a carefree boy who lived in Conshohocken twenty-five, no thirty years ago?"

"No, Father, but that's where daddy lived when he was a boy."

"Can you guess who the boy was, then?"

"Daddy? As a light broke, "Why, sure it was daddy."

"Right, and I could many a tale unfold of that long ago lad."

Now Judge 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 Gladie, and then speeded up Broad to the circus grounds.

Here the fascination of the never old, always young circus world rolled up and enveloped them. The Judge, with Gladie's hand "checked" in his, and Father Davis doing a like service for Jack's, ran the gamut 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 rainbow hues, great snakes of prehistoric days, twined generously around jeweled snake charmers, and uncomfortably stout ladies, who despite their surplus of pounds, persisted in smiling stonily down.

Twice, pushing and being pushed, they made the circuit of the manager's office, stopping till curiosity was killed, before each gaudy animal wagon and Gladie, after the fourth bag of peanuts had been offered and accepted, had to be forcibly withdrawn from the overturned trunk of her favorite elephant.

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

But daddy was heartless and hurried his party into the "Big Top" to the choice centre seats under "F." And none too soon, for the grand

entrance—white horses and fair spangled ladies, enormous, wobbly elephants, hidden under brilliant blankets, and Eastern attendants with unmistakably Irish faces, mounted and walking, line after line—swept in and around the sawdust to the incessant clang of brass and iron.

The show was on and an hour later Father Davis looked at the two small thoroughly happy figures that twined 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 came."

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

The Judge turned away from a pole balancing act in the farthest ring and saw the basket aeroplane with its white-painted "aeronaught" sway and rise towards the centre pole as a straining gang of khaki-clad "rough-necks" pulled on the ropes.

Thirty feet he rose, smirking and making believe to steer his machine high over the troupe of Japanese fencers 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 fall of his eye, saw Father Davis' hand rise and cross and fall.

Clowns and "rough-necks" 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 minutes 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 "Over 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 to them.

"Poor fellow! He called for a priest, and that usher accidentally remembered seeing 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 Gladie sat talkless—the machine carried all to the North Philadelphia station.

Father Davis was whispering some secret to Jack and the boy nodded gladly. "Goodby, now." He continued aloud, "I may see you at the camp. And, Jack, don't forget. Tell Gladie 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 have come as the thief in the night to that careless chap. 'Be prepared' is the only safe and sane motto."

"Ah! Jakkie," 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. I'll tell you the weak link in your case. With all your well-known careful judicial temperament 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! Jakkie, 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 absent.

"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—" Gladie sought the account for the big word "manslaughter. 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 confession. 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 Siles street, honking to heedless children, and drew up before the immense red and white Gesu, that towered, a giant, above the neighborhood.

"Won't hurt you to go, too, daddy."

Gladie gaped at the unmediated words and covered her mouth.

"Do, daddy," added Jack, 'an we'll all receive for Father Davis' intention. He said it's something for you, da'ay."

The Judge half rose from his seat, then settled back.

"Not to-night, my dears. Some other time. Run along now and don't keep me too long from my supper."

The children were gone.

Gladie: "Won't hurt you to go, too, daddy," echoed in the Judge's ear, and he threw down the paper. Why not go now? Chance—or was it chance?—had warned him thrice this day, and now it had directed him to the very doors of the church.

The Judge sat back with half-closed lids. So that shriveled girl had been killed. Jack's joyous "Be prepared, hey," and the his 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 Gladie's 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 those children?"

He snatched his panama and stepped into the vast dimness of the Gesu. 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! Won't I kill supper?" Jack patted his stomach.

They swung out on Broad street into their private driveway and the car stopped under the stone archway. Jack and Gladie dashed out and raced up the great gray steps to mother, who, gowned for dinner, appeared smiling in the doorway.

Breathless, they told her of the circus and the clown, each tugging at her, claiming her individual attention.

"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 car.

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.—No! Boyton, S. J., in the Queen's Work.

