

**PAGES
MISSING**

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXIX.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1917

1999

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THE POLITENESS OF THE GERMAN

There is one variety of ruthlessness which not the most ambitious of German critics seems to have found too mild, and the details of its exercise will be found in the official French publication concerning the deportations from Lille. Such a story is not to be found in modern literature. It reads more like an incident of a Babylonian invasion than the deliberate act of a Power which talks of Russia as barbaric and claims the special patronage of the Deity. It shows more clearly than ever that the proper place for the German War Lord is not Central Europe, but Central Africa—with a strong, high fence round!

It is surely a supreme instance of life's irony that the same paper which describes these horrors should also report a discussion going on in the Lokalanzeiger as to—manners at table! It seems that there is some anxiety lest German table manners have deteriorated during the war; but Teutons need not worry over much. Gnawing of bones is merely an emergency measure, "if not done in too ugly a fashion;" while a little special industry in the rescue of the last drop of soup is a proper economy in these times. So there is nothing to fear; and the world may rest assured that Germans have sated nothing of those courtesies for which they have always been famous.

"THE GREAT PUSH"

"The Great Push" which deals with the advance at Loos, is intensely thrilling, and alternately amuses and horrifies the reader, like all the work of the poet-navy-novelist. Here is a typical impression of a scene in Loos:

The Scottish had charged across the road in the morning, and hundreds had come to grief. They were lying everywhere, out in the fields, by the roadside, and in the roadway mixed up with the mud. How cold they looked, the killed lads lying on their backs in the open, their legs, bare from knee to hip, white and ghastly in the wan light of the blazing ammunition depot at Lens.

Mr. MacGill (stretch-bearer in the London Irish) is full of admiration for the individual Tommy; he maintains that the armies of the past have really been a mere item in the glory accredited to the leaders. The British Army of this war, he says, "will be remembered as an Army mighty in deed, prowess and endurance; an Army which outshone its figureheads."

In another chapter we read of a wounded soldier crying out: "no dressing for me yet; there are others needing help more than I." As a matter of fact, Mr. MacGill is by no means the first writer to insist that it is almost impossible to over-entire these gallant fellows and their fearless fronting of death and danger. The "Great Push" is a valuable record of trench life, and its author gives a moving and vivid description of the struggles and hardships of our heroic defenders.

LET US HOPE

Some changes at least seem plainly decreed for the coming years. There will be less artificiality in manners; "creep-mouse" ways, as Emerson styled the fashionable mincing walk and talk of the day, will be less in demand. Castles will disappear by degrees; self-respect will be diffused when society is leavened by the millions who have saved their country. Fraternity will be more common, servility hide itself in corners, many counters will cease to be reckoned as current coin. Venerable titles borne by organs of opinion one trustworthily will sink to the same level as conscienceless demagogic prints. Ignorance allied with easily acquired wealth will find its occupation rendered more hazardous. The millions who have been bamboozled for power and profit by self-interested scribes and pharisaic talkers will be more acute in forming judgments on foreign and home

affairs. Scoundrelism and pretence will not succeed so readily in the exploitation of soberly simple folk. Whatever else life in the trenches and individual responsibility in the deserted home may entail they are likely to broaden the scope of the general experience in practical matters. Perception and will are bound to create less conventional rules of behavior for vast numbers whose eyes have been opened to the real distinction of character and conduct.

THE COMMONPLACE

We all profess a contempt for the commonplace, and in that way we pose as something out of the common. In this life we seem all to be on the outlook for the wonderful. We are not content with the earth, but we must worship a star, and it is in this frame of mind that we objugate the commonplace, and regard the anathema "utterly commonplace" as the most damatory which can be applied either to a human being or a thing. We most of us live uncomfortably on our tiptoes instead of on the more stable soles of our feet. We are always expecting the marvellous to happen, and we are disappointed at the humdrum routine. We are looking to be amazed instead of satisfied, to being startled instead of amused. Of course, in a sense this is natural enough, for although uniformitarianism is the rule in science, there are characteristics and crises in human affairs, and it is these events that lay hold of our imaginations, just as the mountain-tops do by their golden prominence above the inconspicuous flat lands which lie at the feet of these capes in space. The hackneyed quotation that man never is but always to be blessed has some truth in it. Today is a tunnel, and we are in the dark with a bright hole of daylight at the other end to which we are hurrying, but which, as tomorrow becomes today, we never reach.

BEING GROTESQUE

But it is well to note that those who are ashamed of being commonplace are very often trying to perform the difficult trick of raising the chair they are sitting upon. By far the largest number of people in the world are not unique, whatever they may think of themselves, and to try to be unique is only an affectation, and instead of producing something above the commonplace, only results in the grotesque, which is quite below the average level, which is content with inconspicuous goodness. But there is a morbid craving amongst men to be original, which is the madness of ambition. Wisdom knows that there is nothing new in the world and that the best we can do is to echo the voices which have sung or spoken before we were born. It is true we must vary the words of the ancients to make a claim upon modern ears; but, as a fact, we are echoes, and all our originality has been anticipated ages and ages ago.

THE BEAUTY OF THE COMMONPLACE

Of course, there are some people who are not commonplace. The maniac is one of these and the genius is said to be allied to him. It is the idea that we have genius, which is the exulting impression of most of us, that makes us cousin to the fool, while if we would be content to be commonplace we might be accepted by our fellows as a friend. Our claim to be above the common flouts their approaches. Instead of soaring, we might with patient feet do excellent works of kindness amongst our neighbors, which, while it is not recognized on our tombstones, is really the only triumph of which most of us are capable.

Have you noted that in foods it is the commonplace bread and ordinary dishes which never pall, and that it is the relishes and sardines which tire a jaded palate? And so it is with men. We can get along with the commonplace, but with the "savory" people who are out for surprises and mysteries and demand your admiration, we weary of their company and refuse to admit their exorbitant claim.

If we remember aright, the Scripture has it that nothing that God

had cleansed was to be called common, and it is an excellent attitude of mind to find merit in what we in our paltry pride are inclined to call low. One of the beauties of Bret Harte's tales was the finding of the nugget of character in the rough dirt and washings of Roaring Camp.

It is indeed a mercy that the common as distinguished from the rare is really honestly desirable. The best things are common and within the reach of all. The air is an ample reservoir for the lungs. The rain fills every cup, the sun shines upon us all; and if we consider it, these and human goodness are the best gifts which God has bestowed on mankind. "The rare"—we leave to the few connoisseurs. The curios of life are scarcely worth having, except for the reputation it brings to that net, the collector, and the envy which is the real gist of reputation.

PLAYGROUND AND FAIR PLAY

LIPSIDED PUBLIC SPORT IN WINNIPEG

The Winnipeg Tribune, in its issue of Monday last and under the caption: "More Playground Money Is Asked—Fletcher Would Establish New Community Centres Throughout Winnipeg," printed the following: "Establishing new community centres in various parts of Winnipeg is the problem both the board of control and the playgrounds commission will face in the near future, according to a letter from Robert Fletcher, chairman of the commission, to the controllers today.

Adults, as well as children, should be included in the plans which may be involved in the extension of the operations, he explained. "We trust you will give this matter your earnest consideration so that Winnipeg will not be forced to follow the lead of other Canadian cities," he declared.

He said the commission is besieged by applications for new recreation grounds and skating rinks, but "our appropriation is strained to the breaking point." He asked for more funds.

"If the citizens are anxious to have more money spent on playgrounds work we would be glad to spend it," declared Controller J. J. Wallace. "If they want \$5,000 more spent we can do it, or we can keep the outlays down." The subject was laid over. The above item will be read with interest by the trustees of St. Ignatius School, Fort Rouge. Here are a few facts: The members of St. Ignatius parish conduct a parochial school in which 175 children are in attendance and 5 teachers are employed. The children attending this school belong to parents who pay their school and other taxes to the city of Winnipeg. The teachers employed are all qualified. The curriculum followed in the school is identical with that followed in the Public schools in the city of Winnipeg. The members of St. Ignatius parish out of their own purses pay for the maintenance of this school, including teachers' salaries, and are educating these 175 children at their own expense. Not one penny is contributed by the city or the Manitoba government. The school taxes of the members of the parish go to pay for the education of Protestant children in the Public schools. The cost of educating a child in the Public schools in Winnipeg for one year amounts to approximately \$50. If these 175 children were being educated in the Public schools in Winnipeg it would cost the city \$8,750 a year. The city saves this sum through St. Ignatius parish paying for the education of these 175 city children.

And now we come to the playground proposition. The members of the parish provide a playground and skating rink for the children of the school which is frequented and used evenings by the Protestant children as well as by the Catholic children living in the district. This playground is also provided free by the parish. A short time ago the trustees of St. Ignatius school petitioned the Board of Control and City Council to have the playground used made free of city taxes. Their reasonable request was refused. On that occasion Controller Wallace put himself on record as being opposed to remitting the city taxes paid on account of this playground. We are loathe to believe that Controller Wallace fully understood the nature of the request, otherwise he would have gladly favored it. This may be inferred from the report in The Tribune wherein he declares that "if the citizens are anxious to have more money spent on playgrounds we should be glad to spend it." The trustees of St. Ignatius parish should at once take him at his word and go in a body before the Board of Control or the City Council and renew their application to have the tax on their playground remitted. And we feel sure the citizens of Winnipeg

will endorse any action taken by the Board of Control or City Council in granting the prayer of the petitioners. The request is such a reasonable one that no fair-minded man on either the Board of Control or City Council would wish to go on record as being opposed to it. Try again.—Northwest Review.

POLITICAL RELIGION

The two items following are taken from the Detroit Press. They will serve to show how favorably the Religion-in-Politics Movement is progressing. They do not seem to substantiate the moss-grown charge that Catholic priests are interfering in politics instead of attending to the business of religion. Tallahassee, Fla.—Jan. 8.—The Rev. Sidney J. Catts, a Baptist preacher who came to Florida four years ago from Alabama, was inaugurated governor here yesterday. In his inaugural address, he advocated carrying out the state project to drain the everglade swamps and to place all schools on an equal footing (i. e., abolish religion in private schools,) and urged passage of a law providing for police inspection of parochial schools, convents and nunneries.

Governor Catts was elected on a democratic-independent prohibition ticket. He had been defeated for the democratic nomination by a small margin.

(Special to The Free Press)

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 8.—Rev. Ralph Duff, of Armada, whose appointment as private secretary to Governor Sleeper was announced today, although a minister of the Congregational Church, has been active in politics in his own community for years.

While his fame as a worker for the Republican party never extended beyond St. Clair and Macomb counties until last August, when he was candidate in the primaries against the present Senator Lyman A. Holmes, he now becomes a state figure.

Before leaving the distasteful subject it might be noted that Rev. Mr. Catt ran on a prohibition-anti-Catholic ticket. Doubtless the fledglings who repudiated the judgment of Cardinal Gibbons on the prohibition question will subscribe to Rev. Mr. Catt's platform and bask in the oleaginous tolerance of political religionists until the present neo-paganism peels itself into a more advanced shape, like so many Peters basking among the hangers on in the outer Court of Pilate.—The Catholic Vigil.

ARMY CHAPLAINS

STRENUOUS LIFE AT THE FRONT

"THE PADRE IS A TRUMP ALWAYS"

To all his brother officers the chaplain is known as the padre (writes J. D. Irvine in the Daily Express). His profession is that of a minister of religion.

It is primarily as a spiritual guide and comforter to the troops that he is attached to the army. But while he keeps religion in the forefront, as he his sacred calling, our padre is a man who sees the essentially human side of war, who realizes that in moments of physical suffering the welfare of the body has paramount claims, and that in his leisure moments the soldier craves for instruction, amusement—and sport. The padre honestly panders to these tastes—whether in times of stress or in moments of recreation and relief.

I have seen him at work in the many different phases of his strenuous and anxious life. Watch him with the troops in the trenches. Shells fall thick and fast. Men are wounded; some are dying. To them the chaplain whispers words of spiritual comfort and hope.

Watch him a moment later, when the troops swarm out of their flimsy shelters, mount the parapets, and advance against the enemy. The ground is now strewn with wounded. The chaplain crosses with his comrades of the Royal Army Medical Corps into this shell-swept gateway of devastation and death. Hesteadies waverers among the stretcher-bearers by his cheery words and the force of his own example, as he helps to carry in the wounded to some place where hell is not being raked out of the earth.

It is not laid down as part of the chaplain's duties that he shall act as an auxiliary to the R. A. M. C. in the thick of battle. But he does it. Very often the padre is the coolest of all the men under fire, and it is impossible to appraise at too high a ratio the value of his personal example. To the men he is a hero rather than a parson. Before they entered into this fight they may have heard him speak of holy things. Perchance he may have reminded them how man in the midst of life is in death, or he may have spoken of the glorious reward which comes to those who lay down their lives in a great and sacred cause. He may even have administered to them the sacrament of their Church. At this

moment they see in him only a man—a brave man, who is one of themselves, their equal in every risk and every sacrifice.

At casualty clearing stations the chaplains are there to receive the wounded, who already have obtained first aid before being handed over to the Red Cross transport. Each man is docketed with his name, rank, and unit, and the nature of his wound, and while the surgeons of the R. A. M. C. are engaged in professional inspection and classification the padre goes round among the men, speaks to them cheerily, and attends to their creature comforts.

The other day I came across some four hundred men—ragged, blood-stained, and weary—at one of the C. C. S.'s, as they are called. They needed nothing so much as sleep. They stretched themselves out on the cool grass. Some of them, parched with thirst, asked for a drink of water or a cup of tea. This was speedily brought to them.

"Now, then, boys," shouted a lusty lunged son of the Church, "what do you say to a cigarette? All of you who would like a cigarette please sit up." They all sat up, and the padre went round the crowd, handing out packets of "fags." It is in comparatively trivial incidents like these that one observes the fruits of "practical religion" in this war. They explain, too, why it is that the chaplain is so popular with the men.

"The padre is a trump always," said a wounded soldier to me on this same occasion. "He doesn't force religion upon you. He will pray with you if you ask him to. If you don't he will just trot off and fetch you a bag or a cup of tea as quick as winking." Then he added, without the least intimation of being profane: "God bless our chaplains. They're damned fine fellows."

The chaplain is a prodigious letter writer. A disabled soldier will say to him: "Do, please, write home to my people, sir. Tell them you've seen me; that I'm wounded, but that I am all right." Brave lads will say this when they know that they are not all right. The chaplain will answer:

"Yes, my boy, I will write to your mother. I will tell her how brave and good you have been, and how proud she ought to be of her son." The padre will pray softly by the bedside of the dying soldier. He will even make a will for him while yet the spark of human intelligence remains. He will collect his letters and all his little personal effects and send them to some place where he can be sure they will reach their destination. He will never return. He will write tenderly of last moments—how souls, made strong in the faith, winged their flight, while the bodies they dwelt in had been interred with the rites of Christian burial. I have seen these chaplains on the battlefield uttering the solemn office for the burial of the dead while the ruthless dogs of war have barked their loudest and fiercest—aye, while the instruments of death themselves have hurred overhead and one knew not whose turn might be next. Frequent Communion is administered to men on the eve of their going into battle.

Little altars, miniature houses of God, are erected in cellars and dug-outs. The men gather round and partake of the elements which are the sacred emblems of the Christian faith. Tomorrow they may die, but they will yield their young and precious lives fortified with the rites of their Church. As I write I have before me the sketch of a typical underground chapel which was constructed by a chaplain close to that dismal part of the front which converges on Gommecourt. The altar is built of empty ammunition boxes; its rails are old meat tins, the cross is made of wood cut from a neighboring tree, and the flowers which adorn the altar are simple wild flowers gathered from the hedgerows and fields. On the right of the altar is a gaping hole made by a Boche shell. Above the altar, in a roof where an attempt has been made to fashion some rude form of decorative work, is a swallow's nest. Men came here to pray. The chaplain held his service and administered holy Communion. This was before July 1. Many of the soldiers who prayed here are dead. But surely the spirit that led them to this little altar is immortal.

I have referred to the chaplain as a pro-service, which will take place simultaneously along the whole line of our front, as well as in every town and village where British troops are assembled in France. Prayers will be offered up for our country and Empire, for our sailors and soldiers—and for victory. Our dead will be remembered in the words of the text—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." We shall offer up thanksgiving, too, for mercies vouchsafed to us during two years of war. And we shall not forget the simple yet poignant words of the soldier's prayer: "Bless us in body and in soul, and make us a blessing to our comrades." Support us in life and comfort us in death.—Mail and Empire.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

As we write this Archbishop Orozco and Bishop de la Mora are imprisoned in Mexico City. A press dispatch states that they are to be tried by court martial on charge of sedition. The penalty for such a crime is death. Fantastic charges will be laid against them. Sentence will not be determined on guilt or innocence. It goes without saying that they will be found guilty. Everyone knows that their sole crime is that they are bishops of the Catholic Church. We do not think that they will be murdered. The regime of Carranza is too cowardly even for that. They will languish in jail, amid filth and fever, and they will be loaded down with dishonor and blasphemy. Thus our tutelage to the United States, has been presented with an automobile by Mr. Wm. J. O'Connor, the owner of the Buffalo Courier. The presentation was made by a delegation of priests.

Two golden jubilees of much interest occurred in December. Cardinal Logue celebrated his fiftieth year in the priesthood, and the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., attained his fiftieth anniversary in the Society of Jesus.

CATHOLIC CONGRESS

CATHOLIC LAITY OF ITALY CONVENTION IN ROME

(By Catholic Press Association Cable)

Rome, Jan. 25.—The Catholic Congress held here last week was the most important gathering of the faithful that has been held here for many years. It was attended by leading laymen from all parts of the country. It was decided to take steps to unite Italian Catholics more closely than at present, so that they may confront, as a great compact body, the social, economic, and political problems which are certain to arise when the War is over. In reply to an address of homage and devotion presented to him in behalf of the congress, Pope Benedict sent words of approval of its work, gave all engaged in it his apostolic blessing, and concluded by expressing a hope that a just and lasting peace may soon come.