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DEVOTION TO MARY

It is not impossible that what is holding us back is defective devotion to our Blessed Lady, says Father 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 importance to this devotion. I will mention some of the considerations which they do not seem to lay to heart. Devotion to the Mother of 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 God 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 therefore 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 which we can in no wise put in abeyance.

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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.

In taking the place of this distinguished jurist Judge Chisholm has the responsibility of keeping undimmed the splendour of the traditions so nobly maintained by Judge Meagher.

During his many years in Halifax he has enjoyed the respect of citizens irrespective of creed. 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 courtesy that is of the warp and woof of his being.

The appointment of Judge Chisholm will be acclaimed by Nova Scotians as one that is eminently just, and in accordance with the character of the Nova Scotia Bench.

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 or war, there is no better watchword than Nelson's: "England expects every man this day to do his duty."

claims our loyalty to-day. The vastness of our empire means vast responsibilities. That liberty for which our fathers fought must be handed down to future generations.

It is the pledge of our British honor. When we learn from the Catholic bishops of Belgium that unspeakable record of Prussia in Belgium; when we hear how her soldiers pillaged, and massacred and burned and committed sacrilege;

The Belgian bishops in their letter, ask the bishops of Germany and Austria to help them in establishing a committee to investigate war outrages. It is a pathetic letter.

"Thrice is he armed 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.

Among the people met with in daily life 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.

TO THE STRANGER ON THE THRESHOLD

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 to know the truth.

From Antigonish, N. S., comes the welcome news that St. Francis Xavier College's offer of a hospital unit has been accepted by the imperial authorities.

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the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to these the keys of the Kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon 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?

Christ conferred upon St. Peter the primacy of jurisdiction over the whole Church, immediately and directly; St. Peter lives and presides and judges to this day and always in his successors the bishops of the Holy Roman See.

Thus His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. has evidently jurisdiction over the whole Church to-day and the true church of Christ can only be that which acknowledges this jurisdiction.

THE PROBLEM OF THE CASUAL TEACHER

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 teachers, "that I can secure no attention from my pupils?"

This question is a clue to the reason why the pupils lacked interest. 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.

Q. Is untruthfulness a very common vice? A. Yes. Such questions as the above will always lead to lack of interest. They will soon demoralise a class.

WHO WILL JOIN NEW HOSPITAL UNIT?

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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.

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 deepest respect.

It is surely zeal run riot that would seek to deprive the French-Canadian of his historic faith while there are thousands of so-called Christians who have no faith at all.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

A clerical appointment in Scotland having an interest far beyond the boundaries of that country, is that of Rev. Henry Gray Graham, M. A., who has been placed in charge of the Longriggend mission.

FATHER GRAHAM is a man of intellectual habits and possesses marked ability as a writer. His weekly contribution to the Glasgow Observer, the Catholic Herald and other papers over the initials "H. C. G." have made him well-known in Great Britain and far beyond it.

While Father Finlay's thesis is thus mainly the vindication of the Church's authority he does not pass over without examination the claims of various ecclesiastical organizations exterior to herself.

"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 in the great work of restoring to his country the glorious fabric of pre-reformation Catholicism.

The Canadian Congregationalist regales its readers with this toothsome 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 upon the gullibility of their countrymen at home.

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 leaf containing John 3 was blown through a window. The lady within was deeply interested in it, as also her husband on his return.

The Madras Examiner (which has the faculty of compressing a whole story into a phrase), commenting upon the Bishop of Carlisle's Nineteenth Century article upon "Religious Monopoly," twits his Anglican lordship with having beyond dispute or cavil a "monopoly of controversial incense."

ONE OF THE HOPEFUL signs in an age given over largely to materialism, is the number of books that have appeared in the last few years on the subject of Christ's divinity.

A BOOK OF THIS character which has lately come to our hands is the 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 German attack on the French front south of the Somme has definitely failed. This is made clear by the midnight French official report, which says that on Tuesday and Wednesday "we took from the Germans a notable part of the trench sections which remained in their hands in the region south of Frise."

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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, for instance, decide a doctrinal controversy. They cannot determine a point of liturgy, or enact or abrogate a single detail of church discipline.

FATHER FINLAY is not a one-sided apologist. His method, like Cardinal Newman's, is to state an opponent's case fairly—nay, more than fairly, generously—and to face square and boldly the leading doubts and difficulties raised by critics and sceptics in our time.

BERLIN MUST BE CHEERED. Berlin must be cheered up at all costs. There is a growing feeling of discontent, not only in the capital, but elsewhere throughout Germany.

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

THE AUSTRIANS

A Petrograd official report tells of activity at various points along the front, particularly in Volhynia. There near Tobesmerin the Austrians endeavored to recover some lost ground, and after a heavy bombardment launched two 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.

The Austrians are not yet in Durazzo. They occupied Tirano, a town 20 miles to the east, however, on Wednesday, and as there is a good 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 Durazzo, the balance being irregulars under the orders of Prince William of Wied, the ruler of Albania, who was placed on the throne by the Central Powers.

THE SUPPLIES

Britain is sparing no effort to bring up the supply of guns, rifles and other munitions of war to a satisfactory quality. It is announced that 116 additional establishments have been taken over by the Government. The total number of factories controlled by the Ministry of Munitions is now 2,884. 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.

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 restore the old social conditions. Woman's position in England has been forever altered by 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 boundless and unfilled fields and the brighter 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 Zealand; and the rulers of these countries ought to be already preparing for this magnificent opportunity 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 items appear in English papers this week. 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 experience 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. I 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 chaplaine 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 in the morning. The young English girl now has as much freedom as her married sister. This tempting theme I might illustrate by describing the new fashionable supper club, where wealthy duchesses jostle pretty chorus ladies in the whirl of the tango, and all in dresses both brief and fragile; but to do so I confine myself to the more serious side of the changes in women's general

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position, which are forecast by the war.

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 the women earning their own living are as numerous if not more numerous than the men. In such towns, for instance, as Nottingham, where lace-making is the chief industry, and Luton, where three-quarters of the people employed in hat making are women.

The invention of the typewriter and the larger knowledge of shorthand brought a large army of women into the ranks of secretaries and clerks.

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 household. I have seen and sympathized myself with the look of disgust 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 that agricultural employment was 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 France—the 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 business.

Then came the war, and all these 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 porter. 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 fifteen or sixteen with either a letter or a portmanteau, or sometimes even a telegram; she has taken the place of the boy messenger.

In many restaurants you see women in the place of men as waiters. Women 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 its 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. Women have always found large employment in England in the postal, telegraph and telephone services, but there are thousands now engaged in that work where there were only hundreds before the war.

Very often the women thus employed have their fiancés 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.

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

Among 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 except that the support of the dependents 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 the Ministry were compelled to appoint a committee to reconsider the whole scheme of pensions which had been drawn up by the naval and 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 pension 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 this new feature in English life may be one of the things which will force that reconstruction of our social system which I have already referred to.

Finally, the position of woman must be enormously influenced by 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 of those killed, it may be doubled.

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, denounced 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 in the immortality of the soul of man. I am not sure that if poor Footie (G. W. Footie, 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 currency of faith. If war does not endanger faith, it must of necessity breed despair. In these soul-searching 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 believe that every noble aspiration, every worthy act and thought, every high resolve is conserved immortally. I believe that God has a divine purpose for not only the blood of heroes, but equally for the tears of women,

the quivering anguish of the human heart and the sacrificing effort of unselfish aim."—Intermountain Catholic.

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 Catholic 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 Catholics have received decorations, and a pleasing feature of the 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 Eastern 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, Golden Square, 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, in the hidden life of Nazareth, much like shine and rain. Here, on earth in exile, often rather than love is in tears. Love, being what it is on this test ground for the seed of virtue, sees best through a mist 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 unfaithful sea.

For a moment pause to gauge 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 meant so closely to 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 atmosphere and her environment itself. From the day of the Annunciation, when the Spirit of Love brooded 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 moment'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.