ST. THOMAS a BECKET

EIGHTH CENTENARY OF BIRTH OF MARTYRED BISHOP

London, Jan. 25.—England soon will celebrate the 800th anniversary of the birth of Thomas a Becket, the most celebrated Catholic prelate in English annals. The exact date of the commemoration has not yet been decided. Authorities differ as to the year in which Becket was born, some giving the date as Dec. 21, 1117, others as 1118, and still others as 1119. The consensus of opinion now favors the first named date. The great Saxon hero, priest and martyr was assassinated on Dec. 29, 1170.

It is related that Gilbert, the father of a Becket, had in his youth accompanied a crusade to the Holy Land. While in Syria he was taken prisoner by a Saracen of high rank, and confined in the dungeon of a castle. The young Englishman's personal attractions and miserable condition aroused the pity of his captor's daughter, and she soon became violently enamored of him, and visited him frequently in his dungeon. The fair Mohammedan at length contrived to effect his liberation, first exacting a promise from Gilbert that as soon as he had reached his own land he should send for and marry her.

Evidently there was not a great deal of chivalry or gratitude in the heart of Gilbert a Becket, for he permitted the years to pass without even sending a message to the lovely maiden who was awaiting his coming. With a love and faith unbounded the Saracen girl at length decided to seek the distant England, which was the home of her lover and after long wanderings and many vicissitudes, she accomplished that perilous enterprise.

Arrived in London, she set about the difficult task of searching out her lover, and fortune favoring her, she found him. He had not married, and to his eternal credit he was willing to reward the fair Syrian maiden with a marriage by taking her to his home and heart. Previous to the marriage she renounced Mohammedanism, professed her conversion to Christianity, and was baptized in St. Paul's cathedral, six bishops assisting at the ceremony. The only child of this marriage was Thomas a Becket.

EXILES BUILD HOME

MARIST BROTHERS, DRIVEN OUT OF MEXICO, ERECT HOME IN TEXAS

During the past few months a large and permanent Catholic institution has been built in the north-eastern suburbs of San Antonio, Texas, but its erection has been going on so quietly that even comparatively few Catholics have known anything about it. It is the novitiate and scholasticate of the Marist Brothers, exiled from Mexico, who decided to establish themselves permanently in San Antonio, owing to the present religious persecution in their own beautiful but unhappy land. The Brothers are now occupying the building which was solemnly dedicated by Right Rev. Bishop Shaw on January 2, the centenary of the founder of the Order.—St. Paul Bulletin.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The will of T. Herbert Shriver, of Westminster, Md., makes bequests to the extent of \$30,000 to educational and charitable institutions.

In the Church of the Our Father, on Mount Olive, in Jerusalem, which is on the spot on which Christ taught it, the Our Father is written in different languages on 35 slabs.

Mount St. Scholastica's academy, Canon City, Colo., was badly damaged by fire recently. It is conducted by the Benedictine Sisters of the Chicago motherhouse. The damage amounted to about six thousand dollars.

The Rt. Rev. John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, has been presented with an automobile by Mr. Wm. J. O'Connor, the owner of the Buffalo Courier. The presentation was made by a delegation of priests.

Two golden jubilees of much interest occurred in December. Cardinal Logue celebrated his fiftieth year in the priesthood, and the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., attained his fiftieth anniversary in the Society of Jesus.

New York, Jan. 17.—His Eminence Cardinal Farley has just announced from the Archdiocese of New York a net contribution to the Catholic foreign missions of \$205,615.50 for the past year. This is the largest sum ever contributed by an individual diocese to the support of missions in the far East. With the resources cut off from Europe, the interest of the Catholics of the United States is most timely and helpful.

Mr. Vernon Z. Reed has presented a marble bust of Pope Benedict XV. to the Cathedral of Denver. The work was executed by an Italian sculptor in Rome. Mr. Reed also presented to the same Cathedral a bust of Pope Pius X., in memory of the Pope's kindness to Mr. Reed's children whom he received in audience. He is a non-Catholic, but two of his children have entered the Church.

For nine years the Rev. Peter J. O'Callaghan of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and formerly of Chicago, has labored to secure the liberty of Herman Billik, who was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged in 1907 in Chicago. The sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment. Father O'Callaghan was convinced that the aged man was innocent and later developments proved his conviction. The pardon was granted January 3, by Governor Dunne.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 15.—The new stained glass windows in St. Patrick Church were solemnly blessed yesterday by Most Rev. Archbishop Edward J. Hanna. These windows are attracting much attention both because of their singular beauty as well as by the subjects represented in them. St. Patrick and the evangelists are shown in the 5 sanctuary windows, while the patron saints of all the counties of Ireland together with scenes connected with the founding of the church by St. Patrick are depicted in the other windows.

A cable dispatch from Rome announces the appointment of Mgr. Lauri as interuncio to the Southern Republics of Peru and Bolivia, succeeding Mgr. Scaparkini. American students who have made their course at the Propaganda will read of this appointment with pleasure and satisfaction. Mgr. Lauri was for a score of years an honored professor of Sacramental Dogmatic Theology in that university. Several years ago he was a visitor to America, and was the guest of various Alumni Associations of the American College.

In the death of the Rev. Renny Lafor, D. D., says the Catholic News, the New York archdiocese has lost one of its most learned priests. For fifteen years Father Lafor was professor of Sacred Scripture in the theological seminaries at Troy and at Dunwoodie, resigning from the latter institution in 1897 on account of ill health. For the past nineteen years he occupied the very important office of censor librorum of the archdiocese. Father Lafor's death occurred on Thursday morning, Jan. 18, at Mount St. Francis, the convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, in Peekskill, where he was stationed as spiritual director.

Messrs. Burns and Oates, of London, England, have just produced a handsomely illustrated booklet entitled "Catholics of the British Empire and the War," which contains many interesting records of the heroism of priests and soldiers. At the beginning of the conflict there were only 15 Catholic chaplains in the Army; there are now 465. The Navy possessed only 4 Catholic chaplains, while it has now 81. The following is the return of the numbers of Catholic chaplains now serving with the Army and Fleet: Army: British, 872; Canadian, 86; Anzac, 32; India, 5; South Africa, 2; Trinidad, 1; Malta, 5; South America, 1; Newfoundland, 1; Total, 455. Navy: British, 80; Australian, 1. Total, 81.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOQUE
Author of "Cardome," "Borrowed from the Night"

CHAPTER VIII—CONTINUED

Young Philip Austin held much of his sensible aunt's contempt for caste distinctions, and he promptly laughed at her when Sylvia spoke derisively of the present democratic assembly; and, understanding that words were included in her catalogue of those outside of her circle, he casually reminded her that the Austins had come to Kentucky with the Daltons, and that in Virginia from which they both hailed, the families had long been united by marriage and social interests.

"It won't do, Miss Sylvia," he laughed, "to entertain such notions in these days. You know as well as I do that Mr. Frazier is forging to the front everywhere, especially since he opened the new bank, and succeeded in getting the railroad to run through the town. They say he will enter the race for the Legislature, and if he once gets into politics he may not stop until he becomes Governor."

"A Yankee Governor of Kentucky!" cried Sylvia, shuddering. "He is no more a Yankee than you are!" he returned. "His father was a Scotsman and of good old family, more prominent in their country than the Daltons ever were in this. You can not call his son a Yankee, because he happened to be born in the North. He did not fight in the Union ranks, and he has voted the Democratic ticket all his life."

"I don't believe it!" she said bluntly. "He turned Democratic when he came down here. What do we know of him or what he was before coming to Kentucky?" "O nonsense, Miss Sylvia! Men don't change politics as quickly as women their friends. Every one knows where Mr. Frazier came from, and, if you wish to find out his history, all you have to do is to write to some one in his home place."

"What do you think I care about him—or who or what he was or is?" she exclaimed, the curl on her aristocratic red lips. "Nothing, I dare say," he rejoined, carelessly. "But when you give false charges against me, you are my father's friend, and I set you right. Did you hear?" he added, "that Judge and Mrs. Devon invited Lucy to go with them and Stella to White Sulphur Springs this summer?"

Sylvia gasped, for in the little town, which was the social centre of the community, the Devons were the leaders. She gave no expression to her surprise, however, beyond the unavoidable silence; then she observed: "I wonder what they see in her!"

"A great deal, it seems," he rejoined. "Lucy is going to give a party for Stella before she leaves." "Did Lucy accept the invitation?" asked Sylvia, curiosity getting the better of her.

"No, she said she did not think she should leave her parents this summer, having been absent so long at school. Quite a nice thing for her to do, I think."

"How virtuous!" she exclaimed. "Any one with discernment would know it is because she is ashamed of her lowly origin and lack of social training. If she were to find herself among the elite she would be made to realize the difference too sharply for her pride. My mother used to go to White Sulphur Springs, and I know that the most exclusive people of the South are to be found there."

"As Mrs. Devon's guest Lucy would take her place among them," he insisted, "and I don't suppose so many of the old Southern families go there now. They are like the rest of us, Miss Sylvia, too poor to leave home."

"And you can like these Yankees, after all they have done to us?" she cried, the tears of mortification in her eyes. "There are no Yankees, no Rebels any longer, Miss Sylvia," he said. "We are all one now."

"We are not!" Will never be!" she cried. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself to say it, when your father and all your kindred fought for the South. If there is one on earth I do abhor, it is a traitor!" "Don't you abhor a Yankee?" he asked. "Of course I do!" she rejoined. "Then you abhor two instead of one," he said, but his laugh was so pleasant, she only tossed her head, mentally saying that Phil Austin was fairly good company.

into her own hands and drew from it some natural enjoyment.

The nearness of the delectable lunch basket to its all-perceiving guardian, prompted them to seek a distant place for its enjoyment. Screened by the row of elders that made a white and green fringe to the robe of the hill, they wandered on, until the passing of the ridge hid the players and brought them to a company of tall hickories, whose shade on the grass, the fugitives. Seated on the grass, the luncheon spread on a cloth of elder leaves, they partook of it, and then, with the usefulness that distinguishes us in our disposal of the property of others, they left the remainder of the feast for the birds and such animals as would regale themselves on the food prepared by their brother man.

"I feel equal to climbing the hill, now, don't you?" he questioned. "I know up there we shall find wild roses, and I wish to pluck a garland for you, my lady! Come!"

Up they went, laughing and talking, unconscious of the bewilderment their absence was causing their companions, now seated around the picnic dinner.

When finally they came down the hill together they found the party on the eve of breaking up. For her own part of the company it seemed to the sharp-sighted girl not to have been wholly a satisfactory one; and she shrewdly guessed of the passage-at-arms between Arthur and Jasper, by their studied politeness toward each other. Milly's discomfort was painfully apparent, and the wicked light in Lucy's blue eyes was self-explanatory. The boys had been disagreeing, and Lucy had been primarily the cause of it.

"She always brought disturbance among us," commended Sylvia, as she made her brief farewells to Miss Cora and her guests, and then, still accompanied by Phil Austin, crossed to where the patient negro awaited her coming.

The preparation for departure left Lucy and Arthur alone for a moment the first time that afternoon. "Aren't congratulations in order, Lil' Miss?" he asked, with the light mocking inflection in his voice, a tone she perceived he kept for her alone.

"For what?" she inquired indifferently, lifting the drooping heads of the flowers she wore on her belt. "For your success—in playing croquet," he rejoined. "I warned you I would defeat you," she said.

"Doesn't your partner deserve some credit also?" he interrogated. "I have never seen Jasper play so well and behave so rudely."

"And I suppose both facts are due to his partner?" she flashed. "Not both," he said, and he smiled. She made no rejoinder. Her silence piqued him.

"Don't you want to know for which your partner deserves credit?" he asked. "Not sufficiently to inquire," she rejoined carelessly. "But your poor playing and equally bad manners can be accredited to no one but yourself."

"It is refreshing to get an opinion unsolicited, he said. "Instead of leaving it to be inferred," she retorted. For an instant the angry flash of the blue eyes of the speaker brought an answering light into the eyes upon which they were bent; then the young man looked across the field to where the noisy children were forming into a line under the direction of the younger teacher. As he saw Milly it occurred to him that he might have been more successful with the mallet had he had another partner, since she knew but little of the game. And she had not enjoyed herself at all, so conscious was she of her defeat. And he had given his friend Sylvia offense by forcing upon her the undesired company of his tenant's daughter. Altogether he had only himself to blame, and there was further need, making matters worse after their antagonizing Lucy. He turned to her with anger gone from his eyes.

"And the opinion is correct," he said, with his sunny smile, and Lucy suddenly remembered the day he had apologized to her in the school. "It is singular," he continued, "the way certain circumstances will fall together to bring up the worst in us! One would think there were a conspiracy among them for that purpose. Have you ever thought about it?" "No," she said, looking at her with eyes the clearer for the anger they had lately shown.

"No," said Lucy, feeling something within her rising as if to unfold those swiftly cleared eyes. "It is interesting, to me, at least. I've often puzzled long over it. Is there something in us that attracts those circumstances to us? or are they the natural result of the encounter of opposite characters? Now, if we had exchanged partners, would Jasper and I have found so much to antagonize us this afternoon?" "Oh if you had played against Sylvia instead of me," she suggested, with mock humility. "I was always the disturbing element—Miss Cora used to say so much."

preluded the thought of any wish to join them. His step was slow, and his eyes were bent on the ground. Once, before reaching the bend in the road, Lucy looked back for a last glimpse of the old school, she said; but seeing instead the thoughtful walker, she turned quickly and went for a little way in silence.

At the gate that separated the lane leading to the Hall from the main road, Arthur paused, and for a full moment gazed after the pair, and the old, mastering desire to go forward and take Jasper's place by the girl's side held him fiercely. He broke from it, wondering at himself. Let Jasper walk home with Lucy Frazier, for assuredly he would not, were she ten times as fair, said pride; and desire, shorn of its strength, departed. He withdrew his eyes and the little school-house. The mystic light of the June evening was unfolding the land, and under it the familiar scenes took on an aspect of helplessness for the gazer, and in that helplessness he perceived that he and all the others were included.

The night, hiding the sunset sky, might bring to the still temple of learning none knew what tempests, and dangers as great and unavoidable might lurk for him and his companions of the afternoon within the securely folded cloths of the future. As the thought held his mind, the school door opened, and Milly stepped out upon the little wooden platform. She paused for a moment, her face turned to the hills, then she went down the steps across the yard, and, with her lithe, long strides, came swiftly toward the gate by which he stood waiting for her. He held it open for her, and after a few remarks concerning the afternoon's event, they walked on in the deep silence of nature and their own hearts, until their steps brought them to the Hall, which he entered, and she passed around to her humble home.

CHAPTER IX

Mrs. Frazier's invitations were the first intimation the community received of her intention to claim for her daughter a place in the society where those who were brought as a crowning piece of Yankee impudence was Mrs. Dalton, who declared she for one would refuse that claim. When, however, Sylvia repeated to her the information conveyed by young Austin, she modified her speech. No one could afford to ignore Mrs. Devon, while the Judge and her husband had long been warm friends. When the fortunes of war had made a mortgage on the plantation necessary, it was the Judge who had supplied the money, and remembered that half of it was still unpaid, and released from the debt as far as she ever shuddered at what might have resulted had Sylvia not been able to put her on her guard against offending the friends of his wife and daughter. The interest taken by Mrs. Devon in Lucy Frazier was no mystery to Mrs. Dalton, who knew that the Judge's wife claimed the North as her birthplace. On sectional feeling was bulged this friendship for the Fraziers, although she doubted not it was cemented by her husband's political interests.

Arthur, however, was bound by no such personal considerations, and yet long after Mrs. Dalton had settled the matter satisfactorily for herself, he hesitated. Courtesy, policy, his own strong inclinations, prompted him to follow Mrs. Dalton's example, but pride stood over against these and forbade it. He could never set foot across the threshold of the intruder, though his dearest interests were to suffer by the refusal. The thoughts of Lucy pleaded against that decision. They reached out to yet long for him, the sweeter welcome than for him. The old lines were forever taken down, and the ancient dwellers on the land and the latest comer into it, stood on the same level. They had not dishonestly acquired their possessions, argued heart and head, and the money paid by them had helped the planters to hold their footing. If Frazier had not been here to buy his land, his grandmother might not have ended her days in comparative ease and plenty, and he might not still find himself in the home of his fathers had it not been for the fortunes of war, and why could he not accept it in the philosophic spirit of his neighbors? And it was to Lucy's home he should go—Lucy, with her tender blue eyes and the tender girl's heart—Lucy who might do with men what she would, were she not too true to stoop to the wiles her sex permitted.

Thus they pleaded, and half yielding to them he would take up his pen to send his acceptance to the invitation. But the act set him free from the chains of feeling, and the pen would drop from his fingers. In such a mood he went forth one evening, intending to fight the battle of indecision to the finish. Passing through the orchard, he saw Milly walking down the path, and as they came toward each other, he thought how perfectly the starlight harmonized with her peculiar beauty.

"I have been up to Aunt Jenny's," she said, for it was part of her life to tell him all things. "I wanted Joe to take a note to Lucy."

"I could have spared you the walk, if I had known it," he said, instantly deciding he, too, would go up to the old log house.

"Mrs. Frazier is going to give a big party," explained Milly, "and she sent me an invitation. In it was a note from Lucy saying she would look for me, and I must not dis-

appoint her. That was sweet in Lucy—so like her!" she added softly. "And you will not disappoint her?" asked Arthur, surprised at the interest with which he awaited her answer.

"It won't really be a disappointment for her," said Milly, unconsciously emphasizing the last word. "No," he said suddenly. "She won't really miss either of us, but it suits her fancy to lead us to believe she will."

"O, Arthur!" she exclaimed. "She will be disappointed if you are not there."