These 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 today'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, beautiful 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 more to Him than all the world beside. And let us not forget the joy it must have been to the Divine Child Himself 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 garden, to gather fruit from the mountain side and to gather big bunches of wild flowers to adorn His

mother's home. I can see Him running with pattering feet with His arms full of flowers and then caught up in the embrace of His most lovely and holy mother, who poured out the whole child 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 rarely always means tremendous trials to it. Many 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 Samaritans; past Jacob's well in the valley, past Beth and Gerizim, past Shiloh and Gibeah, till on the third day of their pilgrimage, suddenly there would spring into sight the gilded roof of the great temple appearing above the snow-white walls rising out of a belt of spring green.

It is altogether impossible to imagine a more enchanting scene than that presented by the beautiful Boy and the beautiful Mother, locked arm in arm, ascending the steps of the holy temple to pray for you and me. 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 echoed 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 it was the hour to pitch their tents and booths for the night. It was only then, when a halt was called, and the 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.

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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 outline of the gallant man of all Christian nations who give their blood for their respective countries, and administer the saving solace of the last sacraments to their dying 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 formerly 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 by the enemies of religion to stamp it out permanently and past recovery. Priests in large numbers—many 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 French soldiery, as we learn from many letters from the vast theatre of the struggle, sent either by men in the trenches or from keen-eyed correspondents who have been commissioned by the great newspapers to go to the front and chronicle faithfully what most interests the public to know. We may easily understand how deep must be the chagrin of the atheistical rulers of Catholic France at beholding so startling an outcome

away, cries out: "Why hast Thou 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 become 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 smattering from some of these inflicted blows, all feeling under the wrong done to us, and we cry out in the agony of our souls: "Oh, God, why hast Thou done so to us?"

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 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 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, crushing 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. Monsignor Dolci also visited sixty-nine wounded in the hospital at Constantinople. After thanking the authorities, Monsignor 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 Times.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY

Strive; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

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 Christ have gone into the trenches to cheer and console the gallant men of all Christian nations who give their blood for their respective countries, and administer the saving solace of the last sacraments to their dying 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 formerly 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 by the enemies of religion to stamp it out permanently and past recovery. Priests in large numbers—many 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 French soldiery, as we learn from many letters from the vast theatre of the struggle, sent either by men in the trenches or from keen-eyed correspondents who have been commissioned by the great newspapers to go to the front and chronicle faithfully what most interests the public to know. We may easily understand how deep must be the chagrin of the atheistical rulers of Catholic France 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
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of their magnificent schemes for the elimination of God from all things—the 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 baptism 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.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION
Tsinchowfu, 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 diminished 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 beseech 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, 30 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 year.
Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary.
J. M. FRASER.
Previously acknowledged... \$6,601 50
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Mrs. D. P. E. Jockvale..... 2 00
A Friend, Fort Augustus... 2 00
Halifax..... 2 00
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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY

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

St. Paul, in this epistle, calls Christ the rock from which the Jews derived 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...

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 CHEERFUL FACE

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face. Let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like the sunbeams, "on the just as on the unjust."

TEMPERANCE

The genial Father Fitzgerald, O. F. M., relates, in the Catholic Bulletin, Dublin, an instance of the Irish priest's resourcefulness and patience in combating the drink evil. It is characteristic of the narrator to see a glint of humor in the situation which he thus describes:

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.

based upon sound argument. We quote one paragraph: "When practically all railroads prohibit their employees connected with the operation of trains not only from drinking, but even from frequenting places where alcoholic liquor is sold under other control, it is most inconsistent to compel these same trainmen to go through and collect fares and secure their own meals in a perambulating liquor dispensing place controlled by the railroad itself."

It is a significant fact that temperance sentiment is rapidly growing at this point owing to the embarrassment of making themselves liable for illegal sales in dry territory. It is simply impossible to keep tabs 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 good one at that—to throw the whole thing overboard.

Makes Delightful Porridge

Many women who have purchased a package of Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal disregarded instructions to make the porridge without stirring. They made a porridge 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.

THE EMPTY GROTTTO

For centuries, even before the Crusades, it had been the consolation of innumerable Christians, Orthodox and Catholic, to journey during Christmastide to the Holy Land. By 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.