He laughed at her words, and then, passed on, but his heart had grown warmer hearing them. "She is true blue!" he cried to himself, thinking of Lucy. "No fear of her forgetting an acquaintance who chances to be poor and lowly."

Then the thought came to him: "If Lucy and I were to exchange places, what would she do in the matter?" Yes, what would Lucy, not less proud than himself, do if she stood in his position? He tried to imagine her sending his stereotyped words of refusal, but the picture did not show true of the girl he knew. He thought that in such a conflict in Lucy's heart, pride would lose to affection, and she would do her high truth. The thought drove him on, until, almost unconsciously, he came upon the log cabin, before which sat Uncle Major, wrapped in his long blue cloak.

"Good evening, Uncle Major!" he said. "G'd evenin', Marst A'thuh, g'd evenin'!" he answered. "When I fus' seed you, I thought mebbe 'twas a ghost comin' up de hollow."

"I almost forgot that we want Joe down at the house the first thing in the morning," said Arthur, wondering what employment he would give the willing boy when he came. "He can't come de fus thing," rejoined the old man, "kase he's got to go up to Mis' Frazier's wif a note from Miss Milly. She jus' fetched it up."

"Yes, I met Miss Milly on my way here, and she told me she had written declining the invitation to the big party," he answered carelessly, but knowing he was waiting for this rejoinder.

"Is dat what's in it?" he exclaimed. "It bothered me so I couldn't sleep, an' so I med Joe rise up an' go to de spring to fetch me a drink uv cool watah."

"Now you can sleep without waiting for the water," said Arthur, with his full laugh. "It was nice of Lil' Miss to remember her poor friends," he observed. "But then rich people can afford to do nice things."

"Po'r ur rich, it'd be de same wif Lil' Miss!" exclaimed the old negro, loyally. "Munny don't mek no difference wif dat bressed chile!"

"I'll warrant, Uncle Major," he began, "if Lucy were poor and she had a rich friend, and that friend would ask her to do something that would give her friend pleasure, and which Lucy herself would like to do if she were not poor, her pride would step in and say: 'No you can not do this.' Your Lil' Miss is as proud as Lucifer, Uncle Major."

"Much yoh knows 'bout Lil' Miss, ef yoh kin talk dah uv huh!" he exclaimed. "Lil' Miss is got de right so't uv pride, an' dat don't evah come in 'twixt friends, Marst A'thuh. An' if dey war friends, 'stead uv jus' kidding each o'thah kase dey went together, an' Lil' Miss war po'r, an' Miss Milly rich, an' Miss Milly sot huh 'paty, Lil' Miss wouldn't evah stop to think she ain't got no munny an' fine clo'es, but she jus' thinks huh friend 'wants huh, an' she gits ready an' goes. Dat's Lil' Miss! Proud 'nough when she oughter to, but nobody has any right to be proud wif friends, kase when people's friends, Marst A'thuh, deys come to one level."

"You're prejudiced in favor of Lil' Miss," said the young man, laughingly for into his heart a wonderful change had come, hearing the old negro's words. "With you, Lil' Miss can do no wrong."

"Con'te she can't!" he answered. "Lil' Miss nevah done wrong in huh life. She ain't dat kin. She's built 'long straight lines, Marst A'thuh, an' she ain't got no knowin' dat o'thah folks ain't like huhsef. An' when she fin's out dey ain't, ef dat pusses am one she likes, it's gwian to be a bad day foh huh, shore, de day she makes dat 'skivery; fah Lil' Miss ain't got nobody to fall back on. She's jus' as much alone up dah in dat big house, Marst A'thuh, as yoh is down in de ole one. I know! I know!" and the old man shook his head, and looked far away toward the hills, silvered with the light of the rising moon.

in his intercourse with the daughter. As Lucy's friend, he would attend the party in the house of the man he regarded as an enemy. Lucy's friend owed it to her to do all in his power to add to her happiness; for in so doing, he also found his own.

And so it befel that Arthur's acceptance of the invitation was dispatched the following morning. Had Aunt Jenny known of the nightly visit to the loghouse, and the unconscious part played by her husband in deciding for Arthur Stanton, she would have seen in it another instance of the inscrutable working of the unseen power that had so long and steadily been employed against those of his race.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MOTHER OLD AND GRAY

Two young men and a pretty girl, home for the Christmas holidays, were singing college songs. And because the mid-December weather was warm the window near the piano was open, and the sound of the music and the gay young voices floated out to the street beyond.

A little newsboy, his evening newspapers nearly all sold, pressed close to the low iron railing that enclosed the small grass plot in front of the house, and two men who were passing also paused and listened.

"I've a mother old and gray," sang one of the boys, "a mother old and gray, who needs me now."

"Very pretty," he said, "and they sang it well, but where are mothers old and gray? Some of them now-a-days dye their hair, and most of them wear hobbie skirts, lacey waists, high heels and have their hair done up as if they were twenty. They patronize the masseuse to try to ward off wrinkles, and the majority would be affronted if you called them old."

"His companion, a young man, with a pleasant face, smiled, but still a little cynically. "It is true," he said. "The old-fashioned mother is almost a thing of the past. You look in vain for one who bears any resemblance to Whistler's portrait of his mother, which I saw in the Luxembourg last summer."

"Ah!" said the older man. "I have it! I know why Mona Lisa had that peculiar enigmatical smile! She saw, way down the ages, the modern old lady coming, and when she finally appeared on the scene, and became an established fact, Mona Lisa disappeared from the Louvre for very shame of her sex."

"Quite an idea, Arthur, why not make a novel out of it?" "A novel about the modern old lady? Pout! But about the mother old and gray—well! perhaps."

The two men passed on down the street, and the little newsboy was left alone. Wide eyed and wondering he had listened to the conversation, and understood not a word; but the song! Ah, that was different! It was beautiful. He must hurry and sell his papers so he could the sooner go home and tell his young mother something about an hour later he was scampering down Halstead Street, his papers sold and the money jingling in his pocket. It has been a good day, as the evening edition of the papers had some absorbing news, so he had more money than usual to take home.

Presently he had reached the corner of his street and, turning west, the tired but patient little boy hurried on several blocks further until he reached a tall tenement near the railroad tracks. Here in the midst of dust and cinders, with tall buildings keeping out the light, and the othah folks ain't like huhsef. An' when she fin's out dey ain't, ef dat pusses am one she likes, it's gwian to be a bad day foh huh, shore, de day she makes dat 'skivery; fah Lil' Miss ain't got nobody to fall back on. She's jus' as much alone up dah in dat big house, Marst A'thuh, as yoh is down in de ole one. I know! I know!" and the old man shook his head, and looked far away toward the hills, silvered with the light of the rising moon.

The child opened the door and entered with a rush, and the thin worn face of the young mother, so unutterably sad in repose, became radiant as she saw the boy. "You are early, Christopher, and your papers are sold? That is good! now we will have supper."

"Oh, mother, mother, something so funny happened! I heard such a lovely song, I never heard a piano before, and never knew any one could sing as these people did."

And then, rapidly and eagerly, the child told his mother of his experience, and because he had a sweet voice, not entirely ruined by shouting smoke from the chimneys of nearby factories adding their quota to the gloom that obscured the sun, was a place that the boy called home. Two small rooms on the fourth floor in the midst of dirt and squalor, but within was love and cleanliness, and mother!

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her own tears, a sweet face crowned with gray hair, a dress of soft black with a white shawl over the shoulders. The wrinkles on that dear face were lines that had been made by character as much as by age, lines of goodness, strength and sweetness. Why had she ever left her, her mother?

"And then she looked at Christopher and her own fierce mother love surged up in her heart. She had him, her son together they would fight the world and cling to each other, asking help from no one.

Meanwhile Christopher was emptying the contents of a small pocket into his mother's lap. "Forty-seven cents," he said, "I did well to-day, mother."

She drew him to her and kissed him passionately. "You are a good boy, Chris. Run to the corner grocery store and get a loaf of bread and a pound of rice. I have some meat stewing on the stove that I bought on my way home from the factory, and there are some apples in the oven. We will have a little feast tonight."

The boy was gone almost as soon as she ceased speaking, and slowly, and as if in pain, his mother arose, folded her sewing and put it away, and began her preparation for the evening meal. Once or twice she clutched her side as a sharp pain pierced her like a knife, and although the day was comparatively warm, she shivered and drew closer to the tiny stove. Yes, she must have taken cold she thought, the factory where she worked, four blocks away, was close and hot, and coming out the previous day she had felt chilled by the sharp raw wind that blew across the city from Lake Michigan. She would go to bed early and drink some hot tea to try to break up her cold. So she made an effort to forget her pain of mind and body, and listened as they ate their supper, while Christopher, bright and happy, talked a ceaseless stream. And ever and anon, the little boy went back to the subject of the song which had so fascinated him.

"Some day you will be old and gray, mother," he said, "and then you will need me, and I will take care of you."

"Oh, Chris, I need you now and I will need you always, always," she said.

In the middle of the night a very sleepy little boy was awakened by a voice that, even at that hour when he was only half awake, seemed harsh and rasping. And then how hot was the hand that had held his. But it was his mother's voice and she was talking.

"Christopher, I have such a cold, I am afraid I am going to be very ill, and I must talk to you now, while I can."

Wide awake now the little boy sat up in bed, and gazed anxiously at his mother's flushed, feverish face as it was turned toward him in the dim flickering candle light.

"Listen, Christopher, very carefully. If I should be very sick I want you to go to my mother."

The little boy nodded, too startled to speak. "You will find \$10 in a little bag, sewed up in the foot of the mattress. Make an opening in the outside cover, it is just inside the ticking. I have been keeping it for a rainy day; tell nobody about it, but go to the Union Station. You know where the station is, and how to get there?"

"Yes, mother."

"Buy a ticket to Gould, Wisconsin. It will take you three or four hours to get there. When you get off the train ask some one to show you the way to the house of Joseph Carroll—that's my father—and ask my mother to come to me."

"Yes, mother."

"That's all, Chris. Remember carefully all I have told you. Say your prayers and don't be afraid, and don't go with any stranger who may speak to you. And now, dear, go to sleep. Perhaps I will be better in the morning."

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of sharp physical pain, sent up the cry of her heart to the Mother of Sorrows, for her own mother. She realized now that mother-love is deathless and eternal.

The first dim rays of a cloudy morning broke over the sleepy city that was just beginning to awake. And with the first morning light little Christopher also awoke, wide-eyed and frightened. His mother, out of her head now, was raving in delirium. Hastily he summoned a neighbor, and in two hours' time Mary Benedict, in an ambulance, was on her way to the County Hospital. And then the little boy realized that he was alone.

It was the 17th of December up in northern Wisconsin, and for the last 24 hours there had been a heavy fall of snow. Now the storm had ceased, it was toward evening and across the wide open country the sun, setting behind the distant hills and dark forests, in a splendor of red and gold, threw its rays far over the surrounding landscape, where farm houses sent up their curling blue smoke, sure sign of the bustle and life within. For was it not the blessed Christmas time when there would be mirth and good cheer, the singing of carols, and perhaps a dance in the barn. Many a busy housewife in her kitchen was preparing for the home coming of absent ones, and the children, with their sleds, brought from the woods the evergreen and holly with which to decorate, to add to the festal array.

From the door of the little church in the village a woman emerged. Pausing she glanced up and down the road, then at the sun which seemed to indicate that it was about 4 o'clock. A moment later a sleigh came into sight, driven by an old man whose keen dark eyes and erect figure almost belied his seventy years. He drew up his sleigh in front of the church, then throwing back the warm robe, assisted his wife to climb to the seat by his side.

"I am late, mother," he said, "but the train is not yet in. I met Tom Byrne and he says he is coming our way about 7 o'clock and will get the box and bring it up. So I needn't wait."

He glanced at his wife as he concluded and something in the sweet old face told him what was in her mind.

"You saw Father Wynn, mother?" "Yes."

"And you left a candle burning, and feel better, eh?" She smiled, a smile mournful in its pathetic sweetness, as again she answered yes.

The rest of the drive, a distance of two miles from the village was taken almost in silence, until a turn of the road brought them in sight of the long low gray farm house, set in a broad sweep of land that stretched away to blue lake beyond. Whether seen in summer or winter it was a lovely spot, the more so as the barns and outbuildings, unlike those of most American farms, were hidden behind a heavy growth of firs, and so were not seen from the road.

The wide clean kitchen with raftered ceiling and diamond paneled windows that looked south and west, was warm and cozy as the old woman entered and removed hood and shawl. A sleepy gray cat was dozing on the hearth of the open fireplace, and a kettle was singing on the stove in a small room beyond where their meals were cooked. Surely, here was the abode of peace! But the intense silence spoke of loneliness and isolation. There was no sound of children's voices, no merry laughter of young people. Quietly and yet quickly the sole occupant of the room moved around, getting the evening meal, and ever and anon she glanced down the white road, as she had looked and watched in vain for ten years.

It was about 7 o'clock and together they sat in the kitchen with no light save the warm glow from the fireplace. But outside in the long side hall a lamp burned brightly in the window that faced east, a window that looked out toward the road that led to the village, beyond which was the railroad.

The old man moved in his chair. "Tom is late," he said, "still I ordered that box in good time, mother, it has my Christmas present for you, and something for the poor Carters who live down by the mill."

"You are good to try and make a happy Christmas for them, father—but—if only—"

And then suddenly the grey head was bowed on the table, and from the sad blue eyes there came a rain of tears.

"If only our little Mary Josephine was here, father—the child of our old age. Oh! I have borne this grief so long, father, and so have you, and now it seems as if our hearts would break."

She was on her knees in front of him and had taken his two toll-worn hands in hers, and clasped them close to her breast.

"Listen, father, we must go and find her, you and I. For ten long years I have said nothing, but I have suffered, the Blessed Mother knows how much. You love our child as much as I do, you want her back, and you must forgive her now."

The old man gave a half-strangled sob. "I want to, Mary, but I can't, I can't. It seems as if it would kill me to ask her to come back."

The sweet old face in front of his became tender, transfused, illumined as if by a divine message of healing and power.

"Yes, Joseph, you can, you must. For ten years you have stayed away

from the Sacraments; you have foregone all the helps that would make you mighty to forgive. You must go to confession now, this very night. Tomorrow night go to the city and our child. We must bring her home and have a happy Christmas together; for it is Christmas, father, the time of forgiveness and joy; the time when that other Joseph and Mary were given the Divine Child to love and cherish. Who knows but that our own child needs all our love and our care now, as much as we need her."

Yes, she had conquered at last. Slowly Joseph Carroll arose from his chair.

"The horse is not unharmed yet, mother. Put on your wraps and come with me. We'll drive right down and I'll see Father Wynn."

And so it happened that driving to the village they missed Tom Byrne, who had turned off his cart from the main road to deliver a Christmas box at another farm. Ten minutes later, the good-natured Tom had carried their box into the unlocked kitchen. Then he glanced around, and looked into the other rooms.

"They've gone out," he said aloud, "but they'll be back soon. You've just got to wait." With which mysterious remark, directed, perhaps at the box, Tom closed the door and took his departure.

The drive home, about 9 o'clock, through the keen and frosty air, was fraught with happiness for both father and mother. Strong in her faith, Mary Carroll that afternoon, following an earnest novena and Communion, had left a candle burning before the Blessed Mother's altar for her intention; how miraculously soon her prayer has been answered!

As to her husband, there had rolled from his back a burden that seemed to completely master him. Pride, that had supported him for ten years, had made of him a slave, until his wife's passionate pleading, aided by a miracle of grace, had broken it down.

They would go to Communion together to-morrow, he and she, and then they would take the 10 o'clock train for Chicago and use every effort to find their child.

Arriving at their door the mother alighted, and the old man gathered up the reins to drive to the stable.

"I'll give Jennie a rub, mother," he said, "and see her safe in her stall for the night. I won't be more than half an hour, if so long."

Slowly Mary Carroll entered her kitchen, removed her hood and shawl and hung them on a peg. Then in the soft glow made by the flickering fire light she crossed the wide kitchen toward the open hearth where logs of wood had burned all day. And then she stood still, rooted to the spot, too astonished by what she saw to utter a sound.

It was only a little boy, curled up on the floor in front of the fire, sound asleep, with one arm thrown around the cat, who was also slumbering peacefully.

A log of wood broke and fell from the andirons. The child stirred and spoke in his sleep.

"A mother old and gray," he said. And then that mother was on her knees by the child's side, and as the log gained new life from turning over in its fall, and broke into a bright red flame, she scanned the little face snuggled down on the arm of a torn jacket. And there, line for line, with the same curling brown hair, with the same straight, delicate brown, with the same short upper lip and firm little nose, she traced the likeness of the little Mary Josephine of eighteen years ago, whom she had so often seen, a small girl, curled up in this self-same place near the hearth. An agony of love and joy shook her from head to foot. How poor the child's clothes were, how small he was, had he really come there alone, was he indeed her beloved daughter's child?

The little boy opened his eyes, eyes as blue as his mother's, and in a moment he was wide awake and sitting up.

"Oh," he said, "you're the mother old and gray, and you are beautiful; I knew you would be when mother told me to come here—because the song said so."

She had him on her lap and in her arms.

"My boy, my little boy, tell me your name?"

"Why, I'm Christopher, and you are my grandmother. Mother sent me here. She's very sick and wants you to come to her. She needs you as much as you need her." And Christopher, mindful of the song, fascinated by the sweet face framed in its gray hair, proceeded to answer as best he could, because his mind was in a curious jumble from his novel experience of the past 48 hours, all the questions that this new found grandmother asked him.

And presently she put him down, and went to the door and opened it. "Father," she called, "Father," and in her voice there was a note of joy that her husband, just coming from the barn, was quick to recognize.

What happiness and yet what anguish was in the house that night, as the grandparents, unable to sleep, sat by the bed of the little boy, who now was soundly sleeping, till nearly midnight.

Their child was found, but she was very ill, and she had sent this beloved grandson to summon her mother.

"She did not ask for me," said Joseph Carroll, "my poor girl, she was afraid of me; but I will make it all up to her now."

The early morning found them all three in the little church, and with thankful hearts the father and

mother received the Bread of Life, without which they would not have strength to go forth and meet whatever might come. At 10 o'clock they were steaming toward Chicago, at 2.15 they were in a cab driving to the County Hospital.

"She is very ill," said the doctor to the white capped nurse who had followed him out of the long ward, "but it is not pneumonia, as I feared it would be. It is simply a severe cold joined to reduced vitality. It may develop into pneumonia, but I think the danger of that is nearly passed now."

In spite of her run-down state some strong purpose seems to have been at work in her mind, giving her courage and strength to fight.

"I noticed that," said the nurse, "in her delirium she talked constantly of a mother old and gray, and twice she tried to sing some bars of a song about a mother old and gray who needed her now."

"Well, whatever it is, nurse, it has kept up her will power, and as we know, that's half the battle."

The physician passed on, and at that moment a message was brought to the nurse.

"Mary Benedict, Ward K," said the messenger. "Can she see any one, nurse? Her father and mother and little boy are here."

The nurse hesitated a moment. "Let her mother come," she said, "but no one else today. I will go and prepare her."

"And so it was that 'the mother old and gray' walked down the long ward to the bedside of her child, and taking her in her arms with that wealth of divine mother love that is deathless and eternal, all the anguish and pain of those past ten years were blotted out for them both.

"Oh, I am strong now," said Mary Benedict, "I will soon be well, and you'll take us home, mother, my boy and me? He was born on Christmas day, mother. That's why I called him Christopher. Oh, how good God is!"

Five days later, on the 23rd of December, the happy father and mother were allowed to take their child home. How radiant they all were when the blessed Christmas day dawned! As to Christopher, in his short life he had never known such a Christmassy Christmas. The church bells and the sleigh bells without, the Christmas cheer within; the little creche his grandmother erected under his Christmas tree, all was full of wonder and delight.

"And to think," said Mary Benedict, "that our reunion all came about so wonderfully because of a song!"

The sweet face of the mother old and gray looked out of the window, illumined as with a shining light.

"It is the little things of this world," she said, "that sometimes the Christ-Child uses to confound the wise."—Georgina Pell Curtis, in The Magnificat.

THE CONVENT HOME OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

"The Little Flower of Jesus" has inspired many Catholics to holier living. To them, this article on "The Convent Home of the 'Little Flower,'" taken from the Ave Maria, will be doubly inspiring—first because of the heroism with which the foundation of the convent was undertaken, and second because of the sanctity of the little nun whose life was so closely associated with it.

The now world-famous Carmelite convent at Lisieux is not a very old foundation; for it can not celebrate its first centenary for another twelve years. Clients of its most famous daughter, Soeur Therese de l'Enfant Jesus, the beloved "Little Flower of Jesus," may be interested in learning how this house, which was to be such a sanctuary of grace to their little patronesses, first came into existence.

Indirectly, it owes its origin to the French Revolution; for it was because of the devastation by the revolutionaries of the Carmelite convent at Pont-Audemere that, when peace came again to France, and scattered communities were able to re-forgather, and ruined convents to be rebuilt, the Carmelites of Pont-Audemere were obliged to open a school to provide for their own subsistence.

This was in the spring of 1803, and amongst their boarders were two sisters, Therese and Marie Gosselin. When the time came for these girls to leave school, they had learned so much of the Carmelite life and rule that they both implored to be allowed to remain as postulants in the convent where they had been so happy. Neither of them was strong, and because of this the superiors were obliged to refuse their request. But, undeterred from their purpose, they determined to devote their not inconsiderable fortune to founding another convent of the same Order, where, as foundresses, they would be allowed to live, not exactly as nuns, but bound by simple vows and following rules which are customary in such cases.

They applied to the Bishop of Bayeux and Lisieux for approval of their scheme; and in December, 1805 he gave them permission to start a Carmelite convent at Lisieux. Therese and Marie were afraid that his death, which occurred soon after, might alter this permission; but the new Bishop, who was an old friend of their family, bade them continue as they had intended doing. He gave them as superior of the new foundation the Abbe Sauvage, head curate

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of the parish of St. Jacques at Lisieux who threw himself heart and soul into the project; and it was owing in great measure to his untiring zeal and perseverance that the foundation was finally secured.

It was no easy matter, at that time to find a Carmelite convent with subjects to spare, and house after house was applied to in vain. Meanwhile several would-be postulants gathered round Mademoiselle Gosselin and her sister, and they joined in prayer, especially during the time the Monsieur Sauvage was making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Notre Dame de Grace for the intention they all had so much at heart. At last in February 1807, the Abbe received a letter from the mother superior of the Carmelite convent at Poitiers, saying that her community was willing to undertake the new foundation, and that she would receive Mademoiselle Gosselin and her companions, and permit them to begin their novitiate immediately.

Six weeks later four of them entered Carmel, taking the names of the first four Carmelites of the Reform of St. Teresa. After a year's probation, two professed Sisters from the Poitiers community were lent to the Abbe Sauvage, Soeur Elizabeth de St. Louis as Prioress, and Soeur Genevieve de Ste. Therese as mistress of novices and subprioress. These, with the four novices, traveled by diligence to Lisieux, arriving there on March 1808, and taking up their abode under the thatched roof of a charitable friend, Madame le Boucher until a more suitable convent could be provided. Their arrival was not unprovided some of the adventures of St. Teresa herself when founding houses of her Reform in Spain.

It was late at night; the rain was pouring down; and, impressed by all they had heard of Carmelites' holy poverty, the friend who had promised the Sisters from the diligence to Madame le Boucher's house, sent not a carriage but a farm wagon, with no covering except a tarpaulin, which was anything but waterproof. To make matters worse, Madame le Boucher received them in total silence, thinking that nothing, not even a first arrival, could break the rule of silence which all Carmelites keep after 8 o'clock in the evening. Rigid, too, were the good lady's ideas of holy poverty. "We are enjoying the poverty of Bethlehem," Mere Genevieve wrote to Poitiers. "It is what we have thought of in our meditations, but which up to now we have never practised."

The rooms placed at their disposal were miserably small. Two garrets, with an open doorway between them, formed their dormitory; and the thatched roof seemed to be the harbor of every member of the spider and beetle families. On the next floor, a fair-sized room served them as a chapel; whilst the single apartment on the ground floor had to be divided by curtains, and used as kitchen, as refectory and community room, and, in one corner, as cell for the Mother Prioress—or, rather, as the standing room for her bed. The slightest movement against the curtain which formed her bedroom wall threatened an earthquake amongst the frying pan and two sauce-pans which formed their batterie de cuisine. Their china cupboard, which was represented by a wooden box, was so poorly furnished that, when their soup was eaten, the plates had to be washed before the remainder of their dinner could be served.

The strip of garden which was at their disposal was open at one end to the street; so that to the Sisters, longing for the privacy of their beloved enclosure, it was a real and penance to take the air at all. Their coming was not welcomed by the people of Lisieux, who had not yet overcome the anti-clerical ideas of the Revolution; and the parish priest of St. Jacques, who was uncle of their friend and superior, the Abbe Sauvage, used to warn them to keep as quiet as possible, so that people might forget that they were in the town at all.

It was five months before a suitable house could be found for the future convent; and even then the building which Monsieur Sauvage decided upon, in the Rue de Livarot, was very old and inconvenient. The situation and surroundings, however, were suitable; and the prioress and the two Sisters who accompanied her, to inspect their new domain, declared themselves satisfied. The work of transforming the place into a Carmelite convent brought to light the talent of organization which had helped the superiors at Poitiers to decide upon Mere Elizabeth as the foundress of Lisieux.

September 5, 1808, was the day on which the Sisters took up their residence in the convent, which the Bishop, Monsieur Robin, had already blessed. From that day subjects came seeking admission; and

the enlargement of the convent became so necessary that, as houses nearby came into the market, the community struggled with poverty so as to be enabled to buy them. Providence sent them charitable benefactors, yet holy Poverty remained in the ascendant—so much so that on the occasion there was nothing in the house for dinner but a dish of stewed leeks; and a postulant ready for her clothing had to wait for some months before they were able to buy enough cloth to make her habit.

Thus, in the midst of the poverty that Our Lord loves, this community, which He has so favored, took root at Lisieux. By slow degrees the convent was brought into the form in which thousands of Catholics from all-the world over pilgrims to the home of the Little Flower, now know to be. The last wing—in which Sister Therese's cell was to be, with the Way of the Cross and the Oratory of the Sacred Heart, and the fourth cloister was built during the priorate of Mere Marie de Gonzague, who was later to receive little Therese Martin as a postulant.

So was the material foundation of the convent of Lisieux made. Its spiritual foundation is due mostly to Mere Genevieve de Sainte Therese, and it is she of whom the Sisters speak and write as their foundress. "It is Mere Genevieve," wrote one amongst them, "who made known to us the secrets of the perfect life; it is she who walked before us along the path that leads to the highest possible spirituality; and, aided by her counsel and example, we have followed as best we could." How high this "best" has been may be judged by those who know and love the Little Flower.

PAID DEFAMERS OF THE CHURCH

(By William H. Sloan, convert, and former Baptist missionary in Mexico)

"We ourselves were engaged in writing and preaching such stuff against the Church probably before the editor of the—was born—for his articles show that he is yet in the 'puppy' age, as well as of the 'puppy' character—and we know all about the origin and source of the lies and calumnies that he gives the public every week. We ourselves have waded through all the disgusting mire of slanderous attacks on the priests and nuns; we have anathematized the bishops who wanted to take public funds from the treasury for the support of Catholic institutions; we have cried to Heaven to defend our attacks of the insidious attacks of Rome; we have accused the Pope of lying awake at night to devise some way by which he might surreptitiously win over the United States to the 'Romanist' cause; we have painted the ignorance of Mexico and of South America in most lurid colors; and we have reason to believe that much of the bigoted drivel now going the rounds of the Guardians of Liberty-press, and heard in bigoted Protestant pulpits, had its origin in our soporific declamations years ago when we traveled through the States in search of work of Protestant propaganda, and inveighed in most bitter terms against 'superstition, immorality, ignorance and vice,' as found among the Roman Catholic people where we labored."

"We were not entirely to blame; we were paid for doing it (as is the editor of the—) and we were easily persuaded it was all true. We learned the truth after a while. A compassionate God took hold upon us, lifted our feet out of the mire, and placed them upon the Rock—Ave Maria."

CREATING WANT

God gives the supplies. Man retards them to his brother man. The Catholic Herald gives this case in point: "We have a man in Chicago holding seventy million eggs in cold storage, we have another somewhere else keeping back butter until it reaches a dollar a roll. We have six thousand boxes of crabs stored away in San Francisco; we have flour and bread going up by bounds. We learn from the papers that tons of fish are being thrown back into the rivers and sea to keep up the prices of that commodity, and that farmers are allowing vegetables to rot that they may get a bigger price for those they preserve. It is not necessary to point out that all of that is contrary to the law of God and that those who thus artificially cause suffering and want simply to make money are in the same category as those who are so severely denounced in the catechism for withholding the wages of the laborer."



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The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

Associate Editors: Rev. J. O'Sullivan, H. P. Mackintosh. Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1917

LETTER FROM THE BISHOPS OF ONTARIO

TO THE CLERGY, SECULAR AND REGULAR THE RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES, AND THE CATHOLIC LAITY, OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,—

The undersigned Archbishops and Bishops, exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction in Ontario, at a meeting held in Ottawa on the 24th of January, 1917, after careful study, mature deliberation, and fervent prayer, arrived unanimously at the following conclusions:

That we view with sorrow and alarm the divisions and dissensions existing in this Province because of the bilingual controversy, and being earnestly desirous of promoting civil and religious peace and harmony, we solemnly exhort and enjoin the clergy and laity of our respective dioceses to obey all the just laws and regulations enacted from time to time by the civil authorities; and we respectfully ask the majority in this Province to consider sympathetically the aspirations and requests of their French-Canadian fellow-citizens in the matter of the establishment and operation of English-French schools, facilitating an equitable teaching of the French language together with a thorough acquisition of English.

That we are confident there is no desire or intention on the part of the Government or the majority of the people of Ontario to proscribe the French language. This is set forth in the official statement of the policy of the Government of Ontario issued on the 14th day of March, 1916, as expressed in the following words:

"Regulation 17 applies only to the 'list of schools annually designated' by the Minister as English-French. 'In the case of schools not on the 'list, but containing French-speaking pupils, or in the case of new schools organized since the adoption of Regulation 17, in 1913, the 'use and study of the French language are provided for by Section 84 (b) of the Public Schools Act, and by Section 12 (2) of the 'Regulations for Public and Separate Schools. These enactments, which have for many years defined the 'place of the French language in Ontario Schools, have not been amended or rescinded."

That we are also confident there is no ill-will on the part of the French-Canadian people towards the Government or the majority of the people of Ontario, and are of the opinion that much of the agitation against the educational measures of the Government has been caused by the misunderstanding of Regulation 17. Nor is this surprising, since the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in delivering its formal judgment on this Regulation, expresses itself as follows:

"Unfortunately it (the Regulation) is couched in obscure language, and it is not easy to ascertain its true effect."

Meanwhile we exhort our priests and people to pray for harmony and to do nothing that could tend to disturb it.

This letter shall be read without comment on the first Sunday after its receipt at all the Masses in each church and chapel of the Province, and on the first convenient opportunity in the chapels of the religious communities. And we humbly beseech Almighty God to bestow His most abundant graces and blessings upon you all.

- C. H. Gauthier, Archbishop of Ottawa. N. McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto. M. J. Spratt, Archbishop of Kingston. Arthur Béliveau, Archbishop of St. Boniface. D. J. Scollard, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie. W. A. Macdonell, Bishop of Alexandria. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London. M. J. O'Brien, Bishop of Peterborough. E. A. Lalulipe, Bishop of Haileybury. Patrick Ryan, Bishop of Pembroke. Ovide Charlebois, Vicar Apostolic of Keewatin.

"DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE"

Leaving aside for the moment justice as involved in the World War there is no other term so widely discussed, no other question that stirs to its very foundations the fabric of organized society as that of justice. Complicated and far-reaching, affecting the welfare of the individual and of numerous classes, indeed of society itself, justice and injustice are the most potent considerations in great political movements, and, for ever-increasing numbers, lie at the very basis of the philosophy of life.

The growing forces of what may be grouped under the comprehensive and elusive term—Socialism, are evident and ominous.

Leo XIII. pointed this out very clearly over a quarter of a century ago:

"That the spirit of revolutionary change, which has long been disturbing the nations of the world, should have passed beyond the sphere of politics and made its influence felt in the cognate sphere of practical economics is not surprising. The elements of the conflict now raging are unmistakable in the vast expansion of industrial pursuits and the marvellous discoveries of science; in the changed relations of master and workmen; in the enormous fortunes of some few individuals, and the utter poverty of the masses; in the increased self-reliance and closer mutual combination of the working classes; as, also, finally in the prevailing moral degeneracy. The momentous gravity of the state of things now obtaining fills every mind with painful apprehension; wise men are discussing it; practical men are proposing schemes; popular meetings, legislatures, and rulers of nations are all busied with it—and actually there is no question which has taken a deeper hold on the public mind."

Just how far the War now raging may be traced to considerations springing from the same source is at present beside the question. One thing, however, is certain. Civilization is threatened with another war, not along the lines traced out by national jealousies or ambitions, but along the lines of social cleavage, if the deep-rooted causes of the rankling sense of injustice be not removed.

Those who merely condemn the forces making for anarchy, those who at all costs would uphold the established order of things, are far from understanding the deep significance, the wide and radical bearing of the great Pope's luminous encyclical.

No socialist has ever uttered a more ringing denunciation of the evils of present-day capitalism than Leo XIII. condenses into this short sentence:

"A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."

Stern and uncompromising is the warning of Christ's Vicar to the grasping and unjust capitalist; to defraud the laborer of his rightful wage is a crime which cries to the avenging anger of Heaven. With good grace, then, and resting on eternal principles of right and wrong of which he is the divinely appointed guardian, the Pope condemns as well the unjust methods and vicious principles of reformers whose zeal is not according to knowledge.

The old, hard, inhuman law of supply and demand was applied as the sole economic consideration in determining the wages due to him who supplied that absolutely essential factor in the production of wealth—human labor. That was the hard and cruel and inhuman economic theory; the practice was even harder, more cruel and more inhuman. And like so many other things, it was justified in the name of freedom—freedom of contract. This Leo analyzes fully and lucidly and concedes the justice of the abstract principle but does not lose sight of actual concrete conditions:

"Let it be then taken for granted that the workman and employer should, as a rule, make free agreements, and in particular should agree freely as to wages; nevertheless, there underlies a dictate of natural justice more imperious and ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely that remuneration ought to be sufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage-earner."

A little later he says that a workman's wages should "be sufficient to enable him to maintain himself, his wife, and his children in reasonable comfort."

It is the simple truth to say that Leo XIII's Encyclical on Labor was an epochal pronouncement and that during the twenty-six years that have since elapsed it has profoundly influenced human thought in the matter of economic science as well as the trend of social legislation in all civilized countries. And this is not the less true even though multitudes affected by the great Pope's great Encyclical have forgotten or never knew the source from which recent economic inspiration is derived.

Though the Rerum Novarum might well be called the Magna Charta of the rights of Labor, it is a comprehensive and illuminating summary of the great principles of natural justice and equity that form or should form the very basis of the economic structure of Christian civilization. Its scope includes not alone the manual worker, but the employer, the capitalist, the individual, society, the State. The reciprocal rights and duties and responsibilities of all and each are duly considered. It must be read and re-read, studied and studied again before its masterly enunciation of fundamental principles can be appreciated or its sources of practical suggestiveness exhausted.