RECENT CONVERTS

Compiled by Scannell O'Neill
The Rev. George Watts Diben, curate of the Church of the Holy Trinity, 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.

Mrs. Edward Stadtmiller, Mrs. H. L. Armistead and Miss Marie Lowe, Memphis, Tenn.

Charles Wanstler, Ernest Hantle and Hiram Baxter have been received at Seward, Kan.

Mrs. William Luteston, wife of the Assistant County Treasurer, Trinidad, Colo.

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

Captain W. J. Bethune, Mobile, Ala., officer in the Confederate Army. 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 prominent Denver clothier.

Ernest B. Murrin, 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 of "The Catholic League," both Anglican societies.

According to an unbroken custom ever since his ordination, the Rev. Dr. Kemper, pastor of the church at Kerrville, Texas, observed his birthday one day during October by receiving 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.

Rev. Bernard Moultrie, graduate of Kable College, Oxford, late Warden of the House of Mercy (Clever Sisters), Clever, England; author and hymn-writer.

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. Sacred 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 Sallit, from 1906 to 1909, and at St. Basil's, Darlington, from 1909 to 1912.

He was curate in charge at St. Francis, Saltley, from 1912 to 1914. Out of his income he founded St. Edmund's Hospital, Darlington; a Home, situated next to his own home at 187 High Street, Darlington, for orphans and the sons of working people with undesirable home surroundings.

The Rev. Arthur Ryland, who resides at the Camp, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, England. He was ordained by the Right Rev. Vernon Hertford, 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 Lac, and is now studying for the priesthood in Maryland.

Alonso B. Katoch, Oklahoma City, father of the Very Rev. Dr. Katoch, of the Catholic Indian Bureau.

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

Lady Holmes, widow of the late Sir Richard Holmes K. C. V. O. for thirty-five years librarian at 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. George's.

Admiral Sir George Canfield, K. C. B.; veteran of the Crimean campaign. Captain Cartwright, Conservative member of Parliament for Southwest 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 Catholics.

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. She is the great-great grand daughter of Archbishop Lindoms, Protestant Archbishop of Upsala, 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, Mo.

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

Mrs. Collins, the eighty-two-year-old mother of Father Collins, Coronado Beach, San Diego, Cal.

Mr. Norman F. Eastman, son of Joseph Eastman, 4 East Seventieth Street, New York; Presbyterian.

Miss Grace Swinton Lewis, daughter of the late Alexander R. Lewis, of The Towers, Metuchen, N. J., and niece of Frank H. Spearman, the novelist; Episcopalian. Mrs. Lewis' mother became a Catholic two years since.

Miss Ella Capps Estes, Memphis; granddaughter of a Methodist minister.

Mrs. Anthony Olinger, Milwaukee; born Miss Elra Roehr, daughter of Julius Roehr.

Mrs. Stephen F. Tierney, of Weston, W. Va., formerly Miss Bertha Thompson, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, was received into the Church on June 5th.

Florence Mary Cohan, Chicago; a Jewess.

Rev. Dr. Pompeny, of Pittsburg Kan., received into the Church on July 4 the following adult Protestants: Edgar M. Conrad, William R. Troegle, Harvey J. Pierce, Albert Tye, J. J. Williamson, Bert Lance, George W. Ward, Julius Schechner, David Mitchell.

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

On Tuesday morning, Aug. 24, Lady Sibyl Fraser was received at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, Hanstanton, Norfolk. Lady Sibyl is a daughter of the third Earl of Yarmouth and was married last year to Captain the Hon. Alastair Fraser, 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 West." Nature, art, and history, all three combine to please the eye in this fair spot.

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

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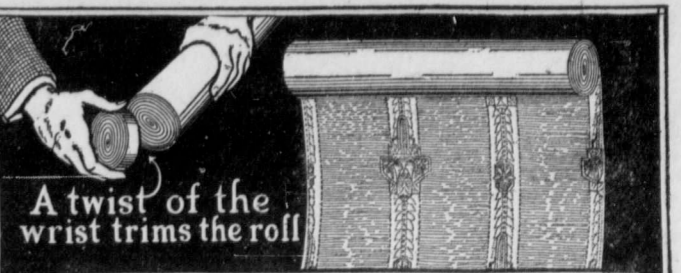
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The late Mrs. Annie Purkett, St. Joseph, Mo. Miss Mary Myrtle Cook, Memphis, Tenn.

The late Robert S. Elliott, Denver; son of Judge Victor Elliott, of the Supreme Court of Colorado. Miss Laura Kallenbaum, St. Louis, Mo.



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Empire Selvage Trimmed Wall Paper
removes the only real difficulty which stands in the way of neat, workmanlike paper hanging. It costs no more than the old-fashioned kind.

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send for our "Home Heating" booklet. It will only take you a minute or two to write a post-card-request for it.

Safford Boilers and Radiators
send for our "Home Heating" booklet. It will only take you a minute or two to write a post-card-request for it. This booklet will show you the road to a more comfortable home in winter and a 33 1/2 per cent. reduction in your coal bills. That is surely worth while.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

AROUND THE CORNER

Get ready for promotion. Be prepared for a better position. Study, ask, learn, work for something in advance of what you have.

cept: 'God bless the Pope.' I am old enough to remember when Protestants in this country were so proud of their Germanic origin...

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 few minutes to have a warm up.

Modern infidelity is busy seeking to construct a more ideal basis for marriage relations than that which God Himself established.

"LET WIVES BE SUBJECT"

Modern infidelity is busy seeking to construct a more ideal basis for marriage relations than that which God Himself established.

The family is a society, the first of all human societies. It cannot therefore exist without authority.

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 of regarding her even in a far higher and more perfect manner.

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 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.

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.

To these admonitions the Apostle adds what may be called a special sanction for husband and for wife.

by Almighty God. Every violation of this law brings a discord into the married life.

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 followed upon it.

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CHRIST THE SOUL OF CIVILIZATION

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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 twenty-four members, the Rev. H. Sprague, who conducts the class, said: "Comparisons sometimes odious were too often made between so-called 'born Catholics' and converts.

often made between so-called 'born Catholics' and converts. There were advantages on both sides.

All Canada is singing these songs—You should have them on your piano. Every one suitable for playing, or for solo, duets, quartets, choruses, etc.

Play Over the Sample of "DO YOUR BIT"

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

Do Your Bit

For The Red, White and Blue

GORDON V. THOMPSON



"SONGS OF THE HOMELAND"

are the pick of hundreds of manuscripts submitted, and are written by the following well-known writers:—Gordon V. Thompson, (lyrical editor); Jules Brault, (Musical Editor); Arthur Hughes, Lewis Owen, Mrs. Gilmor Davis, E. Grisewood, and C. P. Cullford.

- 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 BRAULT (popular entertainer) says: "Songs of the Homeland are easy, catchy, with fine melody."

MORRIS MANLEY (composer of "Good Luck to the Boys of the Allies") says: "I consider 'Songs of the Homeland' some of the greatest melodies I have ever heard."

15c EACH 8 FOR 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.

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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 \$.....

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but they must make up for lost time by great devotion to the faith and the Church, and especially by the regular and frequent use of the sacraments.

All Canada is singing these songs—You should have them on your piano. Every one suitable for playing, or for solo, duets, quartets, choruses, etc.

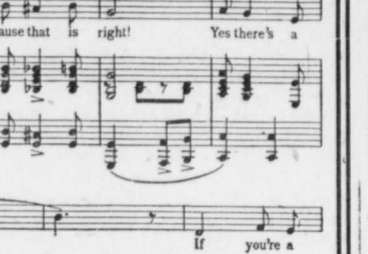
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from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar trouble and gets horse going sound. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.00 a bottle delivered.

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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."

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.

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CURIOUS

Father Vaughan, S. J., will allow no foolish boasting about the antiquity of the Church of England. The Archbishop of York (Protestant) had referred to history as proving that his Church had its roots in the far distant past, and was striving to adapt itself to modern needs.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

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 doing. The superintendent knew that she would be awkward and slow; and he tried to discourage her.