Under its old name Political Economy was known as the "dismal science"; now Sociology claims every human interest, for Leo XIII. has made clear that not the heartless and conscienceless considerations of the old science, but the eternal principles of Justice imperiously claim the first place in a science that is above all others predominantly human.

For this reason we welcome with great satisfaction a new work on Economics by Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University of America. It is another evidence that this great institution is worthily filling in the intellectual life of America its destined place as a centre of Catholic thought and Catholic influence.

The title of Dr. Ryan's book, "Distributive Justice," indicates the widened scope of the newer Political Science while the sub-title, "The Right and Wrong of Our Present Distribution of Wealth," while reminiscent of Adam Smith emphasizes the moral considerations which enter so largely into the more recent economic studies.

We shall next week give further consideration to this very important contribution to the solution of an all-important problem.

[Distributive Justice: The Right and Wrong of Our Present Distribution of Wealth. By John A. Ryan, D. D., Associate Professor of Political Science in the Catholic University of America; Professor of Economics at Trinity College; Author of "A Living Wage," "Alleged Socialism of the Church Fathers," Joint Author with Morris Hillquit of "Socialism: Promise or Menace?" The MacMillan Company, \$1.50.]

CONSCRIPTION

There has been a great deal of talk about Conscription in Canada. Curiously enough, Protestant clergymen in conference, synod or congress assembled were for a time very much preoccupied with the matter and passed resolution after resolution in favor of it. Many evidently fear such a law may soon be enacted. It may be instructive, therefore, to glance at the law as it stands.

Section 10 of the amended Militia Act as it stood before the War, reads as follows:

"All the male inhabitants of Canada of the age of eighteen and over and under sixty years, not exempt or disqualified by law and being British subjects, shall be liable to service in the militia, provided that the governor-general may require all the male inhabitants of Canada capable of bearing arms to serve in the case of a levy of men."

So that there is no doubt in the world that the Government has full and unrestricted power to "conscript" all native or naturalized citizens of Canada between eighteen and sixty years of age. The Government, not the Governor-General, has the power and the responsibility; for of course the Governor-General acts only by and with the consent of his responsible Ministers. Section 15 divides Canadians liable to serve into four classes: Class I, comprises the unmarried and widowers between eighteen and thirty; Class II, the unmarried from thirty to forty-five; Class III, those who are married, or widowers with children, from eighteen to forty-five, and Class IV, all between forty-five and sixty.

While the Act used to read as though the duties of the men so

called to arms were limited to Canadian territory, the Act was amended in 1904 and Section 69 now reads:

"The governor-in-council may place the militia or any part thereof on active service anywhere in Canada and also beyond Canada for the defense thereof at any time when it appears advisable to do so by reason of emergency."

It is quite evident that if the Governor-in-Council—that is the Government—should formally decide that the War, no matter where "beyond Canada" it may be fought, is for "the defense of Canada," the law as it stands gives full discretionary power to call out and send over seas practically every man in Canada.

That there may be conscription is therefore well within the bounds of possibility. There is no need of special legislation for the purpose. The law as it stands gives far greater powers than any one has even suggested invoking. But conscription does not meet with popular favor, therefore there will be no general conscription. A modified measure of compulsory military service is, however, much more probable. If both political parties agreed on any such measure the only real political objection to it would be removed. The responsibility for action or inaction in the premises lies, therefore, not with the government but with the people's representatives of both parties in Parliament.

But while agreement between the parties would make enforced enlistment politically possible it would still remain an open question whether such a measure would attain the object sought.

Some weeks ago the Detroit Journal, commenting on the influx of Canadians after paying generous tribute to the great debt Detroit owes Canadians, says:

"For this reason we welcome the 17,631 Canadians, mostly virile, independent, educated, aggressive, combative, upstanding young men strong in the principles of Christianity and of democratic self-reliance, who have come to Detroit from Ontario and the Northwest Provinces during the past year."

While a certain number of these would undoubtedly have gone across the line war or no war, there is little reason to doubt that the number was vastly increased by the fear of possible conscription. High as that number is the monthly average has been doubled since the National Service cards aroused anew the suspicion that compulsory military service was imminent. And Detroit is only one point on the four-thousand mile boundary line.

Without any desire to defend or excuse Quebec in the matter of recruiting we may permit ourselves to suggest that it might be a good thing for the English-speaking provinces of Canada to ascertain just how many native Canadians have enlisted and to what extent we are complacently—may boastfully—basking in the glory won for us by natives of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales who came to Canada since the census of 1911.

Examination of conscience is a wholesome exercise. But a national heart-searching after the War, or, during its continuance, the self-examination modelled on that of the Pharisee of the parable will not be of much practical value; and when all is said and done we may get very little consolation from the over-worked comparison with the French-Canadian publican.

AN IMPORTANT WORK

There is no more important work, no more intelligent exercise of enlightened Catholic charity than that indicated in the following request by the Catholic Truth Society, Toronto:

"The re-mailing department of The Catholic Truth Society of Canada is in urgent need of names of persons who are receiving Catholic newspapers and magazines, and who are willing to remain them read to families, who are not financially able to subscribe themselves, or who for some reason or another are not receiving any Catholic literature. The Society will also be glad to receive additional names of Catholics who cannot afford to subscribe for Catholic papers, or who are located in isolated districts where facilities for practicing their religion are poor. Every effort will be made to supply such families with reading matter regularly. Enquiries should be addressed to the Society's office, 67 Bond St., Toronto."

HOBBIES

Once upon a time, in conversation with a physician relative to a person whose mental condition rendered him a danger to himself if not to others, the son of Aesculapius pointed out to us that the law makes a distinction between illusions and delusions. A man may believe that the moon is made of green cheese. That is simply an illusion of which the law takes no cognizance. It is merely an indication of feeble-mindedness, and whatever legislation may be passed in regard to this disease among children, there is no intention of extending the enactments to the adult population. That would create a situation that would be too embarrassing. If, however, the individual is possessed of the idea that he can walk on water and attempts to give proof of his ability to do so; if he thinks that he is the Sultan of Turkey and arrogates to himself the right to have as many wives as he wishes; or if he believes that all governments are an abomination and that he has received from on high mandate to destroy them, and proceeds to fulfil his mission by blowing up some parliament buildings and removing some crowned heads, he is considered to be suffering from a delusion which renders him amenable to the law.

We are convinced that the same distinction should be made in regard to hobbies. It has been frequently pointed out that it is a good thing, especially for professional men such as clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and teachers, to have hobbies which would afford them opportunities for physical and mental recreation. We have no quarrel with this theory so long as the hobby partakes of the nature of an illusion, so long as the disease does not reach that acute stage in which the patient shows symptoms of delusion and becomes a nuisance if not a danger to others.

Some men have a hobby for raising poultry. Others keep bees and learn from them lessons of order and economy. Others, again, interest themselves in some rural industry. Apart from a slight financial sting, we foresee no great evils attendant upon these and similar avocations, nor any reason why the civil or ecclesiastical authorities should intervene in such cases.

But there is another class of hobbies that are not quite so harmless. If a person takes such persistent interest in one particular subject that he exaggerates its relative importance; and if this condition of mind influences him in the performance of his official duties, we think there should be some legal restraint put upon him. We would not suggest incarceration. We judge that the imposing of a fine would sufficiently satisfy the ends of justice. Professional men, more than others, are predisposed to this mild type of delusion. The autocratic position that they hold, each in his own sphere, exempts them from the repressive influences that are exercised on the ordinary man; and it may be that they fondly imagine that their mistaken zeal in one particular line of thought or action will accentuate their personality. An example will illustrate the particular type that we have here in view. We were present at the examination of a class by a school inspector, long since dead, whose hobby was the cultivation of the memory. Having ordered the class to close their books, the following dialogue ensued:

- Q. What is the first thing in the book? A. The Frontispiece. Q. What is the next thing? A. The Preface. Q. What lesson is at page 62? A. (Mirabile dictu!) One of the pupils answered correctly.) The White Ship. Q. This little boy: why was this ship called The White Ship? A. Please sir, because it was painted white. Q. Next little girl: who was the most important man on this ship? A. The captain, sir. Q. Next little boy: where did this ship go down? A. In the sea, sir.

We must confess that we took a secret pleasure in this unconscious meeting out of retributive justice on the part of the pupils to a representative of a generation of teachers from whom we have all suffered.

There is another species of so-called hobbies that are not only a nuisance but a positive danger to the well-being of the State and the salvation of souls. The clergyman who, either through malice or through some strange mental aberration, devotes his energies to misrepresenting the religious belief of others, and bearing false witness against his neighbor; the politician

or journalist whose stock in trade is racial appeals; the physician who has very pronounced objections to the right to existence of physically or mentally deficient infants, and puts his principles into practice in his official capacity; the eugenicist who is burning with the desire to inflict his fad upon the children of our schools; the agnostic professor who artfully insinuates into the minds of his pupils the poison of his false ideas relative to the most sacred doctrines and maxims of Christianity—all these are sometimes spoken of as having hobbies. This is certainly a misuse of the word. There are many serving life sentences in our penitentiaries who are less guilty in the sight of God than these men. THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

HISTORICAL literature in Ontario has received a notable addition in the publication within the past few weeks of "The Catholic Church in Waterloo County," by the Rev. Theobald Spetz, D. D., of St. Jerome's College, Kitchener. Dr. Spetz has long been a student of our ecclesiastical annals, and by his "History of St. Jerome's College," published in the summer of 1915 as a Golden Jubilee Number of The Schoolman, paved the way for his present more exhaustive work which is issued in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee of the Diocese of Hamilton. The fact that the book is issued as a memorial volume may to those who consider the outside of things only, seem to detract somewhat from its value as an historical work, but to those who on the other hand are not content with a superficial reading but burrow into its pages with the zest of the student, it will be seen that the reverend author has made a permanent contribution to the history of the Province.

DR. SPETZ begins his narrative with a brief description of Waterloo County, and its first settlement by Mennonites, or "Dutch" as they were popularly called, from the State of Pennsylvania. This was in the closing years of the eighteenth century. They took up land on the southern end of the Township along the Grand River, and when the initial difficulties of settlement were overcome, formed themselves into a company, called the "German Land Company," which subscribed the capital to redeem a mortgage which, unknown to them on their first arrival, lay like a wet blanket on the whole Township, and finally purchased the land outright. Dr. Spetz pays a notable tribute to these people as virtuous, kindly and industrious, and ready to welcome their Catholic fellow-countrymen, who, coming a quarter-of-a-century later, found several thriving villages and a peaceful and industrious population.

THE FIRST Catholic settler in Wilmot Township, in which is situated the village of St. Agatha, was Theobald Spetz, grandfather of the historian. Coming from Upper Alsace about 1827, he took up land midway between what are now the towns of Waterloo and St. Agatha. Through correspondence with friends at home, others of his fellow-countrymen followed him, and later, crossed the boundary into Wilmot Township, which to this day remains the centre of Catholic activity of Waterloo and adjoining counties. For Waterloo is not now the only county possessing German Catholic settlements. The descendants of the original settlers having, in keeping with the Scriptural injunction, increased and multiplied, have long since overflowed their original boundaries, and are to be found in large numbers in Bruce and Gray, and to some extent also in the North-Western part of the County of Wellington. The original immigrants were, says Dr. Spetz, almost without exception, splendid acquisitions, and in the century almost that has intervened, their descendants have maintained the high standard set by their progenitors.

IT WOULD BE impossible within the limits at our disposal, as well as a work of supererogation, to follow Dr. Spetz' narrative through all its intricacies of detail down to the present time. He takes the parishes one by one, sketches their first settlement as offshoots from the parent stem; their religious beginnings; the labors of the first missionaries and those of their successors; the erection of churches, convents and schools; and, with the pen of a discerning and sympathetic

artist, tells the story of struggle, endeavor and achievement which has characterized the lives of the earnest men and women who go to make up the splendid Catholic communities of Waterloo County today.

IT MAY BE news to some people that in the very centre of what is usually termed Protestant Ontario, there are communities as thoroughly Catholic, and characterized as fully by Catholic life, devotion and practice, as in any part of the adjoining Province of Quebec. In St. Agatha, for example, may be seen on each recurrent Feast of Corpus Christi, the Sacred Host borne through the village streets, and out through the waving fields of grain, bestowing a benediction upon devout worshippers and upon the fruits of the earth. And as the sweet notes of the Angelus ring out from many a church spire through the Township, men and women may be seen to bow the knee, and heard to raise the voice in prayer to God and to His Blessed Mother just as in French Canada or on the sunny slopes of the Austrian Tyrol, now, alas, so cruelly decimated by War. All this and more Dr. Spetz relates in simple, unaffected terms, and with every felicity of example and illustration.

AN INSPIRING chapter of Dr. Spetz' book is that in which he relates the labors and the journeyings of the pioneer Jesuit missionaries in Waterloo and adjoining counties. There were notable men amongst them—men who might have filled with distinction professional chairs in any European university. And they were as varied in nationality as in type or in personal characteristics. Fathers Caveng and Fruzzini were Swiss; Fritsch, a Bavarian; Holzer and Matoga, Austrians; Du Mortier, Blettner and Sorg, Frenchmen; while Fathers Ebnier and Elena came from the Austrian Tyrol, one of the most Catholic portions of Europe, the sweetness and simplicity of whose life, and the hospitality of whose inhabitants are the theme of every traveller. Among these missionaries, Father Holzer is certainly an outstanding figure. He practically broke the ground in Wilmot Township, and later, removing to Guelph, became the real founder of that flourishing community. He had been a classmate in his younger days, of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, whose ill-starred fate robbed him of a real friend and helper in his missionary enterprises. Father Holzer was a man of real eminence, whose life might fittingly form the theme of an extended biography.

A LEAF from the journeyings of Father Matoga, Father Holzer's colleague and fellow-countryman, through the settlements, German and otherwise, of Bruce and Grey counties, is in itself a sermon. This for example, not related in detail in Dr. Spetz' volume. Starting out from Guelph at the end of March, 1854, his first stop was at Pilkington on April 1st; at Nichol on the 2nd, Garafraxa the 3rd; in Proton on the 4th; Luther, the 7th and 8th; Minto the 9th; in Bentinck, the 10th; Normanby the 12th; in Bentinck again the 12th and 13th; Carrick, also, on the 13th; Culross, the 15th; Greenock, 15th and 16th; back to Culross on the 17th; Huron, 17th to 19th; Kincardine, the 20th; Brant, and back to Greenock, the 22nd; and so on, to Glenelg, Melancthon, Artemesia, Arthur, Owen Sound, and a dozen other places, and without returning to Guelph, off on the same road again. And when it is remembered that a large part of these journeys was made on foot their full significance may be realized. Afflicted on one of these journeys with some throat malady (diphtheria, Dr. Spetz opines,) about 30 miles from Guelph, he walked home and arrived there speechless, and so remained until his death a few days later.

DR. SPETZ also relates in generous detail the labors of Father Schneider (an Alsatian) and other scarcely less notable secular priests. Father Schneider had at one time been a Redemptorist, but, withdrawing from that Order, came to Canada in 1830. Almost his entire life as a missionary priest was spent in Western Ontario, and it was a very arduous and fruitful one. He is the founder of many of the most flourishing parishes, such as Goderich. He returned to France in 1868, and died at Vernaison, near Lyons, in 1880. Father Simon Sanderl, (also a Redemptorist, but who ended his life as a Trappist in Kentucky) Gib-

may, Messner, Wirath, and Mabert are other well-known names among the secular clergy, whose names are held in everlasting reverence.

THE CHAPTERS dealing with Dr. Spetz's own community, the Congregation of the Resurrection, brings us down to relatively modern times. The place occupied by these Fathers in the spheres both of missionary and educational work is too well-known to call for recapitulation. Their greatest achievement, St. Jerome's College, has, from the humblest beginnings, grown into the present splendid institution which is the pride of Waterloo county, and a constant benediction to its youth. The history of the college is sketched in the volume before us, but is told in greater fullness in the Golden Jubilee number of the College periodical. The Schoolman, above referred to. Father Louis Funcken, its founder, is a noteworthy figure not only in the annals of the Resurrectionists, but in the ecclesiastical history of Ontario. The story of his life is told in this volume with a fullness of detail which, in this respect, leaves little to be desired.

NOR THE least important part of the book is the catalogue of priests who have labored within the limits of what is now the Diocese of Hamilton. A list of this kind can never, in the nature of things reach absolute finality, but Dr. Spetz has gone pretty thoroughly over the ground, and by personal examination of parish registers, secured accurate details which could be had in no other way. The labor that it cost him to do this over so wide a section of country must have been very considerable, and future historians will devoutly thank him for his pains. Errors there are here and there, and necessarily some omissions. Of the latter a notable one is that of Father W. J. Doherty, S. J., for many years Superior at Guelph. Father Doherty was a distinguished man in any company, and as the builder of the great Church of Our Lady would, one would have supposed, have called for very special mention. His name does not appear anywhere in Dr. Spetz's book.

WHERE SO MUCH is so good it may seem invidious to find any fault. Needless to say we do so in no carping spirit. But the book throughout bears evidence of very careless proof-reading, and some slovenliness in detail. Names of priests are quite frequently misspelled or wrongly classified alphabetically. The Rev. Dominic Duranquet, for instance, one of the first band of Jesuits of the restored Society to come to Canada, appears under the "Cs" as Chardon Du Raquet. The well-known Father Lancaek appears as "Lanckae," and Timothy T. Kirwan as "Thomas." Likewise, Tongue, in Sutherlandshire, the birthplace of Rev. William McIntosh appears as "Tongoe, Sunderlandshire;" the Rebellion of 1837 is repeatedly referred to as of 1836; and the date of the foundation of Guelph, which was April 23rd (St. George's Day) 1827, is in one place given as April 1828, and in another as April 8rd, 1827. We query also, why the initials of the Society of Jesus should be given as "S. J. S." instead of the time honored S. J.?

THESE, HOWEVER, are errors of detail which can be remedied in future editions. The format and general typographical appearance of the volume might also be improved. The unequal division of chapters—some of them being not more than two or three lines—is not an agreeable feature and the particulars regarding fraternal societies and the like, (in our judgment out of place in a history), give it too much the character of a gazetteer. The abundance of half-tones also, and their arrangement detract somewhat from the excellence of the book.

NOTWITHSTANDING these superficial and incidental defects the fact remains that in this History of the Catholic Church in Waterloo County, Dr. Spetz has made the most considerable contribution to the Catholic historical literature of Ontario in twenty-five years. He has gone about his work in the spirit of a true student and has achieved an important result. We trust that his book will meet with a large sale and encourage him to pursue his labors further in the same direction. In any case it will ever stand as a monument to his zeal and devotion.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

Far and away beyond anything actually happening on sea or land so far as the War is concerned is the momentous declaration of Germany to prosecute against shipping belligerent or neutral bringing supplies to England or France a campaign of ruthless and relentless submarine warfare. No longer will there be even a pretence of observing the restrictions imposed by international law or by specific agreements with the United States. The avowed object is to starve Britain and her allies into submission. The British Government is confident that means have been provided to cope successfully with this new development which of course was not unforeseen. Nevertheless the world enters on the most anxious and critical stage of the great war.

Actual War operations on all fronts are overshadowed by speculation as to the action to be taken by the United States and other neutral powers, respecting the new submarine frightfulness of Germany. President Wilson spent yesterday afternoon consulting with the members of Congress at the Capitol. Unofficial statements intimate that most of the Representatives and Senators with whom he took counsel were in favor of an immediate breach with Germany. Some correspondents intimate that Bernstorff will be given his passports today. The more conservative express the view that the President will not take precipitate action, but will either wait for an actual offence against neutral rights at sea under the new German regulations or will make another formal demand that neutral vessels shall not be attacked without warning, and that they shall not be sunk unless they carry supplies which under the laws of nations can reasonably be regarded as contraband.

The smaller neutrals will trim their sails according to the course set by the United States. Dutch papers are gravely apprehensive that Holland will yet be drawn into the war. The economic life of Holland depends on overseas communications, and the new German regulations will make havoc of all Holland's maritime commerce. Norway also feels the pinch. The mail steamers which have sailed daily between Norway and England stopped running yesterday, and the Norwegian Postoffice has declined to accept mails for the United States, as both the direct route and that by way of England are closed. There is an exceedingly acute shortage of coal in Norway. Stores and public places of assemblage, churches and light buildings are cutting down in lighting, and theatres and moving picture houses are permitted to open only twice a week. All this with the object of saving coal.

Spain also is seriously affected by the German regulations. The Ministry is not disposed to discuss the situation publicly, but it is known that a conference has been held with the Ambassador of the United States, and that a movement is afoot for united action on the part of all the neutrals whose overseas interests and whose manufacturing and mercantile affairs at home are seriously menaced by the action of Germany. In preparation for the spring campaign it is proposed to mobilize the entire population of both sexes in France between the ages of sixteen and sixty, assigning to all citizens the duties most required by the State of which they are capable. Three hundred and fifty thousand men rejected for various reasons for military service are to be re-examined, and it is believed that 100,000 of these will be found fit for the front. Germany also is straining every nerve to add to her resources in men. It is stated in despatches from The Hague that 60,000 additional Belgians are to be deported and used in industrial establishments in Germany so that a corresponding number of Germans may be released for service at the front. The impending declaration of martial law in Brussels and the districts round about is believed to be a preliminary to the new deportations—Globe, Feb. 3.

A BRAVE GIRL

Tessie McNamara, a brave little Jersey lass, saved the lives of fourteen hundred men at the Kingsland explosives manufactory and sent them home whole and happy to their wives and children.

Tessie is just a telephone girl but no novel ever held a truer heroine. It all happened in a few minutes—for explosives have a habit of not waiting long.

Tessie was at the telephone switchboard in the big munitions plant near Passaic when she noticed a wisp of smoke curling from building 30. The Canadian Car and Foundry Company have just 30 buildings in their plant and No. 30 was the storage shed for the gasoline.

Fire in the gasoline shed meant inevitably, and in a few minutes fire and explosion which would leap from one storehouse to another of high explosives and shells filled to the muzzle with death and destruction.

Tessie's switchboard communicated with every building in the plant. And Tessie, fearless of the death that was hovering ever nearer coolly phoned to each building, warn-

ing the employees to run for their lives. Great bursts of flame gushed like geysers of fire from building after building—dense smoke enveloped the ruins, whilst explosions which terrified the great metropolitan city miles away rent the air and shook the earth. Shed No. 28 with 75,000 shells for Russia crashed against the heavens. Red hot fragments of shells fell like a rain of fire around the frightened girl. They tore through the roof and hissed their message of death on the floor around her.

But every building of the immense plant had been called and warned. The men were safe.

And then the brave little girl, overwhelmed by excitement, fainted. But the firethought of her and found her unconscious, her fingers still clutched the switchboard. They hurried her to the zone of safety and just now people in New Jersey are not talking about Von Hindenburg or Joffre or Cadorna, but about red-headed and brave hearted Tessie McNamara—True Voice.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

PREPARED FOR SUBMARINE PERIL

IRISH QUESTION SOLVING ITSELF

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Central News)

London, February 3.—While President Wilson's address to the Senate has virtually receded into the background, his words "Peace Without Victory" continue to stick in the throats of most people, especially at a moment when everybody here, both in civil and military life, believe that Germany will never be brought to her senses until decisively defeated and that the Allies are now approaching the zenith of their strength while Germany is approaching the nadir of her hopes. These things seem to give confidence in the successful outcome of the Allied advance in the coming spring.

It is noted by independent critics that President Wilson's terms of peace resemble very closely the terms of the Entente Allies. However, there is a belief on the part of some, that President Wilson should demand Germany's definition of her terms while others even hint that he has these terms already in his pocket. Three things here stand out in relief. First, the full realization of the submarine peril; second, the necessity of meeting it by a new naval strategy; thirdly, the necessity of confronting its worse possibilities by increased food production and lessened food consumption.

Although Parliament meets in a few days little interest is taken in domestic politics except that everybody hails with pleasure the success of Speaker Lowthers in getting a conference of men of all shades of opinion to agree to a reasonable compromise on the most vexed question of suffrage and, except by suffragettes of the extreme type, most of the proposals including the introduction of the principle of proportional representation are approved and probably soon will be enacted into law.

Ireland is true to her history; she is once more giving us a big surprise. If there were anything in the world which I thought certain, it was that there could never be any attempt to solve the Home Rule problem in its early stages of existence, it was that it must begin with the partial and temporary partition of Ulster. Two things had become clear in the welter of contradictions during the last five years—first that the Ulster Orangemen would not touch a Home Rule Parliament in Dublin, and secondly that if they did not want to enter into such a Parliament, no British Ministry would ever be found which would force them into it by guns and bullets.

The second proposition still remains good. It is nothing but the stupid blindness to facts that can leave any Irishman in doubt as to the fact that no Orangeman will ever be shot by a British soldier by way of getting him to go to Dublin for his Parliament. I go further, and say that there is no sane and far-seeing Irishman who would desire if the soldiers and bullets could be got against the recalcitrant Irish Orangemen, that even an Irish Government would be justified in using them. That would indeed be the true partition and the permanent partition, for it would dig a new gulf of blood and hate between the two races and the two creeds, and would, therefore, drive the sections of the population farther apart than ever.

But on the other hand, the first proposition, namely that the Orangemen could never be got to go to a Parliament in Dublin, may require revision. I held to that opinion strongly—and even vehemently—and therefore I was strongly in favor of the Lloyd George proposals though there was such a strong hostility to these proposals in so many sections of Irish opinion. I was strengthened in this view by the fact that so much of the hostility—though by no means all—was due to dishonesty, to the spirit of faction, to the desire then widespread, and the hope then strongly held, that the Constitutional movement, the Irish Party and Home Rule could be destroyed under the mask of super-patriotism.

I must avow that my views have been falsified by recent events, and that now it has become possible to

regard as feasible the establishment of an Irish Parliament, not for a part of Ireland but for all Ireland. It is difficult to trace all the many factors which have combined to bring about this extraordinary transformation in the Irish situation. The first factor, of course, in this as in everything else now in Great Britain, is the War. Here America plays a part. All the really serious statesmen in the Cabinet have recognized for a long time that so long as the Irish problem remained unsettled, it was impossible to get the whole-hearted support of America; and the same statesmen did not require recent events to bring home to their minds what an immense peril to the Allies a hostile or semi-hostile America would be to them in the War, and equally what an immense addition to their strength would be their whole-hearted support. President Wilson's note, regarded universally here as a point for Germany—though nobody doubted the good will and the honesty of the President—helped to make people here realize the importance of America's part in the final result of the War.

Then there was the drying up of all recruiting in Ireland, especially since the Rebellion. This was felt the more because recently the War correspondents have been allowed, indeed encouraged, to depart from the insane policy imposed on the press in the days of Lord Kitchener—the policy of giving as little mention as possible of the deeds of individual most heroic deeds of the Irish regiments was one of the many factors that went to make up the Rebellion. Thus you have in juxtaposition in the London papers some accounts of glowing deeds of arms by the Irish soldier and the lament that this incomparable material has for the moment been lost to the British Army. That is one of the reasons why Lloyd George has constantly insisted that the settlement of the Irish question was a great and a necessary War measure.

How is the insoluble to be solved? How are the Orangemen to be got to do that which they have vowed so often they will never do? Here, curiously enough, a fact common to both North and South comes in. It was the weakness of the electoral arrangements under the existing Home Rule Act that representation was given in excess to the agricultural constituencies. It was another weakness that in the South, the Unionists, some quarter of a million in number, were left with only two members for the Irish House of Commons—the two members for the Dublin University. If the partition scheme had been carried out these Protestants would have been deprived of the immense support, both in numbers and in quality, which they would have received from their co-religionists in the North. Now nobody in Ireland wants an Irish Parliament, dominated, monopolized, by the farmers, or indeed by any other single class of the community. Farmers have very great virtues; they form the stable foundation of the state; but they have their weaknesses and one is a certain unwillingness to open their purse strings for the benefit of other classes. And in Ireland, in particular, there are many classes outside the farmers who demand the immediate and the generous attention of an Irish Parliament. Dublin is in parts a city of underpaid labor in sium dwellings; it was there that the anarchists who precipitated the recent rebellion were able to get their fiercest recruits. No Irish Parliament which was not prepared to spend money on the housing problem of the Irish towns would be doing its duty.

This leads to the position that it would be desirable in the interests of all classes in Ireland, that there should be larger representation of the towns than is given in the Home Rule Act. But if that principle were applied, it would enable the farmers of the new Home Rule scheme to give much additional representation to Ulster. For Orange Ulster, though largely agricultural, is also the seat of a large number of towns; and in Belfast with its huge and growing population, it has a claim for very large representation. By the application of the principle to all Ireland of larger representation for the urban areas, it would be possible to give such enlarged representation to Orange Ulster as would give them many additional safeguards against that bogey of an overwhelming Catholic majority which has been so potent a cause of their apprehensions and their hostility.

Side by side with other movements towards a united Ireland, there is the growing opposition to it of the Southern Unionists. Their leaders who are sane and responsible have, over and over again pronounced against partition. Among the prominent Unionist leaders who have done so, I may mention the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin—a man universally respected for his piety, his learning and his sterling Irish feeling. The Protestant Bishop of Tuam—always an avowed friend of the Roman Catholics and an ardent Irishman—has spoken again and again in favor of a united Ireland. One other factor I must add. It has always been a moot point whether the policy of partition was inspired from Belfast or from London. Belfast business men have never shown any particular affection for it; their ties with the rest of Ireland in business are too keen and too valuable. It was probably recommended to them by the Tory leaders in England as the most effective weapon in opposing Home Rule. But Home

Rule is on the Statute Book and cannot be recalled. It is possible that this may cause some reconsideration of the question.

It must be understood that I throw these things out not as representing a policy decided, even discussed, between political leaders. They are ideas in the air; up to the present no consultations have taken place.

FATHER FORSTER

A SKETCH OF THE PRESIDENT OF ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

(By W. E. Kelly, K. C., in The Canadian Magazine)

Students of the High school at Simcoe, Ontario, a little more than a quarter of a century ago, will recall the dark-haired, brown-eyed freshman somewhat diminutive in stature, then known as "Frank," who was ushered up from a district school with all the seriousness and application that usually attend the youth similarly favored from the outset. That youth is now the Reverend Father Forster, president of Assumption College, Sandwich.

The picture is still before us of a boy who seemed always enjoying life to the full, who laughed heartily, played football vigorously, handed in his exercises with scrupulous attention to neatness and developed the provoking capacity of inevitably gaining the highest marks in examination. Published examination reports seem to indicate that this latter failing pursued him throughout his career as a student.

The first year in a High school lends few opportunities for leadership, and still there was something irresistible about the manner of this boy, the smallest in his class, and even the wise and dignified members of the second form found themselves yielding to his contentions and views upon matters under dispute. His rapid rise from one important position to another has not taken any of us by surprise. To hear that at the beginning of his professional career and at a time when the rest of us were thinking of settling down to the seriousness of life, he had been appointed head of a Southern States college was just as might be expected. His recall a few years later to the presidency of his own college in Sandwich followed as a matter of course. This institution had had a most successful past. Many of its graduates are numbered among the influential men of Western Ontario, Michigan and Ohio. It was generous of those older men who had added years of valuable experience to all the greatness with which their alma mater had endowed them to look with favor upon the boy president. They really hoped the good work would go on. It was the age of young men and there was no telling how near earnestness and attention to duty might come to maintain the prestige begotten of previous success. Less than a decade of years has passed, and the same devoted admirers of former traditions speak with pride of college buildings, almost doubled in extent, of an equipment increasing, multiplying constantly, of a staff becoming more and more efficient, of a complete reorganization of the curriculum and methods of discipline, of testimonials in the highest form any educational institution can lay claim to, as well as the confidence of its patrons.

It is one of his early friends who stands responsible for the following: "If I were asked to say what is the distinctive characteristic of Frank Forster, I should answer an incapacity to admit the existence of an obstacle." Difficulties there may be in abundance, but difficulties exist only to be overcome. If you have a hundred acres of land covered with pine stumps, you have only to remove the stumps to have a farm. No small undertaking, you will answer, perhaps, but no man would allow a difficulty to stand between him and the object of his ambition. I remember an amusing evidence of this disposition in his early school days. A teacher, whose name is sacred, had a hobby. It cost his pupils an immense expenditure of time and energy upon the very uninviting task of committing to memory long lists of words which were produced as exceptions to certain rules of grammar. Class after class approached this stage in dread and horror, accepted the task under protest, but submitted to the inevitable. There was absolutely no hope of relief; the venerable man clung to his pet scheme in defiance of all opposition. Frank Forster had seen something of it, and decided upon a private interview. Like Smike, he dared. Not at all baffled by the extreme indifference with which this dignified personage treated his youthful visitor, he held his seat and with calm determination advanced one argument after another until the good man certainly saw his hobby as others saw it. Forever afterwards pupils of that class were liberated from this drudgery.

I am told that experiences much more daring are matters of common occurrence with Father Forster in his present position. All who have taken part in the management of a boarding school profess a readiness to face anything in the ordinary round of difficulties with one slight exception—the irrepressible solicitude of the all-wise mother insisting upon relaxations and modifications of the rule in behalf of her much indulged boy, with the less enthusiastic father pressed into service as an auxiliary. The world has not heard how many boarding school presidents have

proved unequal to the task. Nor has the world perhaps realized that the oft-deplored relaxation gradually taking hold during the past quarter of a century due in great measure to the persistent entreatings of one parent after another, urging every consideration for that "only boy" on earth.

The President of Sandwich has had those parents to deal with also. Their story has been listened to with a patience so untiring and courteous as apparently to guarantee compliance with every request put forward. A long time was necessary to deliver the answer, and it was nothing less than a heroic attempt to reverse for all the time to come the parents' views regarding the needs of their precious boy. It was not a matter of refusing assent, much less an honest effort to adjust a present conflict of opinion, but the eradication of an abuse so completely as to prevent its ever appearing again. From Father Forster's viewpoint, no other measure, of course, could be considered.

It is altogether within the range of probability that some day when the Department of Education will have said "take a chair" to this almost unknown colleague they will soon after discover that a long interview is in prospect, because the caller is there intending nothing less than to convince that distinguished body of the unreasonableness of certain favorite measures which many schools throughout the province are respecting under protest. Nor need we be surprised to hear soon after that the Superintendent of Education has come to look upon the aforesaid regulations as provisions which have outlived their usefulness.

Blessed with a splendid physical constitution, Father Forster is taxing it to the very limit. Equally at home in the pulpit, conducting a class of higher mathematics, discussing business propositions in tens or hundreds of thousands, enforcing the discipline requisite to a large residential institution, climbing to the highest point of the roof to account for a leakage, inquiring into new schemes for developing the possibilities of the college farm, his round of duties precludes all hope of leisure. There is no day in which he is not engaged in several of these; there is no season when such a novelty as a holiday can be ever dreamed of. I believe it is on record that he was absent one summer vacation on a business trip to Europe. Authorities do not agree how much ground was covered within those few weeks, but it seems generally admitted that sight-seeing was tolerated after business hours. It is only busy men who have any time to spare; this principle must have guided the society in their choice of a general manager in addition to the ever multiplying duties incumbent upon the head of a large and growing institution.