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 \$3,232,297.44, the income from interest, dividends, etc., \$1,155,926.32, making a total income of \$4,388,223.76.

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 McMeamin, 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.

war. Whether any of the young men are to be back or not to continue their work is in the hands of Providence. The destruction of art objects 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 make the demonstration of that fact easy.

DEATH OF MRS. P. J. McAULEY

Mrs. P. J. McAuley, mother of Rev. J. 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.

DEATH OF MISS MILNE

On January 16th, 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 respected 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 receive the reward of a useful and well spent life.

AUTHORITY IN CHURCH

When Anglican writers undertake to deal with the question of religious authority they soon find themselves laboring in difficulties. A contributor 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 result that he is compelled by the position he assumes to hold that the Church errs in doctrine, says the Times of Liverpool.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship that is enduring means that some one has given something of thought and time and service. A letter with a bit of kindly thought or a little love-touch in it, a birthday remembrance, a sacrifice for our friend of something he realizes that we ourselves would always have 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 peace.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED

WIDOWER IN WESTERN CITY WITH YEAR old baby wants capable and refined housekeeper. Good pay and comfortable home to right party. Give full particulars first letter. If application accepted, testimonial from parish priest will be required. Apply to Box 7, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1948-2

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's Sanatorium, Mt. Clemens, Mich. Applicants must have a good education. Address Sisters of Charity, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 1948-4

WANTED GOOD HEALTHY CATHOLIC woman, about 30 years of age, to keep house for young widow, with three small children. Duties to commence April 1st, 1916. Apply to J. J. Moran, Jarvis, Ont. 1948-4

EXPERIENCED PIPE ORGANIST AND Choir Director for St. Mary's Church, North Bay, Ont. Male preferred. Apply with testimonials to Rt. Rev. D. J. Scollard, North Bay, Ont. 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 7, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1948-1

POSITION WANTED CATHOLIC OF LONG BUSINESS EXPERIENCE, temperate and reliable, conversant with office details, financing etc. is open for good position. Apply Box 7, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1948-4

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

THE PRIEST AT THE FRONT

"I have heard thousands of confessions," says Father Paul 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 Paul says: "Two days ago, as I sat under a tree, an officer, a Canadian convert, serving in an Indian regiment, came up and asked if I was a priest and could hear his confession. 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 solemnly adds: "God's hand is wonderfully visible here."

From 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 Devas, S. J., "I am welcomed by officers and men. Wherever I go they come up with their 'Father, could I speak to you a minute?' What harrowing incidents attend these ministrations! One man had had 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 at once."

SCIENCE UPHELDS RELIGION

Science is gradually by new discoveries 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 Christianity. 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 rudimentary 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 Fordham University comments on this valuable discovery.

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 last but not the least of the Church's oppressors, have now taken up the cry, and to the strength of violent deeds are adding the weakness of false words. And the marvelous part of it is that well-intentioned and fair-minded persons in the United States accept the statement as true. But it is absolutely false. No one can be a good Catholic who is not at the same time a good citizen. Loyalty 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 fulfill 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."

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED

WIDOWER IN WESTERN CITY WITH YEAR old baby wants capable and refined housekeeper. Good pay and comfortable home to right party. Give full particulars first letter. If application accepted, testimonial from parish priest will be required. Apply to Box 7, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1948-2

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YOUNG LADIES WHO DESIRE TO ENTER a Training School for Nurses, may apply to St. Joseph's Sanatorium, Mt. Clemens, Mich. Applicants must have a good education. Address Sisters of Charity, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 1948-4

WANTED GOOD HEALTHY CATHOLIC woman, about 30 years of age, to keep house for young widow, with three small children. Duties to commence April 1st, 1916. Apply to J. J. Moran, Jarvis, Ont. 1948-4

EXPERIENCED PIPE ORGANIST AND Choir Director for St. Mary's Church, North Bay, Ont. Male preferred. Apply with testimonials to Rt. Rev. D. J. Scollard, North Bay, Ont. 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 7, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1948-1

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	1909	1911	1913	1915
Insurance in Force.....	\$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

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