Readers invited to interest themselves in a career are usually given to inquire about formative influences. To such, since High school takes the credit of contributing a year or two in this instance. No doubt other centres of learning and influence did their share also. But it might be fairly questioned whether the result be very different if neither High school nor college had lent a hand to his education. The history of most men, it is true, depends upon opportunity; but there are few men of achievement for the explanation of whose success we do not look further back and forward than to the years spent in institutions of learning. On a large farm a few miles out of town nine or ten sons were brought up understanding their duty to God and fellowman and knowing from early years the value of habits of industry and faithfulness to duty. They learned how to do everything that had to be done; then attempted many things that had not to be done. Any boy who had held his own with eight or nine keen, vigorous, enterprising brothers, will likely meet men in after life with equal assurance and urbanity. All the members of this excellent family and among them a highly esteemed church rector located in this district not many years ago, one after another have won in their respective callings the success which sterling character, ready compliance with duty and practical efficiency alone can secure. A mother gone to her reward, a father whose slower step and diminishing frame record four-score years and more, did their part and did it well.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

THE GOOD SEED

The entrance of a parish priest from the Philadelphia Archdiocese into the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll, followed by the publication of a book dedicated to Maryknoll by another parish priest in San Francisco, indicates the growing popularity of the American Foreign Mission Seminary, a body organized, directed, and largely sustained by secular priests.

The San Francisco priest is Rev. Joseph McQuaide, Ph. D., rector of the Sacred Heart Church, and widely known, not only in San Francisco, but along the Pacific Coast, as elsewhere in this country. Father McQuaide has seen the Orient. He served as a chaplain in China during the Boxer Movement, and has interest in the possibility of American Catholic Missionary enterprise in intense.

His book, "With Christ in China," will undoubtedly find a large circle of readers, and win many a Catholic heart to the foreign mission cause, which even yet has hardly affected

the Catholic conscience of this country.

THE LAY APOSTOLATE IN AFRICA

Albert Randrianari John is a black catechist working under Father Delpeuch, S. J., of Madagascar. That missionary in the last issue of the Echo from Africa gives an example of the wonderful transformations being wrought right along by his humble lay helper. "Ankazo is a small locality north of Nandibizana. There was a little group of Christians in the place, who up to the time we are writing about had not made much progress either in increase of numbers or in the knowledge of their catechism. The community had even been erased from the list of our posts prior to my coming to Ambohidratrina. I tried to revive them, but accomplished very little until Albert was requested by the community for the space of two months. He went and gave catechetical instructions according to his usual method—two classes a day and personal visits to the families in the intervals between."

"After two months time we held examinations with the result that 21 adults were admitted to baptism and 29 to first Communion. The work of preparation had been thoroughly done. A retreat of three days as an immediate preliminary to first Communion was most consolating."

"During the two months of his stay Albert has in addition put a new roof on the church and painted two pictures for it gratis. Summing up his labors I can say he completely transformed this community, which is now actually filled with the Christian spirit." These catechists get an average \$40 a year for the support of themselves and family.

Address subscriptions for the "Echo from Africa" 50 cents a year, the "Negro Child" 25 cents a year, cancelled stamps of rare denominations, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, etc., (write for directions), tin foil, old jewelry and other donations to American Headquarters of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver for the African Missions, Fullerton Bldg., 7th & Pine Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

"I HAVE NO LOVER ON THE BATTLEFIELD"

I have no lover on the battlefield, I do not go with sickening fear at heart, And when the crier calls the latest horror, I do not start. I have no lover on the battlefield, I am exempt from terror of the night. I can lie down serene and unregarding Until the light.

But on the battlefield had I a lover, How life would purge itself of petty pain— And what would matter all the petty losses, The petty gain?

I should be one with those who suffer greatly, With pain all pain above; And I should know, then, beyond peradventure, The heart of love!

—JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE, in N. Y. Times

All sorrow can help to create in us a clean heart and to renew a right spirit within us. Sorrow born of adversity may cleanse the heart from much that mars character, and through it a right spirit of sympathy, love and charity may be reborn within us. The sorrow that tears the heart when loved ones depart oft cleans the heart from worldliness. Our thoughts follow them Godward, and thus within us is reborn a right spirit of faith in Him Who is with us when we pass through the valley of the shadow of death.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses. Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER.

Table listing names and amounts: Previously acknowledged, \$9,886 40; Mrs. M. Gunn, Seaforth, 1 00; A Friend, St. John, 2 00; Miss M. Major, Perth, 2 00; E. Benson, Midland, 3 00; Pte. Geo. B. Hammond, London (Eng.), 1 00; Children of Dickinson's Landing, 4 00; Mrs. L. J. McEachen, Inverness, 5 00; J. Bridgeman, Rockingham, 5 00; A Friend, Maryland, 2 00; A Friend, Maryland, 2 00; M. A. M., Charlottetown, 2 00; Fred Gilbert, Kenora, 25 00; Midland, Ont., 5 00.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.
EXAMPLE OF ST. PAUL, THE WORKER

Last Sunday the Gospel impressed upon us the necessity of working to get to heaven—the labourers called to the vineyard—and to-day in the Epistle, we have the example of the great worker St. Paul set before us—the worker who cried out the moment of his conversion: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6); the worker who owns, "I have laboured more abundantly than all they."

We have to be saved as well as St. Paul; but recalling his example stir our hearts up to be willing and anxious to work for God! Now, what was the secret of the earnestness, that carried him through such labours, journeys, perils, preachings, persecutions? Why did he work so hard?

Because he valued the grace of God—the grace which had singled him out. Others had been passed over, but the persecutor had been chosen for an apostle! Guilty of the death of St. Stephen, breathing forth vengeance against the disciples as the very moment the disciples at the very moment of his conversion, yet he was called!

Because he valued the grace of God, which made all things work to his good. The very fact, even, that he had been a Pharisee and a persecutor made his preaching the Name of Jesus all the more wonderful, and aroused the interest, the faith, the enthusiasm, of his hearers. Even that he was a Roman citizen procured him the chance of preaching Christ in the Eternal City.

Because he valued the grace of God by which heaven was secured to him. "That being justified by His grace, we may be heirs, according to the hope of life everlasting." (Titus iii. 7.)

And another reason why he laboured so unwearily was this, because of the years he had wasted. He wanted to make up for the past. How he would regret that he had not known our Blessed Lord! Others had heard the words of Christ and seen His miracles; others, like Peter and Andrew and John, had been with Him, called, and chosen, and taught, and filled with the Spirit of the Saviour; and, meanwhile, Saul, wise in his own conceit, filled with the pride of the Pharisees, had scorned the new Teacher, who went about doing good to all. The Pharisees had to own that the whole world was gone after Christ, yet Saul had disdained to approach and listen. Oh! those years that had been wasted!

And, worse still, the evil he had done! He had been more bitter against the disciples than anyone else. He was consenting to the death of Stephen. "Saul made havoc of the Church, entering in from house to house, and dragging away men and women, committed them to prison," says St. Luke. (Acts vii. 3.) No wonder, then, St. Paul laboured, hurried, pressed on, filled with remorse and anxiety for the days he had not known Christ.

Let us turn from St. Paul to ourselves. He worked, because he valued the grace of God. We do not work, because we do not value that same grace. He was singled out and chosen, so have we been. There are countless better people than we are, who have not the gift of faith, who have not been called to be God's own true children.

And how God's grace has made all things work for our good—even our sufferings, poverty, sickness, death of those dear to us! All these have happened to us to check us in our evil ways, to recall us to the service of God, to win us back to Christ, who alone can heal the stricken heart. And God's grace, poured out upon our souls by the Sacraments, makes it so easy if we only would, to be saved.

And do not past wasted years urge us on? No; it is too unpleasant to look back, and to shut our eyes, and try not to remember our neglect, our infidelities to God. Those wasted years might now be made a powerful motive to urge us on to work. Think of them, beg God's pardon, and resolve to be up and doing. If not, they will rise up against us at the end and call for our condemnation.

To get to heaven we must work. Make up your minds to that, at once and generously. Then, how must we work? "Blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it." (Luke xi. 28.) God's real glory is our obeying Him through love. So let each of us seek His will and do it, and work it out day after day. Prayer is the work, and regular attendance at church is the work, and forgiving our neighbours, and keeping the commandments. Oh, the work is ready to our hand! Do it for the love of God.

If we have not the courage to act up to grace, to give our hearts to God, to please Him and work for Him, ask St. Paul to help us. He, who converted so many thousands by his preaching, can convert us by his prayers. And his example is preaching to us yet. If we need a friend to help us, in whom can we rely more surely than on St. Paul? If we are converts to the faith, we have a special claim upon him. If we wish to make up for years mispent and wasted, he will make us zealous. Remind him how he laboured, congratulate him on his reward from the faithful Lord, and humbly, earnestly ask him to win us over, and bring in another soul to God.

TEMPERANCE

"DANGER; GO SLOW"

We noticed an odd combination recently on one of the excavated streets of a city. The old residences and stores had been torn down to make room for a garage and progress which the excavated street demanded. The first new business place to open for trade was a saloon, although the only trade possible was from the passengers to and from the few car lines that had begun to operate. There were no transient customers, for the pavements had been removed. The sign before the door of the saloon was conspicuously displayed: "Bar Open;" and directly in front of the saloon was another sign which had been placed by the car company: "Danger; Go Slow." The public could infer, without any stretch of the imagination, that the warning had a close connection with the open bar. And how true it is! If before every bar there were in brilliant colors, with electric surroundings, the words that have been verified in every part of the world: "Danger; Go Slow," how many noble characters might have been turned aside from the path of ruin and degradation! How many ruined homes might have been preserved the reign of peace and joy! How many unhappy wives might have been linked to domestic honor and happiness! How many impoverished, ill-fed, degraded children might have been saved from the awful gulf of misery and want, and from the prisons and reformatories of the country!

The experience of ages has proven that for the one who can guard his appetite and moderate his craving for drink under the seductions of the open bar, thousands are daily sinking lower and lower, becoming confirmed victims of drink, and offering the homage of their lives to Alcohol, the great and powerful King of the Day.

And what is astonishing is the fact that not one of those victims intended to become a victim of alcohol, not one had the least knowledge that he was in any danger. He was becoming a drunkard without his knowledge, and without his consent. Little by little, slowly insidiously, the craving grew, and the demon of drink placed his claws gently at first, then firmly and secretly, upon the heart of his victim, and claimed him for his own. There was no need of haste. Drink is the great instrument of the devil, the instrument that renders the subject fit to commit any offense against the law of God. It suffices for him that the soul is finally vanquished, the appetite confirmed, the victim enchained.

The duration of a human life is not too long for this result. The devil has an eternity in which to enjoy his triumph.—Catholic Temperance Advocate.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING RING

Joseph Huselein, S. J., in America

Three scenes are intimately related in the mind of the Church. Far back in the golden dawn of human history the first is laid, when from the side of the sleeping Adam, from a member close to the beating of his heart, woman was formed. And God brought her to him, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, that they might be inseparably united. Wherefore was man to leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, and they were to be "two in one flesh."

The second scene, of which the first was the symbol and type, has for its background the darkened sky round the mound of Calvary, where the world's great tragedy was enacted. There, from the opened side of the Second Adam, cast in the sleep of death, the Church was created, Christ's mystic Spouse, holy and without blemish, to be forever His glorious Bride. In that union between the Divine Bridegroom and His Spouse the world was to possess for all times the model of the perfect bond between man and woman.

The third scene, like the first, is a symbol of this union of Christ with the Church. Yet it is no mere symbol, but an efficacious sign of the life of grace. Its background is the lighted altar, with the white-vested priest, prepared to offer up in an unbloody manner the same tremendous Sacrifice that took place on Calvary. In the foreground, at the altar steps, are the Christian bridegroom and his bride. Not a mere civil contract, not a tie to be lightly formed and as lightly broken, but a lasting and inviolable bond is the union effected there. It is a solemn pact witnessed not merely by men, but by God and His Holy Angels, and recorded for all eternity in the registry of heaven, with sacred obligations to posterity and to the Church.

From the opening of His public ministry Our Divine Lord manifested His deep concern for the sanctity of the marriage bond. "The beginning of miracles" took place at a nuptial feast in Cana of Galilee. Here, too, the Mother of Christ appeared in her great role as intercessor with her Son. "Even from that day forth," wrote Pope Leo XIII, "it seemed as if the beginning of a new holiness had been conferred on human marriage." Christ it was who, thereafter saved woman from the degradation of polygamy and from the heartless rejection on the part of man by restoring to its primal purity the marriage bond and sweep-

ing away forever the bill of divorce. So through Him did woman achieve her true emancipation.

But the greatest gift that Christ bestowed on her in married life was to raise marriage itself to the dignity of a Sacrament of the New Law. He has done so in reality we know beyond doubt. Such is the tradition of the Universal Church, such is the doctrine of the Councils and the evidence of the earliest liturgies of the East and West which even call it in express terms a "Sacrament of the living." Such is the testimony of St. Augustine when he ranks Christian marriage with the Sacraments of Baptism and Holy Orders. (De Bono Coniugii). Such is the teaching clearly intimated in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians.

The words of the great Apostle, referring to Christian marriage as a "sacrament," might well perhaps be taken in a broader meaning were it not for the sense of the entire context. Christian marriage, as he describes it, is a sacred and mysterious symbol of the union of Christ with His Church; it is a faithful representation of the relations existing between the Divine Bridegroom and His mystic Bride, mirrored in the relations between husband and wife. The marriage of Adam and Eve in Paradise was a symbol of this union; but Christian marriage was to be something even greater. The rites of the Old Testament were, in the words of the Apostle to the Galatians, "weak and needy elements"; but this is clearly distinct from them, more than they: "This is a great sacrament." Unlike them it is therefore not an empty sign, but an efficacious sign of the life of grace, or, in other words, a true sacrament. Well might Tertullian exclaim in the second century of the Christian era: "How can we describe the happiness of those marriages which the Church ratifies, the Sacrifice strengthens, the blessing seals, the Angels publish and the Heavenly Father propitiously beholds!" (Ad Uxorem.)

AN ITEMIZED STATEMENT

OF THE FULL CATHOLIC TEACHING

Catholics believe in the Trinity: in other words, that God exists in three divine Persons; they believe in the Incarnation of the Son of God, and hence in the Divinity of Christ. They accept the whole Bible, from cover to cover as containing God's revealed word. They believe that Holy Scripture ceases to be God's word when wrongly interpreted. They believe in Original Sin; they believe that Christ instituted baptism to remove Original Sin and to impart a new birth, or supernatural life to the soul; and that He instituted six other sacraments to sustain and strengthen the spiritual life or to restore it when lost through sin. They believe that Christ empowered His Apostles and their successors, through another sacrament, to remove sins committed by people after their baptism; they believe that Christ gave His real Flesh and Blood to His Apostles at the Last Supper, and that He empowered them and their successors to communicate Him to His followers. They believe in the immortality of the soul, a place of eternal reward, and another place of eternal punishment. They believe that the grace of God gives them to realize in their holy bond this sublime resemblance of the union between Christ and His Church, are clearly explained by St. Paul. In words replete with tenderness and surpassing in beauty all that poets have sung of the sacred flame of human love, the great Apostle thus describes the obligations of the Christian husband:

"Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the church, and delivered Himself up for it: that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life; that He might present to Himself a glorious church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish. So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever hated his own flesh; but nourisheth it and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the church: because we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. Could there be a closer intimacy, a greater tenderness, a more delicate affection, a sweeter solicitude than that which is here prescribed as the husband's duty towards his wife? Christ loved the Church even to delivering Himself up for her to the death of the Cross; such is the ideal of that love the Christian husband is taught to cherish towards his wife. Her virtue is to be sacred to him as the sanctity of the Church is dear to Christ. He is to aid her to preserve the splendor of her soul in its spiritual beauty that it may flourish in a perpetual youth, which the years can never steal away, though her outward charms should wither like the flowers they resemble. To attain to this perfection of devotion, rendered to the creature for the sake of the Creator, the grace of the Sacrament will never fail him. Verily this is a great Sacrament, in Christ and in the Church.

But woman, too, has her duties to perform. As the Church is subject to Christ, so is she to her husband in true love and fidelity. He is "the head of the wife" by the law of creation and by the express will of God, but in such wise "as Christ is the head of the Church." Her subjection is not ultimately to man, but "to the Lord," whom she beholds in her husband as every Christian sees Him in all rightful authority, rendering cheerful obedience for the love of God. Such subjection is the highest glory of the Christian man and woman. His supreme examples are Christ Himself and His Virgin Mother. Clear and explicit, again, are the words of St. Paul: "Let women be subject to their husbands, as to the Lord: because the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the Church.

He is the Saviour of his Body. Therefore as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let wives be to their husbands in all things."

A great difference is indicated here between the headship of Christ and of the husband. Christ is the "Saviour of His Body," the Saviour of the Church. Such the husband can never be in regard to the wife. Her soul equally with his is the direct creation of God. His authority extends to the things pertaining to domestic government, and in so far as the comparison applies. Only for the pagan wife can subjection become an indignity, in so far as she obeys man alone and not God. Hence the agitation and the clamor of modern paganism for "emancipation" from domestic government. Not such is the subjection of love on the part of the Christian woman, repaid by the devotion of love bestowed on her by her Christian spouse.

Enlightened and strengthened by the Spirit of God, woman must make it her task to preserve and perfect in her husband the image of Christ. She will understand his weakness only that she may save him from a fall. She will perceive the nobility of his soul that she may daily point out to him the opportunities for Christian service and evermore inspire him to mount to the exalted heights of Christian manhood, while she seeks to realize in herself the perfection of Christian womanhood. She will pray with him and watch with him that together they may attain to the ideal made possible for them both by the grace of this great Sacrament. So will the image of Christ stand forth revealed in the souls of both. They will not live now, but Christ in them, that of two there shall be only one flesh, one soul, one Christ, who is above all and in all. The Lord alone will they serve and love. Such is the meaning of the golden wedding ring the Christian bridegroom places upon the finger of the Christian bride.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MAN WHO OVERESTIMATES HIMSELF

It is a good thing to have sufficient self-confidence, but a bad thing to have too much of it. The man who thinks that he knows more than he can do, is apt to get some bad bumps before experience teaches him his limitations. And, unfortunately, he is apt to bring trouble on others as well as himself while he is learning his lesson.

You're a wedge trying to make a start at the wrong end; you expect to find an opening which will fit your egotism instead of your capacity.

The sooner you taper down to circumstances, the quicker you'll taper up to circumstances.

You want to begin at the place where others are content to finish; you hope to be an oak without commencing as an acorn.

Careers and trees are wonderfully alike—both require years and patience until they reach their normal development. They must have roots before they can mature. They must get a firm hold on solid ground before they reach height and breadth and branch out.

We don't know what is in you until it comes out of you. Therefore we demand evidence of your accomplishment before we believe in your accomplishments.

We have learned that strength wants no favors and disdains assistance; so that if you ask to be fostered in a hot-house of favoritism, we are skeptical and regard it as a whimper and an evidence of your own distrust.

If you're confident of your attainments, go ahead and back up your belief by achievement. Let us see you grow; but go out into the open where you can be tested by the same storms and difficulties that the average man must survive. Weather the weather. Put yourself on a basis of unrestricted competition.

If you're blown down, or shrivel up at the outset, it's either your fault (you haven't gripped with strong enough or long enough roots) or it's your misfortune (you're a weakling and lacking in the sap and fibre of survival).

We'd have a fine sort of a world if we permitted unproved, untried, untested men to leap in and take what pleases their vanity. Our armies would have no privates—every soldier would seize for himself the field marshal's baton. Our battle-ships would rust in the docks; there would be no stokers—every sailor would be scrapping about the decks in the cockpit of a rear admiral. The wheels of our factories would never turn—every worker would be a superintendant without a force to direct.

Making life too easy for you would make it too hard for every one else; therefore, in the end, just as hard for you.

We won't help you because misplaced assistance is hindrance. You must work your way up, and expect everybody else who is after the same things to try and hold you down.

You must come out of the attic of theory and elbow your way through the matter-of-fact practical world.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR DUTY TO ONE ANOTHER

The greatest work of God is a manly man who knows himself with a clear and practical knowledge. We are all men, but we are many men whose hearts are broad, and whose wills are filled with the love and friendship that brightens the path of those who live with broken faith and shattered hopes! Every man who is manly has a duty to perform; and that duty is to love one another.

Above all, we should love those who are stricken with poverty, vice and shame. This is Christianity, the Christianity of Christ, and that incited by every Catholic school and pulpit. For we cannot stand alone. No man is so strong that he can stand alone and be independent. Those who say they are independent, are sometimes the most dependent. We were made to help another. If we are in health we should help the sick; if we are intelligent we should help the ignorant; if we are strong we should help the weak; and if we are rich we should help the poor. "I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king than be a king and spend my money like a beggar." Too often it happens that the man with the strong purse strings, has weak heart strings. His purse may be filled with gold while his heart is only half-filled with the gold of friendship! Let us remember that love and friendship bind hearts together with cords of gold while discord separates them with a two-edged sword. Friendship should enter into our dealings with one another. And friendship and love in everyday life is like the sun upon the mountain side which dispels the mist and fog and gives a pleasant softness to the calm breezes that rest upon the trees!

Now, if we love and help one another we must know one another, for knowledge comes before loving and if we know one another we will think more kindly of one another and be slow to judge and quick to please. Has not every man a good spot in his heart which if touched with love and kindness will broaden, expand and widen, until it becomes like the morning sun, all lovely, beautiful and fair! Love and friendship for one another should not be like the flash of lightning in the

darkness. Why be kind to-day, if tomorrow you wear the look of scorn? Any religion which is avaricious, narrow and prejudiced cannot be true; much less can it lead man to the truth, and it must fail to give him a knowledge of that broad principle and wide charity which all hearts love.

Truth, like love and friendship, is limited but not narrow. It is unchangeable, yet like love, it never grows old.

Therefore this is our duty to know, and love one another. And with knowledge and love there shall be truth. Hold fast to the former two and embrace the latter. For truth gives us freedom. Love gives us happiness; and knowledge gives us a better understanding of one another.—St. Joseph's Quarterly.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CHRISTINE'S VALENTINE

By Helen Moriarty, in St. Anthony's Messenger

"Are you going to Mass this morning, mother?" Christine asked, as she lit the fire in her mother's room on a certain gray, cold morning in February.

"Unless it's too cold and bad," her mother responded from her warm nest among the bed clothes.

"I don't believe it is," said the girl. "I'll wait for you then, for Katherine's cold is so much worse than she has decided not to go."

"Very well," was the response, "I'll be ready in no time."

Mrs. Dorsey and her two daughters lived alone in a rambling old home-stead in one of the older parts of a large city. Once the family had consisted of eight children, but one by one they had died, until after the father's death, some year's ago, only four were left—Christine and Katherine at home, a son living in the far West, and a married daughter, from whom they had not heard in years. She had married out of the Church and had gone to New York to live. For a long while she had written at regular intervals, but gradually her letters became fewer, and finally ceased altogether. After a time Christine had gone to New York in search of her, but could find not even a trace of the lost daughter. It was their one grief, but a grief which was with them always; and all their prayers and all their hopes were centered in the one wish—that they might some day learn something of her fate or whereabouts. Of one thing they were miserably sure: that the husband had deserted her long ago. This they had divined from her letters shortly after the birth of a little girl, whom she had called Sarah, after her mother. If she lived, she would be eight years old today—St. Valentine's day.

"I always like to go to Mass on Sadie's birthday," Christine remarked, as they hurried along the frosty streets. "It brings her nearer somehow."

The mother sighed. Lately she had quite given up hope of locating either Sadie or her mother, and it worried her anew to note how set was Christine's heart on sometime finding the child and bringing her home.

"Won't it be lovely," she would plan, "when we have Sadie? A little girl is such a joy, and what fun it will be to give parties to her and her playmates! A taffy pulling, for instance! Dear me, I used to love taffy pullings when I was a child!" And Christine's shortsighted, kind eyes would beam happily.

Katherine, the younger sister, was more pessimistic. "I'm afraid you're in for a big disappointment one of these days," she warned in the midst of one of Christine's eager rhapsodies on just what they would do when Sadie came. "What if we never hear from Margaret or the child either? Besides," you're raising mother's hopes so."

Christine's face clouded, and depression seized her for an instant. Then she brightened quickly.

"It doesn't hurt me to keep on hoping," she said, wistfully; "and as for raising mother's hopes—I'm afraid she thinks as you do. Now, I'm sure—positively sure—that we are going to have Sadie with us one of these days, if not Margaret herself!" She smiled gayly at her sister's dubious look.

"I do believe you wouldn't be a bit surprised if you went to the door some day and found Sadie waiting to be admitted," she laughed.

"Not a bit!" Christine asserted stoutly. "Maybe that's the way she will come," she added mischievously.

"Christine, you're a wonder!" Katherine exclaimed, giving her an affectionate hug. "Here's hoping your dream will come true!" Christine's dream was never more strongly with her than it was this St. Valentine's day—Sadie's eighth birthday.

"She's quite a big girl now, isn't she, mother?" she chattered gaily on the way home from Mass. "The coats which girls her age are wearing this winter are so pretty, and their dresses too. I think they would be easy to make."

The mother assented absently. "Yes, if you have a pattern, in my young days," she sighed inwardly, "I used to make all your children's dresses without any pattern."

Christine flushed guiltily. She was thinking of the eight-year-old pattern which she had bought the last day she was down town. "Just to pretend I'm going to make a dress for Sadie," she had whispered to herself. She had gazed over the pretty pattern in the privacy of her room, and had even meditated rashly on buying the goods to make it up.

"I'd have the pleasure of making it," she thought, "and then I could give it away to some poor child." Her courage failed her, however, and she had never gotten as far as buying the goods.

"St. Valentine is here before you!" greeted Katherine gaily, as they entered the cosy dining room. "Look at all his messages!" pointing to the pile of mail on the table.

"Isn't he good?" exclaimed Christine, as she opened envelope after envelope, to find bright and pleasant, funny, or characteristic greetings from friends and intimates.

"I saved mine, so that we could open them all together," remarked Katherine; and for a few moments there was a confused chorus of exclamations from the three, for Mrs. Dorsey was not forgotten either.

"Oh, see here!" suddenly exclaimed Christine. "That little Douglas girl has sent me this pretty card, and I forgot her altogether! I don't see how I could have done it," remorsefully, "for I always send her a valentine. She has so few pleasures, poor mite!"

"Too bad," her mother remarked. "Can't you go down and get her one after breakfast, and deliver it yourself on your way home?"

"Yes, I can do that," answered Christine. "Thanks for the happy thought, mother dear. She's always so proud of her valentines. I remember, and it might hurt her to miss one. Will you go, Katherine?"

But Katherine thought she had better stay in and nurse her cold, so an hour or so later Christine found what she was seeking in a down town book store, and was soon walking briskly toward the humble home where little lame Mattie Douglas lived with a widowed sister. The sister would not be at home, Christine knew, for she held an office position down town, so she went around to the side door. Her knock elicited a bright "Come in!" in a childish treble, and she entered to find herself in a perfect shower of valentines.

"How lovely!" was her exclamation to the pretty child who sat in her wheel chair in a still glow of absolute happiness. "And here's mine," she added; "I brought it myself, so I could see your pretty valentines."

"Look, Miss Christine, aren't they beautiful? What do you think?"—in a joyous tone, "the children gave me a shower. I have a hundred and eleven—you make one hundred and twelve! Isn't that what it is, Sadie?"

Christine gave a start at the name, and then at sight of the child, who rose from a low stool at the side of Mattie's chair.

"Yes, a hundred and twelve now," she answered. "I was counting the small ones over again," and she looked up shyly at the strange lady.

Christine's heart almost stopped beating, then began to beat so violently that she could not speak. "Margaret's eyes!" she said to herself. "Margaret's clear, gray, lovely eyes!"

"Who is your little friend, Mattie?" she asked when she could command her voice. At that the tones were so hoarse that she scarcely knew them for her own.

"You have a cold, Miss Christine, haven't you?" asked Mattie. "Don't you know Sadie Murphy? She comes to see me all the time."

The disappointment was so great that Christine forgot to answer the child's solicitous question. "Not my Sadie! Not my Sadie after all!" she was moaning inwardly, as the two children kept examining the gay cards, laughing and exclaiming, and chatting happily and excitedly.

"Oh, Mattie," suddenly exclaimed the strange little girl, "see this one? I got one just like this from my other daddy in New York."

"Your other daddy?" said Mattie. "Why, who's that?" Christine turned, without much interest, to hear the child's answer.

"Oh, that's the daddy I had before Mamma Murphy brought me here. He was a doctor, you know, and my own really mamma gave me to him when she died. But he had to go away some place to study—away off, you know—so he gave me to Mamma Murphy, because she had no little girls of her own. I liked him though," she sighed.

Christine's heart had started tripping again as she heard the child out. Then she said quickly: "Come here, Sadie. Tell me," as she took the child's hands in hers, "tell me, what was your really mamma's name? Do you know?"

"Of course I know," said the little girl, looking up innocently at her questioner. "It was Graham."

"Was she called Margaret?" she pursued feverishly.

"Yes, and papa's name was George," she added. "But they are both dead."

"Oh," Christine dropped the small hands with a smothered cry, both children regarding her with round eyes of astonishment. She must control herself, she knew, but for the minute her emotion was so powerful that she could not speak. In the meantime, her hands released, the child had slipped back to Mattie.

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sat with her grandmother's arm around her and the two aunts gazing at her lovingly; "and she told Dr. Gordon that if God would take her she wanted him to take me away and send me to my grandmother. But she never told him where you lived, and she died one night, and he didn't know what to do. So I stayed with him until Mamma Murphy came to New York to visit him—he is her brother, you know; and then she brought me here."

"And you've been here, so near to us, almost a year!" Katherine exclaimed. "And to think that we found you on Valentine day!"

"To think that I found her!" put in Christine, triumphantly. "She's my very best valentine, thank you! I come, Sadie," joyously to the beaming child, "come upstairs till I show you the pattern of a pretty little dress I'm going to make you!"

The mother's and Katherine's eyes were dim as they watched the two disappear up the stairway.

WOULD HAVE PROTESTANTS REVIVE BEAUTIFUL PRACTICE

By Horatio Bottomley (Editor of "John Bull")

"Lord Roberts on his death-bed, in November, 1914, said: 'Now that we have the men and the munitions, all we want is a nation on its knees.'"

"Come, come, my Christian critics have we made so little progress, after all, since the gates of hell were opened in August, 1914? I had hoped that in the presence of the great world tragedy our old narrow, sectarian wrangles had gone forever, and that we were all to-day yearning for one great Church and Faith, which should bring us nearer to God than we have ever before."

"Let us take an item from the great Roman Catholic Church. Protestants, my Protestant friends, don't protest because it is from that Church. What does it matter? Let us revive the Angelus Bell. Who has not seen the great picture by the French artist, Millet, depicting two gleaners in the field, with bowed heads, as the evening bell from the church in the distance is ringing out its call to prayer? Let the bells of every church—Catholic and Protestant, High Church and Low Church, Established and Nonconformist—ring out at eventide, just for a minute—and during that sacred interval let every man uncover and every woman bow the head—just for an instant's silent communion with God. I vow there would be no real sin that night; and we should look into each other's eyes with a kindlier and purer gaze."

"The evening bell calls men and women to God. I sometimes wonder why a rite so acceptable to Protestant theology has been preserved in Roman Catholic countries and allowed to lapse in the lands that followed Luther."

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL IN THE TRENCHES

In Champagne, France, close to the firing line, some French soldiers have constructed an underground chapel in honor of Our Lady of the Trenches. These men have done the work entirely themselves, and it was completed in eleven days. One man, a corporal sapper, undertook the making of the door; another corporal—a carpenter by trade—the carpentry and the belfry; a mechanic, the bells, with the assistance of a musician; a decorator, the painting of the walls; a joiner, the tabernacle, which is a real work of art; an engraver, the sanctuary lamp, cut out of the ocket of a shell; a gardener arranged the ground outside in pretty flower-beds. The soldiers were desirous of having a nice church, and they have succeeded. It was blessed on Passion Sunday, when the chaplain explained that this church, dedicated to Our Lady of the Trenches, was a Christian and patriotic act, and offered entirely by the men themselves. Since then there is Mass every morning at 5 o'clock. Confessions are heard in the sacristy, and there have been many conversions. On Easter morning the church was full, with large numbers of Communicants. The pious soldiers who constructed the little chapel are very pleased to know that they have the Blessed Sacrament so close to them.—Catholic News.

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First Announcement

We have in preparation a new book under the suggestive title:

"The Facts About Luther"

which will be ready for the market about October 1st, 1916. The work is written by the Rt. Rev. Mons. P. F. O'Hare, LL.D., who is well known as a writer and lecturer on Lutheranism. The object of the volume is to present the life of Luther in its different phases as outlined in the contents.

THE forthcoming celebration to commemorate the 4th centenary of Luther's "revolt" which occurs October, 1917, tend to invest the volume with a special timeliness. But, apart from this consideration, the need has long been felt for a reliable work in English on Luther based on the best authorities and written more particularly with a view to the "man on the street". Monsignor O'Hare admirably fills this want, and the book will be published at so nominal a price that those whom the subject interests may readily procure additional copies for distribution. We also beg to call your attention to the fact that this work will be an excellent addition to the mission table.

The book will have approximately 300 pages and will sell at 25c. per copy. To the clergy and religious a generous discount will be allowed, provided the order is placed before Oct. 1st, 1916.

- CONTENTS 1. Luther, his friends and opponents. 2. Luther before his defection. 3. Luther and indulgences. 4. Luther and justification. 5. Luther on the Church and the Pope. 6. Luther and the Bible. 7. Luther a fomentor of rebellion. 8. Luther, Free-will & Liberty of Conscience. 9. Luther as a Religious Reformer.

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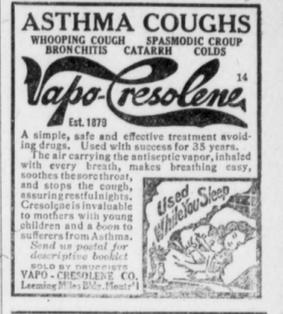


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Beauty Doctor Tells Secret

Detroit Beauty Doctor Gives Simple Recipe to Darken Gray Hair and Promote Its Growth

Miss Alice Whitney, a well-known beauty doctor of Detroit, Mich., recently gave out the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken gray hair, promote its growth and make it soft and glossy. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex (4 compound, and 1 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of the hair, and relieve itching and dandruff."



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Absorbine, Jr., is a concentrated antiseptic liniment—only a few drops required at an application. It is safe and pleasant to use—leaves no greasy residue. Sold by most druggists, \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle for 10c in stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F., 299 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

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10 Days' Free Trial You don't have to fuss and shake a Laughlin to start the ink—it's a Self Starter. You don't have to fill the Laughlin, it's a Self Filler. You don't have to monkey with awkward or unsightly locks, extensions, or so-called safety devices—there are none. You can't forget to seal a Laughlin against leaking, it seals itself airtight—no unsightly caps. You can't lose your cap from a Laughlin—it secures itself automatically. You can't break your cap or holder on a Laughlin. They are non-breakable. Holders are of scientific reinforced construction throughout—no unsightly joints. You don't have to wait until a Laughlin is ready, it is ready to write when you are; the air-tight, leak proof construction keeps pen and feed "primed," insuring a free uniform flow of ink instantly—even though not previously used for a year. It prevents ink splatters with no more hindrance or interruption to your thoughts or writing inspiration than your breathing. These results—or your money back. These features are peculiar only to this patented construction.

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Name: Address:

By insured mail. Just enclose \$2.50 with this coupon containing your name and address; we will send the pen by return mail. Delivery guaranteed.

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